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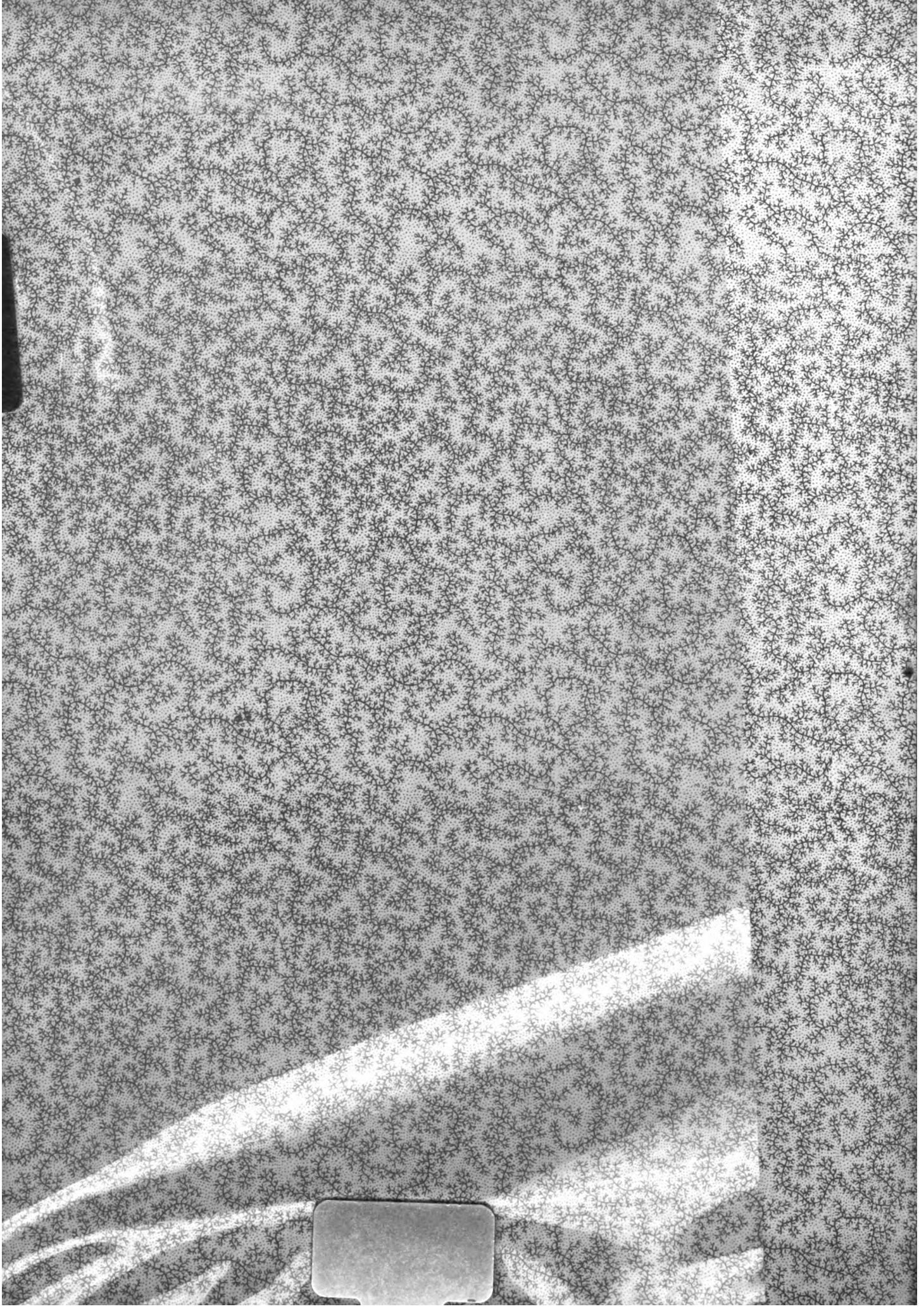

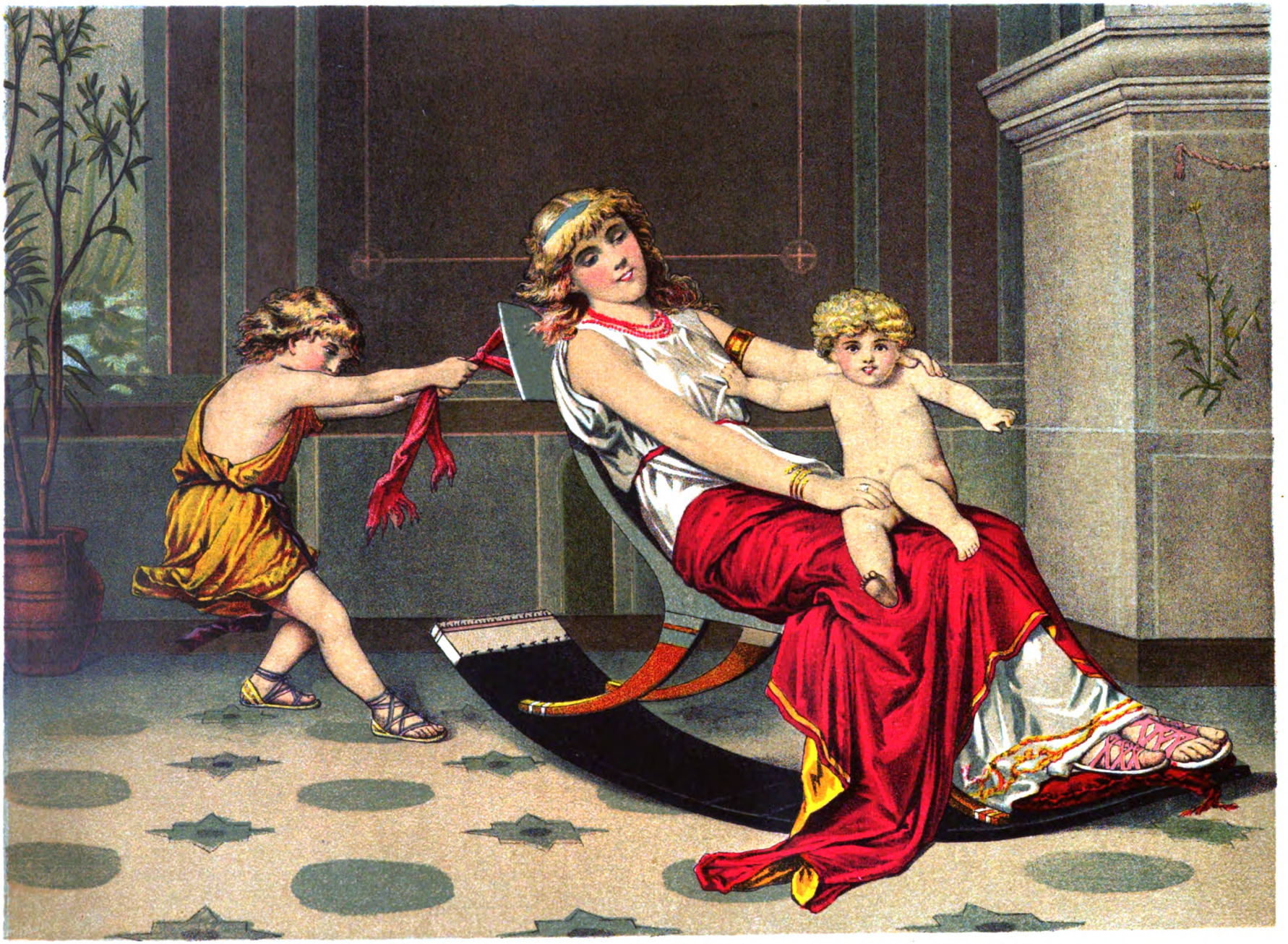

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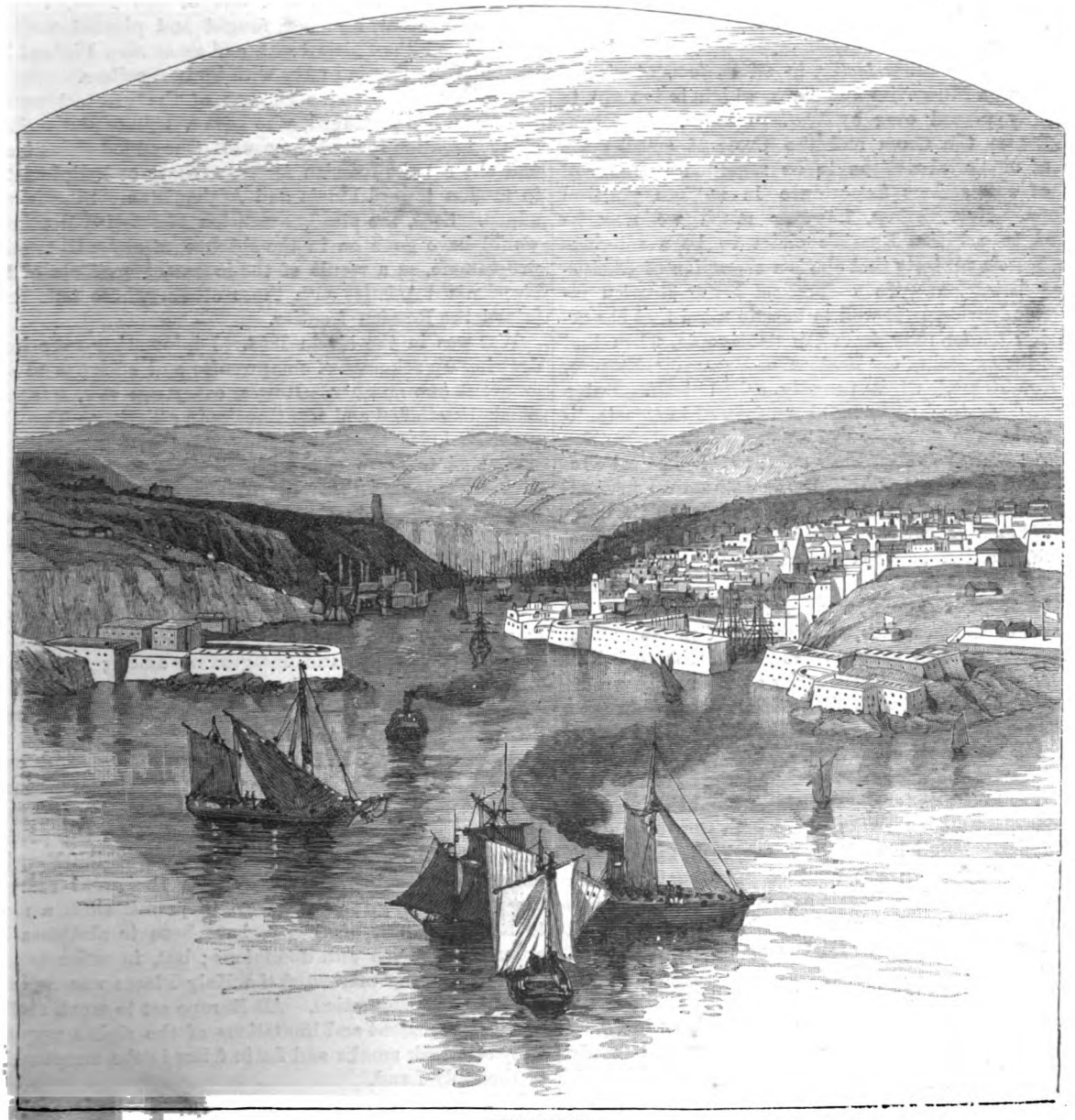
ENGLAND'S LAST STRUGGLE WITH RUSSIA:

ITS CAUSES AND ITS RESULTS.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

THE present controversy between England and Russia recalls the conflict of thirty years ago, which resulted in a temporary check to the Muscovite.

Russia, like England, is an expansive nation, and, therefore, aggressive, and as her growth, though enormous, has been slow, her aggression has been systematized.



SEBASTOPOL.

She began her career as an entirely inland power. The Slavonians of Nijni-Novgorod and Moscow, fighting for centuries a war of life and death with the Tartars that pressed upon them from the East, gradually subjected many of these hordes to their rule, and built up the Muscovite Empire. Russia began to spread. As long ago as the tenth century, the Grand Prince Vladimir marched south to the Black Sea and gained a foothold in the Crimea. But this success against the Tartars was only temporary, though it was a remote cause of the contest between Russ and Turk. The Tartars recovered easily from their defeat and took fearful vengeance on the Russians, butchering them in the most deliberate and shocking manner, and in the sixteenth century destroyed Moscow and reduced the Russians to the condition of vassals. Now, the Sultan of Turkey claimed a suzerainty over all the Tartar hordes, though this was something not easily or often enforced. Yet it existed in theory, at least, and the Russians, having become vassals to the Tartars, logically became vassals to the Tartars' masters, the Turks. This was, of course, a galling thought to the Russians, and the source of much resentment of feeling. The bitterness was afterward increased by the common desire of Turkey and Russia to seize Poland, which had hitherto been the chief bulwark of Europe against Eastern invasions.

But there is another factor, in all these centuries of strife between Muscovite and Turk, which is too apt to be slightly passed over by Western races. The contest between the Cross and the Crescent smacks too much of mediæval notions to be regarded by many of us as of any serious importance in modern political questions. Nevertheless, however much we may be disposed to criticise Russia's claim to be a religious nation, Russia protests that she is a champion of Christianity against Islam. To understand better Russian religious tendencies, it is well to bear in mind that she received her Christianity from Constantinople, when that city was the capital of the Eastern, or Byzantine, Empire, the "New Rome," as it proudly called itself. But a strong ecclesiastical party had been formed in Constantinople, under the patronage of several of the Byzantine Emperors, and it finally threw off the ecclesiastical precedence and supremacy of old Rome, and set up an Eastern or Greek Church, which it declared to be the only and orthodox Church established by Christ. In a political sense, this schism between the new and the old Rome, and therefore between the Christians of the Orient and those of Europe in general, was unfortunate, for it divided the forces of Christendom, and isolated Constantinople, which it left an easy prize to the Turks, who took it in 1453. Russia received Christianity as it was expounded at Constantinople, and with all the heartiness of vigorous half-savages, the Russians outdid the effete and intriguing Byzantines in religious zeal. They became a nation of missionaries—missionaries carrying the sword as well as the book to the conversion of sinners and the heathen, like the Mohammedan Turks with whom they soon came into conflict. English and French writers, and Americans who follow them, are fond of throwing doubt on Russian sincerity when Russia avows a religious motive for her attempt to get south beyond the Danube. But the fact remains that, for all the sects popularly and loosely spoken of as the Greek Church, Constantinople is a sacred city, the centre for them of religious unity; so that it is easy to understand their irritation when they reflect that the infidel sits crosslegged there and calmly smokes his pipe as master. Peter the Great, in his will, is said to have enjoined upon his successor never to give up striving for the possession of Constantinople to make it the capital of the Russian Empire. It is noteworthy, by-the-by, though seldom referred to by Western writers, that the Emperors of Russia have a sort of dormant claim to the title of Cæsar, or Emperor of the East, founded on the fact that, in 1451, when the Turks were menacing Constantinople, and the main line of the Byzantine dynasty had become extinct, the Patriarch Josaphat, as the head of the Greek Church, by a solemn charter recognized the Grand Prince of Russia, John IV., and his successors, as the legitimate Cæsars of the East. All this looks fanciful enough, but it is, after all, the shadow of a claim which the Czars of Russia would gladly turn into substance if they could.

But there is also Russia's natural desire for a seaboard. From the very first the want of an outlet of her own to the commerce of the world has been a serious drawback to her. There are few countries with so great a wealth of raw products: cereals, hides, tallow, coal, iron, timber. At the beginning, Sweden, and the provinces in league with Sweden or subject to her, shut Russia off from the Baltic. At the east, Siberia and China shut her off, while the Tartars and Turcomans at the south prevented her access either to the Black Sea or the Persian Gulf. Peter the Great, however, fought and plotted until he had opened the Baltic coast, and since then Finland has supplied the Russian navy with its best sailors.

But it was Catherine II., one of the greatest women the world has produced, who gave a definite aim to Russian aggression toward the south. She added the Crimea, and she set the Russian forces, military and diplomatic, in motion toward Persia and Afghanistan. Siberia was added. Still, the steady extension of Russian dominion would have gone on in the absence of any well-studied programme, as a result of the incessant conflicts of the Russianized Asiatics with those others whose territories joined the Russian frontier.

War was in the air in 1853. Diplomatists were busy drawing up schemes of compromise and schemes to circumvent one another. Russia, every one saw, was very much dissatisfied and was threatening Turkey. The Emperor Nicholas thought Turkey was "a sick man," and suggested to some of the diplomatists to prepare for a division amongst them of his effects. But the other countries virtuously shook their heads, and suggested that it would be more decent to await the sick man's death, if he was going to die, before proceeding to plunder his house. The cause, or the assumed cause, of Russia's ill-humor was very curious, and created some amusement among those who were indifferent as to what became of Turkey, and indignation among those who wished Turkey preserved as a check to Russian ambition, and saw in it nothing but a pretext hiding Russia's determination to march on Constantinople. Russia was very much incensed about the Holy Places, and complained that Turkey had violated the Treaty of Kainarji (made in 1774), which, according to the Russian interpretation, gave the Czar the right to interfere for the protection of his Greek co-religionists in the Turkish Empire, where, in some provinces, they form the great mass of the population. For the Sultan to permit such a right to Russia, would, of course, have been to abdicate his sovereignty in his own dominions; but, in order to preserve peace, the matter of the Holy Places was at once taken into consideration. All Europe set to work studying up the extent and limitations of the rights respectively of Greek monks and Latin friars in the sanctuaries of the Holy Land.

There are certain shrines in and about Jerusalem which

are held in equal veneration by the adherents of the Greek and Latin communions, who from time out of mind have exercised a sort of partnership interest in their care. But, as with many other partnerships, there have been frequent bickerings. The Turks, reluctantly compelled to tolerate the Christian worship, have looked with complete indifference on the controversies between those whom they regard in general as nothing but "infidels and dogs." Under the coercion of the moment, they have given away privileges to one Christian community which properly belonged to another, and, if a strong enough protest were made, have endeavored to set things right by undoing it all and doing it over to the disadvantage of the party before privileged. The Greek monks asserted that they had been wrongfully dispossessed at the shrine of Bethlehem by the Roman Catholic friars, and they appealed, or some Russian diplomats appealed for them, to their good friend Russia. Turkey was intent on satisfying the Greek monks, when France protested for the Latin friars.

Ever since the Crusades, France has exercised a sort of diplomatic patronage over the Latin Christians in the Orient; so much so, that the name of "Frank" is the ordinary term there for a Christian holding communion with the West. Almost immediately after the establishment of the Order of Friars Minor of St. Francis, in the thirteenth century, a colony of the friars was sent from Italy to Jerusalem, and from that day to this the Franciscans have had the care, for the Roman Catholics, of the various shrines at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, etc. Numerous conventions in regard to these Holy Places were made between France and Turkey, from century to century, and in 1770, four years before the Treaty of Kainarji, Turkey bound herself to protect the Franciscans in their rights. But gradually the Greek monks, first by the toleration accorded them by the Latin friars, and then by downright intrusion, gained complete possession of nine sanctuaries, hitherto in the charge of the Roman Catholics.

They were even accused of having destroyed the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and other Crusaders, for whom the Greeks have never had much admiration. The friars complained, and France forbade Turkey to make the proposed concessions to the Greek monks.

The people of England were impatient at all this. They cared little or nothing for shrines, but they did care a great deal for their empire and trade in India, which they saw were in jeopardy if Russia were permitted to put a foot into Turkey in behalf of the Greek monks, or for any other cause. England, herself, has never allowed a scruple to prevent her from seizing the territory of a weaker power, if to her advantage, and, therefore, she is delicately sensitive and watchful as to the progress of Russia, her great rival in this respect. And with good cause.

There are two routes by which Russia may some time reach Constantinople and cut off England from her Eastern trade and possessions—the one, from Bessarabia, through the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and across the Danube; the other, around the eastern coast of the Black Sea and through Asia Minor. The British Ministry of the day, however, in spite of the clamors of the English people, was friendly to Russia, and there began a long correspondence in the hope of settling all things peaceably. Russia was warned by a joint note from England and France that a Russian invasion of Turkish territory would be regarded as a defiance to them.

Nevertheless, in the Autumn of 1853, the Czar's demand to Turkey to assent to the Russian interpretation of the Treaty of Kainarji having been refused, Prince Gortchakoff crossed the River Pruth with his army and began his march southward across the Principalities toward Constantinople. But at the Danube he was checked by the Turkish forces. While he and Omar Pasha were manœuvring and fighting indecisive battles, negotiations for peace still went on between the Great Powers. The English and French fleets all this time lay at anchor outside the Dardanelles, for Turkey, with her customary vacillation, or intrigue, refused them permission to pass into the Black Sea, where they might be of assistance to her.

But in spite of diplomacy the war was taking on large dimensions. In the Caucasus Mountains, Schamyl had assembled his Circassian countrymen, and was pouncing down at unexpected moments on any unwary Russian post. The redoubtable chief had a bitter hatred of the Russians, and he was liberally supplied with British arms and money. Persia was becoming uneasy, and was inclined to coquet with Russia, for, though zealously Mohammedan, her Mohammedanism is of a hostile sect to that to which the Turks belong.

Suddenly the Crimea began to attract attention, for it affords Russia a "place of arms" centrally located, whence she can neutralize attacks upon her southern borders, whether made by a fleet or by land forces from either extremity of the Black Sea. A powerful Russian fleet was known to be assembled in the harbor of Sebastopol. The Crimea is the quadrangular peninsula which divides the Black Sea from the Sea of Azof. It was known to the ancients as the Tauric Chersonesus, and was said by them to have been originally peopled by the Cimmeri, who loved to live in darkness, whence the phrase "Cimmerian darkness"; perhaps by the Cimmeri were meant the troglodytes whose numerous cave-dwellings are still to be found along the coast. Catherine II. conquered it in the last century. But in spite of her intellect, her own people deceived her as she was making her imperial progress through it. Delightful villages in the distance were always in her view, and highly cultivated fields stretched out on either hand. She left the Crimea in raptures at its wealth and fertility, and never learned the truth. Her ingenious courtier, Prince Potemkin, had had fields planted before her coming, and villages simulated out of painted boards and canvas, near all the routes she was to travel over. But the Crimea, though it has some fertile valleys in the south, and is of great military and commercial importance, is really a desolate land in general. Three-fourths of the peninsula consists of arid steppes, camped on, rather than inhabited, by the Crim Tartars. A range of mountains extend across from the coast just above Sebastopol to the Straits of Kertch, the connecting water between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. The whole southern region is broken and seamed by the spurs of this range. The seat of government of the province of the Crimea is at Simpheropol, situated at the northern foot of the declivity. Sebastopol, the most important place, is at the extreme southeast, and has a fine harbor, three miles long and averaging two miles in width, with a narrow entrance. In 1853 it was one of the few places in the world deemed to be impregnable from the sea, or practically so. Since the Crimean war it has, by-the-way, been rebuilt, and its fortifications have been restored and improved, so that it is now at least as well prepared as ever to stand a siege. It occupies almost the same site as the ancient Cherson; not to be confounded with another Cherson which Catherine II. built at the mouth of the Dnieper. Cherson belonged to the Tauri, and was famed

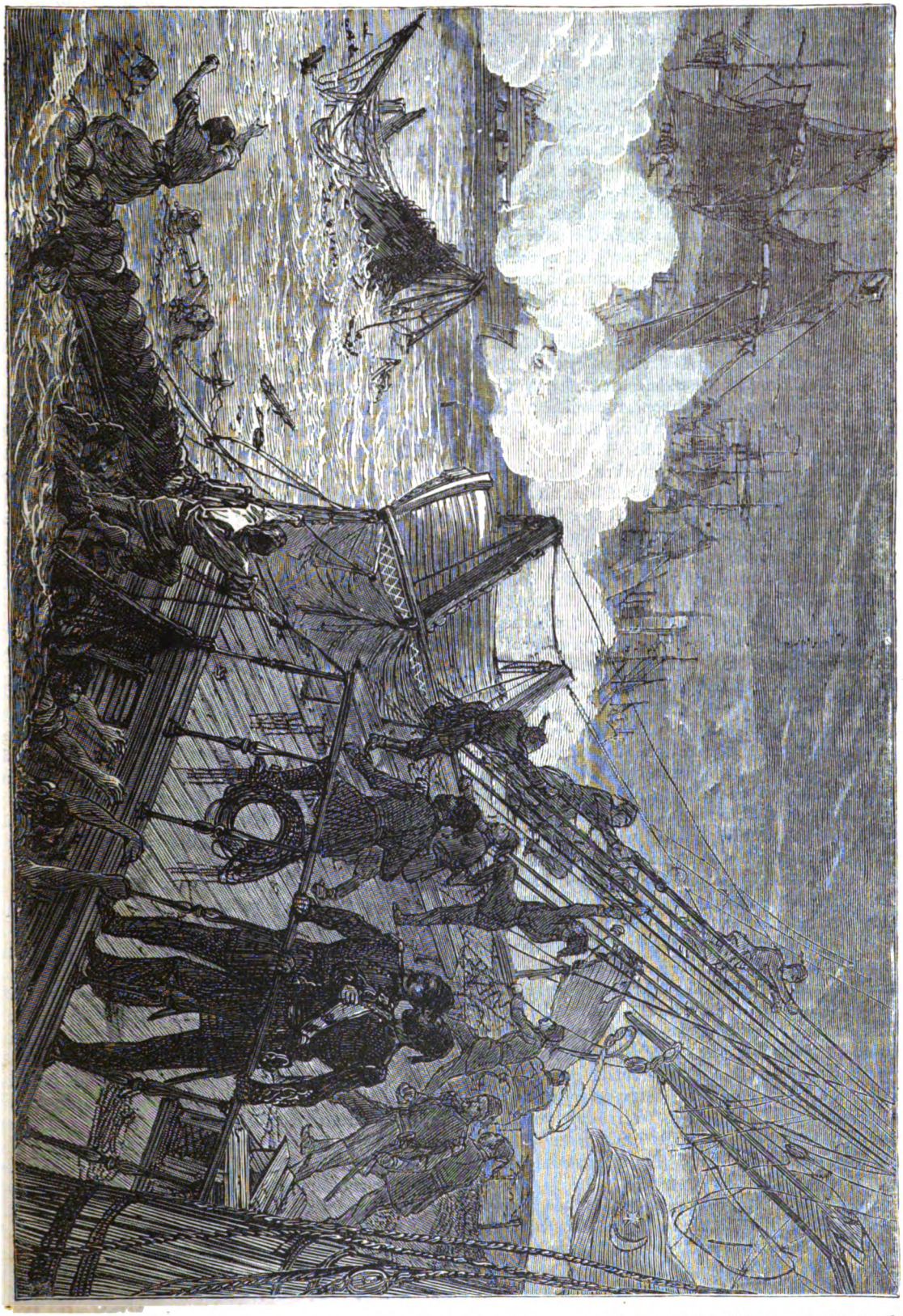
THE HEIGHTS OF THE ALMA.

for its temple of Diana. Very much, indeed, of the old Hellenic stories were told in connection with these coasts. Jason, on his voyage to acquire the Golden Fleece, sailed past here, and there is a theory that Ulysses' wanderings were along these shores of the Black Sea, rather than in the Mediterranean, as commonly supposed. But Cherson fell into decay, with whatever else the Crimea contained of Greek civilization, and the Tartars in the thirteenth century ravaged the country and took possession. Yet they tolerated Cherson, which the enterprising Genoese traders had slightly revived. In 1786, however, when Catherine ceremoniously laid out the new City of Sebastopol, there was scarcely a stone left to show where Cherson had been. The main part of Sebastopol lies on the south side of the harbor, and rises in amphitheatric manner to nearly two hundred feet from the water. In 1853 the northern suburb was the more strongly fortified, the city, or southern portion, being surrounded with a massive wall of masonry but little useful against modern artillery. At intervals along the wall were towers and similar engineering contrivances of a past age, intended to strengthen an angle or take an attacking enemy in the flank. But the mouth of the harbor, as well as the north side, was defended by heavy works of modern style. The other noted points in the Crimea are Eupatoria, a village on the eastern coast, having a deep anchorage in front; Balaklava, on the south coast and about ten miles from Sebastopol as the crow flies; and Kertch, at the entrance to the straits leading into the Sea of Ozof.

GENERAL TODLEBEN, WHO HELD SEBASTOPOL AGAINST THE ALLIES.

It being almost the

only assailable water side of Russia, the Crimea was evidently destined to play an important part in the war. Odessa, it is true, is better known to commerce, and commercially is of very much more consequence than Sebastopol, for it is the great shipping-port for the products of Southern Russia. But to concentrate an attack on Odessa, and, if successful, to penetrate inland from there, without having first reduced the Crimea, would be a tremendous military error, for the army and fleet of the Crimea would be left free to operate on the right flank or rear, as they might choose.



THE BATTLE OF SINOPE.

In the Autumn of 1853, while Europe was at a feverish stage of excitement and apprehension, there came startling news from Sinope. The London crowds as they read the bulletins rubbed their ears and wondered where Sinope was. On the south shore of the Black Sea, just opposite Sebastopol, and about 150 miles distant from it, the ancient town looks down on its open-mouthed bay of the same name. It was once the capital of the Kingdom of Pontus, where Mithridates reigned, and it gave birth to that eccentric cynic, Diogenes. A Turkish force occupied the little town, the business of which was carried on chiefly by Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, and a Turkish fleet was quietly bobbing up and down on the placid waters of the bay, at anchor. The English and French squadrons were still outside the Dardanelles. During the temporary lull which diplomacy had succeeded in casting over the angry passions of nearly all concerned, Admiral Nachimoff sailed out of Sebastopol across the Black Sea and into the Bay of Sinope. But little ceremony was used. The Turkish fleet was annihilated almost before it had had time to make any show of resistance. The town was taken, and it was pretty thoroughly sacked by the Russians, in the old-fashioned way, which seems to be still the way with European armies, whether Russian, or English, or French, on taking forcible possession of towns in Asia. That was all.

It was, in the matter of plunder and brutality, on a par with English and French operations in China and India. The Russian commander had surprised the Turks, and the Russian seamen behaved in a disorderly and savage manner once they got ashore. But when the accounts of the battle reached Europe they were highly colored. England, in particular, was horrified at the atrocity of the Russian admiral's behavior, and swelled with righteous indignation as it discussed the "massacre" of Sinope—massacre being the term usually employed to characterize a defeat of a British military force, or of a force serving Britain's cause. This was in November, and the "massacre" was skillfully handled by the war party in England during the Winter. It was artistically depicted in the illustrated papers, preached on in the pulpit, talked about at the clubs and by every British fireside and in every British workshop, with the effect of sending out the temporizing Ministry and calling in the good-humored but pugnacious Irishman, Lord Palmerston. Palmerston meant war, and he wheedled the stolid French Emperor into the preliminaries of an alliance between the two old-time enemies, England and France.

Russia having declined to withdraw her forces from the Principalities, a solemn treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded between England and France, and in March, 1854, war was declared against Russia. The next month, at a conference of the representatives of England, France, Austria and Prussia, held at Vienna, a protocol was drawn up, declaring that, whatever might be the issue of the impending war, the integrity of the Turkish Empire and territory would be maintained by these Powers. The "sick man" should not die, if this board of eminent physicians could keep him alive.

So they said. Yet neither Austria nor Prussia seemed willing to go further into the matter than taking a highly dignified part in the exchange of correspondence between the several courts. Apparently, Austria had nearly as much at stake as any of the Powers. Her southern frontier touches Turkey, and a very large proportion of her people are related by race, language and religion with the inhabitants of the neighboring provinces of Turkey. The Pan-Slavic idea put forward by many Russian statesmen and writers had found a great deal of favor among the Czechs of Bohemia, and was spreading among even the Croats, hitherto faithful to a proverb to the Austrian dynasty. If Russia could establish herself in the Slavic provinces of Turkey, there was no reason to doubt that she would reach northward and westward too, and so get control of the Adriatic as well as of the Archipelago. Yet, though Austria made a great show of energy, she did scarcely anything else, openly at least. It was said that she and Prussia, however, had come to a private understanding of their own with the Czar.

As for France, except for the slight pretext afforded by her traditional protectorate over Roman Catholic interests in the Orient, she had no proper business in the war. The French Emperor had little sympathy with the theory of the Holy Alliance to preserve the balance of power in Europe. The Holy Alliance had expelled the Napoleonic dynasty from France at one time, and would do so again whenever it could with safety. Neither Napoleon III., nor the skeptic adventurers who were his usual advisers, cared for the interests or religion, or for the balance of power. But both he and they believed in the Machiavelian species of statecraft, and designed by going to war to "amuse" the French people, so as to draw their attention away from the fact that they had been artfully deprived of their constitutional right of government.

Early in the next year, by-the-way, when the war had raged in the Crimea for six months, the little Kingdom of Sardinia, then beginning to raise herself up before swelling out into the Kingdom of Italy, accepted the general invitation which England and France had given to the European nations, and sent her quota of very excellent troops to Sebastopol.

Turkey at last opened the Dardanelles, and, in June (1854), the English and French armies were landed at Varna, in Bulgaria, on the west coast of the Black Sea. Not far off the Russian and Turkish armies were still contending along the line of the Danube, and an Austrian army on the northwest border was observing the progress of things. Austria was becoming more and more interested, for the Hungarian revolutionary party was in correspondence with Omar Pasha, an Austrian subject by birth, who had abandoned his country and Christianity and become a zealous Turk. Austrian diplomacy became active again, with the result that Russia consented to withdraw her troops across the Pruth, and that an Austrian army was to occupy the Principalities until diplomacy or war put an end to the dispute.

An invasion of the Crimea by the Allies was determined on by the English and French Governments, and in September the Allied armies sailed from Varna. And it was time. For cholera had broken out in the camps in Bulgaria, and did fearful havoc among the English and French. Their camps had been badly placed, and the English particularly suffered from the pest, owing to the insufficient and improper food that was supplied to them. They landed at Eupatoria, without meeting any opposition—the British numbering 26,000; the French, 24,000; and the Turks, 4,500; though shortly after the French army was reinforced to about 40,000, while the English, somehow, were never, during their whole stay in the Crimea, able to muster much above 25,000, a fact which led to several controversies between the commanders of the armies, the French maintaining that it had been agreed that each Government would provide 40,000 men for the expedition.

Eupatoria is nearly due north of Sebastopol, and the Russian army, commanded by Prince Menschikoff, had been drawn up at the Alma, a little stream that flows

across the road between the two cities. The Russian position, on the south bank, was a strong one, its left flank resting on some heights near the Black Sea. The Allies, after a short delay—to disembark and arrange their troops—began their march south, along the coast, the French holding the right of the line, in communication with the Allied fleet, which accompanied the movement, and the English stretching out to the left, the Turks being placed near the centre. The three commanders were St. Arnaud for the French, Lord Raglan for the English, and Omar Pasha for the Turks. The Alma was reached and the attack begun by the French on the right, the fleet rendering great assistance by cannonading the Russian left flank. For the first time, outside of Algeria, the zouaves of the French army were seen in action, and their adroitness, agility and daring won so much admiration as, later on, to have a strong influence in the revision of light infantry tactics in European armies. The left wing joined in, and there was soon an emulation of valor between French and English. It was hard to say which of them fought best. The English, at the point of the bayonet, drove the Russians from some strong redoubts at the left, and after a hard day's struggle Menschikoff withdrew to Sebastopol. But the advantage was not followed up, owing to the incompetency of the English commander and the badly provided condition of the English army. In fact, from the beginning of the Crimean expedition to the end, there was always one complaint; in spite of the admirable fighting qualities of the British soldiers, very little profit was gained by their success, as there was nearly always a pitiful lack of knowledge and skill among their higher officers, most of whom owed their rank and command to social and family influence, instead of to tried merit. Besides, the British War Office had made no intelligent preparation for putting the army in the field. There was no adequate supply of tents, or even of blankets. No matter what the urgency, nothing would be issued to the English troops until after an immense deal of regulation "red tape" had been unwound. Unscrupulous contractors had been allowed to amass fortunes at the British soldier's expense. The cloth they had supplied for the uniforms was found to be of that villainous material called "shoddy," which afterward became familiar in the United States to the Federal soldiers during the first year of the Civil War. The English people saw, with a just wrath, that though England was vastly the richer of the two, the French troops were always, not only better fed and clothed, but better taken care of when sick or wounded, than their own. For the first time in history the army correspondent had become a feature of war. The letters from these enterprising and well-informed gentlemen, which were daily appearing in the London papers, portrayed in undeniable language the imbecility of the English War Department, and the heavy, lumbering, bungling methods of most of the English commanders in the field.

After the battle of the Alma, the Allies, by a flank march around Sebastopol, changed the base of operations to Balaklava, on the south coast, where there was a good harbor and anchorage for the fleets. Siege material, much of which had been prepared during the encampment around Varna, was landed, and preparations were made to move against the southern side of Sebastopol, the city proper. In the meantime, General Todleben, the distinguished engineer officer in charge of the defenses of that city, had banked up massive earthworks against the front of the old stone wall of the city, and had erected new works at advantageous points. The Allies opened their trenches, and the memorable siege began. During its progress several bloody but indecisive encounters took place in the neighborhood of Sebastopol, at Inkerman, on the Tchernaya River, and at Balaklava.

All Summer there had been fighting east of the Black Sea, through Georgia and Northern Armenia. Apparently Erzeroum and Kars lay open to the Russian advance, for the Turkish army which occupied that region was badly organized and wretchedly commanded. But in September, just about the time that the Allies were moving from Eupatoria, an able officer, Colonel, afterward General, Williams, arrived, and arranged and superintended the operations for the defense of Kars. About the same time an English fleet unsuccessfully attempted to inflict damage on Russia by way of the Baltic.

Winter drew on. Many of the Allied soldiers had scarcely yet recovered from the effects of the cholera, when the rigor of the season began to tell on their debilitated constitutions. Most of the English troops were more accustomed to barrack life than to campaigning, and the suffering they endured in the trenches under the heavy snowfalls, and the cold, drenching rains, many without overcoats or warm clothing of any sort, is more easy to imagine than to describe.

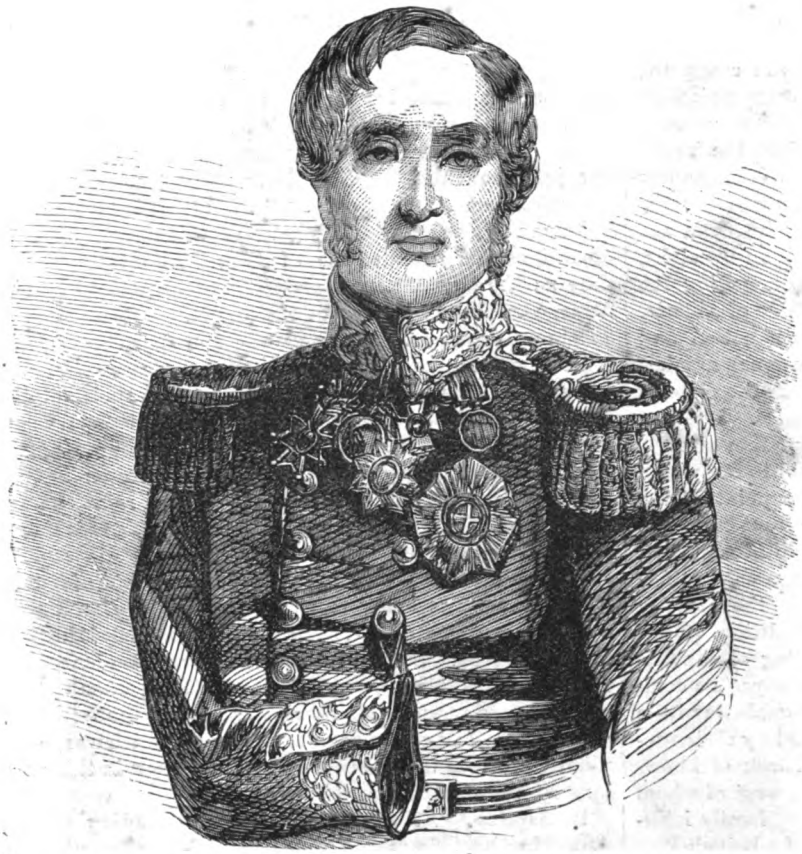
During the war it was charged that recruiting for the British army was being carried on in the United States with the sanction of Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington. Some acrimonious correspondence on the subject followed between the two Governments, and resulted in a request from our Secretary of State for the withdrawal of Mr. Crampton by England, which was complied with, and the cloud that was gathering in this new quarter passed away.

In September, 1855, a year after the landing of the Allies in the Crimea, after several futile attempts, the south side of Sebastopol was carried by an assault. As a slight offset to this, in November, Kars, under General Williams, capitulated to the Russians. But the northern side of the bay, with its frowning works, was still untouched, and was evidently able to stand at least as long a siege as the southern side, which it had cost the Allies so much loss of life, and time and money, to take. Besides, the Russians had sunk some old hulks filled with stone across the entrance to the harbor, so that the Allied fleets would have no more opportunity of taking any very important part in the siege of the north side than they had with the south side.

But Austria was again everybody's friend, and brought about another conference with a view to a treaty of peace. In March (1856) peace was definitely signed by all the Powers concerned, and the principal provisions of the treaty were: The Austrian army to be withdrawn from the Principalities, to which Turkey guaranteed their ancient privileges and a form of domestic government suited to the habits and requirements of their people. In return for this, Russia gave up her claim to a special protection over the Greek Christians of Turkey. Finally, the Black Sea was to be thrown open to the mercantile marine of all nations, but to be interdicted to all ships-of-war, without exception.

The war was ended. Once since, Russia attempted to conquer Coustantinople, but though Turkey lost some provinces, they did not become Russian territory. Now the Russian march southward continues, though its course is rather to the southeast just now.

TRUE greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind better and happier for your life.



ENGLAND'S LAST STRUGGLE WITH RUSSIA.—LORD RAGLAN.—SEE PAGE 1.

SOME STAGE-TRADES.

By an Old Stager.

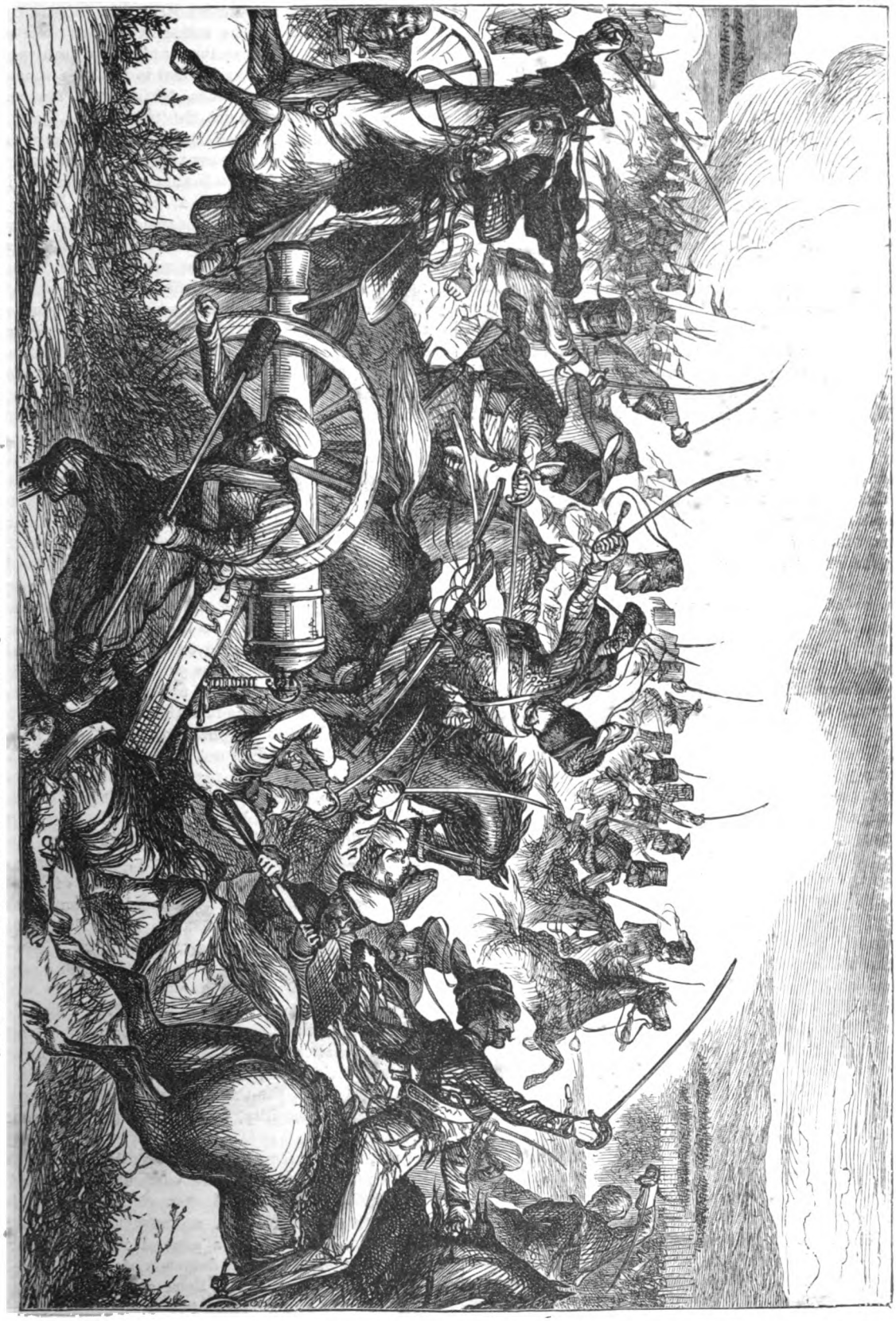
While Mrs. Kendal's recent utterances at the Social Science Congress, and the continued efforts of dramatic scribes, have helped not a little to bring the "art" side of the theatrical profession into a deserved prominence, it occurs to the writer that but little, comparatively speaking, is known about what may be termed the workman's share in stage-plays. Though one hears a great deal about what actors think, what actresses think, and what managers think, one is never allowed to hear the workman's opinion; nor, except on rare occasions, is one permitted even to know if such a being as a stage-workman exists.

People have some idea, certainly, that there are such functionaries as scene-painters, stage-carpenters, and the like; but to the public eye they are mysterious beings who have really no business to exist at all. To think of them is alone sufficient to spoil the effect of the prettiest stage-picture; and the apparition of a scene-painter bowing his thanks in the middle of the transformation scene of a pantomime has often robbed this most picturesque illusion of its greatest charm—apparent reality. The public, as a rule, do not like to be reminded of a Spitalfields loom when they see a heroic pantomime "prince" in all the glory of glittering fringe. The very suspicion of such an origin gives the shining rain of fairyland an incongruous, matter-of-fact look which ill becomes it.

Perhaps the most difficult task, in a paper like the present, is the choice not only of particular employments and manufactures, but of the most salient features of the callings or of the trade products which, without the introduction of technical particulars, will enable the reader to form some conception of the magnitude and number of stage occupations. Of the number of these occupations, the uninitiated can have but little idea. Wig-making, mask-making, picture-printing, hose-making, costume-making, fringe-making, spangle-making, cabinet-making, the manufacture of foil-paper, stage-jewelry, lime-light, and a host of other avocations, are called into requisition to satisfy that greedy monster, "popular taste." Few who look at a pantomime, for instance, have the faintest idea of the working hosts employed, and of the days, weeks, and even months, consumed in bringing "Jack the Giant-killer" or "Cinderella" to that proper pitch of perfection which is nowadays expected from everything theatrical. In pantomimes or spectacular performances, this is especially the case; but even in less elaborate — so far as stage acquirements go — and more sensible productions, the amount and the character of skilled labor can only be appreciated by those who actually come in contact with it. Such a play, for instance, as "The World" makes an extensive call on the resources of the theatrical tradesman, even though historical costume is of necessity absent; while a production

MARSHAL CANROBERT.

like that of "Much Ado About Nothing," as staged and dressed by Henry Irving, means no end of labor to the artisan as well as the artist. At a dramatic representa-



ENGLAND'S LAST STRUGGLE WITH RUSSIA.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.—SEE PAGE 1.

tion this fact seldom presents itself. We see the attractive *tout ensemble;* the stage-pictures please the eye; the costumes are attractive, the plot is interesting, and the acting realistic. We are entertained, possibly instructed, and ask nothing further. The why and the wherefor of this or that does not trouble us in the least, and the consequence is, that while we are unlimited in our laudations of author and actor, the theatrical tradesman, who possibly has contributed not a little to the

desired result, seldom, if ever, gets a "Thank you" from anybody.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important of stage-trades is that of wig-making. "There is room," said a contemporary recently, "for as much tragedy in a hairdresser's wig as ever *Hamlet* found in the gravedigger's skulls."

Leaving the tragic element out of the question, there is many a wig that, could it tell its story, would furnish abundant food for reflection. As I write, there lies in my immediate vicinity a dirty, greasy, old "scratch wig." Its springs are broken, its net foundation in tatters, and altogether exhibiting signs of a near dissolution. Yet years ago, long before its then owner dreamed of American tours or royal patronage, that wig was worn by Henry Irving in the "Queen's Victoria's Own Theayter," for the part of *Bill Sikes* in "Oliver Twist." At first sight, the importance of the particular industry of wig-making may appear of but little account, yet when I mention that before Irving's company started on their first American tour, no less than 1,100 wigs were manufactured for them by a leading London perruquier, the importance of artificial hair in theatrical disguises will be recognized at once. Without a wig, for instance, how terribly commonplace would a *Doricourt* become; how wanting in unctuousness a flaxen-haired *Mr. Dawson, B.A.*; how lacking in romance a close-cropped *Romeo!* Actors are well aware that without the assistance of their perruquier their best efforts would lose half their charm, and the result is that wig-making has now become one of the leading trades—"arts," indeed, would be a more befitting term—in connection with the theatrical profession. The names of some of the varieties in these artificial coverings for the head would, I doubt not, puzzle many non-theatrical readers. Country Boys', Black Straight, Quakers', Red Indians', Black Bald, Scratch Court, Dress, Midas, Chinese, Flowing, Brown, Fair, Red, and Gray Tie, Brown, Gray, White, and Black Dress, Monks', Comic Old Women's, Japanese, Watteau, Barristers', Pages', Clowns', and I know not how many more; while particular parts such as *Bill Sikes*, *Middlewick*, *Mr. Dawson, B.A.*, *Dundreary*, *Paul Pry*, etc., have particular wigs, which are known simply by the character they are used for.

A great deal of nonsense is sometimes talked as to the sources from which perruquiers obtain the material for their wigs. Stories of children being waylaid in dark alleys; of fair-haired mothers sacrificing their beauteous tresses to fill the mouths of their hungry offspring; of the dark shadow of the perruquier's emissary lending additional horrors to the scaffold; and of "resurrected" corpses being laid under tribute to supply the wig-maker's demands, had all better be received with the proverbial grain of salt. The majority of the hair used by the trade comes from Europe; the light hair, as might be expected, being obtained from the peasantry of northern latitudes, while the south of Europe supplies darker shades. Travelers, I was once informed by a leading London perruquier, go round the different villages collecting the material. The hair once obtained, it has to undergo cleaning and other operations ere it is ready to be made up into a wig. These finished, it is twisted into what is technically termed "weft"; and then a wig-block having been covered with a net or gauze foundation, the weft is sewn on in rows running from ear to ear. The wig is then cut and trimmed and taken off the wig-block ready for use.

Mustaches are manufactured much in the same way. A block is covered with gauze, the pattern of the mustache cut out in paper and pasted on the gauze, and the "weft" knotted in as before. Girls, for the most part, are employed at this branch of the business, the work being, in fact, of such delicacy that only the deft fingers of a woman could accomplish it.

Besides wig-making, the majority of perruquiers also include in their business the necessaries employed for what is termed "make-up"; and in the case of amateur representations, where those taking part are unable, through inexperience, to use the "hare's-foot," etc., with effect, the perruquier's assistant is told off to superintend the operation. The ordinary run of professionals, however, seldom go in for the luxury of an assistant in the face-painting process; with a "make-up box," small mirror, and long practice, an assistant would be an expensive superfluity. The various requisites for this preliminary step in dramatic representation almost defy enumeration. Rouge in its different shades—blue to represent unshaven faces, burnt cork for negro minstrels, carmine, chrome for sallow complexions, *émail noir* to stop-out teeth when representing old men, joining-paste for affixing bald wigs to the forehead, mongolian for Indians, etc., pencils for the veins, grenadine for the lips, pencils for the eyebrows and eyelids, grease-paints in thirty different colors, hair-powder, hare's-feet, skin-mustache masks, and a dozen other articles, form but a portion of the stock-in-trade of the supplier of make-up requisites. It is quite possible, too, that a visit to his establishment might unearth fanciful masks, dominoes, noses, and many other pantomime necessaries.

Costumes—including costumes proper, hats, hose, boots and shoes—fulfill such important functions in stage-plays that an apology might be almost tendered for making their consideration second to that of wigs and make-up. On the other hand, so little could be added—regarding the manufacture of costumes generally—to the information of any one having access to the interior of a tailor's shop, that to give costume-manufacture preference to the less understood art of wig-making, would be to place the latter in a position it does not deserve. I have said that but little could be written regarding costumes generally. Were I to write, for instance, that a harlequin's dress—in which he dances so nimbly, exposed to the overpowering heat of "floats," "battens," "wing-lights," and sometimes "ground-rows"—was as heavy, or heavier than an ordinary suit of clothes; that it is made up of hundreds of various-colored pieces of cloth; and that on each separate piece numerous spangles are stitched by hand, I might, perhaps, whet curiosity, while I would sacrifice instruction. Were I to dilate on the oddity of costumers always retaining in stock a quantity of rags, without which such old favorites as the "Artful Dodger," etc., would lose half their charm; or dwell on the interesting fact that Fechter's attire in *Ruy Blas* is still in existence in a costumer's establishment in London, I would only be raking up out-of-the-way but unprofitable information, which, in all probability, would be forgotten as soon as read.

Let me, therefore, rather draw the attention of readers to less known items regarding particular details of costume, not the least interesting among which I might instance stage-hosiery. This manufacture is but little practiced in London. As a general rule, the looms of the Midlands meet all the demands of the metropolitan and provincial stage. Still, there are, within a stone's-throw of Drury Lane, one or two establishments which keep a few machines working, in order that hurried orders may be more rapidly met than they could possibly be if the supply had to be brought from its provincial

birthplace. One of these establishments I had the opportunity of visiting some twelve months ago, and from the results of the visit—which were published at the time in a theatrical journal—I cull the following description of the manufacture of what, in stage parlance, are termed "tights": "The machines were situated in a small, low-ceilinged room, and the constant whir ensuing, as row after row of thread was added, set one's teeth on edge in anything but a pleasant manner. The machine had not the click-clack of an ordinary loom; it was whir, whir, whir, as if a tuning-fork was being drawn across some comblike substance; while the shivery feeling the noise produced was icily suggestive of cold water trickling down one's back. There was no shuttle; no warp *versus* weft. The operator's fingers, taking the place of the shuttle, draws the thread across the row of horizontal J-shaped needles; by another movement, the loop of each little elongated J presses the thread down, when a knot is formed by a further thread being passed over the loop; and so, after the manner of ordinary hand-knitting, the process of manufacture goes on. Both feet and hands are brought into requisition in the work, which is, to all appearance, both monotonous and tedious. About the most interesting feature of the machine is the fact that the garment woven literally "hangs by a thread," and does the operator fail but once to draw the thread across the needles, the article falls off the machine entirely. In fact, to use a homely phrase, he "drops his stitches," and is obliged to pick them up. The measurement of the garment must, of course, be accurate; and at intervals a rule is employed, so that the tall and well-formed hero may not have to wear diminutive dress, nor the romantic *Rosalind* assume the less imposing 'casings' of the Irish colleen."

There is so little interesting literary matter deductible from the manufacture of theatrical boots and shoes, that I am almost tempted to leave this item unnoticed. Yet there can be no doubt that adolescent curiosity will always find a glamour of romance about, say, the foot of a *première danseuse*. Even respectable story-tellers do not hesitate to work up the interest in their novel or novelette by here and there introducing the stereotyped pretty speeches about "the poetry of motion" exhibited in pantomime or opera-bouffe. Still, the stage-dancer's shoe is a very everyday affair after all. Just step into this bootmaker's shop with me, and you'll see the whole manufacture in a trice. The dancer has just had her pretty foot measured for shoes for one of the current pantomimes, and is boring the shoemaker with no end of instructions about the make and shape of the required article. "Now, remember, Mr. So-and-so, they're to have white satin outsides; and be sure and have the toes well stiffened; and don't forget to make the soles as white as possible"; and so on, and so on, while the much-enduring bootmaker listens in polite silence, and obsequiously bows the great-little lady out. Then he proceeds to business; first making a last to the measurement he has taken of the foot; then cutting out the material, he fits it on to the last, and in a short time the dainty article is ready for its daintier wearer. Of course, ordinary ballet-shoes—those intended for the third or fourth row of dancers—do not require anything like the attention bestowed on the foot-covering of the *première danseuse*. Such second-rate shoes are generally covered with canvas; the wearer afterward refining their exterior with silk or satin, as she pleases; and can be had for a shilling or two a pair. The reader, however, must not run away with the idea that this represents anything like the average cost of footware used in stage displays. I have seen a pantomime "prince" wear a pair of thirty-buttoned sky-blue satin "turreted" boots, the cost of which would nearly keep me in boots for a year.

"Glittering rain" often forms a picturesque feature of the final tableau of a transformation scene. Most readers probably will recollect that just as the transformation is fully effected, and immediately before the hideous red fire makes everything and everybody look ghastly in the extreme, there may sometimes be observed descending from the clouds—or, more correctly, flies—a glistening imitation of fairyland rain. They may also recollect that in many cases the dresses of the lady artists in a pantomime are made particularly striking by the golden fringe suspended to them. As the "glittering rain" of the transformation and the "golden fringe" of the ladies are of much the same material, let me tell you a little of what I know of the latter. The term "golden" slightly exaggerates the quality of the article. Except in the case of principals, or of moneyed amateurs who can afford "bullion fringe," the rank and file of the profession commonly patronize what is technically known as "silver-plate" and "water" fringe.

I once had an opportunity of seeing this ordinary fringe being woven. The locality in which the work was carried on was not a pretty one. There were no beautiful ladies, heroic lovers, woodland glades or benevolent fairies. King Poverty, indeed, was the only gentleman who had been cast for a part. In one of the lowest "walks" in Bethnal Green I found the artisan, without whose aid pantomime and opera-bouffe costumes could boast but little of the picturesque. Away up in a lonely garret, where furniture was conspicuous by its absence, sat the fringe-weaver, untiringly plying his shuttle. His loom was a poor one, and evidently had seen years and years of service. Its construction was not peculiar to those who have ever witnessed handloom weaving of any description. The treadles were worked by the feet; and the warp, of which there were only a couple of twisted cords, represented the edging of the fringe. On the bobbin in the shuttle is wound the fringe proper, and this the weaver thrusts to and fro with his hands, the treadles alternately raising and lowering the warp, thus binding the weft together, and bringing it into a condition to allow of its being stitched on to the dress of its intended wearer. I confess, as I sat there watching the old artisan plying his trade far into the night, his bare, lonely room but dimly lighted by two of the cheapest of candles, thoughts came crowding on me, which to this day spoil much of the pleasure derivable from pantomimes. I pictured to myself the easy-going hilarity of a boxing-night audience. I heard them laugh and cheer and make the sunlight quiver with their loudly expressed approbation of a catching song or cleverly executed dance. Above all, I saw the glittering fringe worn by the artists appearing and disappearing in the brilliantly illuminated geni's palace, or basking under the moonbeams which shimmer through the trees of some fairy forest—and then I turn my eyes to the worn and wearied workman with his glistening weft, and come to the conclusion, as thousands before me have done, that "one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

I had intended to say something about a few other theatrical trades which occur to me at the present moment, such as the manufacture of foil-paper, without which "demon caves" would lose half their weirdness, and which, by-the-way, is said to be made by only one man in London, who alone possesses the secret; the birthplaces and manufacture of stage-jewelry; the making of masks; the curiosities connected with picture-printing,

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and the technicalities of the gas-bag carried by the limelight man; but these may be reserved for a future paper. It is to be hoped, however, that I have said enough to induce those who heretofore gave credit to artists and scene-painters for all the enjoyment obtained from a stage-play or spectacle, to bestow in future some little appreciation on the workman, whose share in theatrical successes I have endeavored briefly to describe.

GRAND NAMES.

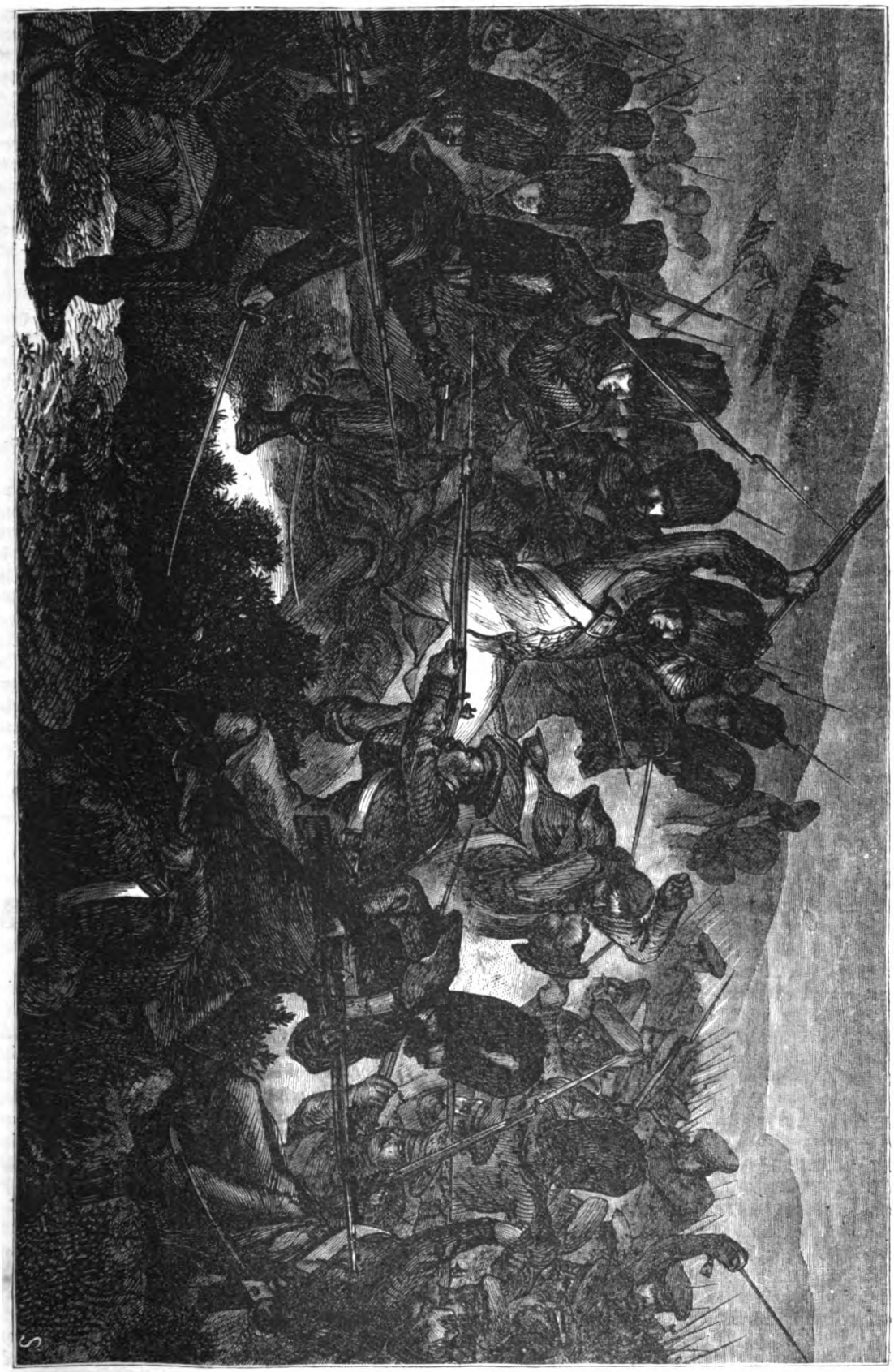
"THE predilection which negroes have for grand names is well known," says the author of "West Indian Yarns." "Two black girls, laborers on a friend's estate, returning from work, met on the road. They had but a scanty amount of clothes, but each had a baby in her arms. There was some quarrel between them, and a wordy conflict ensued. At its close, one damsel, turning away, said, 'Well, I don't want no more discourse with you, Miss Teräsa.'

"'Me make you for know, ma'am,' returned the other girl, 'that for me name's no Teräsa, but Tereesa.'

"'Well, me dear, was the reply, 'Teräsa else Tereesa, both de same, for me name a better name than for your own, for me name Diana de Goddess de Chaste,' and Diana strutted off with a swing of her tattered skirt.

"Servants and laborers are addicted to putting on their offspring the names of their masters and mistresses, and often when, as is the custom in some of the colonies, a son takes as his surname the Christian name of his father, the result is embarrassing. For instance, if Mr. Brown Robinson's groom, Jack Cæsar, calls his son 'Robinson Cæsar,' the latter, when he has a boy, will probably christen him as 'Brown,' and the child is known, not as 'Brown Cæsar,'

OMAR PASHA.



ENGLAND'S LAST STRUGGLE WITH RUSSIA.—THE CHARGE AT INKERMAN.—SEE PAGE 1.

but as 'Brown Robinson'; so that proper-minded persons are apt, on finding the aristocratic name to be borne by a small colored boy, to shake their heads, and make edifying reflections on the morality of the original Robinson.

"This mark of respect or of admiration for the name, and sometimes the rank, of a superior was curiously exemplified some few years ago in, as I think, Jamaica, where the wife of a black military laborer marched up to the font with her infant, and, in the presence of a scandalized congregation, gave its intended name as 'George Frederick Augustus Snodgrass Adjutant.'"

SEAWEED.

By J. E. Panton.

A dash of wave, a gray expanse of mist,
Creeping in nearer to the moaning shore
From where the sky stoops down to kiss once more
Th' uneasy ocean sighing when 'tis kissed,
As if the Summer sun it somehow missed:
Then, 'neath the east wind's whip it 'gins to roar
And cry aloud in anguish vast and sore,
As if it would its cruel fate resist!
Then dies the tempest: slowly drops the wind,
And little stars creep out, and pitying gaze
Upon the ocean, calming 'neath their eyes
To perfect peace; while soft and sadly twined
'Mid dead men's hair, poor victims of such frays,
Dark seaweeds drift, to mark where each one lies.

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

By "Free Lance."

Some years ago, several planters, of which the writer was one, were seated at table, in various forms of *déshabille*, over the early morning meal familiarly known as "chotâ-hazri" (little breakfast).

It so happened that one of our number was a Cambridge man while in an adjoining bungalow resided an employé of the factory we were then visiting, who had been educated at Oxford University, and between the two a little pleasant rivalry existed. Before the meal was finished, we were enlivened by the arrival of the postman with the letters by the "Overland Mail," and as all interest was then centred upon the result of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, the Calcutta paper was eagerly scanned for the telegrams, one of which read, "Cambridge won by two lengths."

Here was a real chance for a crow on the part of our Cambridger, and the paper was at once sent over to the Oxonian for his information, with a hint to pay up his bets.

Shortly after, however, the servant returned, bringing another newspaper of the same date, with his master's "salaams," and on looking at the telegram, which was carefully marked, we read: "Oxford has one by two lengths!" with a similar reminder to Cambridge backers to pay up.

It was a neat case of a "Roland for an Oliver," which had been caused by a misprint on the part of one of the papers received.

While enjoying a laugh over the "sell," a servant entered hurriedly, bearing a note from the other house, which had evidently been written in great haste. It ran thus:

"Large 'rhino' crossed garden road. Come along."

As it was well known that rhinoceri were frequently found in the neighborhood, no one for a moment doubted the truth of the report, and every one was up instanter, rushing for their boots, leggings, arms, ammunition, etc., in full expectation of a glorious morning's sport.

At first it did not appear to strike any of us as needful to ask "Where?" and the only information the bearer of the note could give, was that the other gentlemen had all gone on—an answer he had evidently been well-tutored to give if questioned.

Soon all were ready, being fully armed with every available weapon, from a "Snider" to a fowling-piece, and as we knew that our host was a thorough sportsman, every one looked upon his acceptance of the news as the best proof of its genuineness, and everything being prepared, we sallied forth, joyous at the prospect before us.

Following close on our host's heels, we proceeded at full speed for a considerable distance through the plantation without halting, each feeling convinced, by the ominous look and confident air of our leader, that questions were superfluous, as he evidently was well informed as to the whereabouts of the rhinoceros, and we trusted implictly in his movements.

More than once *en route* we stopped to examine prints of what the more experienced said were "rhino's" feet, but to my untutored eyes they might have been those of anything, from an elephant to a pig.

Only those who have experienced an excursion such as we were upon can sympathize with what we endured.

The morning sun had long burst forth in its fullest intensity, and our faces and bodies were soon bathed in perspiration, from the damp heat peculiar to the tea-growing districts. On we went, however, manfully up hill, down dale, through slush and mud, until we were fairly obliged to pull up for a rest on the verge of a crag in a heavy forest.

When mopping our faces and cooling ourselves, the thought just struck me, that we must be somewhat remarkably near to the 31st of March, and I innocently asked:

"What day of the month it was?"

Not one of our valiant band at the moment could answer for certain, until one, more thoughtful than the rest, meekly said:

"It is the 1st of April."

Then for the first time every one appeared to realize that we had been fooled, as we had—most splendidly. Irritation and disappointment were the prominent feelings, but these soon gave way to a hearty roar of laughter, and all determined to make the best of it.

Here had we been puffing, fuming and trudging for hours in a burning sun, on a wild-goose chase after an imaginary rhinoceros, and all through that wretched note, the veracity of whose contents no one had, in the heat of the moment, attempted to verify.

Those fellows who had so completely sold us were no doubt quietly smoking their morning pipes on the veranda, as cool as cucumbers, thoroughly enjoying the joke, and only awaiting our return in order to add insult to injury.

Various propositions were made, the most feasible being to hide our guns in the garden, and return leisurely to swear, if needed, that we had been for a stroll, but unfortunately this was impracticable, as all the servants had seen us leave the factory, armed to the teeth, and most certainly would tell when questioned.

A more favorable explanation, however, presented itself, and we decided to avail ourselves of the circumstances.

During our headlong journey after the rhino, we had accidentally spied a herd of wild buffalo grazing in a

"bheel" or morass, and knowing they would return for their evening feed some time during the afternoon, it was resolved to extemporize an impromptu buffalo-hunt later on in the day.

As the spot where the herd had been seen grazing could only be approached with elephants, we arranged to take three, which would, as we thought, stand "fire," or a charge, should one be made, and meanwhile we concocted a tale for the benefit of our friends, to the effect that we "had been out to try and get a shot at the buffaloes," etc.

On nearing the factory, we were met by a jubilant trio of brother-planters, each with a broad grin on his face, and enjoying the success of their "rhino" fun.

"Where had we been?" etc., was met with "Trying for a shot at the buffalo," etc., and for a time this acted well, but we had finally to confess that we had been for the second time properly fooled.

After a hearty lunch, such as planters so well can do justice to, preparations were made for an expedition in earnest, and five of us decided to join in the sport. Each of the party was armed with a Snider rifle—cartridges we had in plenty, and it so happened that it fell to my lot to have an elephant alone to myself, the others of the party riding in pairs upon the remaining elephants.

We proceeded for some considerable distance through a dense forest, and upon getting out into the open ground, could distinctly see the same herd as had previously been observed, quietly grazing, attended by several calves, and our object now was to get within range before they discovered us.

This we succeeded in doing, and all prepared to dismount, with the intention of approaching the buffaloes on foot, under cover of a bluff or promontory. They were, however, too quick for us, as we had barely dismounted when the whole herd bolted, and vanished into a deep jungle of "kaggri" or "ekarci."

This tree or plant is peculiar to certain localities, and is a kind of reed which grows to a great height in damp or swampy lands, forming an almost impenetrable, tangled mass of undergrowth.

Nothing was now left for us but to carefully track up until we came across the trail of the animals. This we soon did, and entered a kind of lane which had been formed by them, and which was only about the breadth of an elephant in width, and therefore necessitated our proceeding in Indian file.

As we passed through this narrow roadway we could distinctly hear the buffaloes ahead of us, as they crashed and broke their way through the reeds, until at length they fairly had outdistanced us, and at this point we lost scent entirely.

We then agreed to separate, and to circle round singly, in order to try and pick up the trail, having previously arranged that no one was to fire unless all elephants could be seen, as a precaution against accidents from wild shooting.

Soon a shout from one of the riders announced that the trail had been struck, and when all the elephants had reassembled it was decided to proceed through the narrow pathway in single file, and that the writer's elephant should lead, as being the smallest and the one most likely to stand a charge, should we come to close quarters with the buffaloes.

The sport now became very tame, as we had lost sight of our bovine friends; and what with the heat, musquitoes, insects, added to the effects of a terrific sun overhead, and a heavy lunch, the inclination was for all to lapse into a drowsy, sleepy state, and I, for one, certainly more than once felt that I had been unconsciously nodding.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, my mâhout (driver) touched me, and pointed ahead. I had not far to look, as, to my utter surprise, I soon discovered the whole herd of buffaloes directly facing me, with horns erect, only about twenty yards distant, upon our right front.

They presented a unique and curious appearance, ranged as they were with their faces toward us, their calves being placed in the centre for protection.

I at once threw up my hand, as a signal to the other sportsmen in my rear, at the same time pointing at the herd, and having placed a cartridge ready in reserve for my second shot, I prepared for action.

This I did by firing almost point-blank at the largest animal, intending to hit him between the eyes, but no sooner had I pulled the trigger than my elephant bolted, and turned round, and here ended my shooting for that day, as it took me all I knew to hold on like grim death. Upon turning round, my elephant ranged alongside the one which followed immediately behind, and this then likewise turned round and came alongside of the one astern of him, thus huddling us all into one heap.

The instant I fired, the buffaloes came down upon us with a rush, and so close were their horns to my feet, that I could easily have kicked them as their owners passed my elephant on either side. When I fired, so also did my comrades behind me, and one or two even had time for their second shots before being compelled to hold on for dear life.

To one who had never before been under fire, the situation was most unpleasant, as I could hear the ping, ping, of the Snider bullets as they passed most painfully close to my ear, and had Tel-el-Keber then not been fought, I would have preferred at the time to have been before its works rather than where I was.

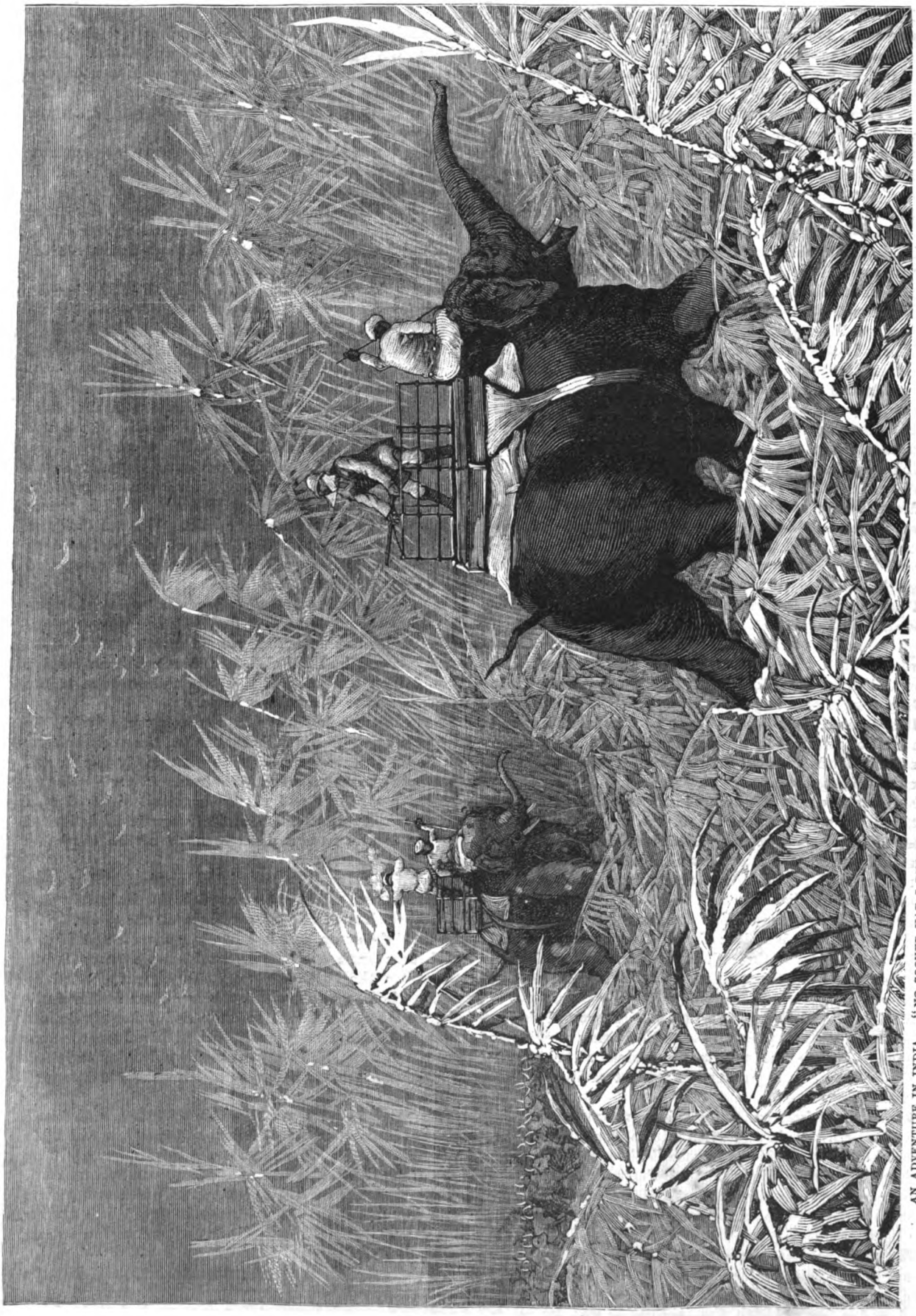
The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, as with the terror of our elephants added to that of the oxen, and our own confusion, we were certainly in a pretty plight, and must have presented a funny tableau. Three elephants, with their mâhouts and riders, or in all eight of us, I fear, felt pretty much alike, and as we were fairly locked together in our narrow passage, none of the elephants could pass either way.

One rifle, I found, was pointed uncomfortably close behind my ear, while others most indiscriminately covered the bodies of various members of the party.

Meanwhile every buffalo had disappeared, and after a real hearty laugh over our discomfiture we proceeded to reconnoitre the battlefield, and although we found no prostrate bodies to show the effects of our deadly fusillade, we distinctly heard an animal fall heavily in the forest, and found large quantities of blood on the spot over which the herd had stood, and we decided to follow up the blood-marks, in hopes of overtaking a wounded victim.

This we did for a considerable distance, and found marks as if one animal had fallen, and had risen and again struggled on with the rest, but we never saw anything more of the chase. Night now having commenced to fall, we unanimously agreed to steer for home, and as our route lay through a dense forest having much undergrowth, we had a fearful ride as a termination to our day's outing.

Altogether, with the boat-race, the rhino, and latterly the buffaloes, we had an eventful day of it, and were compelled to acknowledge that for once we had thrice been properly "April-fooled."



AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.—"NO SOONER HAD I PULLED THE TRIGGER THAN MY ELEPHANT BOLTED, AND HERE ENDED MY SHOOTING FOR THE DAY."—SEE PAGE 14.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By C. J. Stone.

"Hot, hotter, hottest!" I exclaim, as I enter my apartments on an extremely warm June evening. I seat myself in my most comfortable chair, open my cigar-case, elevate my feet to a proper angle for comfort, lay my head back against the cushion of my chair, and prepare to rest myself, for I am very tired. All day I have been busy in the bank where I am cashier. During banking-hours there has been a rush, and afterward plenty of work until a late hour; so now I sit lazily watching the blue smoke from my Havana curling in rings and spirals above my head.

As I sit so, a sound of weeping—a low, stifled sobbing—is gradually wafted into my room. I listen. It evidently comes from the adjoining apartment. In that case my landlady must

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"I ENTERED THE LIBRARY, AND STEPPED BEHIND A CURTAIN. WHAT WAS MY SURPRISE TO SEE MY WIFE SITTING IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO A DARK-HAIRED, DARK-EYED MAN, WITH ANYTHING BUT A PREPOSSESSING FACE; THE SAME, IN FACT, THAT I HAD MET IN THE HOTEL WHILE ON HER BRIDAL TOUR."

have a new lodger, and that this lodger is most respectable and a lady, I am satisfied.

Of the former I give myself no further thought, knowing Mrs. Rodgers has been fully satisfied on that score before the person was admitted into her house. Mrs. Rodgers prides herself on the respectability of her house, and woe to the unfortunate individual who attempts to seek a home therein without the best of references.

That she is a lady I am convinced by the sound of her voice, for there is a refinement in weeping as in speaking. As I listen I cannot avoid hearing. I fall to speculating about my fellow-lodger, and the probable cause of her grief, and finally settle down to the theory that she is a widow, mourning the loss of her dear departed.

My reverie was brought to an end by the sound of the dinner-bell. I go, for I am ravenously hungry as well as tired.

I had scarcely seated myself at the table, when, glancing toward the door, I beheld the most charming picture that ever met man's gaze.

A slim, graceful figure, clothed in the deepest mourning; raven black hair, curling in little clinging tendrils over a broad, low brow; great pathetic brown eyes, and drooping, rosebud mouth. But pen cannot do justice to her charm, for it was not merely beauty of face, but there was a certain charm in her every movement that was irresistible.

She hesitated a moment, as though she scarcely knew where to go, and then coming in, seated herself almost opposite me. I glanced at her as often as I dared, and once, when her eyes met mine, I fancied there were tears in them.

All the next day a pair of brown eyes would intrude themselves between me and my work, and it was with a feeling of relief that I found myself in my room again. There was not a sound in the next room, but a soft little sigh at the window told me my neighbor was in, and doubtlessly thinking of the lost mother.

Mrs. Rodgers had told me her mother was dead, and an uncle, her only remaining relative, had brought her here until he could arrange a home for them. She also informed me that she did not think the uncle a very fit protector for the young girl, and that she was badly in need of friends.

Again I found her seated opposite me at the table, and again I saw the tears.

"Come into the drawing-room, my dear," I heard Mrs. Rodgers say, as she met the young lady in the hall after dinner. "I fear you are lonely. Remember, we will consider you a most welcome addition to our little circle."

She thanked Mrs. Rodgers in the sweetest voice that I had ever heard, and glided into the room, where I was not long in following.

We were duly presented by our landlady, and gradually fell into conversation. I never knew a more graceful or accomplished woman than Rose Vane. There was a charm about her lightest movement, her smallest word.

This was the beginning of many delightful evenings. Long walks in the soft evening twilight; drives in shaded lanes, with the soft Summer air blowing about us, tossing her beautiful hair in a thousand little curling rings about her sweet face. I write of her as I believed her to be then, not as I knew her afterward.

I think I loved her from the moment I saw her standing in the dining-room door, black-robed and lonely. So when Autumn tinted all nature with its coloring of scarlet and gold, she laid her soft hand in mine and promised to become my wife, I was the happiest of mortals. The wedding was to be a quiet one, though I would have preferred it otherwise.

"I could not," my darling had said to me once, when speaking of it, "have anything but a very quiet wedding so soon after dear mother's death."

"It shall be as you desire, my love," I replied, and loved her more dearly than before, if that was possible, little dreaming of the duplicity being practiced upon me.

I had arranged for an absence that would give us time to visit some of the most notable places in America, but here again I found my quiet little bride opposing me. She had so much rather go to some quiet place where we could be alone together. It would be so much nicer. Did I not think so? Of course I did.

So we found ourselves in a quiet little village of my wife's selecting, where we were not likely to be disturbed by old friends or new acquaintances, so out of the way it was.

I never knew my wife to evince the least interest in my affairs but once, and that was almost immediately after our marriage. She had asked me a great many questions about the position I held in the bank, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, George, if you are cashier you must understand the combinations of the safe containing the money and securities of the bank?"

"Certainly I do," I replied. "Mr. Ford, the president, and myself, are the only ones who do understand them."

"Oh, do tell them to me!" she exclaimed, delightedly; and, seeing my hesitation: "You need not be afraid to tell me. Am I not your wife?"

"What do you wish to know for?" I queried, laughingly.

"I just wondered what it was like. But you need not tell me, of course," she replied, coldly.

I complied with her request, going over the combinations as rapidly as possible, not wishing her to understand them.

"Oh, George, you said it so fast, I could not understand. Do please repeat them again."

I did so, changing them this time.

"You naughty fellow, you changed them!" she cried; and to my utter astonishment she repeated word for word each as I had given them.

"I thought you did not hear?" I replied.

"I was not sure. But the first was right, was it not?" she persisted.

"Yes," I answered, and thought no more about it, though Heaven knows I had good reasons to remember it afterward.

We remained in our Arcadian retreat for some time, but as I had arranged for a rather long absence, I had also arranged to combine business with pleasure, and it was absolutely necessary for me to visit several cities before my return. I acquainted my wife with this. She desired me to go, leaving her, finish my business, and return for her. But as I would not listen to such a proposal, she finally consented to accompany me.

Our first destination was Niagara, and I was greatly disappointed that she did not show more enthusiasm when visiting this great wonder of nature. I observed then, and during all our travels, that my wife, whether in the cars, a carriage, or on the street, was always heavily vailed, and when I remarked this, and inquired the cause, she replied that her eyes were weak, and she wore the vail as a protection.

I could never induce her to dine publicly; she always insisted on having all our meals sent to our apartments,

and strenuously exacted a promise wherever we stopped that I would ask no one to dine with us.

"Why, my darling, do you wish to live so retired? Nothing, I assure you, would give me more pleasure than to present my wife to my friends," I said, and she replied that the position of hostess was so new to her and she felt so sad about poor mamma, that she was not equal to the task; and she would look so distressed and sad, that I had not the heart to oppose her.

I shall always believe the woman, wicked as I afterward knew her to be, was really miserable and unhappy at the part she was playing.

Autumn passed away, and the Winter season opened with a series of the most brilliant entertainments ever given in our city. We came in for a large share of patronage—in fact, were invited everywhere—but it was with the greatest difficulty I could induce my wife to become a participant at these splendid receptions.

I could not help wondering at this, for she was always the most brilliant woman in the assembly, as well as the most beautifully dressed.

Indeed, her dress was a mystery to me; for, although I gave her a liberal supply of money for one in my circumstances, I was sufficiently versed in such matters to know that such costumes as my wife wore were not purchased with the amount of money I gave her; for while they were quiet and in the best possible taste, they were of the most expensive material to be purchased.

She was courted and flattered by every one, and the amount of admiration she received would have spoiled almost any woman. Not so with her; indeed, she had often come to me amidst the gayest throng with a look in her beautiful face I could not resist, and beg me to take her away.

The last entertainment we attended together is indelibly impressed on my memory. I had rather opposed going, but for once my wife seemed intent on becoming a participant.

"It is one of the most aristocratic and exclusive affairs of the season," she urged, "and I am really anxious to attend, as every one seems to consider it quite an honor to receive cards for the De Voe reception."

"Very well, my dear," I replied. "If you really wish to go we will consider the matter settled."

"You are very kind. Of course, I know all about these exclusive affairs," she said, laughingly. "It is a place where one generally meets every one."

"Not at this place, my dear," I answered. "You will find this entertainment quite exclusive enough to satisfy even your ideas of exclusiveness."

The all-important evening arrived. I had been on the *qui vive* for my wife's costume, as I felt sure her toilet would surpass any of her former attempts, and I must say I was not a little uneasy, for I was in daily expectation of a small mountain of unpaid bills, though as yet none had been presented. So if I expected a rather expensively attired female, and was mentally calculating unpaid bills, imagine my consternation when my wife, laying aside her cloak, stood before me rivaling an Eastern princess in the richness of her attire.

Her dress was composed of rich black velvet of almost priceless value, richly brocaded in the most beautiful, elaborate and expensive designs; a comb of curiously wrought gold, studded with rubies and diamonds, caught up the glossy, raven hair; a necklace of the purest diamonds encircled her white throat and shone on her shapely arms; a brooch of the same costly gems fastened the rich, webby collar, and clasped the belt at her waist.

A hum of admiration went around the room as we entered, and my feelings can better be imagined than described. Later in the evening, as I was standing partly concealed by a curtain, I heard my name pronounced, and before I could reveal myself the following conversation was wafted to me:

"Grayson is going pretty heavy," said the first speaker.

"Yes," answered the other; "or his wife is, which is about the same."

"Where will it end?"

"In a trip to Canada," was the laconic reply.

I moved quickly away, to prevent my knocking the fellow down. It was not until we had reached our own room that I ventured to inquire the cost of my wife's costume.

"It cost you nothing," she replied, shortly, in answer to my inquiry. "The diamonds were my mother's, and the dress I had before I married you."

"Well, my dear, I did not mean to find fault, but I did not suppose you possessed such expensive jewels, and if you will give me the amount of your indebtedness I will attend to it at once."

"Indebtedness!" she repeated, in surprise. "Indebtedness! I am not in debt. I have purchased nothing since I have been here." And then seeming to remember herself, she added: "I did not come to you entirely penniless. My mother left me a small portion, amounting to a few thousand dollars, which I did not think necessary to mention to you."

I made no reply, though I cannot say I was exactly pleased at my wife's secrecy. I did not want, nor would I have touched, a penny of her money; but I thought she might have done me the honor to tell me she possessed the amount.

The busy season was at hand; even bankers have their busy season, and there was a rush from the hour of opening until that of closing. On this account I found it one evening imperatively necessary for me to remain far beyond the usual hour, finishing some work which had been neglected in the rush during banking-hours. I was too tired when I arrived home to enjoy the exquisite little supper my wife had caused prepared, or the bottle of champagne, a thing we did not often indulge in, which she had ordered for me.

Although I ate but little and drank but a single glass of wine, I had scarcely retired to bed when I became alarmingly ill. I requested Rose to call one of the servants and dispatch her for a physician, but she declared she had a remedy that would effect a cure, and tripped away to get it.

I heard her speaking in a low tone to some one, but supposed it to be one of the servants. In a moment she came back and administered the medicine she had brought, and which afforded immediate relief.

I soon fell into a heavy slumber, from which I did not awake until a late hour the next morning. I was greatly annoyed to find how late the hour really was, and I could not help asking my wife, in a vexed tone, why she did not arouse me at the usual time.

"You were so ill, and I thought they could do without you for one day," she answered.

"But I have the key," I replied.

"Has not Mr. Ford a key?" she asked.

"Yes; but he seldom ever has it, as I am the first in the morning and the last to leave in the evening. Has any one been here?" I asked.

"Yes; the boy was here, and I told him you were sick."

I afterward learned she had informed him I had not been home all night.

By this time I had drank my coffee, donned my outer coat, and was ready for the street.

I was not long in reaching the bank. Mr. Ford was standing just inside as I entered.

"I am late," I said; "I was afraid you would have trouble in getting in, but I suppose you had your key?"

"Yes, I had; but I had no occasion to use it, as some one who possesses a key as well as a knowledge of the combination, was here before me. In short, we have been robbed."

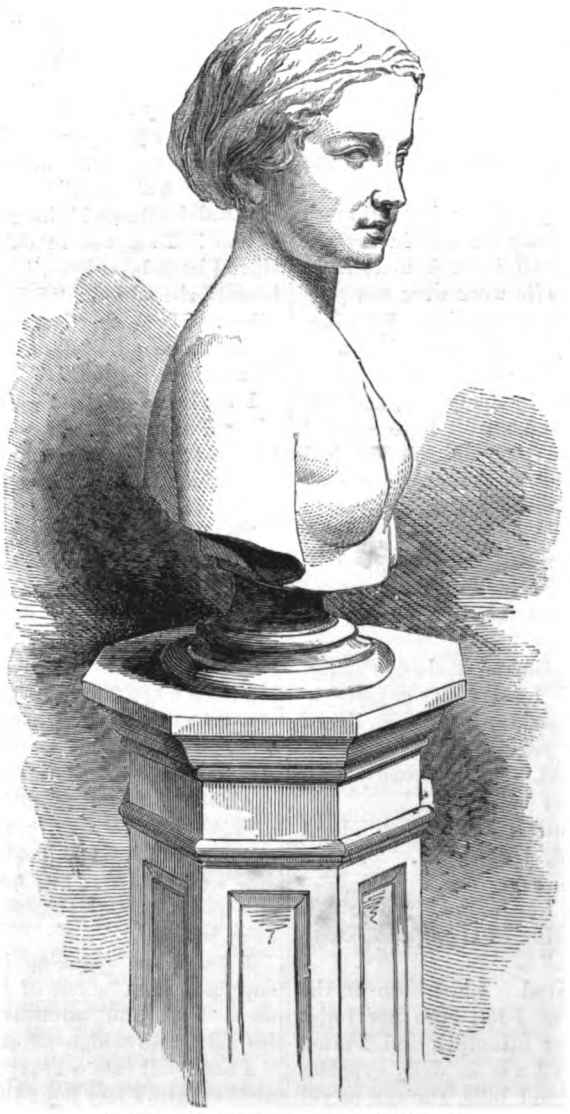
Robbed! Had a key and knew the combination! I was sick when I left home, and now my knees trembled under me so I could not stand. I sank into the nearest chair and began to pull at my collar, for I felt that I was suffocating and must have air. By this time several of the clerks had entered. I glanced at them and then at Mr. Ford. That gentleman was standing with his hands thrust in his pockets, eying me intently, and then suspicion slowly dawned upon me that I was the one suspected of the crime.

Great heavens! This was horrible! Circumstances were against me, I knew, but surely I could prove an alibi.

Just then a person whom I recognized as a detective, came in. He and Mr. Ford had a long interview, and I observed the latter from time to time shake his head as though he could not make up his mind to believe what the detective was trying to impress upon him.

All through the long hours of the morning the thought kept recurring to my mind, "What will Rose say if this suspicion reaches her?" for although no word had been said, I knew every one suspected me of the crime.

I had not been in the habit of going home for lunch, but this day I turned my steps homeward, for I felt this was our first trouble and I wished to be the one to impart the news to her.



FLORA.—FROM THE BUST BY CRAWFORD.

On reaching home, I opened the hall-door softly, and hearing the sound of voices and not wishing to disturb my wife and her visitor, I entered the library and stepped behind a curtain, a position that would enable me to view the interior of the drawing-room without myself being seen.

What was my surprise to see my wife sitting in close proximity to a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with anything but a prepossessing face; the same, in fact, that I had met in the hotel while on our bridal tour, and between them was the white beard and wig her uncle had worn when on a visit to us. They were talking when I entered, and the first words that reached me were from my wife.

"Do you think they will arrest him?" she was saying.

"They can't very well do anything else," the man replied, "as no one knew the combination but he and the president."

"Might they not arrest the president?"

"No; he was there early, and I tell you there was a commotion when Grayson did not come. What did you tell the boy they sent down?" queried the man.

"That he had not been home all night."

"Ha! ha! you managed well, my dear. It will net us——" (Mentioning the exact amount in money and securities we had lost). "And the money?" he said, anxiously.

"Is safe in the false bottom of my trunk," the woman answered. "This is to be my last," she continued. "The first victim's time has almost expired, and young B—— is dying in the penitentiary."

I remembered this young cashier being tried for this offense, and convicted on circumstantial evidence, though the money was never recovered.

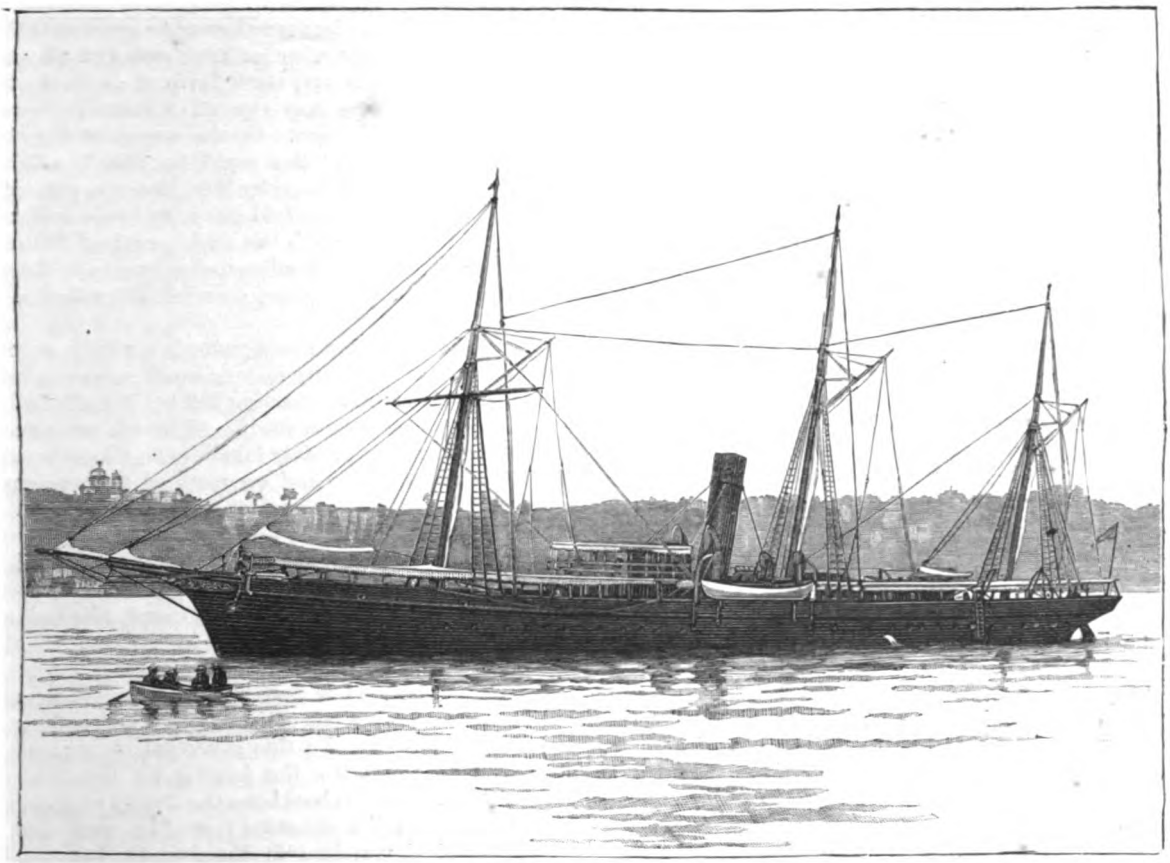
What I would have done I know not, but as I made an effort to leave my retreat, a voice whispered a most peremptory "Keep still!" in my ear, and glancing up, I discovered the detective I had seen with Mr. Ford, in the morning.

He gave a signal at the window, and in less than two minutes the two plotters found themselves under arrest for bank-robbery.

A shriek from the woman and a curse from the man were the last thing I remember hearing. I never saw the woman afterward. They had their trial and got several years in the penitentiary.

Yesterday was the fourth anniversary, and as I sat alone brooding over my troubles, a note was handed to me. It was from the woman, telling me she was dying and asking me to come to her, and the paper lying before me contains a notice of her death.

At the trial it was discovered I had been the third victim. The other two had gone to the State prison, and one of them was in a dying condition when freedom was given him. The man, as a pretended relative, disguised himself and selected his victim, and then brought the woman to finish the job. Of course, the disgraced wife had always been allowed to go whither she pleased, and in this way they had escaped until this time, when I had been so miraculously saved.



THE "ATALANTA."—MR. JAY GOULD.

LUXURIOUS YACHTING.

By W. P. Stephens.

From the earliest ages and in all conditions of society, the necessity for a relaxation from labor and for some recreation that should interrupt and enliven the sterner duties of life, has been universally recognized. Unfortunately, next to the necessity of providing for daily wants, war, either in self-defense or in gratification of evil passions, was the principal employment of primitive man; and it naturally followed that his sports partook of a warlike character. The mimic warfare of the chase is prominent among the sports of all savage nations as well as their more civilized descendants; while with it were found such field sports as would serve to train the warrior—horsemanship, jousts and mock combats of all kinds.

Until a comparatively recent period such sports have flourished, but as society developed, wealth and luxury increased, and amusements of a different nature were introduced. At first, athletic games succeeded contests of a more warlike character, resembling the latter, however, in some respects. Strength, skill and endurance were as essential to success in the running, wrestling, quoit-throwing, and similar sports of the Romans and Greeks, as in the combats with weapons that preceded them. With the growth of a wealthy class, free from the necessity of devoting all their time to a struggle for existence, there arose a demand for something different from the sterner sports of primitive nations; for something well indicated by the common word *pastime*. A marked change also took place in the character of the sports, as those for whose amusement they were instituted, instead of being the participators, were only passive spectators. The excitement and exhilaration came not from personal exertion and success, but from witnessing the struggles of others; and at first, as in the contests of the gladiators, cruelty and brutality were the chief characteristics, changing by degrees under the softening influences of civilization; though even yet too frequently found in the modern prize-ring and dog-pit.

The sports and pastimes of to-day, many and various as they are, still depend to a great extent on the element of personal competition, but within a very recent period another element has been introduced and has taken the first place. Bravery, strength, skill, prized by the ancient warrior or athlete, to-day are second to the item of speed. The hurry and bustle of the present generation leave no time for rest. Work must be done at high-pressure, especially in this new land of ours; the business man can spare little time for pleasure, but must have it condensed and compact, as he takes his nourishment in the form of railroad sandwiches and pie in the brief "five minutes for refreshments"; and, curious as it may seem, the man whose sole business is the pursuit of pleasure is in no less of a hurry. Time is of no value to him; but when he travels, the express train and swiftest ocean steamer are both too slow. Speed is what he wants, and speed he must have, and in this more than in any other respect does he differ from the generations of idlers who have preceded him. Luxury in apparel, surroundings, and food, dates back to the emergence of the race from the first stages of barbarism, and the epicure of 2,000 years back was housed and clothed even more sumptuously than the millionaire of to-day; but the latter

has the advantage in the respect of speed. Not only is every luxury and convenience at his hand, but he can command what is apparently the greatest of all enjoyments of modern times, in that he can be hurled from place to place at a velocity only second to that of a cannon-ball, and that also without sacrificing any of his comforts.

Of all the sports open to the man of wealth and leisure who desires ease and luxury rather than personal exertion, yachting offers the greatest advantages, as it has the great charm of variety, combined with that strong but indefinable attraction which the sea has for most men. The sailing-yacht, in the form of a large schooner, has long been the favorite vessel with those to whom time and money made the ownership of such a craft possible; and on it, life could be enjoyed as easily and comfortably as on shore; but the element of speed, so essential to modern enjoyment, was to a great extent absent, being dependent solely on the wind; a disadvantage that in the earliest days of successful steam navigation caused some yacht-owners to turn to the new power for assistance. When it was first proposed to use steam in yachts, nearly sixty years since, a strong objection was made by many yachtsmen on the ground that it would degrade yachting to the level of trade; and at the same time another and more serious obstacle was met with: The engines then in use were of a primitive form—non-condensing, and not adapted for marine work—and the coal consumption was so great that the expense of running deterred many, while the greater part of the most valuable space in the boat was required for the bulky engines and large coal-bunkers.

With the introduction and improvement of the compound condensing engine the latter difficulty has disappeared, and the former one long ago ceased to trouble the sailing men or the advocates of the new innovation.

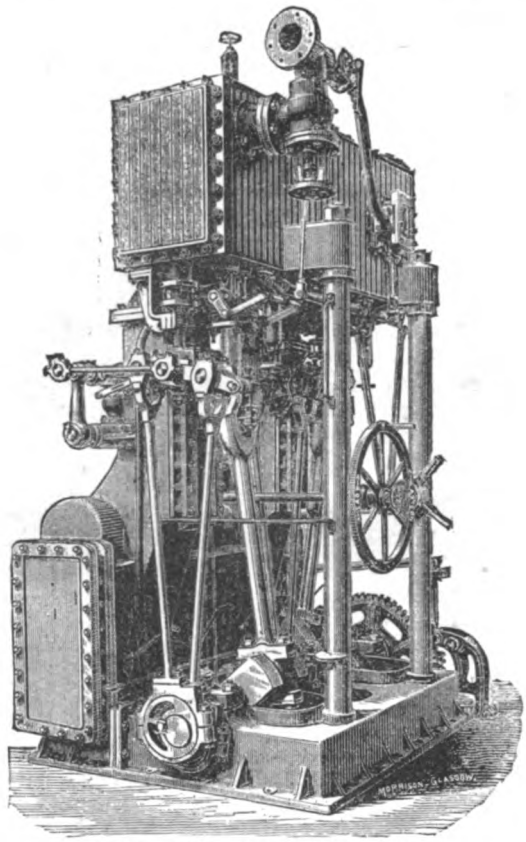
To trace the history and development of the steam-yacht, from the first efforts of its originators to the ocean queens of to-day—from the little launches of thirty or forty tons to the superb ocean steamers enrolled in American and foreign yacht lists—is not our purpose now; but we shall examine some of the largest and most elegant of the American fleet. A full list of the various classes comprehended under the name steam-yacht would be a long one, including, as it does, everything from the little steam dinghy, fifteen feet long, that swings at the davits of many sailing-yachts; through the large family of open launches used everywhere for business and pleasure, hunting, camping, exploring; the larger cabin-launches, including torpedo-boats, a very important class in themselves; to the decked vessels provided with such accommodations as may entitle them to be called yachts.

The latter boats are used for several distinct purposes: for coasting, for short cruises under steam, and for Summer homes; for long pleasure cruises around the world—as the *Sunbeam*, the *Lancashire Witch*, the *Marchesa* and the *Chazalie;* and as special instruments for discovery and exploration, as the *Eothen*, the *Kara*, and the *Pandora*—afterward the ill-fated *Jeanette*. The larger vessels are mainly of the class known as auxiliary, rigged so as to be speedy and seaworthy under canvas alone, the fires being extinguished for days at a time on long voyages. Not only is it desirable to carry as little coal as possible, on account of the room required to store it and the alterations in trim as so large a portion of the load is consumed, but on long cruises coal is often difficult to obtain, and in many foreign ports is very dear. Vessels of this class, in addition to their powerful rig, are often fitted with a feathering-screw, the blades of which may be turned so as to present little resistance to the water when sailing; and with the screw in this position, fires out, stack lowered on deck, and a favoring breeze, they may run off a stretch of several thousand miles under sail. On the voyage of the steam-yacht *Sunbeam* around the world in 1876-7, so widely known from the log written by Mrs. Brassey, wife of the owner, 20,400 miles out of 35,450 were made under sail only; while the best day's run under coal, of 230 miles, is eclipsed by one of 298 miles under canvas. The *Lancashire Witch*, on her voyage, covered 295 miles in one day under sail.

The modern seagoing steam-yacht is a village, or, more properly, a miniature city in very small compass, its extreme dimensions not exceeding 250 by 30 feet; but it is a community complete in itself. Although not numbering more than fifty or sixty inhabitants, all grades of society and many trades and occupations are represented within its iron sides. The first point which claims our attention is the hull itself. In all naval construction metal is superseding wood, and in steam-yachts of any size it has done so almost entirely. The composite method of construction—a metal frame planked with wood—is sometimes employed, but iron, and of late steel, are now used for all parts except deck-sheathing, houses and spars. The keel is first laid as for a wooden ship, but in this case it is a bar of iron, 7 to 9 inches deep and 1½ to 2 inches thick. To this is riveted at one end the stem, and to the other the forging for the stern and rudder posts. On this backbone the frames of angle iron are set up, until the structure resembles somewhat the ribs and spinal vertebræ in the human frame. This framework is covered with plates of steel or iron ¼ to ⅜ inches thick, according to the size of the yacht, which are riveted to the frames and to each other. Inside, all is securely braced with deck-beams, deck of plate iron, covered with wood, stringers, side and bilge keelsons, intercostals and floors, until an exceedingly rigid structure is obtained. Speed is always kept in view in the model of such a craft, but she must possess sea-going powers; she must be capable of carrying her load, including a large supply of coal, and there must be room for owner and guests, as well as engines and boilers. Sailing power must not be neglected in the model and ballasting, as two or three masts are always provided; the former usually being schooner-rigged, while the three-masters are either barks or barkentines. Once on board, the first to be provided for are the owner and his guests, for whose convenience the establishment is kept up. The man who lives afloat is limited in two or three details: he cannot have the same space allotted to him, no matter how large the yacht, that he would have in a house ashore; he cannot have a billiard-table; he cannot keep a horse, though an Alderney cow forms one of the ship's company of the *Namouna;* but outside of these restrictions there is little in the way of comfort or luxury that is not within his reach afloat as well as ashore; indeed, the more limited space often makes possible a more expensive style of decoration than it would be within his means to apply to a large town house or a country place. The yacht is the home of himself and his family for months, and often for several years, and must offer them every comfort they were accustomed to on shore. Apartments must be provided for the owner and his wife, for guests, for servants, and perhaps a nursery and playroom for the little ones, as in the *Sunbeam*. Besides the parlor, dining and living room, usually in one, there must be bath and state rooms, laundry, closets, lockers, and pantries for clothing and

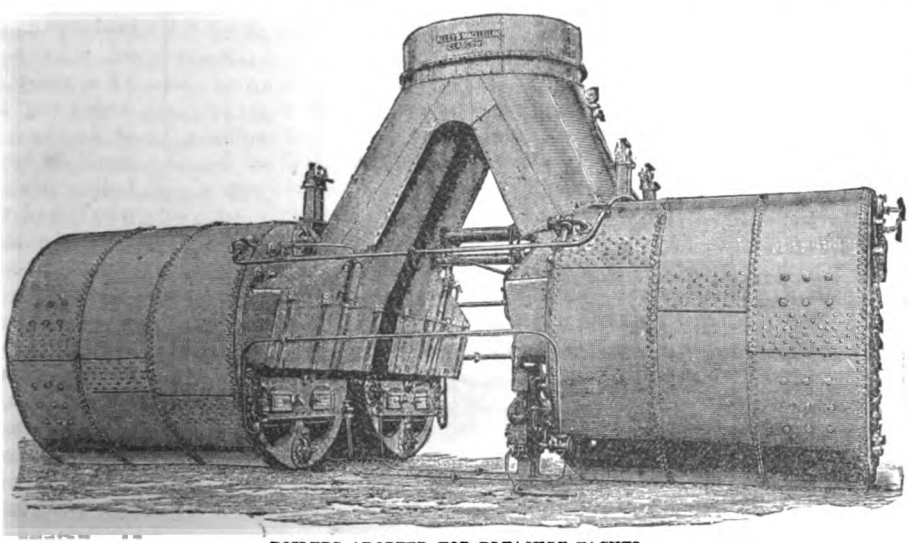
stores. A piano is a prime necessity where there is so much idle time, and a photographic outfit will require a corner for a dark room. The gentlemen must have a smoking-room on deck, and in warm climates it may be desirable to have temporary sleeping-quarters in the deck-houses. In modern steam-yachts the arrangement common on ocean steamers, officers and crew forward and passengers aft, has been reversed. Forward of the engines and boilers are the apartments of the owner and guests and their servants. Aft of the engines are the cook's department, the officers' quarters, and the forecastle, if it can still be so called ; while a passage, closed at will by water-tight doors, joins the two departments. This plan has been followed in the *Nourmahal, Namouna* and *Atalanta*, as well as in some English steam-yachts, and has the advantage of avoiding the cinders and smoke from the engines, as well as all fumes from the galley.

The officers and crew may be packed in small quarters ; servants and cooks be stowed anywhere by an owner who wishes to gain additional room for cabins and saloons ; but there is one portion, and that the best space in the boat, which he cannot encroach on. The space that in a sailing-vessel would give a grand saloon, is in a steamer imperatively demanded by the vital parts, the motive power. Engines, boilers and coal-bunkers must be nearly amidships, and must have ample room. These considerations cannot be trifled with except by crippling the performance of the ship ; and any attempt at undue crowding here is as certain in its results as is tight-lacing to the human form. Crude and imperfect as the steam-engine and propeller of to-day are, when measured by the standard of theoretical science, they are the most efficient means we possess of applying the power latent in water and fuel to the propulsion of vessels. For nearly a century the labors of engineers and scientists have been devoted to the problems of the economical generation of power and its conversion into useful work ; and while, from one point of view, the results obtained are small compared with what science teaches us to expect, yet the engine of to-day, placed beside that of the first steam-yacht, shows an enormous improvement. Entering the companion and descending to the engine-room, the central object is the main engine, whose work is to turn the screw or wheel which forces the ship through the water. The engines usually employed are those known as compound condensing with inverted cylinders, of the form shown in the accompanying engraving.

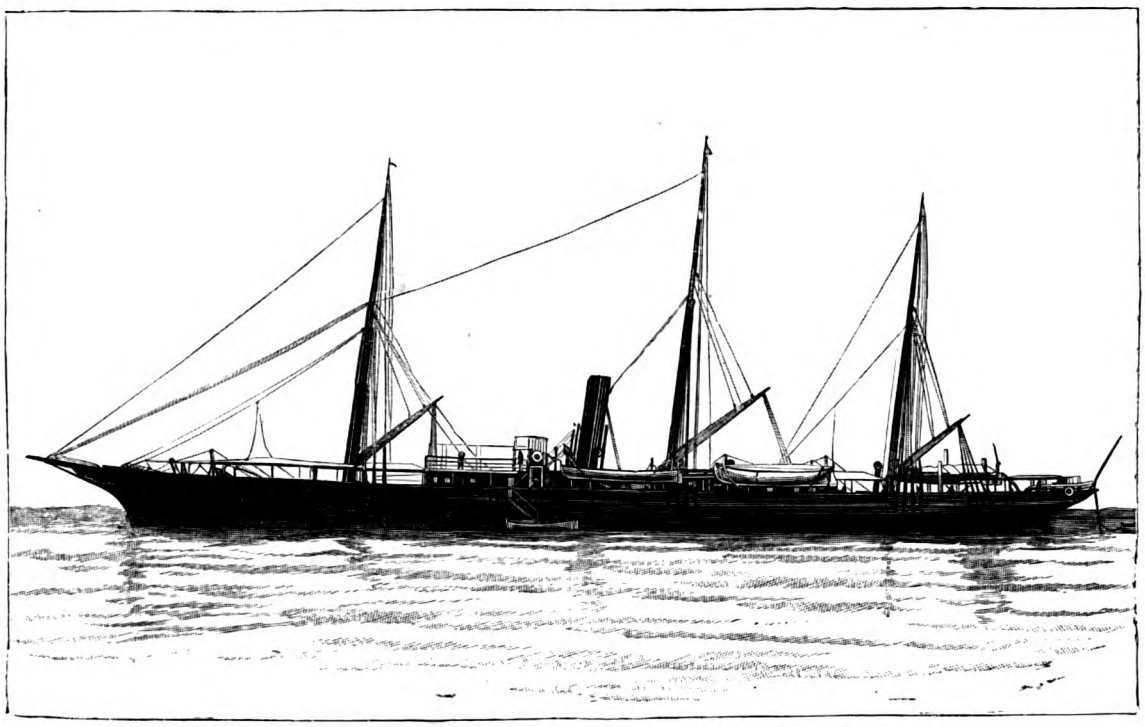


MAIN ENGINE OF PLEASURE-YACHT.

Steam is first admitted by a pipe from the boiler to the smaller or high-pressure cylinder, and after doing its work there, it passes to the larger or low-pressure cylinder, where it expands still further. Thence it passes into the condenser, where it finds its way through a series of small tubes, around which a current of cold sea-water constantly passes, cooling and condensing it into water again. From the condenser it is forced into the hot-well, whence it is returned in time to the boilers. To accomplish all this, other machinery is necessary: an air-pump, usually connected to the main engines, and operated by them, whose work it is to preserve a vacuum which shall draw the exhaust steam from the low-pressure cylinder ; and a circulating-pump, as it is called, which pumps a constant stream of cold water from the sea, through the condenser and out again. Besides these essentials, other auxiliaries are called into play to lighten the labor of the crew or to increase the comforts of the saloons. Bilge-pumps, communicating by pipes with the various water-tight compartments, offer important safeguards against leakage or collision, and also serve to empty the ballast and waste-water tanks in the hold. Another powerful pump supplies hose, for

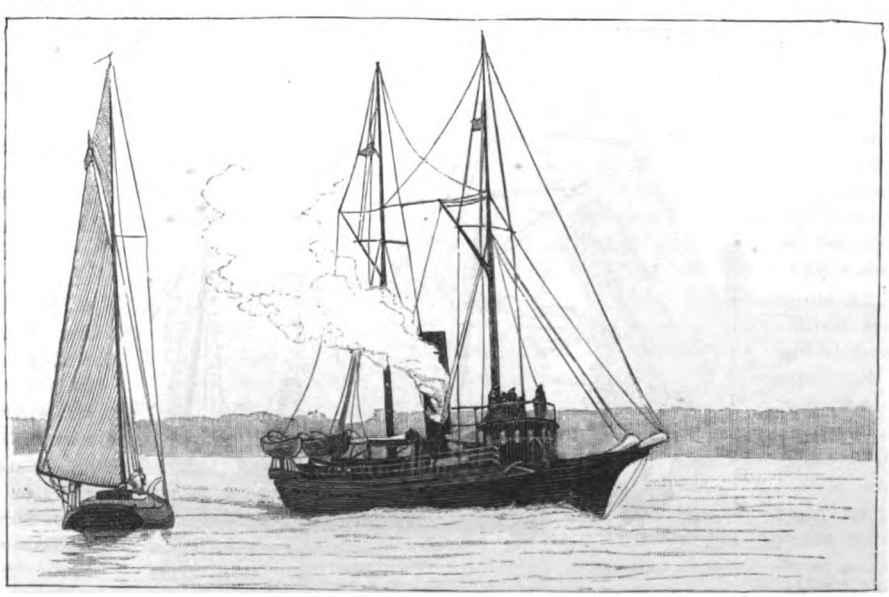


BOILERS ADOPTED FOR PLEASURE-YACHTS.



THE ' NAMOUNA."— COMMODORE JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

washing decks or in case of fire; and a third forces fresh water to all parts of the yacht. Steam does the steering by means of a small independent engine near the pilot-house; another engine forward operates the capstan and winches, raising the anchor, hoisting boats, coals or stores on board, and doing any pulling and hauling on deck. A steam-hoist lifts out all the ashes, steam-gear starts, stops or reverses the main engine, and an independent engine is arranged to turn the latter when in port, for repairs or similar purposes. Steam heats and cools the entire ship; it is led through pipes to radiators in all parts, it operates a blower, whose duty is to force fresh air through the hold or cabins, and it also operates the ice-machine, which furnishes a constant supply of ice in any climate. A small engine and dynamo, also in the engine-room, supply the electric current for the numerous lamps that light the ship. In short, steam is present everywhere, down to the boats at the davits, one or two of which are fitted with small engines and boilers. In the engine-room of a well-kept yacht, neatness and cleanliness prevail everywhere, in spite of the presence of oil and grease. Polished steel and brass, bright woodwork, and everything in perfect order, are indications of a proper head to the engine department. No less necessary, but scarcely as inviting, is the boiler-room, where the power is generated that keeps all in motion. The boilers, usually two in number, are of several forms. The most common is the horizontal tubular, a cylindrical shell in which are the fire-boxes, while above them are the tubes, two to three inches in diameter. The smoke and flame finds its way to a chamber at the back end of the boiler, into which one end of the tubes open, thence through the tubes, which are surrounded by water, to the front end, where they issue into the base of the stack or funnel. As steam is always needed, whether the yacht is under way or at anchor, a small donkey-boiler is also provided to supply the dynamo-engine, steam-windlass, ice-machine and heating-apparatus. Near the boilers are the bunkers containing coal for immediate use,

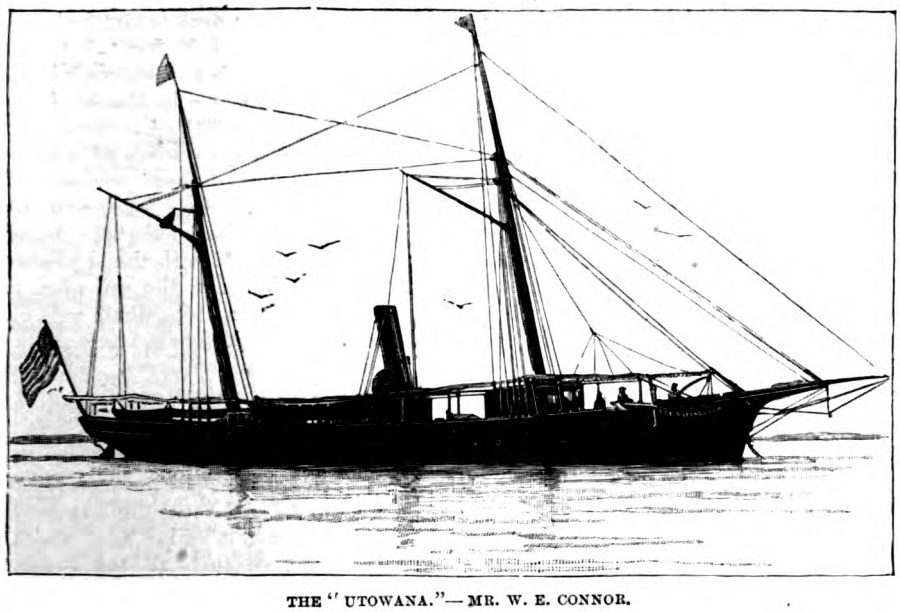


THE "RAHDA."— MR. J. H. SEYMOUR.

while a large supply is contained in the hold.

Wherever the quarters of the captain, engineer and officers are placed, they are always handsomely fitted up with wardroom or messroom, separate staterooms and bathroom, and the crew and firemen are more comfortably lodged than in any other class of steam-vessel. The steward's department is a most important one on a pleasure craft of this kind, where a table is laid that would not disgrace any "cordon bleu" ashore. No ship's galley, nor the compact stove of a sailing-yacht, has a place here, but

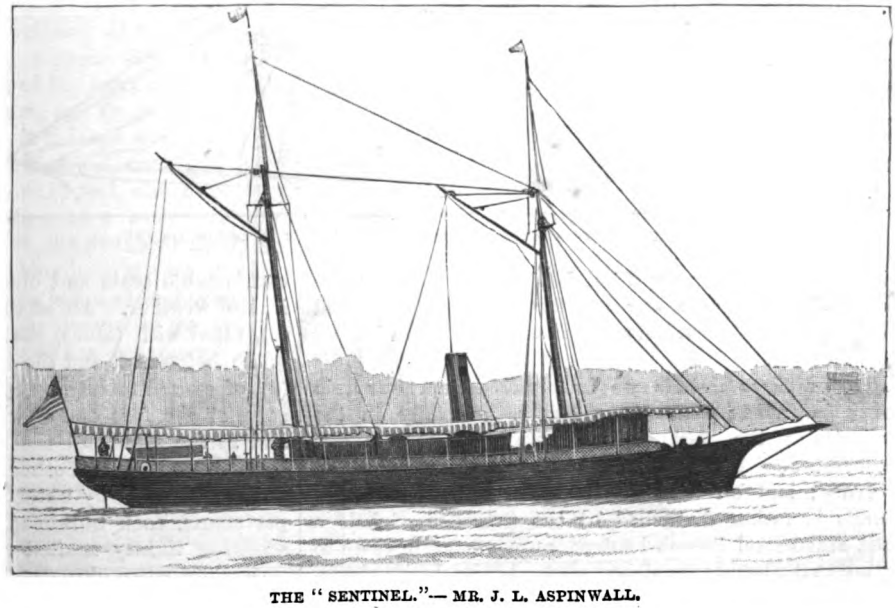
THE "STRANGER."— MR. E. S. JAFFREY.



THE "UTOWANA."— MR. W. E. CONNOR.

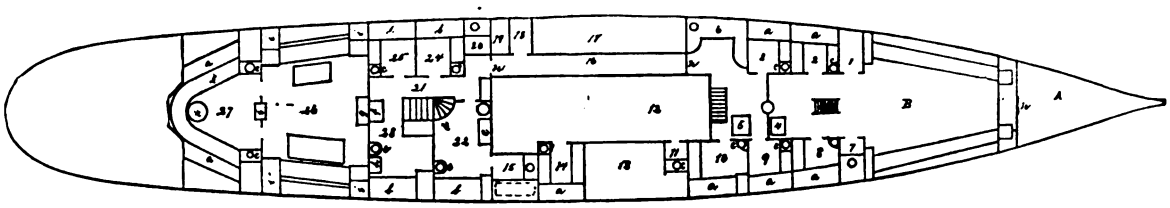
a specially designed range, similar to those used in large hotels, fitted with shining coppers and tanks, is the central point around which *chef*, pastry-cooks and scullions gather in the preparation of repasts which bear little resemblance to the traditional sea fare. Ice-boxes, larders, wine-closets and pantries innumerable form the the outlying dependencies of this little kingdom, over which and his subordinates the white-capped *chef* or steward reigns supreme.

The plan given on page 26 will illustrate the general arrangement of a large English steam-yacht. Foremost of all, in the extreme bows, is a locker where the crew's hammocks are stowed, and below which is a space for cables. A water-tight door (*n*) in the bulkhead gives access to the forecastle, where are berthed the crew and firemen, lockers being provided for their clothes. Opening on the forecastle, which is reached by a companion on deck, is a storeroom (1), another stateroom with two berths (2), and, opposite to it, the first officer's room (8) and watercloset (7), while at (4) is the forward galley. Passing through a door in the bulkhead, we come to the cabin galley (5), with the steward's room (3), pantry (6), cook's room (9),



THE "SENTINEL."— MR. J. L. ASPINWALL.

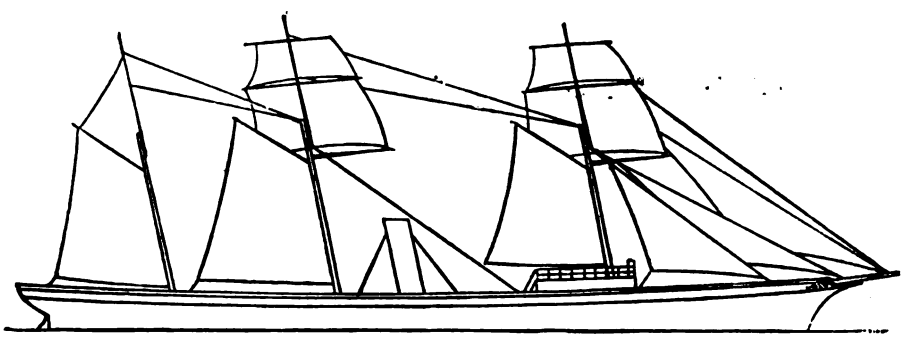
and captain's room (10). On the port side of the engine and boiler space (12), is a passage (16), closed if needed by doors (*n n*) in the bulkheads. Next to it is a bunker (17), and two storerooms (18 and 19). On the starboard side of the engine-room is the oilers' washroom (11), bunker (13), engineer's room (14), and owner's bathroom (15). At (20), and also under the main stairs, are water-closets, and at (21) a passage in which open the state-rooms and main saloon. The owner's stateroom (22) is fitted with a dressing-table, and drawers next to the stairs at (*d*); a bureau (*e*), against the engine-room bulkhead; a stationary washbowl (*c*), and a swinging-bed (*b*), while a door opens into the bathroom (15). In the adjoining cabin (23) is a swinging-bed with shelves and drawers at the head, a writing-table (*h*), washstand (*c*), wardrobe (*f*), and a dressing-table next to the stairs. The two staterooms (24 and 25) are similarly furnished, but smaller. The main saloon (26) is fitted with a bookcase (*i*) in each corner, beneath each of them being small closets or chests of drawers. On each side is a sofa with a swinging-table, weighted so as to be always level, in front of it. In the after bulkhead is a handsome stove or grate (*l*), and opposite to it, at (*g*), is a buffet and mirror. The ladies' cabin (27) is in the stern, and around the after end runs a wide, cushioned seat (*m*), above which on each side is a berth (*a*). Back of each berth is a large locker with shelves and paneled doors, and at the head of each, a locker with washstand under it. In the hold, under the cabin-floors, fore and aft, is a large space containing water-tanks, coal, ice, ship's and steward's stores, and numerous other supplies, besides a space for the steam-launch, where it may be lowered and safely stored on a long cruise, to be hoisted out when a stay in harbor is decided on.



PLAN OF ENGLISH PLEASURE-YACHT.

Two or three details we have missed on our trip about the ship; somewhere below, generally in the vestibule at the foot of the main staircase, is the armory—a choice collection of bright weapons, rifles and revolvers; and on deck the peaceful appearance that prevails is rather disturbed by the presence of half a dozen rifled steel breech-loaders, each swung-in close to the bulwarks beside its closed port. At the davits alongside, swing five or six boats of various descriptions, from the large and powerful steam-launch to a little shore dinghy.

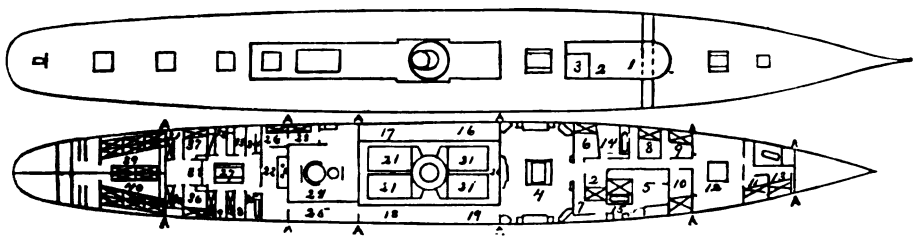
Let us turn now to an actual example of an American steam-yacht, the *Nourmahal*, largest in size of the steam pleasure fleet of the world. This yacht, owned by Mr. William Astor, and built for him, in 1884, by Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, from the designs of Mr. Gustave Hillman, is the first steel yacht built in America. Surpassing in size the ocean steamers of a few years ago, she also excels, in the richness of her fittings and completeness of her appointments, any other yacht in our waters, if not in the world. Her length on deck is 232 feet, and on waterline, 221 feet, with a beam of 30 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet 7½ inches, and draft, 15 feet when coaled and provisioned. Steel is used everywhere in the hull, the keel and keelson, in one piece, being 32 by ⅞ inches. The plating of the hull is from ½ to ⅝ inches thick, and double-riveted; while the decks and deck-houses are also of steel, the upper deck sheathed with white pine, and the lower with yellow pine, the houses and bulwarks being covered with mahogany to correspond with the skylights and companions. The rig, as shown in the sail-plan, is that of a bark with square topsails and topgallant sails on the fore and main masts. On deck forward is a deck-house and bridge, as in all ocean steamers. On the bridge is a wheel connected to the steam-steering gear, together with speaking-tubes, bells and electric signals to the engineer. The large expanse of deck is broken only by the necessary skylights and companions, the engine-room hatches and the deckhouse, all of mahogany; while the waterways and rail are of teak, the rich colors of the two woods being well set off by contrast with the brass-work about the deck and the polished steel of the six rifled pivot-guns. The fore-end of the deckhouse beneath the bridge is used as a social hall (1), and is finished in Queen Anne style in mahogany, being fitted up with comfortable seats and chairs, making a pleasant shelter in bad weather. Aft of the social hall is the chartroom (3), fitted with tables, charts and nautical instruments; while between it and the social hall is the main staircase (2), of carved mahogany, opening below into a long passage, at the fore end of which is the ladies' saloon (12), and at the after end the main saloon (4), while from it open staterooms and other apartments. The hull of the vessel is divided by watertight bulkheads (*a a*) into compartments, each bulkhead being fitted with iron doors screwing tightly against rubber packing, making them watertight when closed. The bulkhead nearest the bow is built with special care, as the danger from collision is



SAIL-PLAN OF STEAM-YACHT "NOURMAHAL," WILLIAM B. ASTOR, OWNER.

greatest at that point, and it is expected that even if the bow were entirely destroyed, as has happened in some ocean steamers, the vessel would still float securely. Forward of this bulkhead is a storeroom for cables, and here also is placed the steam-windlass for raising the anchor, the compartment being accessible only from the deck.

Entering again by the main staircase and starting at the after side of this bulkhead on a tour around the miniature world, the first apartment (13) is a stateroom for the maids, next to which is a bathroom. Abaft, there is another stateroom (11), and next the ladies' cabin (12). The former apartments are handsomely finished in ash, in Eastlake style, but the latter, 14 feet long and 18 feet wide, is furnished very differently, in Louis XV. style, white and gold only, with portières of heavy red silk damask, the two sofas being covered with the same material. A moquette carpet of light and pleasing design covers the floor, and from the ceiling hangs a handsome chandelier. One side of the room is partly filled by a carved mantel and mirror, while the remainder of the furniture, piano, table, secretary and bookcases are of rosewood. Aft of this room is a stateroom (10), 11 feet by 6 feet 6 inches, finished in sycamore wood, the decorations being similar to those in Mr. Astor's rooms. It is furnished with a large double bedstead, a wardrobe, and a folding washstand. Opposite to it is another stateroom (9), 8 x 9 feet, and abaft this another (8), 9 feet square, the former finished in maple and the latter in oak. A third stateroom (6) is situated just forward of the main saloon, and is 9 x 7 feet, finished in cherry. Each of these rooms is elegantly fitted up with berths, drawers, washstands with running water, wardrobes and electric lights and bells. On the port side, between two of the rooms, is the toilet and bath room (14), finished in red cedar, with linen-lockers, bathtub and all conveniences.



DECK AND CABIN PLANS OF THE "NOURMAHAL."

The apartments of Mr. Astor include three rooms on the starboard side, just forward of the main saloon. The largest room (5) is 12 feet square, and from it opens an alcove, 7 feet square, in which is a large and handsome bedstead, all being curtained off at will from the other room. The smaller room (7) is 9x10 feet, also fitted as a bedroom, while between the two is a bathroom (15), finished in red cedar with tiles on the floor and partly up the sides. The furniture and hangings are all of blue, the woodwork of both staterooms being of mahogany.

The main saloon (4) is 28 feet wide and 20 feet long, a size that affords an opportunity to the decorator for the fullest display of his art. By day it is lighted by a large skylight in the deck, and at night by a chandelier of Moorish design, of gold bronze and oxidized silver, with oil and electric lamps. In other parts of the room are fitted four oil and the same number of electric lamps. The room is finished in Moorish style with *white mahogany*, a rare and expensive wood, its natural beauty being greatly heightened by artistic carving.

Both the ceiling and the iron deck-beams are cased with this wood, and the panels between the beams are handsomely frescoed. A large extension-table of red mahogany is placed in the centre of the room, and on the after side is a handsome mirror, while in each corner is a cabinet of elaborate design. Aft of the saloon and separated by an iron bulkhead, is the boiler-room, and further aft is the engine-room, the steward's department being near by. The first room entered on our way aft is the pantry (19), opening into the saloon, while abaft it is the steward's room (18). In these two rooms are dressers for china and silver, linen-lockers, glass-racks, closets for stores, refrigerator, and sink for dishes. Aft of these, and connecting them with the galley, is a scullery (25) for the cooking utensils. The galley itself (22) extends almost across the ship, a room for the cooks (26) being divided off on the port side, beneath which, in the hold, is the ice-machine. The galley is finished in ash, with a tile floor. A large range is placed against the engine-room bulkhead, and near it is a condenser for fresh water. Passing to the engine department, at its fore end are found four steel boilers (21), each 12 feet long and 8 feet 3 inches diameter, placed fore and aft, the fire-room being between them. These boilers are similar to those shown in the drawing, all uniting at the base of the stack. At the extreme forward end of the boiler-space is a small donkey-boiler, supplying steam for the electric light, heating, etc., when the large boilers are not in use, and near it is the steam-steering-gear.

At the port side is a blower-engine (16), furnishing air to the fires or to ventilate the vessel, and also a dynamo and engine (17) for the electric lamps. The coal is carried largely in the hold, but at each side of the boilers are bunkers of 80 tons total capacity. In the engine-room is an inverted compound engine (24) with two cylinders, one of 34 and one of 60 inches diameter and 36 inches stroke, driving a four-bladed wheel 12 feet diameter and 19 feet pitch. From the engine-room opens a stateroom for the two oilers (23). The quarters of the officers and men are aft of the galley, the former being grouped around the wardroom (27). Abaft this room is the officers' messroom (38), into which opens the captain's cabin (36), while opposite is the chief-engineer's room (37). A bathroom (35) is placed on the starboard side, and opposite is the pantry (34). The staterooms 28 to 33 are for the other officers and the steward. The wardroom, is finished in cherry and the other rooms in oak, all being in the Eastlake style. The forecastle is situated abaft the after bulkhead, having a separate double companion on deck. To port are berths, closets, and a washroom, for twelve firemen and coal-passers, and to starboard are similar quarters for twelve seamen. Here, as elsewhere throughout the vessel, everything is finished in the finest manner.

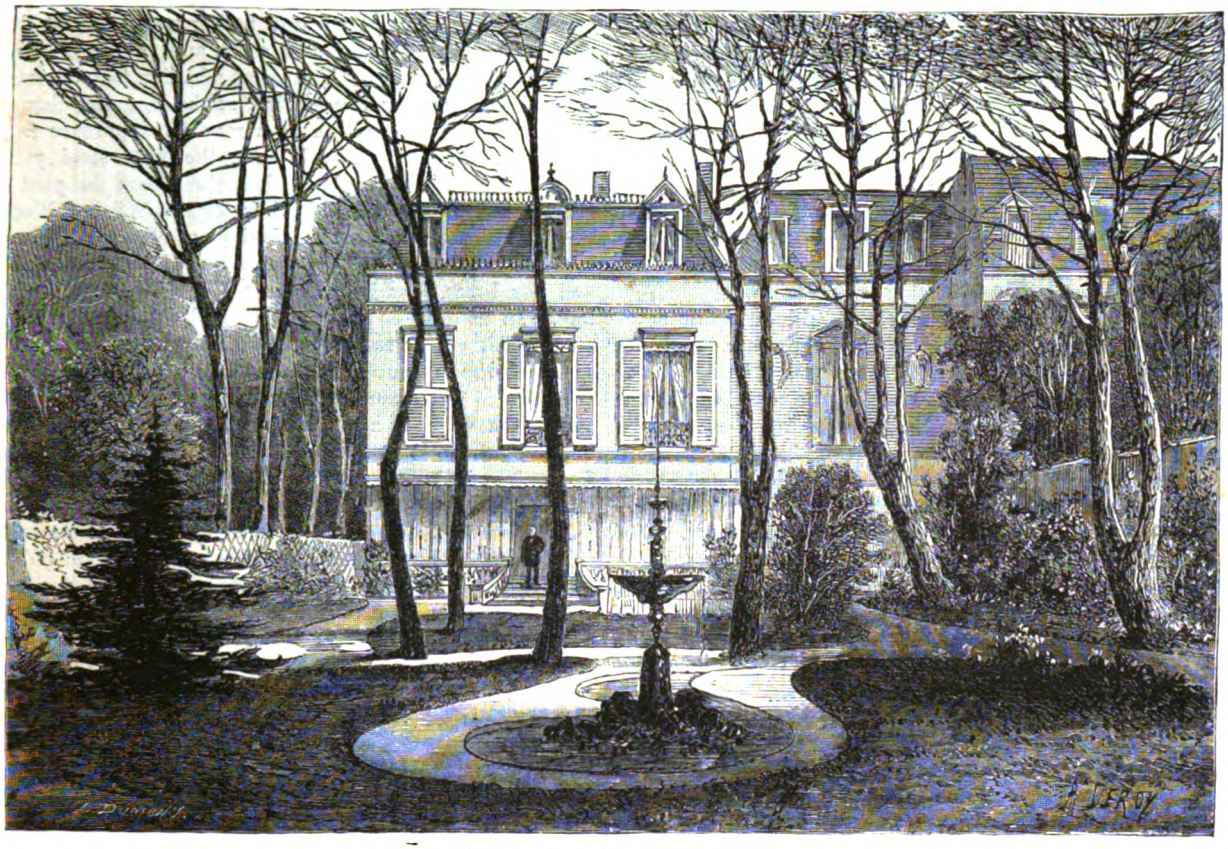
A large and important part of the vessel we have as yet overlooked entirely, the lower hold, in which stores, coal, water, and supplies of all kinds, are stored away. Forward are the chain-lockers, then two tanks, each holding fifteen tons, for water-ballast admitted from the sea or for waste water from the cabins to be pumped overboard. Aft, and also above these tanks, is a storeroom for provisions, and near by are two tanks of fresh water (3,000 gallons) for the cabins. Still further aft,

VICTOR HUGO'S BIRTHPLACE, GRAND RUE, BESANÇON.—SEE PAGE 31.

under the main saloon and staterooms, are bunkers for 200 tons of coal, besides the bunkers near the boilers. Under the officers' quarters and galley are storerooms for wines, vegetables and meat, the refrigerating-chamber of the ice-machine, and also the coal for the galley, and a 500-gallon water-tank. Still aft of these is a storeroom for the steward's department and additional tanks for fresh water, while in the run under the forecastle is a large space for the storage of ship's stores and gear. As yet the *Nourmahal* has made no long cruises, being but a year old.

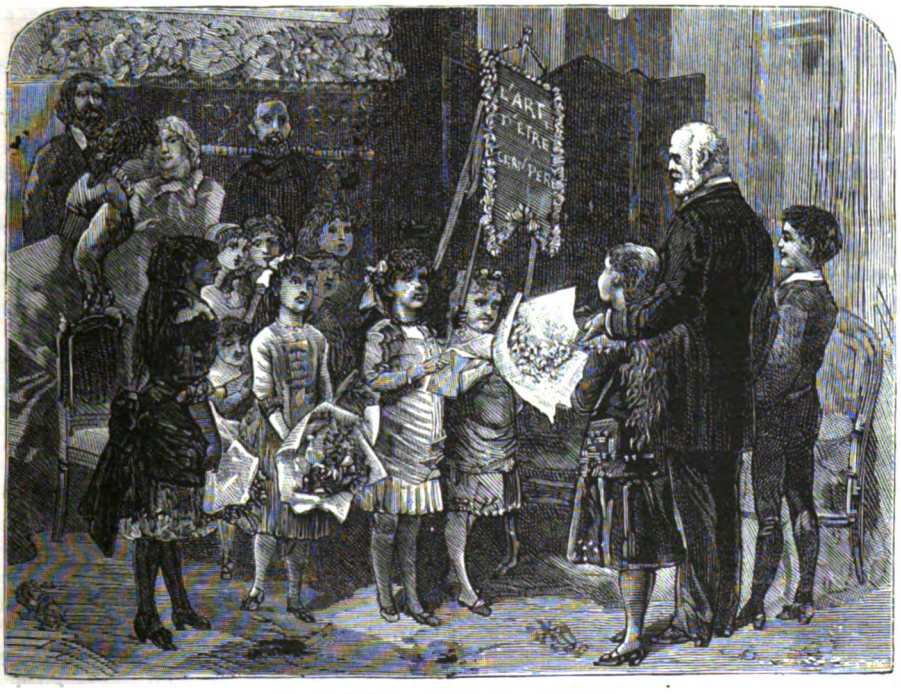
The most widely known of American steam yachts, especially as a cruiser, is the *Namouna*, owned by Commodore James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Yacht Club. Built in 1882, by Ward & Stanton, of Newburgh, N. Y., from designs by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, the English naval architect, she has crossed and recrossed the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, and firmly established her reputation as an ocean cruiser. In looking over her, one scarcely knows what to admire most, her stately and graceful appearance, the strength of her construction everywhere apparent, or the luxury and elegance of her decorations and fittings. The length on deck is 226 feet 10 inches; on waterline, 217 feet; beam, 26 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 16 feet 2 inches; and draft, 14 feet 3 inches. Her deck-houses and bulwarks are of iron, as is the entire hull; but they are all sheathed with teak wood. Her rig is a three-masted schooner, with gaff-sails without booms. The deck-house contains, besides the main staircase, a smoking-room, chart-room, and an extra state-room. Starting below, at the bow, the forward rooms are for the servants, near them being a number of store-rooms, lockers and closets. Abaft these are four staterooms, a toilet and bath room; and still further aft, the ladies' saloon, a room fourteen feet long and twenty feet wide. Above the dado of hard wood, polished, the sides of the room are covered with cretonne. Cabinets, book-case and writing-desk, of light and fanciful design, and a piano specially made for the room, give it an air of coziness and

ESCUTCHEON ON THE HOUSE.



VICTOR HUGO'S HOME, AVENUE D'EYLAU.

elegance equal to a lady's boudoir ashore. Abaft the ladies' saloon, on one side are two large staterooms and on the other the owner's room, 24x18 feet. Except the lack of windows and the presence of the skylight, there is little to indicate that one is on board ship. A large bedstead, a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and other furniture, are all exquisitely carved, as is the woodwork and paneling of the room. The bathroom, adjoining, is lined on the floor and sides with tiles, the bathtub being beneath a trapdoor in the floor. Both rooms are finished with curtains and hangings of rich materials and soft colors. The main saloon is the finest of all the apartments, a gem of decorative art. It is finished in English oak richly carved, a dado of which runs round the four sides, and above which they are covered with lincrusta embossed in light and elegant designs. The iron deck-beams, of course, appear in the cabin-ceiling, but they also are cased in oak, and between them the panels are colored a deep blue, on which ground golden fishes and marine monsters disport themselves. The room is lighted partly by the sidelights, but mainly by a large dome skylight of crackle glass, fitted with rich curtains, which moderate the glare. A chandelier of novel and striking design, and fitted with electric lamps, hangs from the centre of the ceiling. The greater part of one side is occupied by a mantel of



VICTOR HUGO WELCOMING CHILDREN.

carved oak, extending from floor to ceiling, supported on each side by a dolphin, also carved in oak. Below it is a fireplace and a very handsome grate. The floor is of inlaid wood in tasteful designs, the centre covered with rugs. A large bookcase, mirrors and sideboard, with a table under the skylight, and sofas at the sides, complete the furniture. The vestibule, joining the saloon and staircase, also serves as an armory, being fitted with racks of polished weapons in addition to the four steel Hotchkiss guns on deck. From it open other staterooms and the butler's pantry, the latter opening into the cabin galley, on the port side of the engine-room.

In the latter are the engines, double-cylinder compound, having two high-pressure cylinders, each 23 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure, 42 inches diameter and 28 inches stroke. Besides the main engines, a small one drives the dynamo, furnishing a current to 150 electric lamps in various parts of the ship; another operates the condensing-apparatus, capable of furnishing 500 gallons of water each day; and a third pumps the water under pressure to the staterooms and galleys. The two boilers are of steel, ¾ inches thick, and are cylindrical in shape, 11 feet long and 13 feet diameter. The shaft, of 11 feet diameter, carries a wheel of 11 feet 6 inches. Abaft the engines are the quarters of the officers and crew, each entered by a separate companion from the deck. The former include a handsomely furnished wardroom, 18x10 feet, finished in maple and chestnut, from which open five staterooms, with a messroom, toilet and bath rooms, lockers and closets, giving ample accommodations for the captain, engineer, and their assistants. Next to the officers' quarters is the ship's galley, where all the cooking for the ship's company is done. Near the galley are lodged the ship's cooks, steward and messboys; while aft of all is the forecastle, as by usage it may still be called, though situated aft instead of forward. To starboard are berths for fourteen seamen, and to port for six firemen and two coal-passers, both apartments being finished in hard woods, neat, clean and comfortable, with washrooms and all conveniences. Many minor details which we have not noticed serve to make life on board as easy and luxurious as if on shore, and nothing is omitted that can add to the comfort of the owner and his guests, or even of the humblest member of the crew.

The trio of large steam-yachts in the American fleet is completed by the *Atalanta*, an iron vessel, barkentine rigged, built in 1883, for Mr. Jay Gould, of New York, by Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia. Although of less tonnage than the the *Nourmahal*, she enjoys the distinction of being the longest private pleasure-yacht afloat, her entire length being 250 feet. On the waterline she is 233 feet 3 inches, with a beam of 26 feet 4 inches, a depth of hold of 16 feet, and a draft of 13 feet. Her engines, of the type already described, have one cylinder of 30 inches and one of 60, with a stroke of 30 inches. The shaft is 10½ inches diameter, with a wheel of 10 feet diameter and 15 feet pitch, having four blades. The general arrangements are similar to those of the *Nourmahal* and *Namouna;* owner's apartments, staterooms and saloon forward and ship's company aft. The main saloon, 21x25 feet, is finished almost entirely in oak. The oak floor has an inlaid border of mahogany and sycamore, and the panels on the sides and ceiling are all carved, as are the oaken chairs and tables. The room is furnished like most modern drawing-rooms, piano, mantel, mirrors, and electric chandelier; the prevailing tints of the hangings and draperies being gray and olive.

Next to the saloon are the owner's rooms, the larger finished in mahogany, while from it opens a smaller. Forward of these are eight staterooms for guests, besides servants' quarters, store and bath-rooms. Abaft the engines are the officers and crew, and in the hold are coal, water and stores. The latest addition to our steam-fleet, though among the smaller of the seagoing class, is worthy of special mention as a marked departure from American models. The *Wanda*, the first steel yacht built in New York, was lately launched from the yard of Piepgrass & Pine, who built her for Mr. William Woodward, of New York, from the designs of Mr. John Harvey. Her length is 127 feet on waterline (143 feet over all), and her beam is only 18 feet; while she draws over 10 feet. In model she is very deep and sharp, resembling an English cutter rather than an American steam-yacht, and with the long overhanging stern of the former. Her sides are of ¼-inch steel, with rail, skylight and fittings of teak. On deck is a wheelhouse, the after portion of which contains the galley. The officers and crew are all forward and the owner aft. The engine is of 20 and 38 inches diameter and 24 inches stroke, and the wheel is of 8 feet diameter. The *Wanda* is rigged as a two-masted schooner with lug sails, the smokestack being hinged so as to turn down when under canvas alone.

Still another new vessel will soon be added to the fleet—a steel steamer, now building on the Clyde for an American owner. She is 200 feet on waterline, 27 feet beam, 17 feet depth of hold, and 14 feet 2 inches draft. The engines of this vessel will be a novelty in this country, being of the triple expansion type, the steam passing from the second cylinder into a third before being exhausted into the condenser. She will have three masts, and a large sail area.

It is interesting to compare with the large yachts described the latest of the English steam-yachts, launched this Spring for Mr. N. B. Stewart; whose former yacht of the same name, *Amy*, was purchased by an American yachtsman, Mr. E. D. Morgan, Jr., last Fall, and is now in the Pacific on a cruise around the world. The new *Amy* is of steel, with five watertight compartments, and is 212 feet on waterline, 28 feet 2 inches beam, and 19 feet depth of hold. The decks are of yellow pine, and all the houses and fittings on deck are of teak. The forward deck-house contains the main staircase, a toilet-room and the galley; and in a second house, abaft the engines, are the chart-room, after-companion, and a second toilet-room. Forward of the engines is the main saloon, 18x26 feet 6 inches. The owner's room, 12x17 and 12x13 feet, adjoin it, and forward are five other staterooms, while in the extreme bow are the crew's quarters. Abaft the engines is a drawing-room, and next to it are four staterooms for guests, while aft of these are the officer's quarters and steward's and cook's rooms. The motive power includes a compound engine, with cylinders of 29 and 58 inches, and 36 inches stroke, and a cylindrical boiler of steel, fired at both ends.

We give also sketches of yachts belonging to wealthy Americans, which may be considered as specimens of the popular types: the *Rahda*, Mr. J. H. Seymour; *Stranger*, Mr. E. S. Jaffrey; *Utowana*, Mr. W. E. Connor; and *Sentinel*, Mr. J. L. Aspinwall.

American steam-yachting, after some years of a desultory existence, has at length found a substantial recognition and support in the new American Yacht Club founded last year, the only club in the world devoted entirely to steam-yachting. Though so lately established, they have taken a hearty interest in all questions pertaining to steam navigation and development, and under their care a promising future is opened to this once despised branch of yachting.

LOOKING BACK.

By John Addington Symonds.

Ah, but to be
Once more alone with thee,
What treasure would I give
Again to live
As in the days when thou didst gladden me!
I am grown old:
In this thought-burdened brain,
In each still beating vein,
The life that erewhile nourished me is cold.
O Love! I die,
But thou, new-born, dost fly
Aloft on wings irradiate with gold,
Into yon skies that hold
The fountains of the soul's eternity.

VICTOR HUGO.

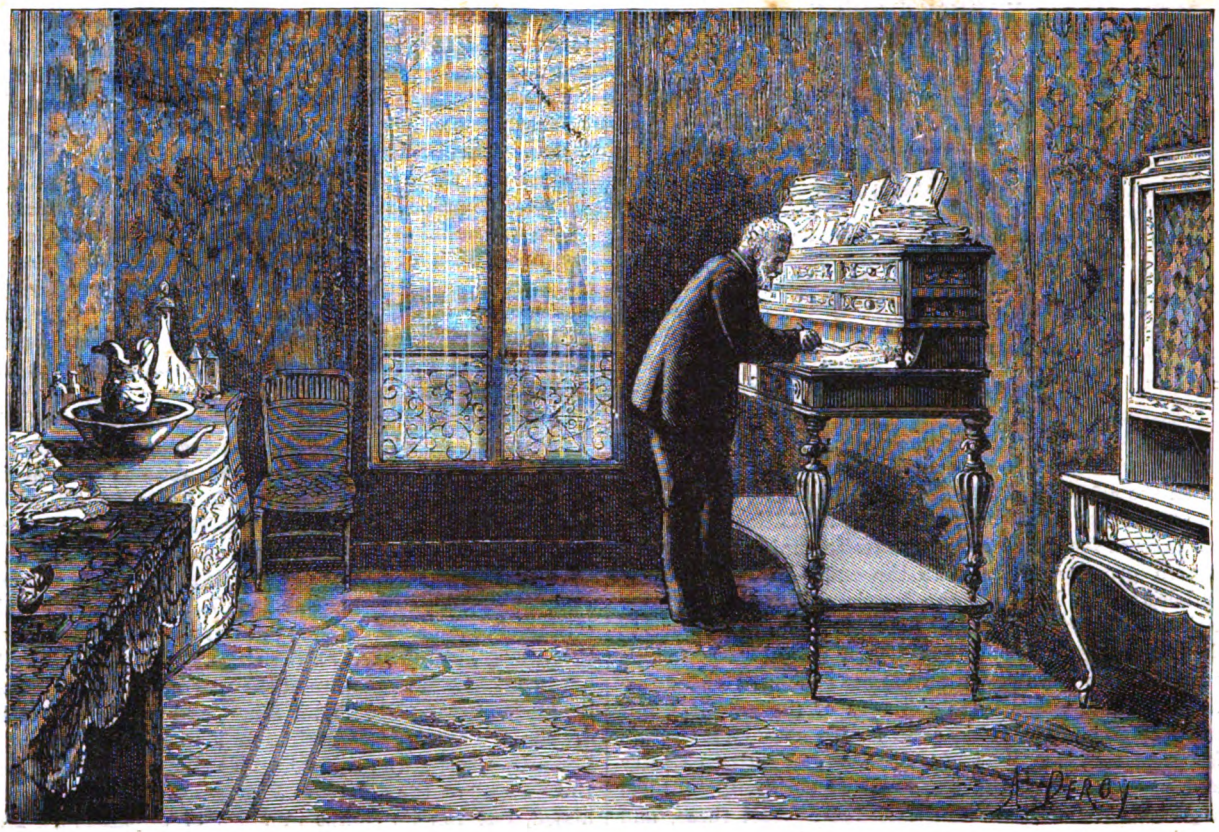
No other man of this century has had so many claims upon the affection of the French people as Victor Hugo, and no other has won such glory as, falling upon the pathway of the *enfant sublime* at its beginning, has lighted it with growing radiance to the end. In his character and his works he stood the heroic epitome of his race. Noble by birth and by nature; a democratic aristocrat; fierce foe of the despot, and tender minister to the outcast and poor; orator with a tongue of flame; enthusiastic statesman, visionary in the eyes of the practical, but ready to go and remain in exile for his convictions; godfather of romance, poet of sentiment and satire, chivalry and passion; humanitarian, lover of children, and ideal exponent of "L'Art d'être Grandpère"—all these, and much more, was Victor Hugo, whose birthdays of late years have been national festivals, and around whose house during his last hours whispering throngs gathered, paying the final tribute of a people's love.

Victor Hugo died on Friday, May 22d. He was eighty-three years old on his last birthday, the 26th of February, the year of his birth being 1802, and his birthplace, Besançon. He was the youngest of three sons of General Hugo, who served with distinction through Napoleon's campaign in Italy and Spain. Madame Hugo and her children followed the general into both countries; thus their early years were spent amid strange sights and scenes, following the fortunes of war. Afterward, young Victor Hugo entered a preparatory school in Paris with a view to entering the Polytechnic later on. He was fifteen years old when he aspired to the prize offered by the Academy for the best poem on the advantages of study, and the prize was withheld because of his youth, and because the dignitaries of the institution took offense at one of the passages in the work, which they considered to be too presumptuous. However, two years later, he carried off two prizes at the Academy of Floral Games, and in 1821 his first volume of lyrical poems appeared, which not only confirmed the high regard in which many of the most eminent men in France held his genius, but also obtained for him a pension of 300 francs from Louis XVIII. This pension enabled him to marry Adèle Foucher, the young girl for whom he had conceived a romantic affection at the tender age of five, and who, at a time when poverty and other difficulties stood in the way of marriage, never faltered in her affection.

The first volume of Victor Hugo's "Odes and Ballads" appeared in 1822, and his tales, "Hans of Iceland," and "Bug-Jargal," were written about this time. In 1826 he published a second volume of "Odes and Ballads," which exhibited a change in his political and literary opinions, and in 1827 he composed his drama, "Cromwell." In 1829 he published his "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal," the terrific interest of which secured it an immense success. M. Hugo prepared a further attack on the stiff and unnatural style of French dramatic literature in his "Hernani." It was first played at the Théâtre Français, February 26th, 1830, and caused a scene of riotous confusion. The Academy went so far as to lay a complaint against his attempted innovations at the foot of the throne. Charles X. sensibly replied that "in matters of art he was no more than a private person." Shortly after the Revolution of July, 1830, his "Marion de Lorme," which had been suppressed by the censorship under the Restoration, was brought out with success. "Le Roi s'amuse" was performed at the Théâtre Français in January, 1832, and the day after its production was interdicted by the Government.

Owing to popular prejudice and to the cabals of his rivals, Hugo's first dramas did not succeed. At length, "Lucrèce Borgia," the first of his dramas written in prose, came out at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, with Mlle. Georges as *Lucrèce*, and Frédéric Lemaître as *Gennaro*, and was a brilliant success. "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," and "Esmeralda" followed in quick succession. The latter drama was founded on Hugo's novel, "Nôtre Dame de Paris," but did not share the success of that work, being hissed off the stage. "Ruy Blas," written in 1836 for the opening of the new theatre established by Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, and other supporters of the Romantic movement, met with great success, Lemaître playing the title *rôle*. To this succeeded "Les Burgraves" at the Comédie Française. The piece was hissed, but ran its course in spite of opposition. The author, tired out with the fierce struggles and petty annoyances which beset the path of a dramatic author, now abandoned the stage and turned his attention to other works. In 1841 he was received a member of the French Academy, and soon after he was raised to the peerage of King Louis Philippe.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, Victor Hugo refused the amnesty offered by Napoleon III., rejected with scorn the triumph of Imperialism and went into a voluntary exile for nineteen years. In this time of exile (from Jersey first and afterward from Guernsey) his most brilliant successes were achieved. His prose works during this period include "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and "Quatre-vingt Treize"; his poems, "Napoléon le Petit," "Les Châtiments," "La Légende des Siècles," "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and "Les Contemplations." They were all published in Belgium, their sale being prohibited in France under the Empire. It cannot be doubted that the influence of some of these works in preparing the overthrow of Napoleon III. was very great. Victor Hugo refused to avail himself of the general amnesty issued August 15th, 1859. On the fall of the Empire, however, he hastened back to his native country, entered heartily into the Republican movement, and was returned to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, which he quitted in disgust, sending on March 9th, 1871, the following characteristic letter to the President, M. Grévy: "Three weeks ago the Assembly refused to hear Garibaldi; to-day it refuses to hear me. I resign my seat." M. Hugo then repaired to Brussels, but the Belgian Government, alarmed by his violent writings, and his avowed sympathy with the Communists, expelled him from the country. He then sought refuge in the seclusion of the little town of Vianden, in Luxemburg, where he composed "L'Année Terrible." Returning to Paris in July, 1871, he pleaded earnestly for the lives of Rossel, Ferré,



VICTOR HUGO IN HIS STUDY.

and the other Communists, to no effect. He accepted the *mandit impératif* in the following elections, but M. Vautrian defeated him. M. Victor Hugo has given an account of this period of his career in "Actes et Paroles, 1870-71-72," published in 1872. Collections of his lyrics, which were published from time to time, bore the titles: "Les Rayons et les Ombres," "Les Vaix Intérieures," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Chants du Crépuscule," etc.

Victor Hugo's literary works brought him a moderate fortune, and his latter years were spent in a pleasant house on the outskirts of Paris, in an avenue named in his honor. The celebration of his birthday there, in February last, is still fresh in remembrance. All Paris turned out to greet him, from all over the world he received letters and messages of congratulation, and altogether the affair, being the spontaneous tribute of the people to the merits of an humble citizen, was unprecedented and extraordinary.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

In his domestic life, Victor Hugo passed through many sorrows, losing one after the other his beloved wife, his eldest daughter and his two sons. His daughter Adèle is in an insane asylum. The elder of the sons, Charles Hugo, former editor of *Le Rappel*, left two children, the "Georges et Jeanne" of the "Grand-père's" later poems. In his peaceful Parisian home, these two children were the consolation and delight of the great man of genius who has just departed, full of years and honor.

A well-known picture, which we reproduce, represents him with his two pets, one on either knee; and the last words he uttered were, "Adieu, Jeanne, Adieu!"

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.—"'COME IN, MRS. BASSETT!' HE CRIED, EAGERLY. 'YOU ARE A WELCOME VISITOR.'"

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

A WARM, still evening—warmest and stillest, as usual, in Lergen Street. At either end of its short length a high brick wall shut in the languid life of its dull, gray houses, stolidly surveying each other across the narrow strips of brick-walled, grass-plotted, prim-flowered gardens, into which opened the heavily-pillared doors. The worn pavement and irregular cobblestones were but faintly dusty, and a thin coating of green decay had formed in the dry and shallow gutters. So few came and went now, the place seemed given over to the ghosts of other days—impalpable passers-by, who yet make known their presence in ways men feel, and depressingly. A deadly quiet, that was neither peace nor rest, pervaded the place, and fell like a pall upon Cyril Ryder, turning into it from the noisy city traffic lapping its very borders with ceaseless roar.

Involuntarily, his elastic tread slackened, and the light in his eager eyes faded to a dull wistfulness of regret and desire. He paused on the broad, flat step of the door to which he fitted his latch-key, and looked around him.

"I did not know it was so warm," he said, wearily, "and so close. I wish——"

He frowned, bit his lip, and went in, leaving the sentence unfinished.

His room looked out upon the street—a dull, gray room, brightened by bachelor belongings, many and varied as his whims and his wanderings.

He threw himself into a chair by the open window, and sat motionless and moody, a graceful bit of life and the present, even in his stillness, amid the twilight visions of a dead past. He was young, handsome, passionate, eager, masterful, and the shadow of the moment could not conceal it. To any witness there would have been another charm added to his already gracious inheritance. But a witness to a dark hour was something intolerable to Cyril Ryder. The world had never known from him of aught save success and sunshine, and no human being could have read aright the unspoken language of his drooping head and nerveless limbs.

"It is all over now," he muttered at last, rousing himself, and shaking back impatiently the invisible weight upon his dark head. "In another city, another life, another century, I almost feel—it is useless to recall such a Summer heaven as that was. But it came unbidden. The force of contrast, I suppose. What a beastly hole this is! I wonder who built this tomb of a place in the very heart of the city!—Fifty houses, I should think."

He got up, leaned from the window, and idly counted the opposite row. The twilight had deepened, and it looked at him with blind, wide open, expressionless eyes. Here and there a thin, white curtain trailed and swelled in the almost breathless night, but there was no sign of life beneath any roof.

"Pshaw!" he cried, disgusted. "I will go out of town to-morrow. I shall go mad here. There is—what's that?"

It was a blaze and flash. It was a cry—wild, shrill, full of terror and pain. The window opposite, where the curtain had trailed and swelled, became suddenly a horrible gape of flame and ghastly light in the dead-wall of night.

Ryder drew in his head, dashed recklessly across his room, tore open the door, and sprang down-stairs, unheeding the wondering exclamations and hurried gathering of the other boarders. In the street, he glanced up, saw the moment's increase of fire, heard the same cry, less shrill, more sickening, and made at the house-door like a giant.

How he got in, who met him, what passed between them, he never knew. He said afterward he had but one thought—the cry was to him, and he *must* answer it. In less time than I have taken to tell it, he was in the blazing room, he had made his way through confused and distracted women, he had gathered in his arms the awful semblance of a human form, and was crushing out, beating down, tearing away the flames which possessed it. The writhing, shrieking, struggling creature seemed more than human in strength, and the time seemed endless before he laid gently down upon the disordered couch the poor remains of a most lovely woman.

Yes, he saw *that* at one glance, even in his pain and bewilderment. The flame had mercifully spared her face, and its pallid, delicate features, its lovely, appealing eyes, its quivering, perfect lips, would live for ever in his mind's eye, unmarred by shadow of disgust or distortion. The next instant everything faded away from him into a restful nothingness that was only bliss.

They were busy with his hands and arms when he came to himself, and some one was bathing his head and softly touching his lips with some strong cordial. Still confused and bewildered, faces swam before him, strange and familiar, until he finally became aware of his friend Winthorpe looking down at him with an anxious frown on his broad forehead.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Ryder. "Is there much the matter with me?—I feel all used up."

His voice was very shaky and shrill, he thought, with vague wonder.

Winthorpe answered him abruptly but cheerily, and he lay still and quite content, even in the odd discomfort of which he was not fully conscious.

Then they roused him with questions and encouragement, and after a long time, as it seemed to him, Winthorpe and he were together in his own room; he in bed, and Winthorpe sitting in the easy-chair by the open window.

"Winthorpe," he asked, "what became of her? Did she die?—Will she die?"

"I don't know, my dear fellow, but we hope not. She *would* have died but for you, though. You must tell me about it some time, but not to-night. Don't you feel like sleep?"

"Yes, I think so. To-morrow I will talk to you. I am——"

The powerful narcotic took effect before the sentence was finished. He had a confused idea that he was explaining something to his friend, which presently trailed off into a drowsy talk with his brother, dead years ago, and then carried him into a renewal of the struggle with the fire-enveloped form, from which he awoke, startled and shuddering.

Winthorpe was at hand to speak quiet words of reassurement, and he dropped off again.

So the night passed, until at dawn he slept soundly and refreshingly.

He awoke late in the morning, clear-headed, but stiff and sore, and closely bandaged from shoulders to finger-tips. There was no one with him. His room was in perfect order, the shutters partly closed, the curtains primly adjusted. Through the narrow gape between the shutters opposite him he saw the sun shining brilliantly on the white house-fronts across the street, and, marring the Summer brightness, the smoke-blackened frame of a curtainless, shutterless window. Vividly returned to him the night's experience. He shuddered at the thought.

"I could not do it again," he said, looking down at his helpless hands. "I am a miserable coward, though! What is pain to a fellow if it can save a life? Poor thing! I wonder who she is?—I never saw her there before, and it is not a boarding-house. Those old ladies live there, with the fat dog and the two cats and the cross-eyed maid. Heigh-ho! I wonder how long I must lie here, and who will nurse me? I am a forlorn, homeless wretch, in truth."

Certainly it was an hour for dark thoughts, and no one knows how far he might have drifted upon the sea of sad conjectures but for a timely interruption. The door opened softly, and a young and gentle face appeared.

"Come in, Mrs. Bassett!" he cried, eagerly. "You are a welcome vision. I am in a raging fever of impatience with this helpless state. Where's Winthorpe?"

"Mr. Ryder," hesitated the little lady, "here's a lady who wishes——"

"He doesn't know me, my dear," interrupted a brisk voice, "but he will before long. My dear young man, how are you? Oh, my, my, my! Poor, poor fellow! Tied up like that, and all alone! Rats, get down this instant! Dear me! what a handsome creature you are,

too! I am quite delighted at *that*, you may be sure." She paused for breath.

Cyril looked at her a moment in profound amazement, and then they both broke into a hearty laugh.

There was something irresistibly frank, clever and jolly in her bright face. She was one of the old ladies, he knew at once, the shortest and plumpest of the two, and the comical dog now standing on the shortest of hind legs, and frantically flourishing in the air the shortest of fore legs in vain efforts to climb into the easy-chair, was her constant companion, as he had often noticed. With the laugh, the first and last shadow of strangeness and embarrassment for ever dropped away between them.

"My dear, you are lovely!" said the old lady, her tone evidently referring more to temperament than appearance. "You have not a spark of nonsense about you, but then I knew *that*. Are you much hurt? Oh, I do hope not! Poor Helen! Well, but she is not as bad as she might be. No, of course not. Rats, get down this instant. Have you anything to eat? Mrs. Bassett, my dear, what did the doctor say? Now just tell me all about it. I have a right to know. He's my very own property, and he can't help himself. Bless the dear soul!"

It was the most ridiculous scene Cyril knew, as also did the old lady, and they both enjoyed it. She had plenty of sense, he soon found, and could use it well. The quickness and ease with which she made herself mistress of all connected with the case, the skill with which she adjusted his position and rearranged his bandages, the quiet, orderly manner in which she conjured up from below certain things he enjoyed, although he had not known he wished for them, all were in singular contrast with her flighty sentences and airily audacious compliments. She did him a world of good, and Winthorpe, coming in an hour after her departure, found him quite himself, although lying helpless among his heaped-up pillows.

He told Winthorpe a good deal about her, but he gave no tinge of the ridiculous to his account. He was a brave and reckless soul, under its often frivolous, reckless covering, and a real friendship had begun between him and his neighbor. He had been used to woman's worship all his life, and could gauge its capricious, fantastic, shallow expression pretty cleverly, but the sense of good-fellowship, the honest straightforwardness of this acquaintanceship, was new and delightful. She felt he had some claim upon her kindliness, and, while she neither exaggerated it nor her feeling, she came forward, as a matter of course, and met the bravery of his act with the cordial warmth of hers. He was in bed a week, and confined to his room yet longer, for the flames bit deep. In that time they learned to know each other well. The loneliness of his proud heart softened toward her. What he had never confided to mortal ears, and would have hidden from the very eyes of God, had it been possible, he gradually unvailed to her, and what his mother had never been to him, she was. She was a handsome old lady—one of those whose latter days are fairer than their first. In her youth she must have been rather too strong-faced and rugged-featured, but in her age, smooth-skinned and silver-haired, bright-eyed and heart-softened, she was just what he needed to rest upon, eye as well as mind.

And he was dear to her lonely mother-heart, as the dream-son whose baby-lips had never called her name. She was a childless widow—had been from her prime—and used as she was to her loneliness, she found it new and sweet to minister to one who valued her ministrations. Always bright and odd and whimsical, to begin with, the time soon came when their interviews grew always graver and deeper before the close, and Cyril told her many times that he blessed the gloomy evening he had begun with for other feelings. A more utterly lonely man than he had been in the very midst of crowds, the sun had never shone upon. Now he had found one *real* friend who knew him as he was and as he had been, who looked on hopefully to what he would be.

Of course they talked of "Helen." And yet it suddenly occurred to Cyril, as the end of his imprisonment drew near, that he knew nothing of her—not even her last name. When his friend came the next day he skillfully led up to the subject.

"What a lovely creature she is!" he exclaimed after a moment's silence which closed the usual inquiries and replies.

She was mending but slowly, and the doctors could not yet decide the amount of permanent injury to her now helpless limbs.

His companion did not answer.

"It is fortunate her face was untouched," he went on. "It would have been too cruel a fate that marred such loveliness. Even in her pain and mine I had time to note it. It was so striking."

"It has been her curse!" was the low-voiced, strongly-moved answer. "My dear boy, you do not know her story. *I* never knew the whole of it until to-day. God forgive her! she seems sorry enough now."

Cyril looked round, startled. In her whole manner, he knew not what spoke to him of some connection with this story. His friend had turned away her face, but he saw its pallor.

"Dearest Mrs. Stuart!" he said, affectionately. "*I* am very sorry I spoke of her. It was—no, it was not rude, for I could not dream of this."

She turned toward him.

"It was not rude," she said. "It was most opportune. For I must tell *you* what I know, and it was difficult to begin it. Cyril, my dear, I see light ahead for you. Let us forget the bitter in the sweet."

She touched him lightly with her jeweled and still pretty hand, trying to smile with very tremulous lips.

Cyril smiled, too, but wonderingly, and evidently waited.

"Did your brother—— ?" she began, and paused. "Have you ever heard of Helen Mannering?" she concluded, abruptly.

"Never," he answered, instantly.

"Or of Mrs. Fenwick—Mrs. Frederick Fenwick?"

"Yes, I have heard of her," and his face darkened. "She was—a friend of my friend."

"Of Miss Rossiter?"

"Yes."

The old lady moved uneasily, shook out her laces and fluttered her fan.

"She is my niece," she said; "my sister's only child. I mean Helen Fenwick. She was Helen Mannering, and your brother Cecil's wife."

Cyril sank back in his chair, startled and shocked.

"Cecil's wife?" he repeated, slowly; "Cecil was never married. He died young—years ago."

"And suddenly?"

"Yes; he was shot."

"My dear, the poor young fellow shot himself. *She* was the cause. She owns it now, and says she was with him when he did it."

There was a dead silence. Then Cyril spoke:

"She is Mrs. Frederick Fenwick. Tell me all, please. There is more, I know."

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.—"HE HAD GATHERED HER IN HIS ARMS, AND WAS CRUSHING OUT, BEATING DOWN THE FLAMES WHICH SURROUNDED THEM."

"She told me to-day, and it is her wish that you should know all. It is her only hope of atonement, and so late! She saw your likeness to your brother when you came up the street that night, and sat at her window watching you, until, in her nervous and excited state, the match she struck dropped upon the curtains, and her dress set fire to them. She begged me from the first not to tell you her name, and I obeyed her; because, to tell the truth, I knew so little of her, and trusted so little what I did know, that I readily believed it might be best. But I never guessed the truth—no, nor near it."

"Tell me," repeated Cyril.

"Patience, boy. It is not easy to do. She is my sister's child," said the old lady, brokenly.

"And she has suffered!" said Cyril, gently; "I am sorry for her, whatever it may be!"

"You know how to make it easier, at least," she said, turning her bright glance on him. "Ah, well, I know the good heart of your real self, don't I? Your brother must have been very like you, but so young. They met away from home, where he was at school and she a visitor. They were both young in years, but she was old, even then, in deceit. It was her fault, she said, that they married clandestinely. Your brother was mad with love, and ready to do her will in anything. She owns that she married him to make sure of him, and kept it secret to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of family objections on both sides. He visited her at her home two or three times, at long intervals, always begging her to acknowledge their marriage, and let him act as an honorable man should. But the time had not come, as she thought. Before it came she had seen some one who pleased her idle fancy better. It was at the Springs. Your brother had followed her there, and in an interview soon after his arrival, she coldly, heartlessly told him the truth. It killed him. Then and there, mad with love and hopelessness, he shot himself. It was out in the woods. She walked away, and left him lying where he fell. No one knew she had been with him—no one ever knew it until to-day."

Cyril had covered his face with his hands, as though to shut out the vision of the awful scene so pictured, and so long familiar to him in another light. It seemed so strange, so unreal, so doubly ghastly.

Mrs. Stuart waited another moment, and then went on in another tone:

"It is not for this alone she asks pardon at your hands. She separated you from Miss Rossiter!"

He started with a muttered curse.

"I beg your pardon!" he faltered. "I'm a brute, but—but I could not help it. I have borne so much!"

"Indeed you have. I make no excuse for her. There is none. In her heartlessness and falsity she went on working evil among men until she married Frederick Fenwick. He was Miss Rossiter's cousin, I think?"

"Yes. Her cousin and her intimate friend."

"She went with him to his home, and made the acquaintance of Miss Rossiter; became also her intimate friend, and heard of you. She says she dreaded you, as your brother's unconscious but all-powerful avenger. Do

you wonder *now* at your falling a victim to slander and evil tongues? She bent the whole of her energies—and they equal her beauty—to the task of defaming you. The work was slow, but sure. No wonder you could not guess your assailant. The most potent weapon in her quiver was a letter of your brother's to her as his wife—a hurried scrawl, passionate, incoherent, eager, fond, and signed, without date, 'C. Ryder.' She gave that to Miss Rossiter—only upon the most solemn promise that it should never be spoken of to you—as having come to her from a near and dear relative whom she had saved from misery with you. Miss Rossiter, as you know, could 'die and give no sign.' Not to save herself would she break her word, once given, and she could not see, poor child, that she was sacrificing you. You know the result with her, and you have rightly attributed your other troubles to the same source as prompted Miss Rossiter's action. A year ago Frederick Fenwick left Helen a widow without means. She has drifted hither and thither, until I took pity on her, and asked her to come to me for a time. But I never liked her, and I never trusted her—never! And she knows it."

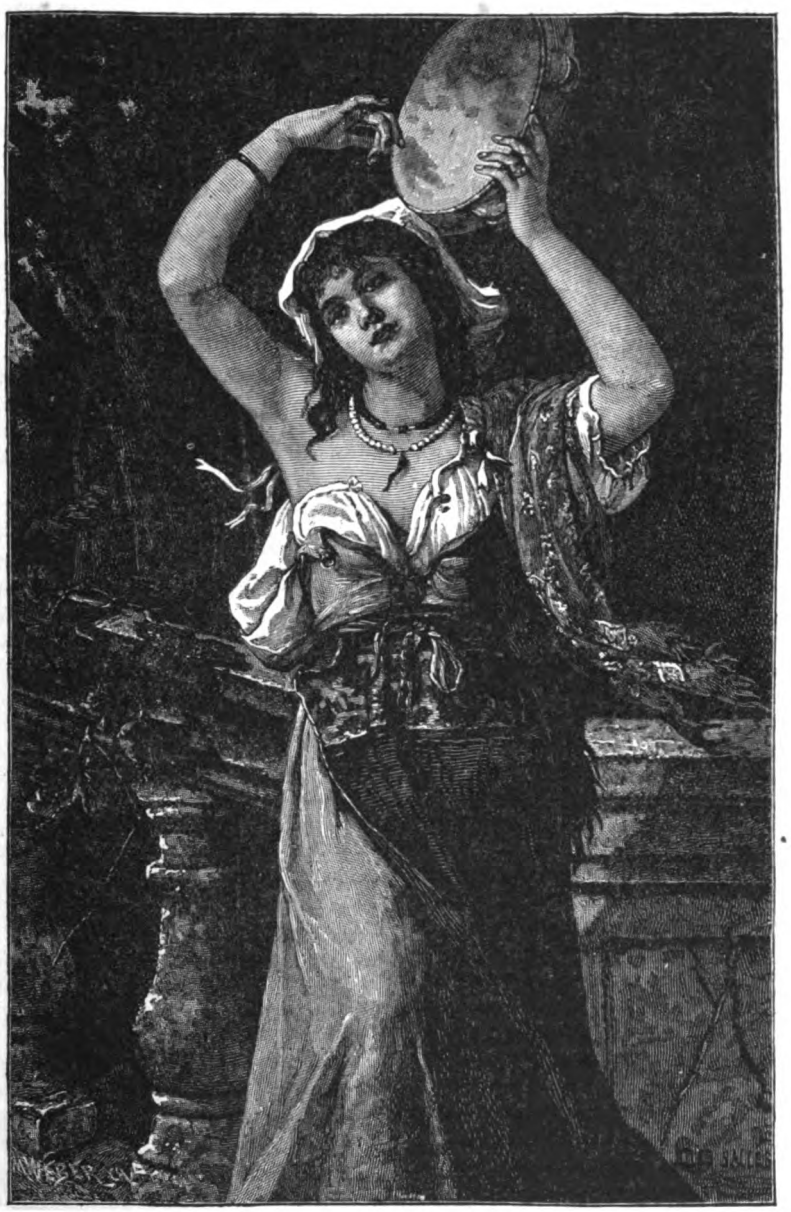
They sat in silence again. Cyril felt there was nothing for him to say, even if he had been able to master the conflicting feelings which racked him. Mrs. Stuart watched tenderly, and with growing satisfaction, his bent head and close-locked hands. She carried with her a soothing cordial.

"Mr. Ryder," she said, for there was in his attitude a dignity and self-command which prompted respectful acknowledgment, "at Helen's request I wrote this morning a full account of her falsehood to Miss Rossiter. In less than twenty-four hours she will hold you blameless."

He sprang to his feet, and confronted her with such eager eyes and such proud delight, that it fairly electrified her.

"Yes, I did!" she cried, springing up, and holding out her hand to him. "And I told her just what you are. And how brave you had been. And unless she is a heartless baggage, my dear, dear boy, I will live to see you happy yet."

Then she fell on his neck and kissed him, and he—he was weakened by pain and long confinement—hid his face on her motherly heart.



THE TAMBOURINE GIRL.—BY WEBER.

When Winthorpe came to him that night he feared he was not so well as he had hoped. He was very, very quiet, and sat most of the time with his face shaded by his still bandaged hand. But Winthorpe could not read that eager, loving, longing, passionate heart, thrilling yet trembling with a hope he dared not indulge. It is safe to say no thought of the wretched woman he had saved, for repentance, at least, diverted his attention from the past and the future of his own lot. Lying on her couch of pain, and turning sleepless eyes toward his dumb windows, she prayed that he might forgive her, and remembering his gallant beauty, recalling her poor boy husband's trust and love, looking back over her brilliant, evil past, and looking on to her so bitter future, she felt he would have seen himself avenged could he have known her agony of mind and heart as well as body.

He forgave her fully when there came to him two days later a letter. It contained nothing more than this:

"CYRIL—Come to me. As ever, your MADELINE."

Mrs. Stuart packed his valise for him, touched up his cravat, put his gloves in his pocket, and kissed him good-by. He went away, far from "a forlorn and homeless wretch" at least.

From her window, Helen Fenwick, propped with pillows for a brief rest in her invalid-chair—henceforth her lifelong companion—saw his tall, slender figure pass easily down the street, and lose itself from her sight in the thronging world around the corner. From that hour there was no outward ripple on her dreary life strewed by a breath from her past.

Mrs. Stuart put her away from her into comfortable quarters as soon as she was as well as she would ever be. Neither wished for long companionship, and Helen knew, besides, the old lady was making ready to welcome Cyril Ryder and his bride.

It was a chill and gray November evening when they came, arm-in-arm, into Lergan Street. Cyril had told Madeline, in answer to searching questions, all that could be told of his past without her. She knew of his home-coming on that eventful night, and full of harmless romance and tender fancies, had begged him to walk with *her* just as he had walked alone that night. They paused on the broad, flat step before Mrs. Stuart's door and looked around.

"Somehow," said Cyril, slowly, "it does not look nearly so dismal as it did then, yet that was June, and this is November. I wonder why?" He looked down into the sweet face with mirthful, questioning eyes.

"I think," she answered, demurely, yet dimpling under his gaze—"I think it must be because we see it from the other side."

"Do you? Then you must be right."

And that makes all the difference in the world.

THE GRAIN COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

By Oscar W. Riggs.

The metropolis which in this New World has well been called the Giant Mother of Commerce has a thousand industries in her care, but none more important than the grain trade, with its great steamers, its white-winged ships, its long flotillas of barges and canalboats, its bustling wharves, its vast warehouses and the swarming and multitudinous life in a hundred avenues of traffic. Here we see commerce evolved from primitive barter to the complexity, yet the precision, of a science; here is a phase, and no unimportant one, of the mysterious evolution by which human society is rising to a higher level—from the rude and simple to the varied and complex; from the barbarous methods of the past toward a beneficent consummation in ages yet to come. Apart from this, it is certainly one of the strangest of the strange occurrences in this so-called prosaic world that the cereal which we know by the name of wheat, once an unprofitable grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, should to-day be the food of millions, supporting vast populations; filling treasuries, building towns, schools, libraries, palaces; bringing the down-trodden masses of Europe to this home of the oppressed; and, in a word, as with a magic equal to any of the wonders in a Persian tale, spreading wealth, comfort, ease, and in large tracts of the planet aiding very materially in the extension of human civilization. Indian corn, still growing wild in the forests of Paraguay, and first seen by Europeans on the discovery of this continent, has likewise done much to develop the resources of this country especially, while it has also no small influence, directly or indirectly, on the industrial life of Europe.

New York has naturally benefited very largely by the commerce in cereals, but even commerce is in some sense a battle, and she has only retained her prestige at the cost of the utmost vigilance and of determined efforts in resisting the encroachments of rival cities. She has always succeeded, however, in flinging off these business foes, and to-day at least 62 per cent. of the trade takes place at New York. The receipts here last year were: 36,864,761 bushels of wheat, 19,488,523 bushels of corn, 18,167,287 bushels of oats and a considerable quantity of other cereals, not to mention arrivals of no less than 5,988,855 barrels of flour. The exports were 28,486,369 bushels of wheat, 11,698,526 bushels of corn, 4,846,088 bushels of rye, and 3,865,048 barrels of flour. The railroads bring about 70 per cent. of the grain that comes to New York, and the canals and the rivers bring most of the remainder. The great trains of freight-cars come rattling and hooting down the Hudson to this city, or across the New Jersey marshes into Hoboken and Jersey City, at all hours of the day and night in the active season. Most of the trade is on the New York Central, the Erie and the Pennsylvania Roads, and in a single day, even early in the season, they have brought in altogether over 300 cars filled with cereals. A car holds 450 bushels of wheat, or 500 bushels of corn, rye or barley, or 800 bushels of oats. Some of the wheat formerly received here was adulterated with that of an inferior grade by dishonest shippers at the West. It was carried loose in the cars, and the trickster who wished to deceive buyers by an appearance of uniformity in the quality of the wheat put in a poorer grade at the bottom of the car or along the sides, or else distributed a number of bags of the inferior wheat on the floor of the car with their mouths downward, and when the car was filled up to the level of the bags, these were pulled out, leaving a column of poor grain here and there. Often, too, the trick was repeated when another layer of the height of a standing bag had been laid on. This is one of the most ingenious methods for swindling yet devised in the grain trade; so ingenious, indeed, that even the Western inspectors, whose duties have been rendered more arduous thereby, have been fain to express their respect and admiration for it as one not easy to detect, since the testing-instrument, somewhat resembling a sand-pump, is much less apt to reveal the fraud in this case than when other methods of deception are practiced. When poor wheat is detected in the car its entire contents are classed as poor according to the inspection rates; this fact makes the dishonest shipper exceedingly careful in his methods of swindling.

Much of the red wheat which at one time arrived here, however, was fraudulently graded either at Western points or at New York. The wheat is all collected into elevators and graded according to fixed standards of quality by regularly appointed inspectors here and at the West. That which is termed "No. 2" red wheat is usually sold in large quantities for export; much of the so-called "No. 2," at one time sold here, however, was of a lower grade, and this fact drove some of the foreign trade to Baltimore, where the grading was more strict; though exporters here have been known to purchase the inferior grade and mix it with the genuine, just as a year or so ago utterly worthless weevit-eaten wheat was mixed with that of sound quality and sent abroad as good enough for foreigners.

Twenty-eight per cent. of the receipts here last year

came by way of the Erie Canal. In 1880, when the season of navigation was unusually long, and the harvests were particularly bountiful, no less than 69,000,000 bushels came through the canal and down the Hudson to this city.

The great waterway which extends from Buffalo to Albany, a distance of 363 miles, and which connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River, averages 70 feet in width, 7 feet in depth, cost $7,602,000, and was completed in 1825. The famous Suez Canal is much wider, being 325 feet from bank to bank, except where it runs through high ground; but it is only one hundred miles long, and for twenty-five miles of this distance it passes through lakes. There are no tolls on the Erie Canal now, and the trade is slowly increasing.

The number of boats on the canals of this State has been estimated at 5,000 and even more, most of which are on the Erie Canal and trade with this city. They are not all actively employed, however; the competition by the railroads and the rivalry of other cities have at times greatly reduced the number actually in service. Time is everything in our bustling land, and the boats on the canal are too slow, the average rate of towage being only four miles an hour. Ten years ago, the New York Legislature offered an award of $100,000 for an invention which should secure steam navigation on the canals without injuring the banks by wash from the boats, and several patentees have received a portion of the sum named. There are now about 200 steam-canalboats on the different waterways, and they come from Buffalo to New York in six days; the old-fashioned boats take from ten to twelve days. The merchants of New York and Buffalo now want the width of the Erie Canal materially increased, perhaps doubled, in order to compete with other cities by means of larger craft propelled by steam. Said a prosperous canalboat-owner: "The boats that are now towed by horses and mules are not quite 18 feet wide and are only 98 feet long. We want more boats driven by steam, and they should be at least 115 feet long and 20 feet wide. We could then carry 16,000 bushels of wheat in each boat, or double the quantity now carried in the old-fashioned boats, and we should then have a better chance against the railroads. New York would benefit by the change because a greater check could be kept on the railroads as regards freight rates."

On the Chinese canals, it may here be added, the boats are towed by men, but steam is quite extensively employed in Europe, and it seems unlikely that the United States will long remain behind the age.

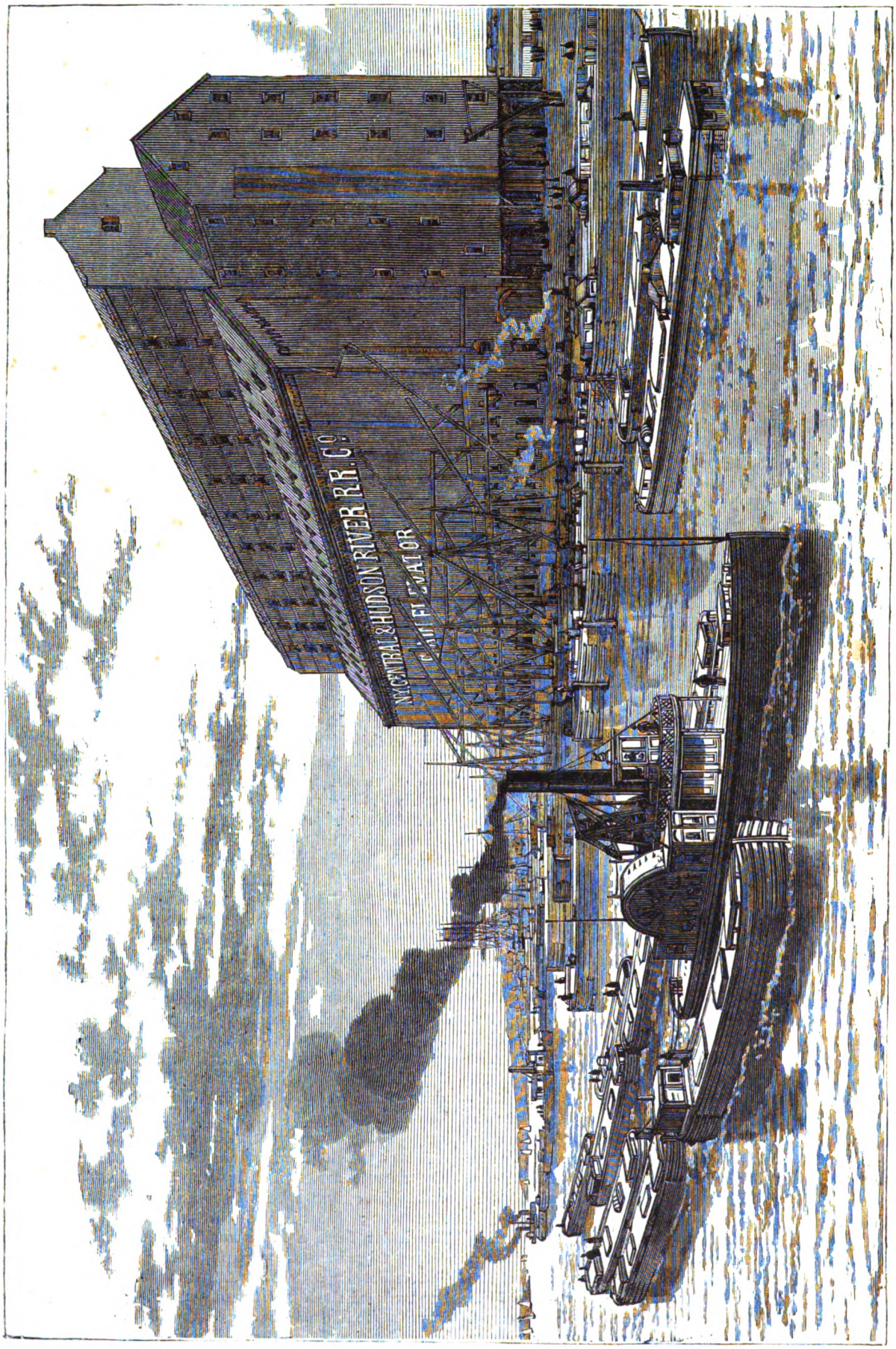
At the opening of navigation in April, fleets of propellers and sailing-craft leave the great lake ports from Chicago all along through the grain region contiguous to the inland seas, and a large proportion of this shipping goes to Buffalo, a city that, through the trade of the Erie Canal, which here begins, has risen from a population of 8,653 in 1830 to one of 150,000 at the present day. At Buffalo the grain is transferred to canalboats going Eastward. Arriving at Albany, the boats are formed into fleets, and are then towed down the Hudson to this city, at a charge of $25 for each boat. Here, there is a charge of 50 cents a day for wharf-rent; or, when the boats are laid up over Winter at Brooklyn or Jersey City docks, $10 for the season.

The great tows constantly coming down the Hudson in the active season are an interesting sight. Sometimes a steam-canalboat, stationed in the rear of a number of the ordinary boats, will push them all the way down from Albany, after they have of course been properly secured together; but usually they are towed down by regular steamers in the ordinary way. One company has a monopoly of the business of towing between Albany and New York, and two powerful steamers especially adapted to the trade leave the former city daily, while others are constantly returning with empty boats. Sometimes eighteen steamers are engaged in the trade. Generally they bring twenty-five or thirty boats at a time, each carrying 8,000 bushels of wheat, or 8,800 bushels of corn, or 10,000 bushels of barley, as it may happen. They are from thirty to forty-five hours coming from Albany to New York, a distance of 145 miles. Usually the tow arrives in safety; but sometimes, in a storm on the river, among the mountains renowned in Washington Irving's vivid tales, an obstinate boat suddenly breaks away and perhaps sinks. This mishap sends the fleet helter-skelter over the river, and while the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson's crew are perhaps rolling tenpins up in the black mountains by the light of occasional gleams from the pitchy sky, the crew of the modern steamer far below on the white-capped river are hurrying here and there, with anything but Dutch phlegm and good-humor, in their work of getting the boats in line again.

The largest tow ever brought here from Albany arrived one day in the Fall of 1880, and consisted of 103 boats. They came down the broad river six abreast, and the procession—counting the steamer, 250 feet long, the hawser, of 600 feet, and the canalboats, each 98 feet in length—stretched out nearly half a mile. As they swung around the Battery to the docks on the East River it was a sight well worth seeing.

In prosperous times 50,000 men are employed directly or indirectly by the canals of this State, but comparatively little is known of canalboat life, except in some of the villages and larger towns of the interior. It is far from uninteresting, however, to any one who cares to know how any portion of the human race conforms to the natural law that each individual shall fight his way to his own loaf. A large proportion of the trade is in carrying grain to this gateway of the commerce of the continent. The boats in many instances are owned by persons who hire crews to manage them. The "captain" receives usually $150 per month, with which he pays himself and boards his five men; these receive from $15 to $25 each per month. In the main it is an easy life, and the men accordingly enjoy it. None of them expect to rise from the canal to the White House, as James A. Garfield did, any more than the Mississippi flatboatmen of the old days would have expected to follow Abraham Lincoln, their former companion, along the thorny path that leads to the same exalted station; but they enjoy their existence, as many certainly do not in the turmoil and rush of crowded cities. In the Winter they remain in villages of the interior, enlivened in a measure by the usual balls and parties, by "corn-huskings" and "apple-parings," and other giddy amusements incident to the season. Or, if proof against this luxurious mode of life, and eager to accumulate this world's goods, they obtain employment at New York, generally on the lighters engaged in carrying merchandise here and there in the harbor.

In many cases, however, the boats which we see at the city wharves are owned by the "captain." The more well-to-do owners return to their homes at the close of the season; others live in their boats all the year round. The latter form a little world of themselves in their strange migratory existence on board these humble boats, that ordinarily attract so little notice. In the Winter hundreds of them are towed over to wharves at Jersey City, to the Atlantic Docks or the Erie Basin in Brooklyn. The "captain" then sends his children to some one

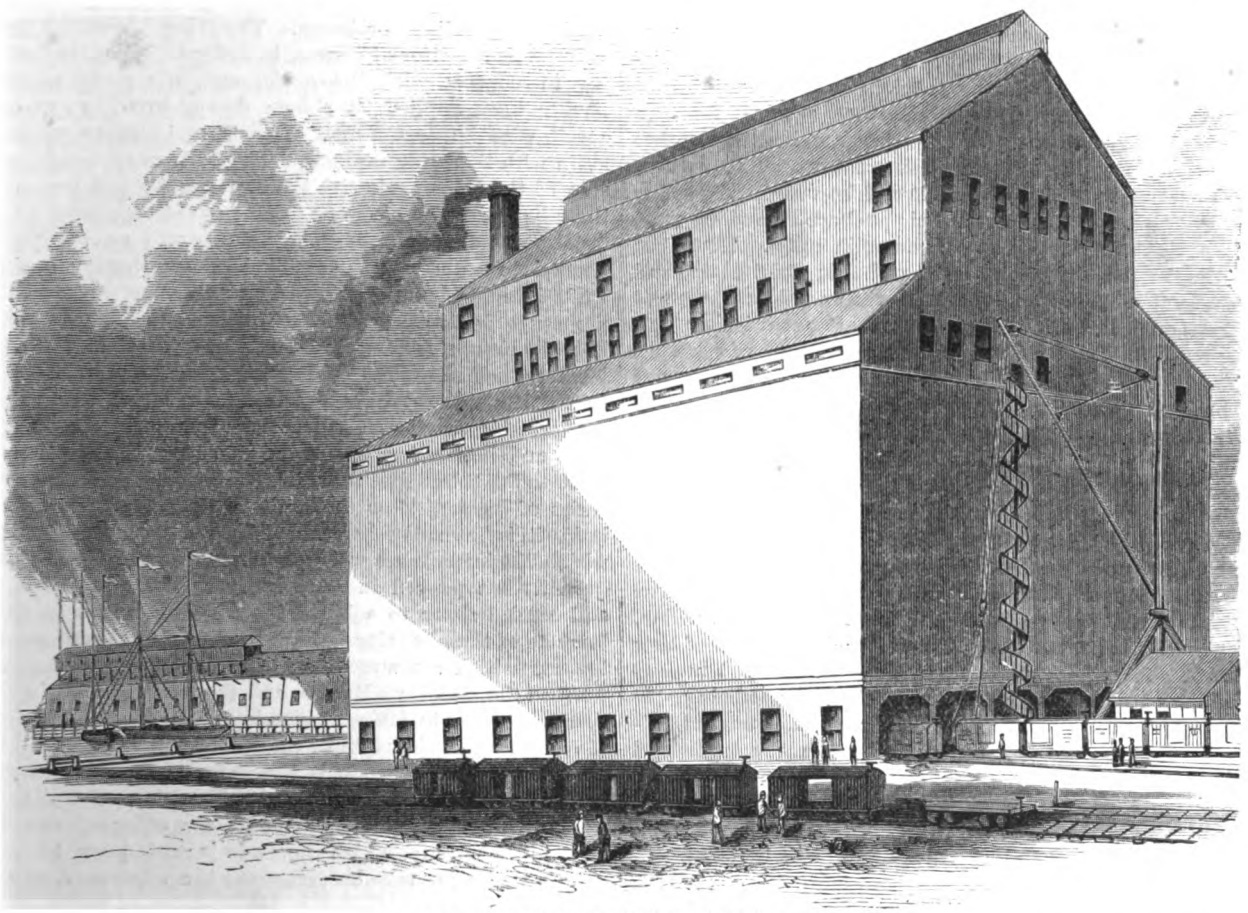


A GRAIN-ELEVATOR RECEIVING WHEAT FROM THE WEST.

of the public schools, and he himself settles down for as comfortable a sojourn as possible on his boat, until returning Spring sends him up the Hudson again in a long tow, in quest of grain to bring back to the city.

At the foot of Coenties Slip, on the East River, the docks are always crowded with canalboats during the Summer, and here they remain until the cargoes are sold; then they are towed to the elevators and unloaded. To board one of these boats, or even to walk along the wharves where they gather, seems not unlike a sudden transportation from the bustling city to the widely different scenes of the country. Here is heard the quaint and not disagreeable enunciation of the interior, and here one sees its easy costumes; the collar becomes a superfluity, and enormous boots are apt to squeak, like those of the traditional sexton in the village church. These boats have each a large hold for the grain, a good-sized stall for one or two horses, which are brought on board when no longer needed on the towpath, and the crew have a cabin forward. The cabin of the "captain" and his family is aft, and is often well furnished. Some of them, indeed, have cabinet organs, and the little sleeping-apartment frequently boasts a Brussels carpet. The cabin is perhaps thirteen feet wide by only fourteen or fifteen feet long, but it is astonishing how much is made of this space; the thrifty wife could scarcely be in more cozy quarters under the circumstances. Two of these boats were visited, and the cabins were very courteously shown, in one case by the stout, brown-visaged "captain" and his neatly-dressed wife, and in another by a comely lady in black. Both boats had many of the conveniences or luxuries of the ordinary household; a cheerful clock ticked on the wall, canaries sang in bright cages; a neat, good-sized kitchen-range stood in one corner, and there were cupboards, all the usual culinary utensils, a refrigerator, clothing-presses, a table with newspapers, not to mention pictures and imitation deerheads on the walls, vases of flowers in the windows, and a bunch of white, sweet-scented clover over the door. The cabin is composed of three tiny compartments, of which one is a "sitting-room" and kitchen combined; two sleeping-apartments are secured by means of folding-doors ingeniously contrived; lace curtains adorn some of the couches; and, in fact, there is a surprising degree of convenience and comfort where it would be least expected.

Howells, in one of his humorous flights of fancy, which contribute so much to his charm as a novelist, says of a boat on the Erie Canal: "She is succinctly manned by the 'captain,' the driver, and the cook, a fiery-haired lady of imperfect temper; and the cabin, which we explore, is plainly furnished with a cookstove and a flask of whisky. Nothing but profane language is allowed on board; and so, in a life of wicked jollity and ease we glide imperceptibly down the canal, unvexed by the far-off future of arrival." The novelist, however, would scarcely care to have this amusing flight taken too seriously, especially by those to whom it might fairly apply. Let it suffice to add that the prejudice against canal life which once existed in the interior of this State has now greatly diminished, and that the population engaged in the trade on our artificial waterways is, as a rule, a worthy one.



A NEW YORK GRAIN-ELEVATOR FROM THE STREET.

The boats formerly cost from $4,500 to $4,800 each;

now, however, they can be built for $3,000 or $3,500. The owner receives four cents a bushel for bringing grain from Buffalo to New York. "Twenty years ago we received twenty-eight cents per bushel for the same work," said a grizzly-bearded canalman, sitting in his shirtsleeves under an awning on his boat. "But there are too many boats in the trade now. There are 2,700 on the Erie Canal alone, and something like 2,000 on the Champlain. The competition among so many boats hurts the business. The present rates of freight pay little or nothing to a good many of us. Yes, times were better five or six years ago, too; then we earned all the way from $200 up to $1,500 in a season of about eight months." The speaker mopped his face with a huge red bandanna, and proceeded. "A few companies own canalboats, but two-thirds of them are owned by men like myself. Some men own a dozen. Steam-canalboats would be a big thing for this State, if there were more of them. They have cost too much for coal until lately; some burn from twenty-five to thirty tons during the trip from Buffalo to New York, but a newly patented boat only burns fourteen tons during that time; and the problem, how to compete more successfully with the railroads, would be solved, probably, if the Erie Canal should be widened."

But the great elevators at this port are one of the most important features of its commerce in grain. There are at least two here that are not equaled in point of size and working capacity anywhere in the world, not even at Chicago. In all, there are twenty-two stationary and thirty-four floating elevators here; the stationary have a storage capacity of no less than 24,275,000 bushels, and if all were set to work they could transfer over 240,000 bushels in a single hour. The New York Central elevator at the foot of Sixtieth Street, North River, has room for 2,300,000 bushels, and might transfer to a vessel 60,000 bushels in an hour. The Erie and Pennsylvania Railroad elevators at Jersey City, though not so large, are noteworthy, as are also many in Brooklyn at the Erie Basin, Atlantic Docks and elsewhere; most of the large stationary elevators, in fact, being in Brooklyn, which, not being a port of entry, is commercially a part of New York. The floating elevators, though the most numerous, are much smaller than the stationary, not being able to transfer more than 8,000 bushels in an hour, but collectively they are an important item in the trade, and perform work in a single hour that once would have taken at least two days. The first large elevators were built here about twenty-two years ago; previous to that the work of unloading the boats was done by hand, and to take out 4,000 bushels was a full day's labor. "We used to shovel the grain into bags, and a squad of men carried it into the warehouse," said a veteran in the trade; "but to take out 4,000 bushels in a day required sharp steady work, as well as what was then something of a phenomenon—a sober stevedore, or overseer for the men. Little is now thought of doing four or five times that amount of labor in a day with the great elevators."

One of the largest elevators here is at the foot of Pacific Street, in Brooklyn, and is named after David Dows, the veteran grain merchant. Hundreds of curiosity-hunters visit it every year. It has all the latest improvements, having been built only a few years ago. Its elevating capacity is 60,000 bushels an hour, and it has room in the building for 2,500,000 bushels. The total length of the building is 1,200 feet, a portion of which is divided into nine compartments; the elevating towers are 100 feet high. There are 580 feet of wharf-room on one side of the vast structure, and 850 feet on the other; six vessels may be loaded and two barges unloaded at the same time. Ten great boilers, burning altogether some fourteen tons of coal a day, supply the steam to condensing-engines of 1,400 horse-power, making 90 revolutions a minute. There is nearly a mile of wire rope for the transmission of the power, and five miles of vulcanized rubber belting, 14,000 feet of which are used for conveying the grain here and there in the building. There is a cleaning-apparatus, using about 40,000 cubic feet of air a minute and cleaning 10,000 bushels of grain an hour.

An elevator, it may be explained, is a mechanical contrivance for lifting grain to an upper floor. It consists, at the Dows Stores, of belting 24 inches wide, to which are fastened tin cups or buckets, 22 inches long, somewhat triangular in shape and holding about a third of a bushel. The cups are 13 inches apart along the length of the belting, which is operated in a long wooden framework, called a "leg," the latter being let down into the hold of a canalboat or barge. The "leg" opens at the bottom, as a matter of course, in order to bring the belting in contact with the grain, and, the steam-power having been applied, it shoots down, bristling, so to speak, with its coat-of-mail of cups, and gathers up the grain with lightning rapidity. The belt comes down one side of the framework with the cups empty, and goes up the other side with each one filled; at the top the centrifugal force throws the grain off through an aperture down into a bin, and the tin-clad belting darting down again into the hold, goes through the same process till the cargo is transferred from the boat to the elevator. In this simple fashion the boats are relieved of their burdens, and the bins in the great warehouses are filled. In the Dows elevator—which is here selected only as a matter of convenience, since there are others equally large and interesting—there are 360 bins, holding from 2,900 to 5,800 bushels, to which the grain is carried on a series of belts. After the grain is drawn up from the boat, it is immediately conveyed to a hopper-scale, in which 200 bushels are weighed at a time; as soon as this quantity has poured into the hopper it is dropped out and carried along to a bin, from which it is sent in the buckets of the elevating-belting to one of the three great towers, which are almost as conspicuous on the river front as the Brooklyn Bridge, and thence it is shot down through spouts to different bins in the storage portion of the building to the right or the left of the towers, as the case may be. The grain is thus carried from tower to tower and distributed among the 360 bins. From the sides of the storage-compartments are other spouts or long pipes through which the grain is sent down to the vessels waiting to take on cargoes at the wharves close at hand.

One of the most interesting sights in the great elevator is to see the wheat on the horizontal belts going to be mixed with other wheat, or else to be stored in some one of the bins. It streams out from a wooden spout on to the belt, 30 inches wide, turned inward slightly at first in order to prevent the grain from falling off; the soft-colored wheat, piled about four inches high, leaves a clearly-cut margin on the serpent-like belting as it glides along with its rich spoil at the rate of 500 feet a minute. Then there are screens afflicted with a constant malarial shaking by which stray kernels of corn, barley or rye which happen to be in the stream of wheat are separated from it, and cast into outer darkness. Then, too, there are six fans by which the wheat or corn is cleaned. Each fan is 8 feet in diameter with 5 feet face, and being driven by steam, turns 290 times a minute. On opening the side of the cleaning-apparatus, the current of air is found to be surprisingly strong, even considering the tre-

mendous force with which the fans are driven. It is steam, so mysterious, so wonderful in its power, that here assumes the character of a judge; the fan is in his hand and the chaff is swept away with a force and thoroughness that gives the figure of the sacred writer new significance.

Mounting to the roof of the main building on the way to the top of one of the three towers, so strangely weird and Aztec-like at first sight as they stare down from their lofty seats at the pygmies below, we pass some steel-wire cables, three-quarters of an inch thick, extending from tower to tower and driving the machinery from the main shafting. "You would scarcely suppose that those cables are whizzing through the air at the rate of 6,000 feet a minute," said the intelligent guide; "but such is the case. They are well made, too. Colonel Roebling, the chief-engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, constructed them."

At the top of the tower, which tapers into pyramidical form, we are 176 feet above the river as it gleams along on its way out to the bay, or 41 feet higher than the centre of the great bridge which stretches its white cables between the two cities about half a mile away. We see great ships loading from the point directly below for a long distance on the Brooklyn shore; dwarf-like men are moving steadily to and fro, and horses and trucks look like the counterparts of children's toys.

Down again, now on the brown, dusty wharves and into the bustling scene that a few moments ago from the top of the great tower looked so liliputian. Here is a large slate-colored steamer called the *Scots Grays*, which, if she did not sit quite so high in the water, might be taken for an old blockade-runner. She is to take a large cargo to Bristol, England; barrels of flour are being taken from the wharf and swung high over the bulwarks of the vessel by the rattling winches, and then lowered into the hold; she is also taking bags of flour from a dark-red barge close by, which boasts, by-the-way, of flowers in pots and a trellised vine on the upper deck, where there is also a mastiff stretched in a shady spot, surveying the scene with the calm dignity of his race, while a woman sits in a rocking-chair sewing. Down through the spout of the elevator on one side comes a steady stream of mixed white and yellow corn, pouring into the steamer; quarters are being fitted up on the upper deck for cattle, and there are piles of timber and joists, and perspiring carpenters are adding the sound of hammers and saws to the noise of shouting 'longshoremen, the creaking and rattling of windlasses, and the dull, thunderous rumbling of the powerful machinery in the great warehouse and the elevator. Here is another British steamer, with her red ensign scarcely stirred by the languid breeze. An awning shades the after-deck from the blazing sun; heavy cordage holds the vessel to the wharf, and great chains sustain the huge anchor; fat red-and-white funnels lift themselves above the scene of confusion on her deck. Corn is darting down through a large tube, lowered from the warehouse, into bags, which men on the deck are holding; one manages a stopper at the end of the tube while another holds the bag, which is filled in a twinkling, whereupon it is passed to a third, who has a thick band of twine around his waist; he sews up the bag with tailor-like dexterity, and then it is handed down to red-shirted, brawny-chested men in the hold, who are plainly in sight, as the vessel has now nearly as much as she can carry. The tube mentioned above has a sort of double elbow, so that two bags can be filled at once; each bag holds 2½ bushels. There are four hatchways, but most of them are now full. The steamer is of 3,000 tons burden, and will, we are told, carry 108,000 bushels to Cork "for orders"; that is to say, the owner of the cargo will there give orders whither she is to sail in quest of a market, be it in the United Kingdom or on the Continent; possibly she will go to some English port, possibly up the Baltic. The advantage of having the steamer stop at Cork and receive these directions, is that the owner has a better chance of selecting a profitable mart. Years ago the steamers stopped at Cowes for such orders, but Cork is now the favorite port, and "Cowes and a market" is a commercial phrase of wellnigh forgotten days.

No less than 1,300 vessels sailed from here in 1882 with grain cargoes, and of this number about 1,000 were steamers, but the latter did not include those of the regular mail lines, which also carried away millions of bushels. Of the 46,162,000 bushels exported in vessels which took whole cargoes, British craft carried more than half, Belgian steamers taking the next largest quantity. In 1883 there were fewer vessels engaged in the trade—491—and of these, 68 per cent. were steamers, as the "white-winged fleets" are fast disappearing from the ocean; the total shipments were 51,970,000 bushels. This was an increase, but the exports unquestionably would have been much larger but for the active competition in European marts of India, Russia, Australia and Egypt, whose prices were lower than ours, which, indeed, were unduly high, owing to speculation here and at the West, especially in Chicago.

The East Indian farmer is under much less expense than the American, and railroads are fast being constructed to aid him in marketing his crop, while farming-implements not offensive to his religious prejudices are also being supplied to him, so that a few years must witness a material improvement in his methods of culture. Though a check has been given to such projects for the time being by the Turkish Government, it seems certain that eventually Palestine and other parts of Asia Minor will be pierced by canals and numerous railroads, all acting as so many arteries of commerce, and tending to develop the agricultural resources of a land which, for ages, under the fanatical Moslem rule, has been of little practical benefit to the rest of the world.

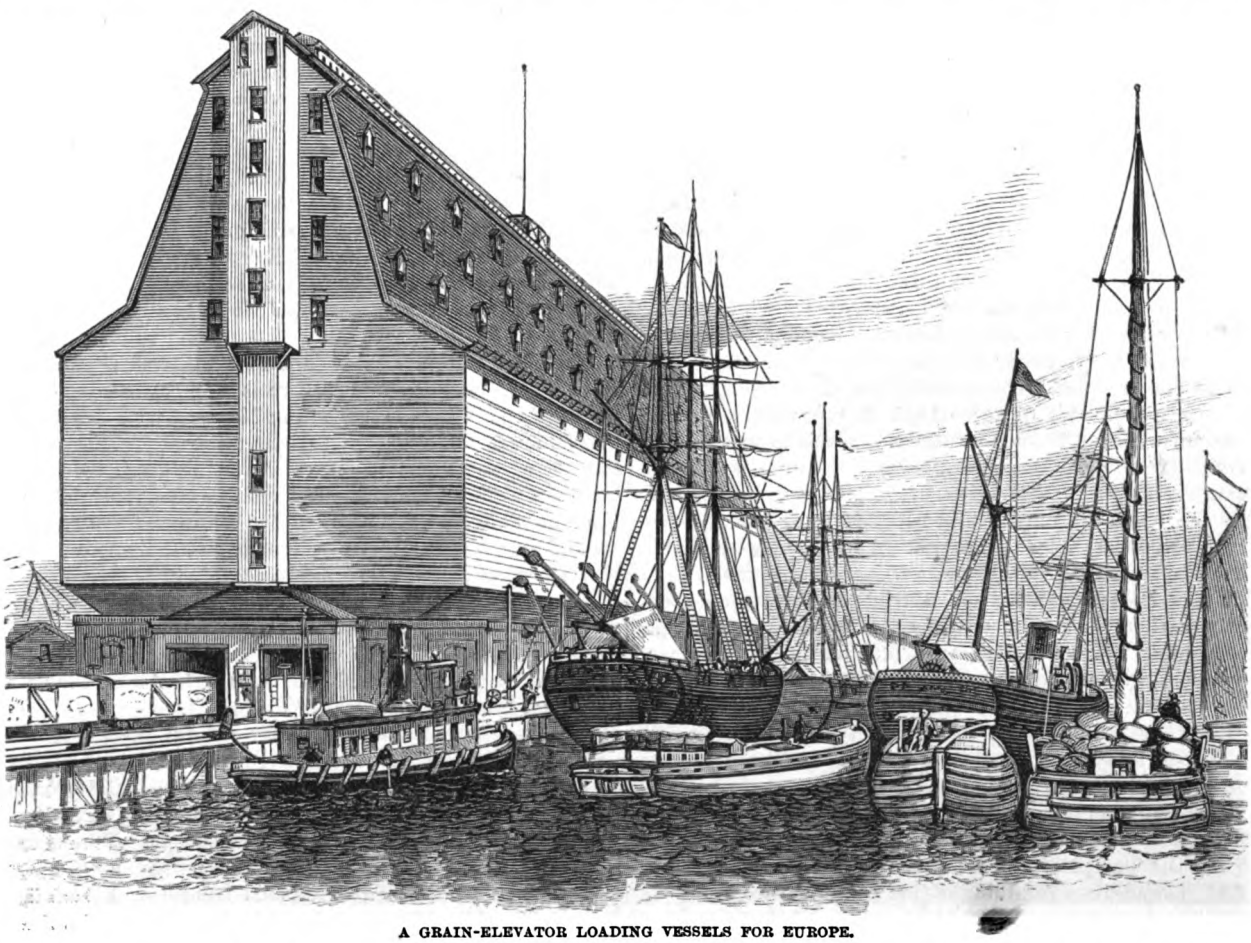
Our farming-implements, moreover, are being sent to Russia, and Americans there, to the astonishment of the slow-going Russians, are beginning to revolutionize the trade. The peasantry of Egypt, too, are sending increasing quantities of grain every year to Europe. When the country is rid of political adventurers, native and foreign, not to mention such a dangerous fanatic as El Mahdi, who, fighting the Government with the courage and not a little of the skill of Mohammed, has terrorized large populations, there may be an even more decided advance in agricultural pursuits. Lastly the energetic population of Australia, destined some day to become an independent nation, is fast developing husbandry, to the undoubted injury of our farmers. The exports of wheat thence to Europe have increased 700 per cent. within five years, and it may be added here that the shipments from East India in the same direction within fourteen years have increased no less than fifty-fold.

As to the nationality of the vessels engaged in the commerce here, we have seen that the British and the Belgian are the most prominent. After these come Italian, German, French, Dutch, Austrian, Danish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish and Swedish ships. No American vessel had any share whatever in the business; our flag is now almost a curiosity on the seas. The case is not so bad as it seems, however, since some of the steamers that

carry the Belgian flag are owned by Americans, and in many of the English ships and steamers they are large shareholders. It is cheaper to build ships abroad than in this country, but our laws, it is well known, do not permit foreign-built vessels to fly the American flag. As to the question of flag, many of our merchants either care little about it or are entirely indifferent on the subject; the question of dividends is considered of most importance; and many would be ready, with true commercial lack of sentiment, to enroll their ships under the standard of Timbuctoo if the annual emoluments might thereby be increased.

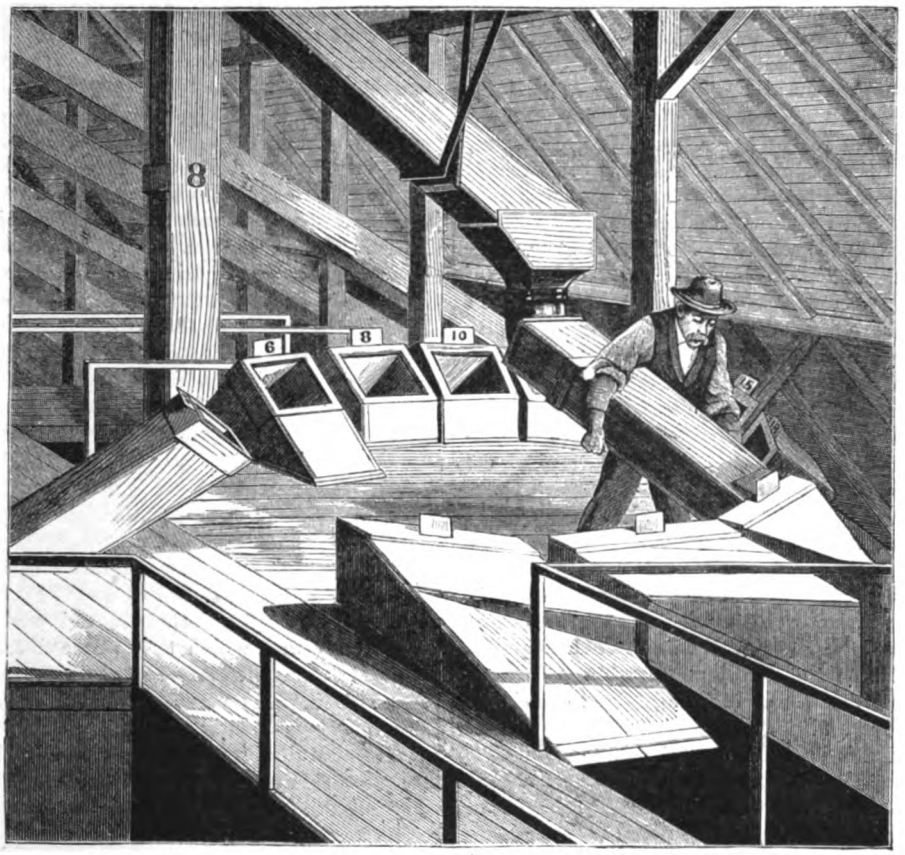
Great Britain, as we have seen, is far ahead in the matter of ships, but a fact not so generally known is this: that the British tar is, like his Yankee brother, practically a being of the past. British shipowners, in other words, hire foreign crews to man their vessels. The Scandinavians are preferred, because they are tough and strong, make good sailors and stand abuse better than the seamen of most other nationalities; though even these fair-haired mariners occasionally mutiny, under the brutality of the officers, as was shown by the shooting of two of the mates of a Swedish bark not long ago. Germans, however, are also largely employed, and after these, in the estimation of many captains, come Italians and Lascars. Americans, Irishmen and Englishmen are not wanted, as a rule, partly because they are not sufficiently docile, even under the persuasive powers of the marline-spike, the belaying-pin, or the fists of the captain and his mates; they are apt to respond in kind to little attentions of this sort, and captains feel aggrieved at any attempt at a limitation of their time-honored privileges. But foreigners are employed in most cases because they will work for low wages. "It is for the most part a question of expense," said an old captain, who is as familiar with Singapore, Melbourne and Liverpool as he is with New York, and he fluttered the leaves of an old memorandum-book, which had apparently seen as hard service as its owner. "For instance," he continued, "take a crew of ten men, one master and two mates; the cost per month would be, for Americans, $482; for Englishmen, $411; for Norwegians, $339; for Germans, $332; for Austrians, $320; for Italians, only $234. Neither Americans nor Englishmen will accept the wages which sailors of other countries are glad to get, so they follow more profitable pursuits on shore."

The departures hence of vessels laden with the wealth of Western granaries during the space of even a few weeks make an interesting show. Now it is a large ship, as we may see from her three square-rigged masts; now, a bark with the foremast and the mainmast square-rigged, and the mizzenmast rigged like a schooner; now, a brig with her two square-rigged masts; and now, a brigantine or a barkentine with its own peculiar combinations of rigging; but steamers are largely in the majority. It is of interest to notice a few of the craft cleared during the brief period mentioned. The spectacle in the harbor is as interesting as a panorama. A British bark, of 232 tons, is on the way to Hayle, in England, with grain and flour; a German brig is going down to Richmond, Virginia, where she will be loaded with flour for Ste. Catherine's, in Ontario; a British schooner is bound for Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil, with the same cargo; two vessels, one a brig and the other a schooner, are leaving for Oporto, a Portuguese mart, with grain and staves, the

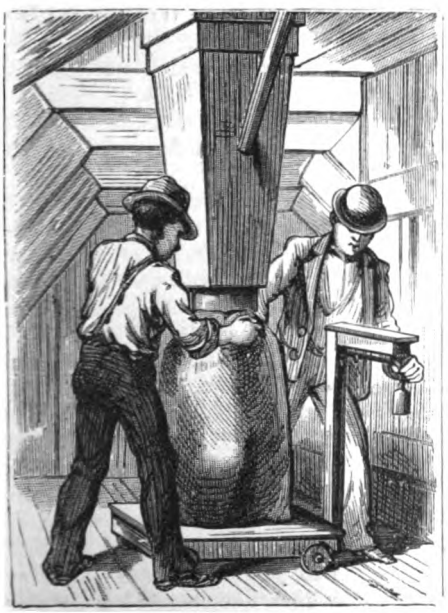


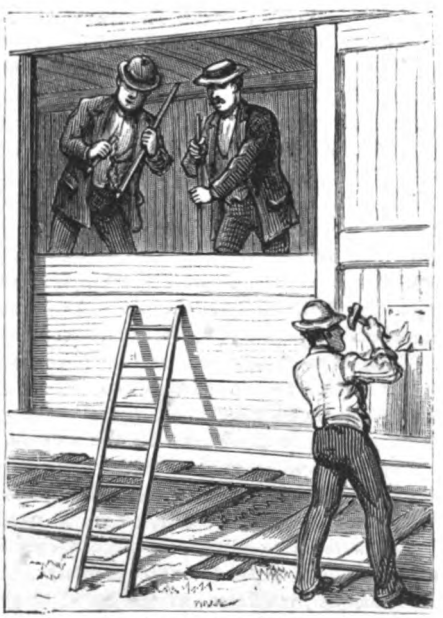
A GRAIN-ELEVATOR LOADING VESSELS FOR EUROPE.

latter for use in the port-wine traffic of that famous emporium; a Danish brig is leaving for the same market with 10,000 bushels of corn, and will receive $1,800 for taking it there; a British steamer, capable of carrying 64,000 bushels, is on the way to Newport News, a new and flourishing mart of the Old Dominion, whence she will take a full cargo of grain for Queenstown, Ireland. A brig of 350 tons is bound for Progresso, a port in Yucatan, with corn, and will bring back hemp; other barks are also leaving for the great flour port of the South, Richmond, where they will be loaded with that commodity and sail to such Brazilian ports as Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Santos, returning with sugar, coffee and other merchandise. A little schooner is beating out on her way, strange to say, to Boston, with a cargo of wheat; this reminds one of the old days before the railroads. A bark is leaving with a cargo of corn for a port in the Russian Baltic; another is bound for Lisbon, and has the grain in bags to prevent the fatal shifting, whereby so many vessels have been carried to the bottom; she is to receive $3,000 for the trip out, and is already chartered to bring back a miscellaneous cargo. A Norwegian bark is leaving for a port in Denmark with 40,000 bushels; another is going to a Swedish port with a smaller cargo; a German steamer is setting out with 60,000 bushels for Havre; a weather-beaten old steamer is moving slowly down the bay, bound for Avonmouth, a British port, with 1,200 tons of freight, mostly grain, but including some cattle which are being taken abroad for $20 a head, or the same rate charged for bringing immigrants hither. Then there is a steamer, with a black wreath of smoke curling from her funnel, which is starting for Copenhagen with a cargo entirely of grain. Others, on different days of the week, will sail for London, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Bristol, and Glasgow; for Marseilles, Bordeaux, Genoa, Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, and many other continental ports; and all will take large quantities of wheat, corn or rye. The steamer *Waesland* is leaving this morning with no less than 104,000 bushels of wheat to be ground in Flemish mills. Two large barks are bound for Revel, in France, with heavy cargoes; another is going to Plymouth, England, and near by is a little schooner loaded



INTERIOR OF A GRAIN-ELEVATOR.


WEIGHING GRAIN.


TESTING GRAIN-CARS.

with corn trudging along, with Danvers her port of destination. Some of the large foreign barks that are being towed out by the tugboats will almost circumnavigate the globe before they return. A bark going to Cardiff, in Wales, with grain, may there take on a cargo of coal for Singapore, in the Indian Ocean, thence sailing to Rangoon, in Burmah, and receiving 700 tons of merchandise, mostly rice, to bring back to New York. A steamer leaving here with grain for Cork, after doing that errand may next be heard of at Rio de Janeiro taking on board from 10,000 to 20,000 bags of coffee to bring hither.

Here is a steamer taking out a cargo made up chiefly of 85,000 bushels of rye, to Bremen. Large quantities of rye are sometimes exported from New York, especially during a European war. A marked, and, for a time unaccountable, increase in the rye exports from New York just previous to the Franco-Prussian war, led a keen commercial journalist to predict the rupture that soon followed, though at the time the diplomatic relations of the two countries were on the surface, at least, comparatively unruffled. A journal in East India—in either Bombay or Calcutta—referred to the shrewd guess of Jonathan as a remarkable illustration of Yankee cleverness in the matter of guessing, but it was, in fact, nothing more than a correct reading of the commercial signs of the period and a knowledge of the fact that the armies of Europe are largely victualed with the cereal mentioned.

Then vessels are constantly carrying flour to the West Indies; no less than 675,000 barrels were sent thither in one year from this port alone. Of this total, 150,000 barrels were shipped to Cuba, notwithstanding the almost prohibitive tariff of $6.50 a barrel, which is levied on flour brought to Cuban ports in American vessels. That coming from Spanish ports is taxed only $1.50 per barrel, and English vessels have the advantage of this lower rate, and take a considerable quantity annually to Havana, Matanzas and other Cuban markets from the Spanish ports of Barcelona and Santander. Even Spanish vessels sailing from this country are obliged to pay a tax of $3.75 a barrel. Were it not for these discriminations against American trade, the flour exports from New York to the Antilles, it is stated, would be ten times the present figures. The Spanish ire is aroused by the heavy American duties on Cuban sugar, molasses and tobacco, and to this fact is due the restrictions placed upon American vessels trading in West Indian waters. In retaliation this Government has so arranged matters that Spanish craft engaged in the American commerce are obliged to come here in ballast. Several years ago, however, the Madrid Government removed a portion of the taxes on merchandise carried to its possessions by American vessels. This was due partly to the complaints of the Cubans themselves, who had been injured by the interference of the home authorities in their business, though the change was doubtless also due in no small degree to a suggestion of President Arthur that retaliatory measures of a still severer character than any now in force ought to be taken against the commerce of Spain.

There are also considerable shipments of flour to Hayti, St. Domingo and Porto Rico. Sometimes, too, American captains, rebelling against the high duty levied, smuggle flour into Cuba; indeed, it is said to be often done, and not unfrequently with the connivance of Spanish officials. The smuggled flour is not entered on the manifest, or cargo list, which is used in levying the duties, and at a convenient opportunity it is sent ashore unknown and untaxed. Occasionally, however, the vessel is seized for alleged violations of the revenue laws, as was the case several years ago at Cienfuegos and Sagua la Grande. Nevertheless, it is believed that a large quantity is smuggled into the island every year through fraudulent manifests, by the means of which an evasion of the law is perhaps even easier than by the more roundabout method of smuggling by way of Porto Rico, as has been done in the tobacco trade.

The Spanish customs officials, however, sometimes make mistakes, and even perpetrate such outrages that the attention of Congress has been directed to the subject. These officials are exceedingly suspicious of Yankee skippers of flour-laden vessels, and though they may fail to actually detect any trickery on the part of the unscrupulous tars, who have thrown dust in their eyes so often, they are quick, it is stated, to adopt oppressive measures under the slightest provocation; often their precautions seem like locking the door after the horse is stolen. They suggest, indeed, the custom-house officers who were under Hawthorne's directions when he was Surveyor of the Port of Salem: "Mighty was their fuss," he says, "about little matters, and marvelous, sometimes, the obtuseness that allowed greater ones to slip through their fingers. Whenever such a mischance occurred—when a wagon-load of valuable merchandise had been smuggled ashore at noonday, perhaps, and directly under their unsuspicious noses—nothing could exceed the vigilance and alacrity with which they proceeded to lock, double-lock and secure with tape and sealing-wax all the avenues of the delinquent vessel. Instead of a reprimand for their previous negligence, the case seemed rather to require an eulogium on their praiseworthy caution after the mischief had happened—a grateful recognition of the promptitude of their zeal the moment there was no longer any remedy." In other words, the customs regulations in the Antilles should be effective in every respect and vigilantly enforced; then honest traders will not suffer from competition with smugglers, nor be subjected to annoyances of any sort.

Flour is also shipped more or less extensively to the British Provinces and Central America, to Gibraltar, Marseilles, Barcelona, and Mexican marts. The exports in all directions would undoubtedly be larger were it not for the competition in foreign markets by other countries—Hungary, for example, which since the days of Louis Kossuth has waved politics to the background, and is now forging ahead steadily in industrial development. It is also true, however, that the British millers, who have suffered severely in the past by the invasion of their markets by the restless and enterprising Americans, are now awaking from their old-time conservatism, and retrieving themselves in a measure through the adoption of the new processes of manufacture now so generally employed in this country.

The great ocean steamers of the regular lines do not take out so much of our breadstuffs as those engaged exclusively in the freighting business. Some of the latter which trade with Glasgow not infrequently take 3,000 tons of flour, the Scotch seemingly holding American flour in high favor.

The *Faraday* is one of the largest freighting-steamers that comes here. She is of 3,125 tons burden, 360 feet long, and could carry 160,000 bushels of grain, but is never so heavily loaded. Many of these vessels do not take over 96,000 bushels, as much of their space is devoted to other merchandise. Sometimes, for example, one of them, in addition to a large quantity of wheat or corn, will take 500 tons of meat, and as many as 700 bullocks or 1,200 sheep. These steamers are, in fact, so heavily burdened that they often have trouble in getting over the bar at Sandy Hook; a draught of from 26½ to

27 feet of water is required, but sometimes it is not obtainable. Great steamers carrying, like the *Hooper*, for instance, some 6,000 tons of freight, only get over at times with considerable difficulty. The trouble is laid to a reprehensible practice of dumping scowloads of garbage in the bay, instead of taking it out to sea. Efforts have been made to repress the evil, and with a certain measure of success; they should not cease, however, until the practice is altogether abandoned.

Scientists assert, by-the-way, that that part of our coast which flanks the mouth of the Hudson is sinking at the rate of several inches every century. The merchants are little concerned about what is to take place in a remote future; some of the less erudite, indeed, might even inquire with an alderman of former times, "What has posterity done for us?" John Burroughs, in an interesting paper on the Hudson River, has called attention to the sinking of our coast, and added, in a humorous vein, some observations as to the possible consequences, among which is the prophecy that "in the twinkling of a hundred thousand years or so, the sea will completely submerge the City of New York, the top of Trinity Church-steeple alone standing above the flood.

Meanwhile, the accumulation of old boots, ashes, and other refuse, at the bar, is of vastly more consequence to the living generation, and should be stopped forthwith.

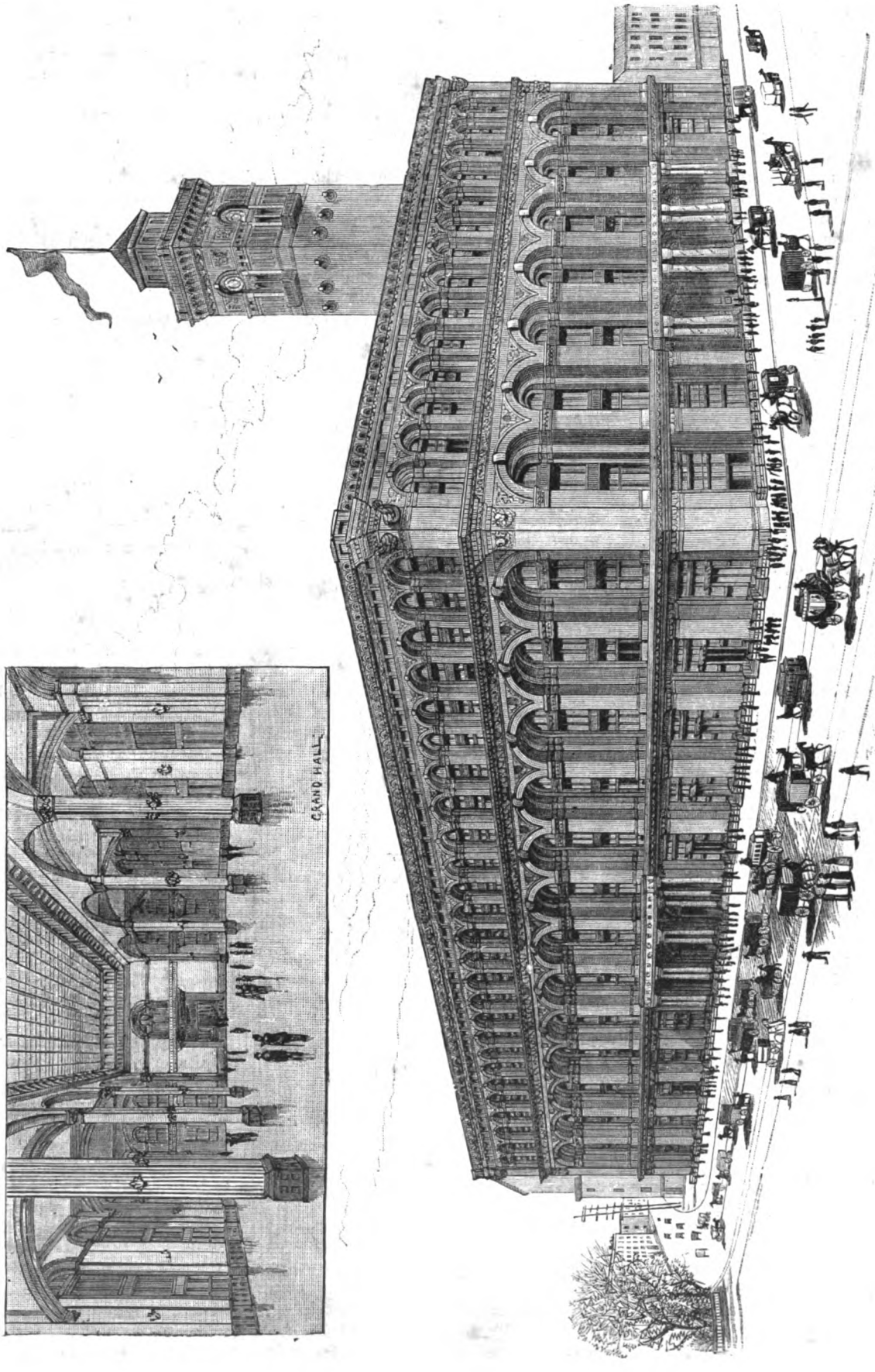
Some of the British steamers that leave here with grain are said, however, to be overloaded; not, that is, the regular mail steamers, but those known among merchants as "tramps"—a name applied to steamers, new or old, seaworthy or otherwise, which belong to no regular line, but are chartered as they are wanted by the exporting houses. This charge has been denied, and the underwriters would seem to have some interest in preventing such a wrong; but there is, nevertheless, every reason to believe that a greater number of steamers sail from New York with dangerously large cargoes than is generally suspected. The same abuse became so glaring in England some twelve years ago, that Parliament, under the leadership of the well-known Mr. Plimsoll, took cognizance of the matter, and now an English law requires what is termed the "Plimsoll line," to be painted on the sides of all vessels in the English commercial navy, to guard against overloading, captains being required to keep this mark at a certain distance above the line. But this law, it is said, is evaded; and as the steamers are not all constructed on the same model, no invariable rule can well be given for the placing of the mark.

A mate of a large English steamer, that was being loaded at the docks of a warehouse here, said to the writer: "Ay, these steamers, I may tell you, if you will not use my name, are often overloaded. Masters, in order to curry favor with the owners, put the Plimsoll mark higher up the side of a steamer than it should be; the higher up it is the more cargo they take, and, of course, the larger the freight-money the vessel earns. But the master is between two fires: if he overloads his vessel here at New York, or elsewhere, and the British Board of Trade hears of it, his license as master will be taken away; but, on the other hand, if he does not overload her, he is pretty certain to be discharged by the owners. Some of the vessels are built already ceiled; others, however, are seldom or never so protected. The ceiling consists in partitioning off the hold of the vessel with boards, so as to prevent the shifting of the grain, by which so many vessels have been lost. When the grain shifts badly it chokes up the pumps, on which the steamer's safety largely depends. Then the practice of carrying cattle on the decks, in temporary pens, is often dangerous, especially in a storm, when the crew of only eight or ten working seamen that they allow us frequently find it a hazardous matter even to undertake to manage the ship. The cattle sometimes have to be sacrificed, or they are thrown overboard by the violent lurching of the steamer. The worst of it all is that the owners are sometimes glad to have a steamer lost. When the carrying trade is brisk they are apt to net about 20 per cent. a year, but every five years the steamer requires extensive repairs, so that the owners who have had her insured in one of the English clubs are then anxious to get rid of her. No one suffers by her loss but the sailors."

The statements seemed in some respects almost incredible, but unfortunately they are confirmed in almost every particular by as high an authority as a member of the British Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, who has distinctly stated that "No shipowner of reputation and character will deny that a considerable proportion of the wrecks is due to preventable causes"; that it is a great mistake to suppose that underwriters as a body have an interest in preventing shipwrecks, since, if there were none, there would be no underwriting, and so long as the premiums paid bear a fair proportion to the risks, the more losses, the larger will be the business of underwriting; that "the loss of a ship is a profitable transaction to the owners, as the freight may be paid out and home, and recovered without deduction for expenses, which will not have been incurred if the vessel is lost." "The ship may be insured for more than its value," he also says, and he further expresses the conviction that the loss of many vessels is intentional. In 1882, no less than sixty-eight British vessels loaded wholly or mainly with grain were lost, together with 551 lives. Clearly this is a most deplorable state of affairs, and Americans are interested in the subject, because some of this criminal overloading, it is charged, is practiced at this port. The only restriction which our laws put upon "tramp" steamers that come here is to forbid them to carry passengers, as they have no suitable accommodations for this kind of traffic.

A lack of space, we regret to state, forbids anything more than the briefest mention, in conclusion, of that great rendezvous of the New York grain-brokers and merchants, the Produce Exchange, facing the Bowling Green, and which was erected at a cost of $3,000,000. It is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world, if, indeed, there is anything to equal it anywhere. It is a vast hive of activity thronged with its 3,000 members, and takes a prominent place among the sights of the great city, as the point whence the movements of the fleets which we have noticed are directed, and the details of the mighty commerce arranged, and to a large extent carried into effect.

ROBERT BURTON is said to have composed his "Anatomy" in order to divert his own "Melancholy." So great was the demand for this book, when first published, that the bookseller is said to have acquired an estate by it. In the intervals of his vapors he was the most facetious companion in the university. When he felt a depression coming upon him he used to relieve his melancholy by going to the foot of the bridge, and listening to the conversation of the bargemen, which seldom failed to throw him into a fit of laughter. He bequeathed a great part of his books to the celebrated Bodleian Library, and the sum of one hundred pounds, to purchase five pounds' worth of books yearly, to the Library of Christ Church, Oxford.



NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE, BROADWAY AND BEAVER STREETS, NEW YORK.

DOUBLES.—"'YOU MUSTN'T FROWN SO, CLAUDE!' THE COUNTESS PASSES HER WHITE HAND OVER HIS BROW. 'YOU WILL SPOIL THAT BEAUTIFUL FOREHEAD OF YOURS.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

By C. C. Rhys.

Come hither, little lass, with eyes
Reflecting heaven's blue,
The while in innocent surprise
Your bouquet here they view.

The color's rich, the scent is sweet,
But all unknown to you
The lesson that the flowers repeat;
Then listen—I'll construe:

They're Old World flowers; and so 'tis well;
Better the old than new;
None that the city florists sell
Speak parables more true.

Laburnum, dahlia, these you twine
With yellow sprays of rue,
And add the tawny columbine,
Still diamonded with dew.

Laburnum's for the beauty which
Lives in a quiet place,
Retired, nor seeking to be rich,
And more of mind than face.

The dahlia is for proper pride,
Mark of a noble race,
Whose sires on field and scaffold died,
But never knew disgrace.

Rue's for disdain that you should give
Every dishonest case;
Better the rankest herbs that live
Than sweets that sin embrace.

The columbine in all her woe
She wore, who, for a space
Deserted, still was faithful. So,
There constancy we trace.

Dear little maid with turquoise eyes,
Is it not written fair,
The lesson that before you lies?
Early yourself prepare,

And as from flowers sweet perfume rise,
So let your virtues rare
Ascend like incense to the skies,
And wing your pathway there.

DOUBLES

By Margaret F. Aymar.

"Colonel Wyndham and his bride arrive at noon and the Barstow-Trevors and Sir William Aislesworth," Lady Forbes says, as she glances over a pile of letters beside her at the breakfast-table.

"Ah, indeed!" Pauline St. Girard elevates her penciled eyebrows and glances inquiringly over at her hostess. "What Wyndham is this, Lady Forbes, may I be permitted to ask?"

The beautiful countess looks as honestly ignorant as though she had not accepted the invitation to Windermere expressly for the purpose of meeting this very Wyndham—Claude—whom in old days she had lured with her magical beauty, and lost by her lack of anything else.

"Claude, of course," her ladyship says, sipping her chocolate.

"But you said his bride!" Pauline murmurs, with a slight curl of her short red upper lip.

"Well, perhaps I was not quite accurate, my dear—his wife, then. But Wyndham is so absurdly devoted that no one would suppose they had been married above a week."

"Dear me!" returns Lady St. Girard, with a faint yawn. "How tiresome lovers are, and especially married ones. I should go mad, simply, if St. Girard offered to spoon half a minute in public.

Lady Forbes glances keenly up over her glasses. Report hath it that the handsome, dissipated young nobleman who officiates in the capacity of husband to the beautiful Pauline became weary of his prize long since, and flirts as openly as she does, which is saying considerable in favor of the gentleman's candor.

"Is she pretty at all?" queries Pauline, indolently breaking up bits of toast in her coffee and feeding her pug therewith."

"I think Leslie Wyndham beautiful," the hostess answers, warmly. "She is an odd type; men rave over her," adds her ladyship, with a spice of malice in her tone, which Pauline noting, laughs softly to herself, and then—as she stares out of window and beholds the park still green and faultless, beyond the faint bloom of the late-lingering heather, the cloudy sky, the rooks sailing straight across above the beeches that fringe the mere—the countess recalls a certain other late November day three years ago—a day like this, very like this—for she was expecting Claude Wyndham then, too, and she had not then met the Earl of St. Girard, whose millions, in the estimation of a poor curate's daughter, had outweighed the dashing guardsman's ruddy beauty.

Heigho! times have changed; she was a countess. Claude Wyndham had come into a superb fortune by way of an uncle in India—and he was, like herself—married!

Dinner was over; the *mauvais quart d'heure* of total separation of the sexes was also at an end. Sir William Aisleworth, pompous and heavy as a member of Parliament can be, stood dutifully before Lady St. Girard, explaining the principles of free trade to her, and so absorbed in his subject as to be totally oblivious of the fact that the countess was paying not the slightest attention to him, and was indeed exhibiting signs of great nervousness and general boredom.

The Barstow-Trevorses were happy—the feminine ones—with little Warde, the curate, and Sir Percy Stagge. Lady Florence Molyneux was entirely happy with the Earl of St. Girard, if her countenance were any indication of the state of her feelings. The remainder of the thirty people were laughing and chatting merrily enough. Lady Forbes glanced anxiously at the door once or twice, and so did Pauline. She had not fairly seen Claude Wyndham yet; he had come down very late with excuses for his wife, who was tired by her journey from Scotland, and who craved her hostess's permission to appear after dinner; he had sat on the same side of the table as herself, and she was positive he had not seen her.

"So madame thinks she will make a sensation! Burst upon an astonished assembly like a meteor, etc. Bah! how palpable such subterfuges always are!" The fair Pauline forgets conveniently how many times she has called in their aid herself. "I dare say she is a fright,

after all; and I am sure Claude Wyndham does not care a pin——"

At this interesting point the countess's meditations are interrupted by the entrance of Claude Wyndham and his wife.

Well might Lady Forbes have said that hers was an "odd type." A skin as pallid and clear as possible, of that dark-olive tint generally peculiar to the women of Spain; dark-hazel eyes, with sweeping lashes; marked brows, and tricks of drooping and glancing very different from, but perhaps more effective because more natural than, the countess's own. Her features were delicate *mignonne:* a mouth rather large, showing the whitest and evenest teeth; a low brow, and hair that gave the whole face its character and power. It was a dull gold-red, and was arranged in the way men love—parted down the middle and twisted into a large coil at the back of the head. It waved and rippled a little about her forehead and temples quite naturally. She was dressed in a primrose satin, heavy and fine, and on her neck and arms, which were of ivory whiteness, there sparkled some rare topazes and rubies antiquely set.

As Claude Wyndham entered the drawing-room, with his wife leaning on his arm, he raised his eyes. They met for the first time in many months those of Pauline St. Girard. He flushed a furious crimson—why, he could not precisely have told, save that he remembered that once this woman had lain in his arms, had been kissed by his lips, and he rather abhorred her for it, feeling curiously that somehow or other his wife was dishonored by it. If it had been Mrs. Wyndham's object to make a sensation, she certainly was gratified, for in five minutes every one in the room was occupied in discussing her, *pro* and *con.*

The Countess of St. Girard was among those who sought an introduction at once. There was a dangerous sparkle in her blue eyes as she took Leslie Wyndham's hand in hers, and said:

"We shall be the best friends in the world, I know. Dear Mrs. Wyndham, the colonel and I used to know each other very well a long time ago."

"Indeed!" Leslie replies, pleasantly, glancing up at her husband; but his eyes are wandering up at the other end of the room, and he offers no confirmation of her ladyship's assertion.

"I have scored two already," Pauline remarks, triumphantly, to herself. "That womanish, telltale blush of his when he first caught sight of me, and now I know that he has never mentioned my name to her."

It was quite true—he had not. Claude, debonair and careless as he was, had some singular notions in connection with women. He had told Leslie the whole foolish story of his fanciful passion for Pauline Tremper as he had told her everything else, but he had not told the name of the woman. He knew Leslie must meet her some time, and he did not wish his wife to come into absolute knowing contact with a woman as false as the Countess of St. Girard.

The earl, meantime, had suddenly wearied of Lady Florence; he had caught a glimpse of Leslie Wyndham, and his inflammable heart was at once on fire. He came quickly over and touched his wife's arm.

"Certainly, Arthur. Mrs. Wyndham, allow me——"

"No, no, my, dear Pauline! There is no need of any presentation! Mrs. Wyndham, you have not forgotten Arthur Paget?"

Leslie flushes as furiously as Claude had done a quarter of an hour before.

"By no means," she returns, extending her hand kindly, and then adds, with a swift glance of her dark eyes up into his face, "Surely if Arthur Paget wishes to remember me, I *must* remember him."

St. Girard presses her hand, and the warm color rises to his face as he murmurs his thanks.

"I could not forget you having once known you."

Colonel Wyndham looks on in a sort of stupor, from which he is aroused by the clear, high voice of the countess introducing her husband to him.

"Arthur and Mrs. Wyndham are so taken up with their reminiscencing, my dear colonel, that I, for my part, feel as if I were quite left out in the cold!" she laughs, gayly, and adds, "Suppose we go off to the music-room and talk over *our* bygones, too, eh?"

She puts her arm in his, and, with a merry, backward glance, Pauline turns away, inwardly scoring another for herself—viz., Leslie's acquaintance with her husband, and Claude's evident surprise thereat.

* * * * * * *

By the 20th of December, Lady St. Girard had things going on quite to her satisfaction. Her husband was perfectly infatuated with Leslie Wyndham, and for some reason or other—what, the fair countess troubled herself but little about—Leslie Wyndham at least tolerated his attentions. Meantime, she herself had, as she fancied, completely won back the old love that she had lost.

Her ladyship, in violet velvet, with big, priceless pearls about her throat and wrists, surveyed her own image very complacently in the mirror of her little boudoir, and as complacently contemplated Colonel Claude Wyndham, who was stretched at full length on the pink satin lounge, and, with a cigar between his teeth, was nervously twitching at the pug's ears.

The door was open and the curtains were pushed back; from moment to moment footsteps came along the corridor, and at each sound both the man and the woman instinctively listened.

At last they both appeared to be satisfied, as they heard Leslie's voice saying, clearly and decidedly, "No, thanks, my lord; not this afternoon!" And then she passed the door, her velvet gown trailing after her, and the violet perfume, which she liked, floating into the little room.

An angry frown contracted Wyndham's face, and a sort of desperate entreaty in his eyes went after the slender figure. Pauline noticed it with pleasure as she rose and crossed over and sat down on the edge of the lounge beside him.

Again Leslie's voice is heard, apparently to herself: "It is cold; I must get a wrap!" and back she came, embittering her own soul the more surely with another glimpse of the two together.

"You mustn't frown so, Claude!" The countess passes her white hand over his brow just as his wife goes by the door. "You will spoil that beautiful forehead of yours."

He winces under the caress, but he permits it, and has for his reward this:

"My lord, I have changed my mind. I know you'll forgive it, because it's in your favor. Order the horses; I will have on my habit in ten minutes—that is, provided I am to ride Bruno."

"Of course you shall!" St. Girard's voice is full of joy and exultation. "Ah, you are so good, so angelic——"

The rest, whatever it may be, is a silent affair.

"Bruno! by Jove! Not if I know myself! The man's a fool, begging your pardon! Pauline, forgive me!"

With a hasty friendly clasp of her small jeweled hand, Colonel Wyndham dashes out of the room.

"Leslie," he says, shortly, having gained his wife's

dressing-room, "did I hear you say just now that you were going to ride Bruno—that black of St. Girard's?"

"To be sure," she answers, quietly, turning around from her mirror and buttoning up the waist of her habit. "Why not?"

"You can't do it," firmly.

"What?" haughtily.

"You can't do it. Why, child," he adds, coming a step nearer to her, "the brute is certain death to you. I don't know what your friend can be thinking of to propose such a thing. You could never manage that animal."

Leslie makes no reply; there are scalding tears in her dark eyes as she turns her back to him and pulls her hat further down over her forehead—there are a hundred miserable contentious thoughts within her; but the worst conquers, and with a bitter, self-contemptuous smile, she hastily crosses the room, fastening her gauntlet as she does so.

"You are not going?" he cries, amazedly.

"Most certainly I am."

"She makes him a profound courtesy and passes through the door.

"Leslie, my darling—dear heart!"

He puts his arms about her, but she shakes him off with a sharp quiver about her lips.

"Spare me, if you please, Colonel Wyndham. I think Lady St. Girard needs your attentions just now rather more than I do."

In very truth, Pauline, white as snow, stood yonder along the corridor. Was she going to faint, or had her ladyship been tampering with her powder-box?

At any rate, she staggered, and Claude Wyndham just managed to catch her in his arms. She clung to him like a frightened child.

"Oh, it's horrible, horrible! Claude, Claude, why did I wreck my own happiness and yours for a title—for money? Yes, I will confess it now—*now* that I see how miserable you are, too! Could she not have left me my husband's heart, at least? Valueless as it was, it was mine until he saw her again. But, no; the siren has stolen all from me—you and him; Claude, she loves him——"

"Hush-h!"

A strong hand, although it trembles, is laid upon Lady St. Girard's lips; in her sentimental excitement she kisses it wildly.

"Pauline"—Claude Wyndham's voice is very firm and very quiet—"you—must—not—talk—to—me—about—my—wife. My wife! My God!"

He throws her down on the little pink lounge and breaks away from her with an anguished sob.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 50.

The countess rises as soon as she is sure that she is quite alone, rubs off a good deal of pearl-powder from her face, laughs a little at her *piquante* image in the glass, adjusts a puff, and rings for some biscuit and a glass of sherry—demonstration is exhausting.

"I will have his love yet—his love!—that she is as incapable of appreciating as—as St. Girard is of understanding me."

Had her ladyship been a little bit cleverer, she might have seen that the man and woman were but playing at cross-purposes, endeavoring to excite each other's jealousy, and so win back their imaginary losses—at least, some people would have thought so; perhaps Pauline was right.

Claude rushed down stairs only in time to see Mrs. Wyndham, on her dangerously capering mount, glance back and into St. Girard's face with one of her slow, provoking smiles, accompanied by a faint blush.

He ran around to the stables, flung a saddle on the first horse he saw, and was after them like the wind.

Leslie looked back—the earl did not. He was far too well employed in looking forward.

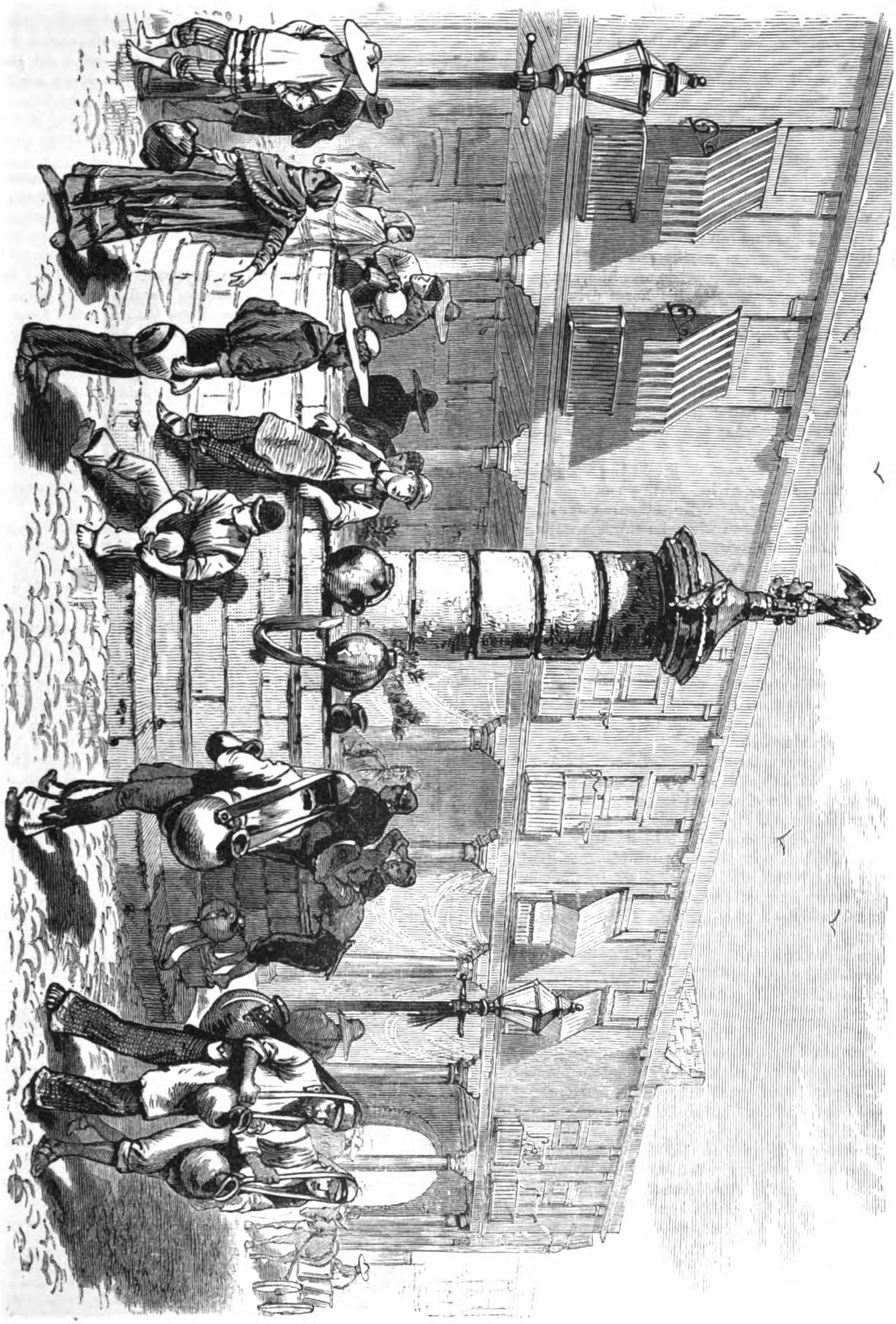
"What do you say to a race?" she cries. "Bruno is fresh and crazy for a tear!"

"Agreed!" cries St. Girard, putting spurs to his bay; and then—the black needs no urging—away they go.

"What difference will it make to him?" a voice cries in her pained heart. "None—none! If I am picked up shattered, bruised, dead, then I shall be out of his way!"

And on and on they fly.

If Arthur is pink-and-white, he is also, as well, foolhardy, brave. Bruno soon takes matters into his own control; from afar, and grinding his teeth in rage, Claude sees the young earl make a dash before the very eyes of the infuriated beast; sees him with one arm hold Leslie



HISTORIC FOUNTAIN IN PLAZA SANTO DOMINGO, CITY OF MEXICO.— SEE PAGE 55.

in her saddle, and with the other, his own bridle in his teeth, seize hers, and bring Bruno round with a turn so short that it almost unseats him.

"There!" he cries, triumphantly. "I learned that in South America. Now we will be all right. We shall get home with flying colors. My God!" cries the man, "you are white! Leslie, oh, Leslie!"—a look in her scared, tender eyes stops his headlong speech. "If I had married a good woman like you," he falters as they ride home in the gloaming, "I might have been a better sort of a fellow than I am."

"We are good friends, I hope?" says she, holding out a little gloved hand.

He takes it, pulls off the gauntlet impetuously, and presses it to his lips. Claude sees him, and turns back to Windermere, bringing in his horse dripping and trembling, cursing his fate, man-like, and St. Girard, and also St. Girard's wife, who receives him with smiles at the *porte cochère.*

He flirts abominably with her the entire evening. The countess is simply radiant. It must also be confessed that Leslie, exquisite in maroon velvet and garnets, emulates her lord to the full, and St. Girard is every way too evidently in the seventh heaven of delight.

"What does he care, seated at the feet of his old-time siren, what I do or what becomes of me?" Leslie says, bitterly, to herself. "He forgot completely all my danger this afternoon when he saw her falling in a ridiculous theatrical swoon."

Mistress Wyndham was entirely ignorant of the fact that her husband had kept her in view during her entire breakneck ride, even if he had been unable to overtake her; she merely supposed the start either a false one or a sop to his own conscience.

Later on in the evening Claude recklessly observes to her ladyship, who is leaning in all her beauty over him as he sits on a hassock at her feet, that he is obliged to go up to town by the early mail. Her ladyship immediately finds that, her maid having gone off in a tiff the day previous, she can no longer exist with the divided attentions of Lady Forbes's abigail. She must go up to town also. She has seen a charming advertisement in the *Times.* Her mind is made up. Claude looks unutterable things up into the blue eyes above him. He is conscious that yonder Leslie's gaze is fixed upon his face—Leslie, who is permitting herself to be scandalized by the whole household, over whom St. Girard is bending as though she belonged to him—Leslie, his wife, whom he loves ten times more fiercely than ever in his life before. What has there been between those two in the old days? He *will* know—and yet—no! Like some men, he determines to fly the whole thing—to get away anywhere, no matter where! If Lady St. Girard chooses to go up to town when he does, that is no affair of his.

Lady St. Girard does choose. Leslie, with a charming *au revoir,* sees them off together in the dog-cart for the station; and St. Girard tenderly folds a cloak about her as she stands there in the December sunshine, lest she shall take cold.

It was a pretty picture that haunted Claude Wyndham with cruel persistency all day. All that night, the next day, and the next, into all sorts of strange places, between him and the cards in his hand, betwixt his lips and the cup he lifted, that picture stood with pertinacity.

He could stand it no longer. Great God! what might she not be doing while he was trying to forget her *here?* He pulled himself together, got into some decent clothes, and started for Windermere by the 2:36, arriving at five o'clock.

Mrs. Wyndham had gone for a ride with the Earl of St. Girard, so the Earl of St. Girard's wife lost no time in informing him with her own lips. So she had had not a word from him for four days, and yet she could go off driving with that scoundrel! Well, though one commits murder in one's heart, one must smile and ask after one's neighbor's health.

"How—er—was Lady St. Girard suited in a new maid?"

"Capitally. She is a perfect godsend, a coincidence, a miracle! I assure you, my dear boy, when I first saw her I was stupefied. I gazed at her in admiration, wonder, surprise, and I engaged her on the spot. I fell in love with her, she was such an opportunity. St. Girard says I never lose one, and he's right. I took Melvin at once to a hairdresser's and had her arranged to suit me. I am so fastidious that I must have my people look precisely to my taste."

Her ladyship laughs loud and long; it is well that she does, for Wyndham has but a very poor notion of anything that she has said; he is listening to the sound of approaching wheels, although, to be sure, he is leaning in the most devoted of attitudes over Pauline's chair on the veranda. He springs forward to assist Leslie to alight, but the earl is quite as rapid in his movements.

"Choose between us," Claude says, with an ugly laugh, as he extends his arms.

"I have no choice," she answers, without looking at him. "I can only accept the courtesy that is most uniform."

She permits St. Girard to lift her down, and then for the first time she raises her eyes to her husband's face.

"Claude!" she cries, half under her breath, "you have been ill?"

She takes a step nearer him.

"Oh, dear no! The naughty boy hasn't been ill at all, dear Mrs. Wyndham"—Pauline always made it a point to endear every other woman to whom her liege was specially devoted—"he's only been going it a little too hard in town for the last few days. He has told me all about it, and you mustn't be worried. Ah, me! when you've been married as long as I have, my dear, you'll never be thinking he is ill."

With a sigh and a laugh, her ladyship pats Colonel Wyndham familiarly on the shoulder, and Leslie turns off with a great pallor on her young face.

"But why not, please? I'm sure there's not a bit of harm, and, heaven knows, my life is hateful enough for me to crave, to beg for this little taste of happiness!"

The earl's voice is very pleading, but Leslie only shakes her head with a sad, flitting smile.

Pauline, on a divan near the bay-window where they stand, smiles maliciously as she listens, although apparently silently enraptured by Lady Florence Molyneux's singing.

"Just at midnight the moon will be full, and to float for an hour down among those sweet-smelling, wet lilies in the little boat—you have not the heart to refuse me?"

But Mrs. Wyndham shakes her head still sadly as she listens to the sweet voice singing in the next room:

> "I will marry my ain love,
> For true of heart is he—is he."

"*Bonne chance!*" murmurs her ladyship, and presently, the music being over, she wanders out and over to the billiard-room; no one is there—yes! some one smoking says, lazily, without rising:

"Want anything, Lady St. Girard?"

"Yes, I want you."

Colonel Wyndham rises leisurely from his high chair, and keeps his cigar in his hand.

"Glass of water, or——"

"Nonsense—no! Claude, Claude, haven't you one kind word for me after being gone these four days?"

Her hand pulls pettishly at his coat-lapel.

"Bless your heart!" he exclaims, awkwardly.

"Claude!—Claude! we are both wretched, miserable, unhappy! My husband—your wife——"

"*If you please,*" he says, sternly.

"I don't please. They have made an appointment to meet at midnight, and go rowing on the lake! They *must* be in earnest very much, rowing in December!"

Pauline laughs scornfully.

"You——" He stops short.

"I have just heard it with my own ears. If you don't believe me, watch!"

She turns, and leaves him standing there stricken and alone, and just at that moment Leslie, leaning on St. Girard's arm, crosses the wide hall, smiling up into his eager face.

Colonel Wyndham does watch. He takes up his post in the drawing-room bay-window at a quarter before twelve; and at just about that time St. Girard receives in his dressing-room a little twisted note, written in a hand new to him. He tears it open. But a line:

"I will go. LESLIE W."

From *her?* The blood leaps madly in his veins as he thinks of the still, cold beauty of the night, and of the lovely face of the woman whom he goes to meet.

Presently Wyndham's watch is rewarded; he sees, first, the earl step boldly out into the night, with a shawl on his arm, and the full moon striking his flushed face. Claude can tell by the unsteady light in his blue eyes that his lordship has been drinking pretty heavily that night.

Then, in a moment more, he beholds his wife; she comes to meet her lover slowly, timidly. But when she reaches his side she turns her face up to his, and receives his passionate kisses as if they were her right.

The beauty of her in the moon's full light is wonderful. Such a light on such a face would be enough to drive any man to perdition, and he watches them walk away toward the lake—*together.*

He has no impulse to pursue; instead, in a dogged sort of fashion, he goes up the stairs and into his dressing-room. He pauses a moment, and then, lighting the candles, he opens the door that he has not opened for five weeks—the door leading into his wife's room.

In the broad stream of the candlelight she lies there sleeping, with her long, bright hair falling to one side on the floor, and with one hand thrown up over her head.

Is he mad? Is he dreaming? No, not that.

He bends over her; he touches her; he calls her name; and so she wakens and finds him standing there, with wild, wide eyes staring down at her.

"Do you love him?" he whispers, harshly; "him—I mean St. Girard! How did you know him? Tell me, quick!"

"He used to come to Thornehill when I was a child, and he was only Arthur Paget; and he got very awfully drunk once, and I got him hidden away till he should be over it. Love him!" she echoes, scornfully, through her nervous tears—"no. Do not judge me by yourself, Colonel Wyndham."

"By myself! Child, child, you don't suppose I love that woman? Leslie, she is the girl whom I've told you about—the one I was engaged to once. I—she is not very happy with St. Girard, I suppose."

Leslie looks at him with a woman's comprehending smile through her tears; and he looks at her, touches her, as though he doubted his own senses. "You—you are undressed, aren't you?"

"Yes," she says, "I have been in bed since half after ten. I was tired. Hark!"

A piercing scream echoes through the castle; another and another. In a moment the corridors are full of excited people; the men valiant with weapons—the women screaming and shrieking.

Claude and Leslie are among the last to arrive on the scene, and they behold a woman flying, rushing, shrieking, up the broad staircase, in flames. They cannot stop her; but when she sees Leslie Wyndham she stops short, as though a hand of iron had been laid upon her. And Leslie Wyndham?—she falls swooning in her husband's arms, while every one, even those engaged in putting out the flames of the woman's skirts, are apparently struck dumb with amazement.

Lady St. Girard alone seems self-possessed, and her clear voice is presently heard:

"How unfortunate! She is not injured, though, at all! My new maid is such a treasure. I don't wonder you are all speechless. I was, too, when I first saw her; such a resemblance to Mrs. Wyndham! They say we all have our doubles, you know. I insisted upon her wearing a wig and using rouge and cosmetics; but I see she has disobeyed me to-night."

Her ladyship glances maliciously at her lord, who stares aghast, candle in hand, and then retires with a graceful "Pleasant dreams, everybody. I'm so sorry!"

"Leslie, Leslie, my darling!" cries Claude Wyndham, passionately, as he holds her to his heart. "Will you forgive me ever, sweetheart?"

"To be sure," she says; but she never knows how much.

THE AZTEC EAGLE, AND WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

THE HISTORIC FOUNTAIN OF SANTO DOMINGO—BEGGARS' DAY—AGUADORES—AMONG THE LAVANDERAS.

BY MRS. EMILY PIERCE.

THE old bronze fountain in the Plaza Santo Domingo marks the most interesting spot in the City of Mexico. It is not notable for artistic beauty, and the patient *aguadores*, or water-carriers, who most frequent it, are probably in happy ignorance of the historic associations clustering around the broad basin from which they fill the generous jars and picturesque pitchers that, hanging from back and breast, help to make figures in the street-panoramas as artistic and striking as they are familiar.

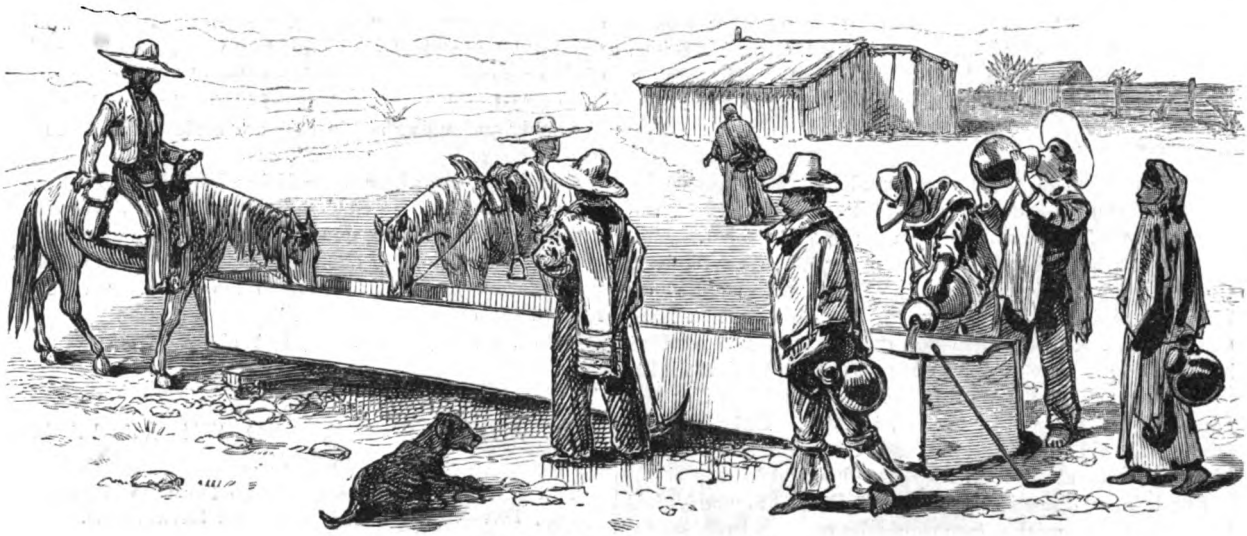
In days of revolution, the base of the old fountain served as a background against which the condemned prisoners were placed. Here, under sentence of death, many a soldier and civilian, the guilty and the innocent, have knelt with the stoical resignation so peculiar to Mexican character, and, with the blue sky above shut out from their bandaged eyes, have heard the order given for the fatal shot, almost drowned in the plashing of the fountain, whose waters sing a continual lyric, although again and again they have been reddened by the best blood of Mexico.

In every direction the eye falls upon landmarks of interest that cluster about this old plaza, for it was formerly a part of the Convent of Santo Domingo, the historic Church of the Inquisition. After the downfall of the Church party, in 1867, Benito Juarez, the Indian President, ordered a general overturning in the locality, cut a

new street through the convent garden, threw open the plaza to the public, and converted the enormous building into a medical college.

But the interest clustering around the old fountain antedates church and cloister, Spanish barbarities or Montezumian magnificence, reaching back until history blends with tradition, and we are buried in theoretical reveries regarding the origin of a lost race.

So far back as 1245, it is said, the wandering Aztecs first arrived at Chapultepec (Grasshopper Hill), yet they did not settle there, but to obey an oracle they traveled on to the western side of Lake Tezcuco. An ancient tradition had long been current among them, that, whenever they should behold an eagle seated upon a cactus whose roots pierced a rock, there they should found a city. In 1325 they beheld this sign—an eagle comfortably breakfasting upon a goodly-sized snake, which appetizing morsel was firmly gripped between beak and talons; and upon the exact spot, then an island in the lake, to-day stands the fountain crowned by the Aztec eagle, that ominous bird with dangling serpent having been appropriated for the proud crest of the "Land of God and Liberty."



HORSE-TROUGH BY THE ROADSIDE.

The variety and picturesqueness of Mexican water-carriers are infinite. The women vail their faces with the black Moorish shawl, or national *rebaza*. They gather at the fountains "at the evening-time, the time that women go out to draw water," and fill their jars, bearing the burden on head or shoulder, supported by the long, lean arm gracefully thrown upward, making a picture worthy the pencil of Hector Le Roux. These modern Rebeccas linger beside the cool flowing fountain, making it the place for their gossip and chatter. One can easily fancy the entrance of young Isaac, and believe the thirsty camels to be very near. Even the prosaic horse-trough upon the public highway becomes the centre of attraction to a constantly changing group. The gayly-dressed *cabelleros* halt while their thirsty mustangs enjoy the needed draught, or the faithful *mozo* fills the calabash, or gourd, that is never absent from the outfit of a well-equipped Mexican traveler. Notwithstanding the frequency of fountains in this thirsty southland, one is inclined to question whether, after all, they fulfill their intended mission, when we learn that in the City of Monterey, for instance, with a population of 40,000 souls, 400 *cantinas* or drinking-saloons are licensed and well patronized. There is scarcely a shop in town that does not retail ardent spirits by the glass. In this toper's heaven one can accomplish the object of his life's interest, and get gloriously fuddled upon a Mexican *cuartia*, which is two and a half American cents. We suggest that our prohibitionists change their base, take St. John, and enter Mexico as a mission field. Each of these same 400 shops pays a license of two dollars and a half monthly, two dollars being appropriated by the city, the remaining half-dollar going to the General Government. Yet in the face of these astounding statistics, drunkenness is rare. The people sit in the *cantinas*, grow patriotic, and sing the valorous deeds of Hidalgo or Juarez, and "Viva Mexico!" During a stay of seven months I saw but one man more than "half seas over." He was reclining between two soldiers, marching off to the calaboose, and all three seemed happy.

It would seem, with these numberless accessories to purification, that Mexican humanity might almost wax spotless; but, alas! truth compels us to say, that, of all unclean beings, the *Leperos* of Mexico "take the cake." The *Lazzaroni* of Italy are as mermaids by comparison, and nothing short of actual knowledge can form a true idea of the depths of wretchedness and filth in which they live and move and have their being. Brantz Mayer wrote down the best description of them that can be given—wrote it forty years ago—and to-day there is no change in their condition. The Castilian word *Lepero*, or leper, applies to a large class. Although they do not suffer from that loathsome malady, they are quite as disgusting. Blacken a man in the sun, let his hair grow long and tangled, and become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush or towel, or water except in storms; let him put on a pair of leathern breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty without change or ablution; over all, drop a tattered hat and begrimed blanket; let him have wild eyes, shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness—if a woman, with two or three miniatures of the same species trotting after her, and another strapped to her back"—combine all these, and you have a photograph of a Mexican *Lepero*. Yet they are content with their rags and religion.

A unique feature among their institutions is "Beggars' Day." In most of the cities there are no alms-houses, paupers being enrolled and beggars licensed. The former

MEXICAN LAVANDERAS WASHING CLOTHES.

are supported by a relief fund, from which they draw a weekly stipend, follow their own devices and lead their own lives.

Saturday is "Beggars' Day," and at no other time are we troubled by the importunities of the destitute. Then, however, the mendicants swoop down like a swarm of locusts. Being social "creeturs," they call in knots of three or four, and if the supply of pennies or crusts runs short, they exhibit not the slightest deviation from their usual urbanity. During the week the shopkeepers hold in reserve a certain number of pennies for the expected visitors, and range generous crusts and bits of bread upon their counters and showcases for their appropriation. They call with the quiet assurance of a tax-collector; and at the first shadow of annoyance or refusal, they courteously exclaim: "*Perdone por Dios!*" (For God's sake, pardon!) and leave, to return no more. The degree of personal untidiness here is only equaled by the disorder and dirt in the home; and the devotion of a Mexican household to its pigs and dogs is one of the mysterious features of the country.

As a rule, they are cruel in their treatment of the animal kingdom, being oblivious to the comfort of their horses or kine, beating the patient donkey until one longs to import Bergh, and elect him Alcalde. But the two first-named animals are held almost as sacred—of far more value than the brown-skinned babies who are their boon companions, and to lift a stone against them is to receive the curse of their owner. A Mexican pig will run over a stone wall ten feet high with the spring of a mountain goat.

Pork is the principal and favorite "flesh" of the people, and swine abound in numbers among the poorer population, who rarely feed them; consequently, Mr. Piggie has to live up to the old rule of "root, hog, or die." They are most frequently black in color, and have an impish eye, and we are tempted to believe that a part of the historic herd of the New Testament record escaped their death of violence, and those in Mexico are their direct progeny.

The *Lavanderas*, or washerwomen, are almost a national feature, and they seem to enjoy "sazzling" as it can only be enjoyed in a southern country.

Our sketch shows the public laundry at Jalapa, that lovely capital of the State of Vera Cruz, which is noted for its beautiful roses and charming *señoritas*. It is a huge pavilion resting on stone pillars; the tubs are square, and ranged on both sides of a long pool of water running from the fountain above. The walls and tubs are made of a concrete of cement and gravel as enduring as granite.

Here congregate young and old, mothers and grandmothers the pretty Josefas and Juanitas, and other soft vowelly named *señoritas*, to giggle and gossip, and pound the linen on the stones.

Afterward they bear away their cleanly burdens in white wooden trays, and by-and-by trip through the streets with them freshly ironed and stiffly starched, but always carried in triumph in the faithful brown hands, while the bearer being completely hidden under a snowy mass of fluttering freshness, runs risk of being mistaken for a genuine Anglo-Saxon ghost.

This old fountain boasts a tradition similar to the Roman Trevi. Whoever quaffs a parting draught of the sparkling water of the fountain, throws ten drops over the right shoulder and makes a wish, will not only obtain their heart's desire, but will surely return to old, crumbling, rose-covered Jalapa, and again enjoy its fairness.

WHAT IS AN ENGLISH POUND STERLING?

THIS question was asked of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, and he replied by pitching a sovereign to the querist. No better answer is possible.

Some years ago, when teaching political economy at University College School, a professor presented to his pupils a curious problem as follows:

Our currency is all based on the sovereign, and the sovereign, as defined by Act of Parliament, is the 1-1,869 of forty pounds troy, or, otherwise stated, anybody taking ingots of standard gold to the Mint may have them coined without charge into sovereigns, at the rate of 1,869 for every forty pounds troy; these 1,869 weighing forty pounds, the same as the ingot gold. This being the case, what is the troy weight of each sovereign?

I offer the same problem to my readers. Those who attempt to work it out will find that they have to face a problem something like squaring the circle. I have gone as far as thirteen places of decimals, showing the weight of a sovereign to be *nearly* 123.2744783306537 grains. How much further one might go without arriving at the actual weight I cannot say. The simplest attainable vulgar fraction is 123 173-623 grains.

Nothing could be clumsier than this. It has caused volumes to be written by currency paradoxers who have denounced the abomination of fixing the price of gold. Why, they say, should we not have free trade in gold? Why should the Government arbitrarily fix its price at £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce, instead of allowing supply and demand to fix the price of this commodity as of other things?

Had the weight of the sovereign been a simple fraction of an ounce, say ¼ of an ounce, this question would have answered itself at once by showing that because four sovereigns weigh one ounce, the value of gold measured by sovereigns (*i.e.*, its price) must be £4, so long as the weight of the coin remains unchanged, and no charge is made for stamping it. It is the present complex fraction that has obscured this very simple subject.

HOW THE KIRGHIZ PUNISHED MURDERERS.

RUSSIAN law, especially as regards murder, is now to be enforced amongst all natives under Russian rule. Hitherto the murder of a Kirghiz was punished by their own customs, in the following manner: "When in an aul or in the steppe a murder has been committed, the relatives and friends of the dead man commence the search for the murderer. Sometimes he is not found until after a long interval, especially if the body is not soon found. Frequently the latter is hidden; then the flight of birds of prey is watched, and other indications are utilized by the extraordinary acuteness of the nomads. When the murderer is discovered the relations have the right to levy from him a so-called *kun*. This fine, which washes away bloodguiltiness, consists of a number of camels, horses, sheep, and clothes, a special *kun* being due to those who took part in the search for the murderer, to the person who actually discovered him, and to the judge. The fine, or *wergild*, for a woman is less than that for a man, and in the latter case it varies with the descent. Thus, there would be a greater fine for killing a pure Kirghiz than for killing one whose descent was unknown. If the murderer cannot pay the *kun*, his kinsfolk must do it for him, and the payment and receipt of this fine is ac-

companied by a number of different customs. The occasion is a kind of festival in the aul in which the relatives of the murdered man live. Among the animals paid as *kun*, the murderer's horse must always be one. The family of the person killed have, however, the right to refuse all payment, and to demand a duel with the slayer. The latter appears in the aul of the others, armed from head to foot, and mounted on his best steed; a certain distance off the avengers are stationed, and a wild race ensues. If the accused can get away from his pursuers, he is safe from all punishment; he can, however, only be pursued to the going down of the sun, and directly the latter sinks behind the horizon he is free. If he is caught he is generally put to death at once. It is remarkable that a murder rarely remains undiscovered. The Kirghiz scarcely ever commit that crime for the sake of robbery; the murder generally takes place after a quarrel, or for revenge."

MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI.

Dancing, or, as it has been fancifully called, the poetry of motion, is of the very highest antiquity, and will doubtless for ever retain its popularity with a certain class of the community. Marie Taglioni, one of the most celebrated dancers that ever lived, was born in Stockholm, in 1804. Her parents, however, were natives of Milan, but at the time of her birth her father occupied the position of ballet-master to the Opera at Stockholm. She made her *début* in Vienna in 18.2, and soon eclipsed all her rivals. For fifteen years she was the undoubted Queen of the Dance, delighting by turns the *élite* of Paris, London, and every civilized capital in Europe. She married, in 1832, Count Gilbert de Voisin, and in 1847, retired from the stage, having realized a large fortune.

"The following anecdote of the late Madame la Comtesse de Voisins (*née* Marie Taglioni) may perhaps," writes a correspondent of a contemporary, "be of some interest just now. The incident took place between the years 1835 and 1845. I was a very small child when the story used to be told before me; the date, if ever I knew it, has entirely slipped my memory. My father, a Queen's foreign messenger, was returning to England with important dispatches. On arriving at his hotel at Calais, he was told by Monsieur Dessin, who always personally greeted his frequent comings and goings, that the packet to England would not leave that night, the weather being such that it had been deemed advisable to postpone the crossing. In these days such a thing would be almost impossible; but then so it was. Much annoyed, my father said, 'I will cross the Channel to-night, and, if necessary, in an open boat. Tell me the best man to apply to.' Monsieur Dessin's dissuasions were of no avail. A reliable seafaring individual was sent for and conferred with, and he agreed to brave the dangers of the deep for a considerable consideration. This settled, my father sat down quietly to his dinner, or rather supper, having arranged to be on the quay with bag and baggage at midnight, when a turn in the tide would give the adventurous voyagers a rather less dangerous start. Dinner was scarcely over when Monsieur Dessin again appeared, smiling in a deprecatory way, and saying that he came to prefer a request from a lady. 'Might Madame Taglioni be allowed to pay Mr. F. a visit? She had a favor to ask him.' 'I will wait on Madame Taglioni,' said my father, and accompanied Monsieur Dessin to the lady's rooms. Madame Taglioni, with many apologies, at once made her petition. She had been told by Monsieur Dessin that one of Her Majesty's messengers was crossing to England in a small fishing-vessel. The steamboat having failed her, would Mr. F. allow her, with her maid, to accompany him? She had an engagement at the Opera for the following night, failing to keep which, she would forfeit a considerable sum of money. She had no fears, and would promise that neither she nor her maid would give the slightest trouble. My father pointed out that accommodation in an open fishing-boat, there was none, and no protection from weather. 'I shrink not from it,' said madame. 'If you will take us, we will go.' She and her maid crossed the Channel that frightfully stormy night. My father took every care that both the brave women should be as well covered up and cared for as tarpaulins and kindness could accomplish. It was a voyage to be remembered—from six to eight hours of unmitigated tossing. Madame Taglioni and her maid seemed little the worse for it, and could not be sufficiently grateful that they were safely landed on the English coast in time. Madame Taglioni danced in one of her favorite ballets the same night at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket."

GOOD-BY.

By Rosie Churchill.

Good-by, good-by. The words are said;
We part as strangers part,
And each must turn aside the head,
And still the throbbing heart.
Good-by, good-by. No words of love,
Only this bitter pain—
That we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-by, good-by. For deep and wide.
Across our pathway lies
The cruel gulf of wealth and pride,
In which Love faints and dies.
Though hearts may break, no tears must fall;
Bright smiles must hide our pain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-by, good-by; and this is all.
Still onward flows Life's stream;
The past we neither dare recall—
'Twas but an idle dream.
For Love is lying cold and dead.
He touched our hearts in vain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

THE BANANA.

Bananas and plantains supply the principal food-stuff of a far larger fraction of the human race than wheaten bread does. They form the veritable staff of life to the inhabitants of both eastern and western tropics. What the potato is to the degenerate descendant of Celtic kings; what the oat is to the kilted Highlandman; what rice is to the Bengalee, and Indian corn to our more temperate climes, the banana is to people around the globe. Humboldt calculated that an acre of bananas would supply a greater quantity of solid food to hungry humanity than could possibly be extracted from the same extent of cultivated ground by any other known plant. So you see the question is no small one: to sing the praise of this Linnæan muse (*Musa sapientium*) is a task well worthy of the Pierian muses.

Do you know the outer look and aspect of the banana-plant? If not, then you have never voyaged to those delusive tropics. Tropical vegetation, as ordinarily understood by poets and painters, consists entirely of the

cocoanut-palm and the banana-bush. Do you wish to paint a beautiful picture of a rich, ambrosial, tropical island, *à la* Tennyson—a summer-isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea?—then you introduce a group of cocoa-nuts, whispering in odorous heights of even, in the very foreground of your pretty sketch, just to let your public understand at a glance that these are the delicious poetical tropics. Do you desire to create an ideal paradise, *à la* Bernardin de St. Pierre, where idyllic Virginies die of pure modesty rather than appear before the eyes of their beloved but unwedded Pauls in a lace-bedraped *peignoir?*—then you strike the keynote by sticking in the middle distance a hut or cottage, overshadowed by the broad and graceful foliage of the picturesque banana. ("Hut" is a poor and chilly word for these glowing descriptions, far inferior to the pretty and high-sounding original *chaumière.*) That is how we do the tropics when we want to work upon the emotions of the reader. But it is all a delicate theatrical illusion; a trick of art meant to deceive and impose upon the unwary who have never been there, and would like to think it all genuine. In reality, nine times out of ten you might cast your eyes casually around you in any tropical valley, and if there didn't happen to be a native cottage with a cocoa-nut grove and a banana-patch anywhere in the neighborhood, you would see nothing in the way of vegetation which you mightn't see at home any day in Europe. But what painter would ever venture to paint the tropics without the palm-trees? He might just as well try to paint the desert without the camels, or to represent St. Sebastian without a sheaf of arrows sticking unperceived in the calm centre of his unruffled bosom, to mark and emphasize his Sebastianic personality.

MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI.—SEE PAGE 59.

Still, I will frankly admit that the banana itself, with its practically almost identical relation, the plantain, is a real bit of tropical foliage. I confess to a settled prejudice against the tropics generally, but I allow the sunsets, the cocoa-nuts, and the bananas. The true stem creeps underground, and sends up each year an upright branch, thickly covered with majestic broad green leaves, somewhat like those of the canna cultivated in our gardens as "Indian shot," but far larger, nobler and handsomer. They sometimes measure from six to ten feet in length, and their thick midrib and strongly marked diverging veins give them a very lordly and graceful appearance. But they are apt in practice to suffer much from the fury of the tropical storms. The wind rips the leaves up between the veins as far as the midrib in tangled tatters; so that after a good hurricane they look more like cocoa-nut palm leaves than like single broad masses of foliage, as they ought properly to do. This, of course, is the effect of a gentle and balmy hurricane—a mere capful of wind that tears and tatters them. After a really bad storm (one of the sort when you tie ropes round your wooden house to prevent its falling bodily to pieces, I mean) the bananas are all actually blown down, and the crop for that season utterly destroyed. The apparent stem, being merely composed of the overlapping and sheathing leaf-stalks, has naturally very little stability; and the soft succulent trunk accordingly gives way forthwith at the slightest onslaught. This liability to be blown down in high winds forms

the weak point of the plantain, viewed as a food-stuff crop. In the South Sea Islands, where there is little shelter, the poor Fijian, in cannibal days, often lost his one means of subsistence from this cause, and was compelled to satisfy the pangs of hunger on the plump persons of his immediate relatives. But since the introduction of Christianity, and of a dwarf, stout, wind-proof variety of banana, his condition in this respect, I am glad to say, has been greatly ameliorated.

By descent the banana-bush is a developed tropical lily, not at all remotely allied to the common iris, only that its flowers and fruit are clustered together on a hanging spike, instead of growing solitary and separate, as in the true irises. The blossoms, which, though pretty, are comparatively inconspicuous for the size of the plant, show the extraordinary persistence of the lily type; for almost all the vast number of species, more or less directly descended from the primitive lily, continue to the very end of the chapter to have six petals, six stamens, and three rows of seeds in their fruits or capsules. But practical man, with his eye always steadily fixed on the one important quality of edibility—the sum and substance to most people of all botanical research—has confined his attention almost entirely to the fruit of the banana. In all essentials (other than the systematically unimportant one just alluded to) the banana-fruit in its original state exactly resembles the capsule of the iris—that pretty pod that divides in three when ripe, and shows the delicate orange-coated seeds lying in triple rows within—only, in the banana, the fruit does not open; in the sweet language of

A GROVE OF BANANAS.

technical botany, it is an indehiscent capsule; and the seeds, instead of standing separate and distinct, as in the iris, are embedded in a soft pulpy substance which forms the edible and practical part of the entire arrangement.

This is the proper appearance of the original and natural banana, before it has been taken in hand and cultivated by tropical man. When cut across the middle, it ought to show three rows of seeds, interspersed with pulp, and faintly preserving some dim memory of the dividing wall which once separated them. In practice, however, the banana differs widely from this theoretical ideal, as practice often *will* differ from theory; for it has been so long cultivated and selected by man—being probably one of the very oldest, if not actually quite the oldest, of domesticated plants—that it has all but lost the original habit of producing seeds. This is a common effect of cultivation on fruits, and it is of course deliberately aimed at by horticulturalists, as the seeds are generally a nuisance, regarded from the point of view of the eater, and their absence improves the fruit, as long as one can manage to get along somehow without them. In the pretty little Tangerine oranges (so ingeniously corrupted by fruiterers into mandarins), the seeds have almost been cultivated out; in the best pineapples, and in the small grapes known in the dried state as currants, they have quite disappeared; while in some varieties of pears they survive only in the form of shriveled, barren, and useless pippins. But the banana, more than any other plant we know of, has managed for many centuries to do without seeds altogether. The cultivated sort, especially in America, is quite seedless, and the plants are propagated entirely by suckers.

Still you can never wholly circumvent nature. Now nature has settled that the right way to propagate plants is by means of seedlings. Strictly speaking, indeed, it is the only way; the other modes of growth from bulbs or cuttings are not really propagation, but mere reduplication by splitting, as when you chop a worm in two, and a couple of worms wriggle off contentedly forthwith in either direction. Just so when you divide a plant by cuttings, suckers, slips, or runners; the two apparent plants thus produced are in the last resort only separate parts of the same individual—one and indivisible, like the French Republic. Seedlings are absolutely distinct individuals; they are the product of the pollen of one plant and the ovules of another, and they start afresh in life with some chance of being fairly free from the hereditary taints or personal failings of either parent. But cuttings or suckers are only the same old plant over and over again in fresh circumstances, transplanted as it were, but not truly renovated or rejuvenescent. That is the real reason why our potatoes are now all going to—well, the same place as the army has been going ever since the earliest memories of the oldest officer in the whole service. We have gone on growing potatoes over and over again from the tubers alone, and scarcely ever from seed, till the whole constitution of the potato kind has become permanently enfeebled by old age and dotage. The eyes (as farmers call them) are only buds or underground branches; and to plant potatoes as we usually do is nothing more than to multiply the apparent scions by fission. Odd as it may sound to say so, all the potato vines in a whole field are often, from the strict biological point of view, parts of a single much-divided individual. It is just as though one were to go on cutting up a single worm, time after time, as soon as he grew again, till at last the one original creature had multiplied into a whole colony of apparently distinct individuals. Yet, if the first worm happened to have the gout or the rheumatism (metaphorically speaking), all the other worms into which his compound personality had been divided would doubtless suffer from the same complaints throughout the whole of their joint lifetimes.

The banana, however, has very long resisted the inevitable tendency to degeneration in plants thus artificially and unhealthily propagated. Potatoes have been in cultivation for only a few hundred years; and yet the potato constitution has become so far enfeebled by the practice of growing from the tuber that the plants now fall an easy prey to potato fungus, Colorado beetles, and a thousand other persistent enemies. It is just the same with the vine—propagated too long by layers or cuttings, its health has failed entirely, and it can no longer resist the ravages of the phylloxera or the slow attacks of the vine-disease fungus. But the banana, though of very ancient and positively immemorial antiquity as a cultivated plant, seems somehow gifted with an extraordinary power of holding its own in spite of long-continued unnatural propagation. For thousands of years it has been grown in Asia in the seedless condition, and yet it springs as heartily as ever still from the underground suckers. Nevertheless, there must in the end be some natural limit to this wonderful power of reproduction, or rather of longevity; for, in the strictest sense, the banana-bushes that now grow in the negro gardens of Trinidad and Demerara are part and parcel of the very same plants which grew and bore fruit a thousand years ago in the native compounds of the Malay Archipelago.

In fact, I think there can be but little doubt that the banana is the very oldest product of human tillage. Man, we must remember, is essentially by origin a tropical animal, and wild tropical fruits must necessarily have formed his earliest food-stuffs. It was among them, of course, that his first experiments in primitive agriculture would be tried; the little insignificant seeds and berries of cold northern regions would only very slowly be added to his limited stock of husbandry, as circumstances pushed some few outlying colonies northward, and ever northward toward the chillier unoccupied regions. Now, of all tropical fruits, the banana is certainly the one that best repays cultivation. It has been calculated that the same area which will produce thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes will produce 4,400 pounds of plantains or bananas. The cultivation of the various varieties in India, China, and the Malay Archipelago dates, says De Candolle, "from an epoch impossible to realize." Its diffusion, as that great but very oracular authority remarks, may go back to a period "contemporary with or even anterior to that of the human races." What this remarkable illogical sentence may mean I am a loss to comprehend; perhaps De Candolle supposes that the banana was originally cultivated by pre-human gorillas; perhaps he merely intends to say that before men began to separate they sent special messengers on in front of them, to diffuse the banana in the different countries they were about to visit. Even legend retains some trace of the extreme antiquity of the species as a cultivated fruit, for Adam and Eve are said to have reclined under the shadow of its branches, whence Linnæus gave to the sort known as the plantain the Latin name of *Musa paradisiaca*. If a plant was cultivated in Eden by the grand old gardener and his wife, as Lord Tennyson democratically styled them (before his elevation to the peerage), we may fairly conclude that it possesses a very respectable antiquity indeed.

The wild banana is a native of the Malay region, according to De Candolle, who has produced by far the

most learned and unreadable work on the origin of domestic plants ever yet written. The wild form produces seed, and grows in Cochin China, the Philippines, Ceylon and Khasia. Like most other large tropical fruits, it no doubt owes its original development to the selective action of monkeys, hornbills, parrots, and other big fruit-eaters; and it shares with all fruits of similar origin one curious tropical peculiarity. Most northern berries, like the strawberry, the raspberry, the currant, and the blackberry, developed by the selective action of small northern birds, can be popped at once into the mouth and eaten whole; they have no tough outer rind or defensive covering of any sort. But big tropical fruits, which lay themselves out for the service of large birds or monkeys, have always hard outer coats, because they could only be injured by smaller animals, who would eat the pulp without helping in the dispersion of the useful seeds, the one object really held in view by the mother plant. Often, as in the case of the orange, the rind even contains a bitter, nauseous, or pungent juice, while at times, as in the pineapple, the prickly-pear, the sweet-sop, and the cherimoyer, the entire fruit is covered with sharp projections, stinging hairs, or knobby protuberances, on purpose to warn off the unauthorized depredator. It was this line of defense that gave the banana in the first instance its thick yellow skin; and looking at the matter from the epicure's point of view, one may say roughly that all tropical fruits have to be skinned before they can be eaten. They are all adapted for being cut up with a knife and fork, or dug out with a spoon, on a civilized dessert-plate. As for that most delicious of Indian fruits, the mango, it has been well said that the only proper way to eat it is over a tub of water, with a couple of towels hanging gracefully across the side.

The varieties of the banana are infinite in number, and as in most other plants of ancient cultivation, they shade off into one another by infinitesimal gradations. Two principal sorts, however, are commonly recognized—the true banana of commerce, and the common plantain. The banana proper is eaten raw, as a fruit, and is allowed accordingly to ripen thoroughly before being picked for market; the plantain, which is the true food-stuff of all the equatorial region in both hemispheres, is gathered green and roasted as a vegetable, or, to use the more expressive West Indian negro phrase, as a bread-kind. Millions of human beings in Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, live almost entirely on the mild and succulent but tasteless plantain. Some people like the fruit; to me personally it is more suggestive of a very flavorless over-ripe pear than of anything else in heaven or earth or the waters that are under the earth—the latter being the most probable place to look for it, as its taste and substance are decidedly watery. Baked dry in the green state "it resembles roasted chestnuts," or rather baked parsnip; pulped and boiled with water it makes "a very agreeable sweet soup," almost as nice as peasoup with brown sugar in it; and cut into slices, sweetened, and fried, it forms "an excellent substitute for fruit pudding," having a flavor much like that of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel* served up in treacle.

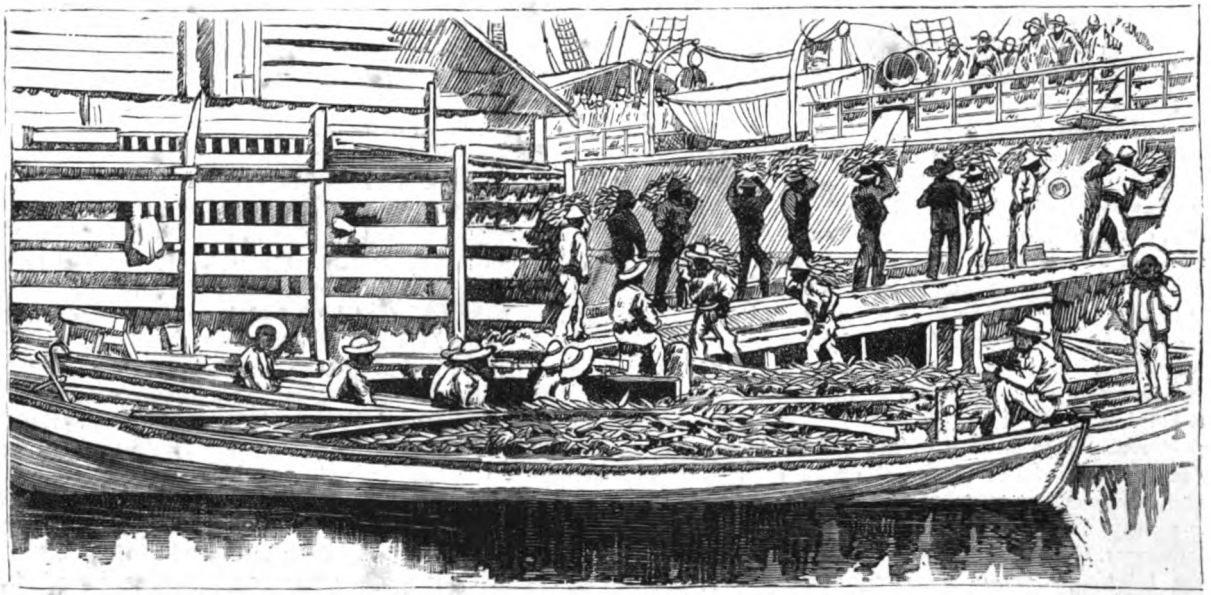
Altogether a fruit to be sedulously avoided, the plantain, though millions of our spiritually destitute African brethren haven't yet for a moment discovered that it isn't every bit as good as wheaten bread and fresh butter. Missionary enterprise will no doubt before long enlighten them on this subject, and create a good market in time for American flour and canned goods.

Though by origin a Malayan plant, there can be little doubt that the banana had already reached the mainland of America and West India Islands long before the voyage of Columbus. When Pizarro disembarked upon the coast of Peru on his desolating expedition, the mild-eyed, melancholy, doomed Pervians flocked down to the shore and offered him bananas in a lordly dish.

Beds composed of banana leaves have been discovered in the tombs of the Incas, of date anterior, of course, to the Spanish Conquest. How did they get there? Well, it is clearly an absurd mistake to suppose that Columbus discovered America; as Artemus Ward pertinently remarked, the noble Red Indian had obviously discovered it long before him. There had been intercourse of old, too, between Asia and the Western Continet; the elephant-headed god of Mexico, the debased traces of Buddhism in the Aztec religion, the singular coincidences between India and Peru, all seem to show that a stream of communication, however faint, once existed between the Asiatic and American worlds. Garcilaso himself, the half-Indian historian of Peru, says that the banana was well known in his native country before the Conquest, and that the Indians say "its origin is Ethiopia." In some strange way or other, then, long before Columbus set foot upon the low sandbank of Cat's Island, the banana had been transported from Africa or India to the Western Hemisphere.

If it were a plant propagated by seed, one would suppose that it was carried across by wind or waves, wafted on the feet of birds, or accidentally introduced in the crannies of drift timber. So the cocoanut made the tour of the world ages before either of the famous Cooks—the captain or the excursion agent—had rendered the same feat easy and practicable; and so, too, a number of American plants have fixed their homes in the tarns of the Hebrides or among the lonely bogs of Western Galway. But the banana must have been carried by man, because it is unknown in the wild state in the Western Continent; and, as it is practically seedless, it can have been transported entire, only in the form of a root or sucker. An exactly similar proof of ancient intercourse between the two worlds is afforded us by the sweet potato, a plant of undoubted American origin, which was nevertheless naturalized in China as early as the first centuries of the Christian era. Now that we all know how the Scandinavians of the eleventh century went to Massachusetts, which they called Vineland, and how the Mexican Empire had some knowledge of Accadian astronomy, people are beginning to discover that Columbus himself was after all an egregious humbug.

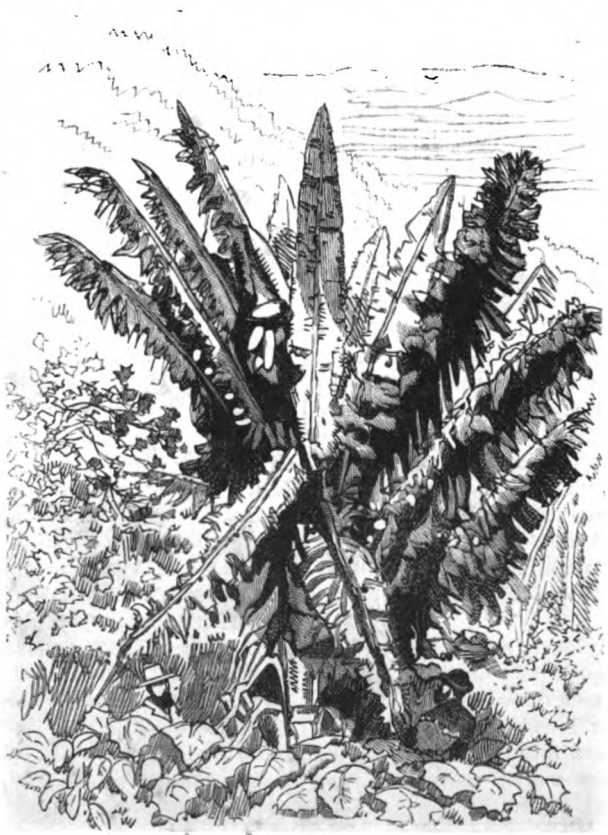
In the Old World the cultivation of the banana and the plantain goes back, no doubt, to a most immemorial antiquity. Our Aryan ancestor himself, Professor Max Müller's especial *protégé*, has already invented several names for it, which duly survive in very classical Sanskrit. The Greeks of Alexander's expedition saw it in India, where "sages reposed beneath its shade and ate of its fruit, whence the botanical name, *Musa sapientum*." As the sages in question were lazy Brahmans, always celebrated for their immense capacity for doing nothing, the report, as quoted by Pliny, is no doubt an accurate one. But the accepted derivation of the word *Musa* from an Arabic original seems to me highly uncertain; for Linnæus, who first bestowed it on the genus, called several other allied genera by such cognate names as Urania and Heliconia. If, therefore, the father of botany knew that his own word was originally Arabic, we cannot acquit him of the high crime and misdemeanor of deliberate punning. Should any learned Society get wind of this, something serious would doubtless happen; for



SHIPPING BANANAS BY STEAMER.

it is well known that the possession of a sense of humor is absolutely fatal to the pretensions of a man of science.

Besides its main use as an article of food, the banana serves incidentally to supply a valuable fibre, obtained from the stem, and employed for weaving into textile fabrics and making paper. Several kinds of the plantain tribe are cultivated for this purpose exclusively, the best known among them being the so-called manilla hemp, a plant largely grown in the Philippine Islands. Many of the finest Indian shawls are woven from banana-stems, and much of the rope that we use in our houses comes from the same singular origin. I know nothing more strikingly illustrative of the extreme complexity of our modern civilization than the way in which we thus every day employ articles of exotic manufacture in our ordinary life without ever for a moment suspecting or inquiring into their true nature. What lady knows, when she puts on her delicate wrapper, that the material from which it is woven is a Malayan plantain-stock? Who ever thinks that the glycerine for our chapped hands comes from Travancore cocoanuts, and that the pure butter supplied us from the farm in the country is colored yellow with Jamaican annatto? We break a tooth, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, because the grape-curers of Zante are not careful enough about excluding small stones from their stock of currants; and we suffer from indigestion because the Cape wine-grower has doctored his light Burgundies with Brazilian logwood and white rum, to make them taste like Portuguese port. Take merely this very question of dessert, and how intensely complicated it really is. The West Indian bananas keep company with sweet oranges from Sicily, and with cheese from Switzerland. Dried fruits from Metz, figs from Smyrna, and dates from Tunis, lie side by side on our table with Brazil nuts and guava jelly and damson cheese and almonds and raisins. We forget where everything comes from nowadays, and any real knowledge of common objects is rendered every day more and more impossible by the bewildering complexity and variety, every day increasing, of the common objects themselves, their substitutes, adulterates and spurious imitations. Why, you probably never heard of manilla hemp before, until this very minute, and yet you have been familiarly using it all your lifetime, while 400,000 hundred-weights of that useful article are annually imported into this country alone. It is an interesting study to take any day a list of market quotations, and ask oneself about every material quoted, what it is and what they do with it.



A BANANA-TREE.

The banana, the orange and the lemon are sold in our northern streets as constantly and cheaply, at least, as the fruits grown by our farmers on the fertile plains and hillsides, amid which our locomotives rattle hourly, or which line the banks of our numberless rivers.

IDLENESS is hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work to those who are.

THE LITTLE ITALIAN SHEPHERDESS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART FIRST.—JOHN BRAYNOR'S SON.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN BRAYNOR lost no time in doing exactly what he had said he would do. Walter Dellerton was scarcely out of sight before he left the house himself and hastened to find a magistrate. In his possession he placed the document which he so highly valued, and the two saw it securely put away in the safe of a mutual friend before they felt that the matter was entirely and safely settled. Then Mr. Braynor looked in at the post-office for his mail, and called at a store or two for some needed groceries. At some of these places he heard of the encounter which had taken place, earlier in the day, between Mart Glugg and Ward Dellerton.

After this, as the afternoon was pleasant, and as he felt that he could not endure to be indoors while he was in his peculiarly nervous condition, he walked about in the open air, thinking of the new problem which the visit from Dellerton had put before him.

It may be stated as a fact that crime of any sort is always wicked; expediency is never a valid excuse for wrongdoing; "doing evil that good may come" is a very dangerous way of playing with fire. *Of two evils*, one should resolutely choose *neither*. But sophistry has always had its victims; it always will, I suppose; I regret having to write that they are usually those who

deserve a better fate than that which too often falls to the lot of the tempted.

I regret, too, having to write anything but good of John Braynor. I wish I could put fact aside, make this all fiction, and write him down as perfect. But I cannot do it. All manner of men make up the world. There are the reckless and debonair Dellertons, who will do anything for selfish pleasure; there are the deliberate Gluggs, who will go to any extremes for vengeance; there are others, heaven help them! who will let logic lie to their souls—men who "*of two evils choose the least*," and live and die regretting it.

Beside the Dellertons and the Gluggs, also, there are Braynors as well.

Did you ever notice the way in which one crime resembles another? Murderers kill in one or another of a very few ways. They conceal their victims in ways that have nothing original in them. Take the history of a dozen well-marked crimes of any sort, burglaries for instance, and nearly all others of which you may read in a lifetime will have no features nor details which will not fit into the history of one or another of the dozen cases as though they belonged there; the new will agree with the old in all essential respects; try the experiment of reading and recording, and you will be ready to say over and over again that you have read just the same thing before, with the exception of names and dates.

The desperately wicked man, to be sure, may be original; the man to whom sin is a delight and crime a profession may do what has never been done before—or he may not. There is genius in crime, I fear, as well as in art and poetry. But the man who merely lets temptation find him weak, the man who falls when he sins instead of remaining on the same level that he had already reached, is only an imitator, and usually an awkward one.

We are likely to find John Braynor awkward.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Braynor had no idea of letting any wrongdoing on his part grow out of his cousin's death when he placed the certificate of her marriage in the hands of Dr. Pilleo. If the doctor had been so unwise or so unfortunate as to suggest anything evil to him, there would have been a scene. If Mrs. Johnson had hinted at revenge, after he had found all that he had, there would have been a serious disagreement between them, the first in all their lives.

Men do not fall from right to wrong all at once; there is more than a step between strength and weakness. To the suggestions of others there are two possible answers, sturdy denial and absence. To the promptings of one's own heart there is little chance for a final answer at all.

So John Braynor, walking the streets and thinking, was in serious danger. He had better have gone home to good Mrs. Johnson, and to her homely and wholesome sympathy. And this is the form his danger took:

Some one had told him of the quarrel between Martin Glugg and Ward Dellerton. Dr. Pilleo had not allowed the good name of Annette to suffer all that long day, and all in the village knew that her child was the child of Dellerton as well. So almost the next thing he heard after the account of the morning's encounter was something like this, from a group of men on a corner, as he turned and passed by them:

"A very unfortunate thing to be the son of a man like that."

"Very."

"I cannot think that any one could grow up under the influence of a father like that and become a good man."

"Nor I."

"It is a pity that the son of Annette should run the risk of a fate like the one which is likely to be his."

"It is indeed."

Then he heard men and women talk of the event of last night; men and women at every corner and at every crossing, it seemed; men and women in maddening numbers, though one and all they would have called him friend, and they greeted him with a grave cordiality and sympathy when they saw him, or hushed their voices to silence until he had passed out of hearing.

More than once he slackened his pace, on coming up behind a group who were unaware of his presence, that he might not hear. Of course they had all heard of the certificate, but there are always some to doubt; they said some things of his dead love, some of them, which brought the quick and angry blood into his cheek. It was hardest of all for him, when the words they said grew from their respect and pity for him and from their hatred of the cruel wrong which had been done him.

"I wonder how her cousin John takes it? He used to care a great deal for her, didn't he?"

"It'll teach him not to go off on a year's journey to foreign lands again, I fancy."

Then the two caught sight of John, and hurried away with as nervous a speed as though they had done an intentional wrong, and as though they had been guilty of more than a gossipy thoughtlessness. Though why should they, his old friends and neighbors, speak so lightly of the sore trouble which had fallen upon him? Why indeed? Though it's the way of the world.

"I wonder whether Dellerton knew about it this morning?" asked one man of his friend.

"I don't know; he was wonderfully touchy about something."

"He gave a great deal of attention to Annette just after her cousin went away a year ago; you remember that, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, but I had never supposed he meant much by it. She was always too good for a man like him, and besides it is said that he's engaged to a couple of million dollars in New York."

"Engaged to a couple of million dollars?"

"That's what I said. That's about the size of it. There's a woman goes with the money, of course, but it's the money that counts in this case, I fancy."

"Who is she?"

"I don't know. I don't remember the name of the unfortunate individual. I think I heard it once, though."

So much for those persons. They drifted out of John's hearing, busy still with their discussion of the most delicious bit of scandal which had come Pleanton's way for a century or so."

And so it went on. John heard a little here, a little there, until he found that he was afflicted with the general desire for discussion, and was saying the substance of this to himself:

"Ward Dellerton will be the ruin of Annette's son. He concealed his marriage because he would not break with some other woman. But Annette is dead; the marriage will be made public; the other woman will forgive—being a woman. He will take the boy away. It will be the last of him to us. It will be the first step toward the ruin of his life. How I long to keep him where I could watch him grow up to an honest and honored manhood. He has the Braynor blood in his veins; he is Annette's child; must her life have been given for his in vain? How can I endure it? How can I ever meet her in another, happier world, and tell her I could not save her child?"

Then the words of a couple of women came to his ears, and gave him a hint for future action; they put the overwhelming temptation of his life before him.

"Two babies in one night is remarkable for our little town of Pleanton," said one.

"Yes," replied the other. "And how sad to think of pretty Annette Braynor—or Dellerton, I suppose we must learn to say—lying dead in the great house up yonder; dead, when she had so much in life to live for only a short year ago—love, wealth, everything."

"And the other mother, despite her poverty and the lives of hard work she and her husband lead, doing so well."

"Yes, indeed. It does seem as though Providence, or fate, or something, evened things up in this world, don't it? The blacksmith's son has a mother and a name, at least; while——"

And they, in their turn, were heard no more.

Then John Braynor stood still in the street, and took his hat from his aching head. One would have thought him listening, from the attitude he took. And he was listening, though not in the common and usual way.

Nor in a safe way!

John's bad self was talking words of folly to his better one.

"The child of the laborer has little to hope for from his surroundings. *He* will suffer as much at home as he would with Dellerton. But the life that would grow up dwarfed and stunted at home, with no hope for culture and education, might escape its natural fate by the grace of the power of gold. The blacksmith's son, with Dellerton's money, might secure happiness; he would, at least, have a chance. With Dellerton's life and influence against him, he could not well be worse than he will probably be in the narrow and sordid life in which circumstance has ordered that his lot be cast. But if the son of Annette—Annette *Dellerton*, much as I hate to give her that name—if her son could remain in the village, I could help him to a good and worthy future. Books, education, a college course, money with which to begin life, and last of all, the whole of the Braynor property when I die; these things I could secure to the boy growing up in the blacksmith's home, if the boy were only the son of my poor dead love. *Why not change the children?*"

That was the question. "Why not change the children?" You see, John Braynor's tempter had proposed nothing new. He had asked him to become a vulgar imitator of a vulgar class of criminals. He came with the false formula, old and hoary with iniquity, which begins as my story does, "*Of two evils.*" Because murder or arson were worse, John Braynor was likely to say that the sin to which his love and despair called him was not desperately wicked. He was likely to fall.

Alas and alas! poor John Braynor!

One would not sweep one house, and another, and a clustering group here and a whole village there, with happy lives uncounted, down to shapeless ruin and sudden death; let him, then, hold his breath when there is danger by, casting with careless hand no stone aside. Those to whom God has given it to walk upon the Alpine heights of life must be worthy of their place; they must never forget the steep below them; they must remember the hurrying horror of the avalanche!

Alas and alas! poor John Braynor!

Let this man do what he has proposed it to himself to do, and the evil deed shall bear bitter fruit when the grasses are green above his grave. Let him do it, and he shall find life hollow. Let him do it, and he shall face death with fear. He shall be happy—more than happy—if to his eyes, closing on this world, it shall be given to see that the future may set right the wrong his busy brain has coaxed his hesitating hands to do.

Alas and alas! poor John Braynor!

I shall not waste your time—nor my own—in telling all of John's fierce fight over this terrible question during the hour or more of the afternoon which he gave to it. His better nature did brave battle. But love and passion were arrayed against him; the "heaviest battalions" were on the side of wrong.

It is not pleasant to trace out the conquest of a man like John Braynor. It is unwise to undertake to measure his responsibility. Let it go.

It was not yet sunset, though the shadows were lengthening, when he turned his face toward the hills and left the village behind him in his hurried walk. He was following the path which Martin Glugg took when he went fishing.

He had not fallen yet. He had not said to himself that he would be guilty of this great crime. He felt almost sure that he should be strong enough and brave enough to put the temptation aside. Only, if he did do this deed, it must be done at once; only, if he did it, he must have help; only, if it was right and good and best, he must seek the aid of a wicked man; only, if his wish for the boy's future outweighed all else, he could do no better than buy the secrecy and the service of the bitterest enemy the boy's father had. And so—and so——

Oh, man! man! do you not know that the one who follows after the means temptation suggests is lost already!

On he walked, trying to think that he would put away from him all thought of evil—by-and-by. On he walked, up the narrow passes between the hills, over the ridge, along the ledges of rock, by the side of the hurrying streams, through quiet glens, on, on, on!

He thought of the love he had had for Annette all his life, and of how his heart would hold the same deathless regard for her always—and he did not pause to think how great a snare love may be; he did not remember how fatal her love for Ward Dellerton had been for her. He only remembered that before she died her love and trust had turned from Dellerton to him. He only remembered that she had asked him to care for her son. That was all.

Temptation looked like truth. Sin looked like duty. He paused on the top of a hill, the bright flush of the dying day lying warm along the sky across the path before him. He shut his teeth a little closer together. A half-defiant prayer stirred his soul—an impious plea that he might not fail to find the man he was seeking among the hills. He raised his right hand, slowly and with a strange hesitation.

"*God helping me, I will do it!*" he said.

Ah, well! John Braynor is not the only man who has trodden that path. He is not the only one who has called the sunset glow upon the hills his future's omen, forgetting that it means the coming of the night—with night already fallen in the valleys.

Men have given their souls for woman's love, many, many times. So brave as that, they should be brave enough to tell the truth, say what they do, not call it but a little thing when they have fallen.

Chapter VI.

So it was John Braynor who said "Good-evening" to Martin Glugg. It was John Braynor who had sworn that Ward Dellerton's child should change names and places and lives with another, because *he* believed it good and

best. He put himself above Providence—above God. Then he forgot his consistency so far as to seek to make Mart Glugg his tool, because he felt *he* would see revenge on Ward Dellerton in it all.

Alas and alas! John Braynor. The devil's logic had won!

It was a strange interview which took place between these two men, as they walked toward Pleanton together in the early Summer night. I wish I could make it clear to you how strange it was.

John Braynor tacitly admitted that Martin Glugg was as good as himself. This was a terrible admission for a man to make at night, whose manhood at morning had stood so high—a most terrible admission. He admitted it by attempting to convince Glugg that the act he contemplated would be right. It is a compliment that wrong usually pays its tools, the implication that they would do no wrong. There was this awful truth hidden in the affair, though, even if Braynor never thought of it. His admission that Glugg was as good as himself, was a confession that he was as bad as Glugg. And that would have been a very humiliating confession for John Braynor to have been compelled to put into concise and straightforward English, even if he had known of Glugg's self-sacrificing act of mixing his last liquor with more water than usual.

But perhaps it would have been true. Right and wrong are not entirely conditioned by time; they are not altogether the fruits of the work of men's hands. A hope may make a man almost an angel; a purpose may make him almost a fiend. All of which makes me very sorry for John Braynor.

Glugg was ready in just five minutes.

It had taken just five minutes to tell him exactly what was wanted.

When the end of the sixth minute had put him in possession of the offer of a hundred dollars for his services, he could scarcely refrain from shouting for joy.

But Braynor talked on, and on, and on. Glugg was silent. John was eloquent. But is it not always true that his argument is keenest and most subtle who most needs to convince—*himself?*

"You will do what I want?" asked Braynor, with a doubt in his voice which his reason told him was a lie and a cheat.

"Do it? Of course I will. I would do anything to injure Ward Dellerton. But isn't there some risk? What is your plan?"

"My plan is this, and my reasons are these: There are two express-trains through here for New York every day, as you know, one at ten o'clock at night, the other at noon. If Dellerton carries out his threat of taking his dead wife and his living child away to-night, we shall fail. If he does, as I believe he will, wait until to-morrow, we shall have a chance of success. Mind you, I say a chance, for there are many things which may frustrate our plans. But if both the babies are well and asleep, I have hopes that the thing can be done. I suggest this. The watchman will be at the station when the ten o'clock train passes through. So ten o'clock will be a good time, don't you see?"

"I see that," said Glugg.

"Now, Mrs. Johnson is pretty thoroughly worn out. There will be two or three other women in the house to-night, I suppose, on account of the dead lady; some one or more will sit up all night in an adjoining room to the one in which she is. But Mrs. Johnson will insist on taking care of the baby."

"That doesn't look very promising to me," said Glugg.

"Just wait a little. Mrs. Johnson's room is on the ground-floor. There is only a narrow hall, running across the house from side to side, between that room and the one I used to call my own."

"Well?"

"Well, the baby will be in that room. The windows open to the floor. It is not at all likely that they will be fastened, or even closed, such a warm night as this will be. They won't be until later than ten o'clock. I will wait until nearly ten, wait long enough to be sure she is thoroughly sleepy, and then I will propose to Mrs. Johnston that she is to go up-stairs to where her friends are, and try to get a little rest. I will promise to look after the child, I will promise to call her if she is needed. She is a very docile old creature. She will be sure to go. I promise you the coast will be clear by ten o'clock, so that you can take away Dellerton's child, if——"

"If what?'

"If the little one is neither sick nor wakeful."

"You seem to feel sure of Mrs. Johnson?" said Glugg, with doubting inquiry.

"I am. I wish I was one-half as sure of the boy."

"Well, suppose the child is asleep and the coast clear, what then?"

"Go in at the window——"

"At the window?" asked Glugg.

"Certainly," said Braynor. "I told you about the window, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you will be where you could let me in at the door without any trouble, won't you?"

Braynor shook his head.

"That cannot be. Do you suppose I am going to pay you a hundred dollars for carrying nine or ten pounds an eighth of a mile, and bringing a similar bundle back again? Not at all. I pay you for the risk you take. If you fail, I am not going to be mixed up in the matter."

Glugg drew back a little.

"Oh-h-h!" he said.

"If it were not for the danger I would do it myself," said Braynor.

"You would?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said Glugg, cheerfully, "never mind that. Having got the Dellerton baby, what then?"

"Go down to the blacksmith's house, watch your chances, do your best; bring back the other baby if possible. Then go your way, and never mention the matter to any one."

They turned a corner in the rude road leading around the base of a hill, and Pleanton was before them. The evening was dark and cloudy, and there were many lights shining from the windows already, although the clock in the church-steeple was only striking eight.

"Well," said Glugg, "the work is dangerous and doubtful. If I take all the danger, you must take all the doubt. I must be paid for doing my best, whether I fail or not."

"You shall be."

"I must have a part of the pay in advance."

"That is well. Will fifty dollars be enough for to-night?"

"It will. But I must be well paid. I must be very well paid."

"You shall be. I have offered you a hundred dollars."

Glugg shook his head.

"Two hundred?"

"No."

"Three?"

"No."

"How much will you do the work for?"

"I will do the best I can—for one thousand dollars."

John Braynor did not hesitate a moment. There are occasions when money is not regarded.

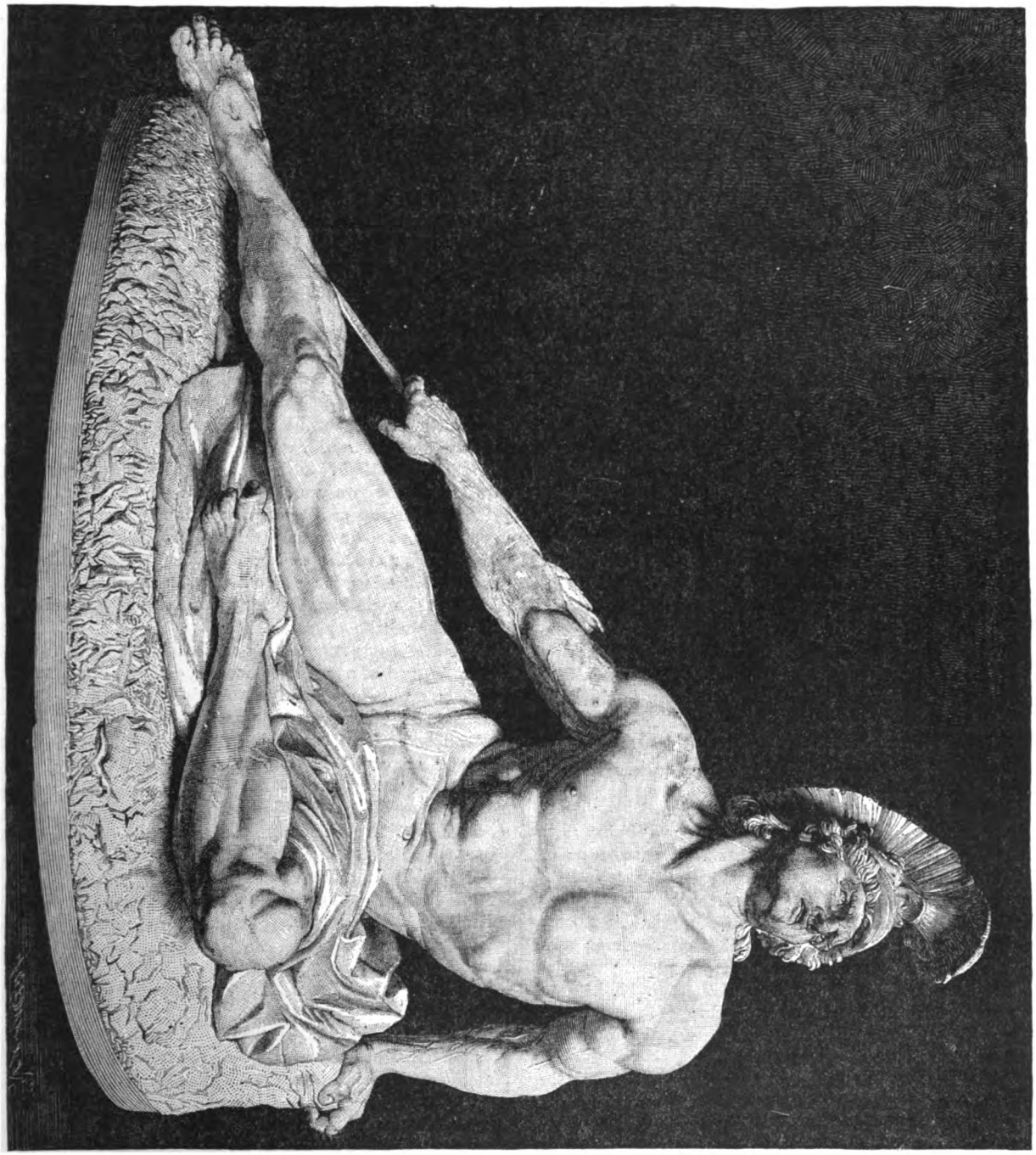
"It is a bargain," he said, taking Glugg by the hand.

A minute later he had given him a hundred dollars, double the amount which had been demanded as a first payment. They parted five minutes later, Glugg to enter the village proper, Braynor to go to his home, which stood on the borders of the place.

Mr. Martin Glugg astonished his friends in several respects on his arrival at the village. He went first to a clothing-store, where he purchased a suit, which, though rather too striking to be in the best of taste, was nevertheless whole and clean and new. He paid for the clothing.

"Ward Dellerton called me a vagabond," he said, as he left the store; "Ward Dellerton is a liar."

He had exchanged his old garments for the new before he had been in town a quarter of an hour. He had convinced his friends, not in words, but in actions, that he was sober—for once. He had declined two invitations to drink. I do not wonder that his friends were amazed.



ACHILLES DYING.—FROM THE STATUE BY ERNST HERTER IN THE IMPERIAL CASTLE, VIENNA.

A half-hour after he had reached Pleanton he was the possessor of a watch and chain. The jeweler assured him that the watch was an excellent timekeeper; as he did not vouch for the genuineness of the cases and the chain, I shall not, though they certainly looked like gold. Glugg paused a moment at the door as he departed.

"Ward Dellerton is a liar," he said; "he called me a vagabond."

The barber-shop of the village stood next the saloon. It isn't likely that an evening had passed for years without seeing Martin Glugg an inmate of the saloon; he had never been inside the barber-shop. But, to-night, it was that door that he opened. It certainly did begin to look as though reformation had taken root in this man's being. Forty-five minutes in town, and wanting a shave!

He opened the door.

"Ward Dellerton is a liar," he said.

This story would undoubtly be a very different one, had he gone to the saloon instead.

* * * * * *

John Braynor took a long walk before he went home. He was nervous. He was excited. He was almost sick.

It may be that he was a trifle remorseful. It is not easy for a man to break away from honor and truth without some painful relapses.

He walked rapidly. He walked far. He almost forgot that he had promised to be at his home at a certain hour. He thought of his promise. He hurried back. He found he was but little too soon. It lacked but ten minutes of ten when he entered his house.

There was a light in his own room below-stairs, as well as the inevitable lights above. He turned to his own room at once. He opened the door. Mrs. Johnson rose up out of the depths of an easy-chair to greet him.

"I came in here to wait for you," she said, "and I almost gave up your coming, you were so late. The boy is in my room, sleeping like the little darling he is. The door is ajar. You will hear the slightest sound. I am very tired, and——"

Isn't there some sort of proverb about the way in which some sort of personage smooths the way for those who are going to the—to the presence of that personage, in at least a figurative sense?

"Go right up-stairs and get some rest if you can," he said.

"Thank you," said she. And she went.

It wasn't long to ten o'clock, though ten minutes can stretch out to a not inconsiderable length under some circumstances.

John stole in and took a look at the sleeping child. Then he came back, leaving both doors open, and the clock struck ten.

John Braynor settled himself to wait.

He heard the night express come; heard it stop; heard it go away; heard the sound of its wheels vanish into the silence of the night.

And he waited—waited—waited.

Waited while he wondered why Glugg did not come; waited while he wondered when he would come; waited while he wondered if he would come at all; wondered what he would do if Glugg failed him. A long and weary while; an age it seemed; a vigil to make a man grow old.

The clock struck eleven.

He almost counted the minutes now. Would Glugg never come? He went in and looked at the sleeping child again—the innocent sleeping child. He wondered whether or not he was doing wisely and best; no matter; he had put his hand to the work; he would not turn back. This infant should not have the future which would be his if he remained in this house until morning—not if he could make his future otherwise.

He seated himself on the side of the bed. How weak the child was, how tiny and feeble and frail. How helpless; how dependent upon others—upon John Braynor, among the rest. How much of wisdom it would need to——

There was a ring at the door-bell, then, and John Braynor was saved from the need of deciding whether he had the requisite wisdom or not. He glanced at his watch. It was half-past eleven. He wondered why Glugg was so late. He wondered why he had come by way of the front door after all.

He went back through his room, leaving all the doors open behind him, and proceeded to the front door. The night was very dark. Storm was threatening. The gust of wind shook the lamp he had picked up, and almost extinguished it. He could see the dark form of a man on the threshold; that was all; recognition was impossible until his visitor had stepped into the hall. Braynor started back in astonishment. It was not Glugg who stood before him. It was Dr. Pilleo.

And Braynor was amazed. Think of it. The doctor had been his lifelong friend, and had visited him hundreds of times, while the foot of Martin Glugg had never passed over his threshold in all his life.

"What a hot night!" said the doctor, vigorously mopping his forehead with his handkerchief; "what an exceedingly sultry and uncomfortable night! We shall have a storm before morning."

Braynor went and closed the door leading from his room to the narrow passage between it and the one where the sleeping child was. "Suppose Glugg should come now," he said desperately to himself, hoping as earnestly that he would not come soon, as he had hoped before that he would.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed the doctor, testily; "don't do that! Do you want to suffocate me?"

And he arose and opened the door again.

Then he sat down and talked. He talked of Annette, of Dellerton, of the child; he talked while John sat in agony, listening for a footstep outside, listening for a hand at the window, listening for a stealthy tread across the floor of the chamber.

Would Glugg come? Would he be sober? Would he come in, full of a comical drunken dignity, one arm bearing the child—one empty hand stolidly outstretched for his pay? The thought was terrible. But Dr. Pilleo talked on and on, while he pretended to listen; talked on and on, until he almost feared he would go mad under the infliction.

Twelve o'clock. No Glugg.

Half-past twelve. Only Dr. Pilleo, and John Braynor's fears.

One o'clock. The doctor rose.

"I thought a friendly face would cheer you up a little," said the doctor.

"Yes," said John.

"But I must be going now."

"Come again," said John, catching himself just in season to keep from saying "Don't hurry."

They had spoken, or perhaps I ought rather to say that the doctor had, of many of the friends and acquaintances in whom John had been interested previous to his European trip. The doctor had meant well. He had intended to lead John's thoughts away from his sorrow. He undoubtedly believed he had succeeded well. We know how well. How common the complacent disciple of good intentions toward the sorrowing is.

"Oh, by the way——" began the doctor, looking about for the umbrella he had thought it prudent to bring.

In the incidental information of this world lies its greatest shocks and surprises, its greatest joys and sorrows. The doctor was about to interest John Braynor when he said that.

John found him his umbrella.

"Well?" he said.

"By-the-way, you knew Glugg, Martin Glugg, didn't you?" said the doctor.

"I—I *know* him," faltered John, too loyal to his own past to put his verb in that tense.

"Have you heard the latest about him?"

"The latest," gasped John, wondering what he could mean, what he could know; "the latest? Do you mean his encounter with the villain Dellerton, this morning?"

"Ah, no; not that. That's old news hours ago. I mean his adventure this evening."

"This evening? When? Where? What happened?"

"They caught him."

"Caught him?"

John Braynor reeled against the wall for support. His face was very white. It was fortunate for him, perhaps, that the doctor was not only near-sighted, but that he was taking a look at the weather just then.

"Yes, they got him. As strange a thing as you ever heard of, too."

"Very likely. What did he say?"

"He was very cool about it. He admitted the whole matter."

"Yes," said John, calm with the very calmness of despair; "please tell me all about it!"

"There isn't much to tell. It seems Glugg went into the barber's shop. There were two men there, two strangers; he knew them at once, though they did not know him. He knew, though, it seems, just what they must be after. He did not hesitate. He walked straight up to them.

"'I suppose you've a man at the station, of course?' he said, in a bantering way.

"'A man at the station? I don't think I quite understand you,' answered one of them.

"'Maybe your memory isn't quite good. Mine is. I thought I had got away where you'd never find me. I was mistaken, it seems. I shall not fight. I shall not run. You've followed me, I don't know how. I simply give it up,' said Glugg."

"Give it up? Followed him? What do you mean?" said Braynor, a hope beginning to take shape in his mind that it was not *his* business and *his* crime which the unfortunate Glugg was caught at.

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know the full particulars. There were four men in all in the party who came for him. They had a requisition from the Governor of some Southern State; Georgia I think—I am not sure. Glugg, it seems, was serving a thirty years' sentence. He had killed some one, and there had been just enough of extenuating circumstances to save him from hanging or a life sentence. The officers who were here to-night say, so I am told, that he had been such a prisoner; so docile, so obedient, so industrious in any labor he might have to do, that the authorities who had charge of him had learned to like him. They had forgotten to use as much care in his case as prudence would have dictated; he was waiting, with patience and a pretended resignation, for his chance. One night he believed his time had come for action; he had waited long; he had let doubtful opportunities pass him by; he had been there for ten years; he felt sure he could escape; he made the trial."

The doctor paused.

"Well, what then?" asked Braynor.

"He meant to escape unseen and unsuspected. He had made a mistake in some of his cleverly laid plans. One of the guards discovered him."

"And, then?"

"And, then, it chanced that he had the advantage of the guard in some way. He could go quietly back to his punishment, or he could go out to freedom over the dead body of the guard."

"My God, what an alternative! What did he do?"

"*He came out!* Within two weeks from that time he had baffled all pursuit, and was hidden in this village of Pleanton."

"And what have they done with him?" asked Braynor.

"They have gone. They took him with them on the ten o'clock express."

And the doctor, having finished his incidental story, and having taken a final doubtful look at the weather, walked out into the threatening darkness, and disappeared.

John Braynor walked back into his room. So this was the manner of man he had had to deal with. This was the dead level to which he had sunk himself! He had shaken hands with Martin Glugg—a murderer! He had hired him to do a desperate, dangerous job—a job for *him*—a criminal work, fit only for dark nights, for the heretofore honest and honorable John Braynor. He had paid this man money, had he? He had shared his secret with him. And, now, unless he let his purpose go unsatisfied, he must take all the dangers himself, being cruel hands as well as crafty brain, must he?

The clock struck two.

Chapter VII.

For a story told at second or third hand, the doctor's story of Glugg's capture had been remarkably accurate.

Glugg had gone into the barber-shop.

"Ward Dellerton is a liar," he said, as he shut the door.

Then he had walked up to the two men he knew so well, though they had forgotten him, and had held a conversation with them which was substantially as the doctor had heard it and told it.

The chief officer was rather too shrewd to believe in Glugg. A fox run to earth might let the hunters put their hands upon him; that was no reason for thinking he would not bite nor run again, if he saw a chance of escape open to him. The officer had the irons on Glugg's wrists, and had searched him for any weapon he might happen to have, before he felt quite safe.

The officers and their prisoner reached the station in good season for the ten o'clock express. The train was on time. I do not wonder that the representatives of law and order were elated. They had been in Pleanton only about two hours; they had been absent from New York only twelve.

"I have one favor to ask of you," said Glugg, looking up into the face of the man who sat alert and watchful by his side, while the train thundered on, at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour, toward the great city, and toward the awful fate waiting for him somewhere beyond; "only one favor."

"Well?" asked the officer, in a very discouraging and non-committal tone.

"I think I've earned it. I might have taken to the woods and given you no end of trouble in finding me. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, but——"

"But I didn't. Exactly that. I didn't. Then I suppose you relied on your memory of my face and appearance entirely; you hadn't asked any one to say to you, 'There, that's Mart Glugg—that's the man you want'; honestly now, had you?"

"No, but——"

"But I didn't take advantage of the silence I might

have guessed your natural official reserve would prompt you to keep regarding the object of your visit to Pleanton. I might have gotten out of town. I might have gone to New York. I might, possibly, have baffled you for weeks."

"Certainly, but we should have caught you at last. Once we had the clew, we should have followed it until we found you."

"I knew it. I knew the moment I saw you that my game was played out to the end. I knew that I had got to go back to that horrible prison again. I didn't count on your not knowing me when you once really had a fair sight at me. I don't quite understand why you didn't."

"There are several reasons. Among the rest is the fact that I *had* asked a careless question or two about you, and I wasn't looking for a well-dressed gentleman, with a gold watch, and sober besides."

"I—I had reformed," said Glugg, with a pitiful pathos in his voice.

The officer laughed.

"Recently, wasn't it? No one seemed to know of it there."

"I shall keep my resolution," said Glugg, stoutly; "I shall not touch liquor again."

"No," said the officer, quietly; "for a good many years to come, more perhaps than you are likely to live, I don't think you will."

Glugg bowed his head upon the back of the car-seat in front of him, and the night express rushed on toward the fate he must face.

The officer was not naturally an unkind man, though his calling had perhaps hardened his heart a little against the race of evil-doers. He sat for a half-hour or more, watching Glugg. He did not trust him. His reason told him not to believe in him. But there is a soft side to every human heart when human suffering is in question. The officer was unprofessional enough to pity his prisoner. He reached over and touched him on the shoulder.

Glugg looked up.

The lamps in the car were not very bright. I am not *sure* that there were tears in Glugg's eyes.

"You didn't tell me the favor you had to ask," said the officer, kindly.

"Do you think I've earned it?" asked Glugg eagerly.

"I cannot tell until I know what it is. I will do anything reasonable."

"Thank you. That is only being fair. I suppose I am only being reasonable with you, in my turn. I am going quietly. I have made no fuss. I shall make none. I shall not try any *habeas corpus* foolishness with you, though I have no doubt you are without the warrant, and the requisition you could easily get—later."

The officer made no reply. To tell the truth, Glugg was correct in his surmise. He looked in the face of the man who had him in custody, and he knew he was.

"It's all right," he said, cheerfully; "I made up my mind to the inevitable when I found you were in Pleanton. A day or two, more or less, will make no difference. Now, I ask this favor: Tell me how you found me after all these years; tell me how you got on my track. Will you do it?"

"I will. I've been in New York city for nearly a month, looking up some criminal matters that hadn't the slightest connection with you. I met various gentlemen there, in one way and another, some socially, but more on business. Some I had known before; some I met for the first time during this visit. The one who gave me the information which brought me here was not a new acquaintance. This forenoon, just before time for the train to start, I got a telegram; I took the friend and fellow-officer who was with me when you surrendered yourself this evening, and two New York detectives, and hurried to the train. We were just in season. You know all the rest."

"Not quite all. I have not seen the telegram. May I see it?"

The officer handed it to him.

Glugg looked at the message and muttered a horrible curse. There were no tears in his eyes then, I am sure of that. The hot heart may dry up the fountains of grief; it may almost sear and wither the brain as well.

This was the telegram:

"A. GRIPPER, ESQ., "PLEANTON, August —, 1860.

"*Care of Chief of Police, New York City:*

"Do you want man named Mart Glugg. He is here."

"WARD DELLERTON."

Glugg handed the message back to the officer. The latter had shown his prisoner the favor asked; he had done his kindly best; I think he had better not have done it.

"Do—do you think they'll hang me?" faltered Glugg.

"I think not," said the officer. "You are an old man already, and under a heavy sentence, and——"

"Do you think they'll make it more than twenty years?"

"I think not. I believe you will be required to serve out your old sentence. Seriously, Glugg, you know you are not likely to live twenty years of prison life."

"I *will* live twenty years," said Glugg, grimly; "if that is all they ask of me. I will live twenty years very patiently—very, very patiently, if—if——"

"If what?" asked the officer.

"*If I may hope for the pleasure of a short interview with Ward Dellerton after that!*"

* * * * * *

The clock struck two. John Braynor must do what he had to do very soon, or he could not do it at all. He crossed into the room where the sleeping child lay. He raised it from the bed. The boy made no sound, no movement. The man pressed the little one more closely in his arms. He looked about him fearfully; every stirring shadow startled him. Every sound was a fresh terror. He came forward into his own sitting-room, leaving the bed in the other room empty. He wondered whether he looked like a thief. He knew he felt like one.

He crept out into the hall. He listened there. There was no noise above-stairs that he could hear. The only noises in the universe seemed those of the wild night, beating at door and window and groaning in tempestuous agony along the eaves—these, and the wilder beating of his own heart.

He opened the front door. A gust filled the hall with its wild clamor. The voice of the wind seemed to scold and chide him—and to mock him, too.

The night was black as ink. The lawn and trees seemed blotted out. There was only the seeming blankness of empty space before him.

He stepped out upon the piazza. He closed the door behind him. He wondered dazedly what he should do after that if he should fail. Then he ran down the steps, the sleeping child in his arms, and dashed away as though the fiends were on his track. Without a hat, without umbrella or waterproof to protect him from the threatening rain, but with the stolen child closely grasped in his arms; on, on he ran.

HAGAR.—FROM THE PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.

Down the walk, with the trees on either side showing for a moment only, as he passed them, each seeming to his excited mind to start forward toward him through the darkness, only to draw back, frightened at the wrong he was doing.

Across the road, faster yet. Down the sidewalk on the opposite side. He had run like a man in a race. But the time had seemed like hours to him.

He turned into the yard where the blacksmith's house was situated. One window showed a dim light—a window on the ground-floor. He stole swiftly there, and looked in.

The window was on the side of the house opposite that from which the wind came, and had been left open on account of the hot night. The window opened into a small room, a very small room, indeed; and one which was very poorly furnished. There was a bed in the room, a very low and narrow one. A bureau with a cracked glass, a small table, and two chairs completed the furniture of the room.

The bed was close to the window. On the further side lay the sick mother of the child he meant to steal and send away with Ward Dellerton; she was gaining strength and life and vigor in the happy fields of sleep. In a chair just beyond her sat the nurse, sound asleep, too. Next the window, and next him, was his little victim. He reached in, lifted out the little boy, and stooped down into the darkness again.

They say necessity knows no law. Strange deeds grow from that truth. I have read of deeds so wicked, or so full of pathos, that it was said they would have made the angels weep. Perhaps John Braynor's crime would fall in the same category with these sad acts of sinful men; I am strongly inclined to think it would. But I can think of nothing but laughter being due to his hurried performance of undressing those babies, under the window of the blacksmith's house, and clothing each in the garments of the other; it was a very slow and awkward and exceedingly solemn experience for John, though.

John Braynor called himself lucky. Each of my readers is entitled to his or her own opinion regarding the correctness of that belief. He got the children fixed at last, having run the risk of killing them, both by violent treatment and by exposure to the air—a little matter enough to John by that time, no doubt, taking everything into consideration.

The fresh air—the freshest which the sultry night could furnish—seemed to do them good; it's a habit fresh air has when one will give it a chance; and the infants seemed to know by instinct that their fate for a few years included being tossed and trotted, and poked and tickled, and patted and punched, and rolled and rocked, and—and so forth, and were doubtless too young yet to know that John's manipulations were so gentle, in comparison with what they should have expected, that they ought to have aroused suspicion and protest.

John succeeded, anyway, and we needn't go too deep into the philosophy underlying it. Humanity has had the reputation in past ages of having help from a very questionable source; I cannot say how correct the old tales may be. John Braynor didn't look over his shoulder. I don't know whether he didn't dare, or whether he only didn't think of it.

He laid the child which he had stolen from the room of Mrs. Johnson, the child which had claims on the hospitality of his home—claims which he had betrayed—on the bed beside the blacksmith's wife. He took the one he had stolen from its place beside the tired, sleeping mother, and hurried away in the darkness.

Out through the gate. Up the sidewalk. Across the street. Up his own walk. Into the hall. What a swift, mad race it was!

He paused in the hall a moment again, to listen. There was no sound but those he had heard before. He entered his own room. He passed hurriedly through it. He crossed the passage. He laid the little one on the bed from which he had taken the other one. It missed something—the warm, close pressure of his arms, perhaps—and raised its voice in a feeble cry of pain.

"Crying for me!" he groaned; "crying for me! God forgive me. And I have just condemned this little life to live and grow and take his chances for happiness here and salvation hereafter—*with Ward Dellerton!* Crying for me!"

He caught the child up in his arms, its at first feeble wail groan to a fierce scream, and paced hurriedly up and down the bedroom-floor. I think he had, for a moment, a mad intention of undoing the wrong he had done. It was but half-past two, and——

A fiercer blast than before struck the house. A flash of lightning lit up the darkness. A crash of thunder, loud enough almost to deafen the heavens, filled the air with sound. The rain came down in a torrent. The door opened. Mrs. Johnson came in.

"You kind, good man!" she cried, with enthusiasm; "you noble fellow! Why did you not call me? Here, let me take the little fellow."

Her touch was like magic. She quieted the sufferer. The baby boy hushed himself into sleep again.

And John Braynor walked back to his room again. Walked, did I say? *Crept*, rather! Crept like the criminal and coward that he was! Too high; too sure of the love and respect of his fellows; too proud of his past—to confess his sin and make humble restitution to the wronged. And there was now no other escape than confusion—no other escape. John Braynor is not the first man who has found but a minute between successful sin and unavailing remorse. He is not the only one who has found the bitter ashes of the brilliant Dead Sea fruit upon his lips. Remorse may be well for him, since it may make him better. But what shall be the future of the two whose lives he has changed? He has been careless of foot upon the high ridges of this life of ours; God does not alter nature's laws for man's sake; it is the thoughtful caution, not the half-mad, heart-broken prayer, which averts the avalanche!

John Braynor's punishment had begun already.

John Braynor's punishment will last for him as long as life does. Why? Because he will not abase himself; because he will not come down from his high place of honor, crying "Peccavi," to begin in the valleys his struggle toward the heights again.

He may be brave enough to leave a statement of the truth behind him, when he dies. Let us hope so. He may be willing to let men look down upon his face, some day, saying "He did it," when his eyes can no longer see their scorn nor his white lips answer them. Let us hope for that at least, since we can hope no more. God help him.

Who knows his crime? From whom does danger shadow him as he sits there?

No one knows. No human one, he means. His secret is his own. Though he eat his heart out, he is safe.

And yet——

Another knew his purpose. His secret is not his own. No one on earth knows what he has done. It may be that no one would believe him brave enough to do the deed himself.

But so far as thought—intent—purpose—is concerned, another does know it.

He does share his secret with another; a man who has been a vagabond, a drunken loafer, an escaped convict, a murderer. He shares his secret with Martin Glugg.

And in twenty years—twenty years——

Dr. Pilleo did say twenty years, did he not?

And he falls to wondering whether they may not hang the man for having killed the guard. He hopes they will; he prays——

Then he starts to his feet, shuddering as he sees the depths to which he has fallen.

And so the night went on; and so it wore itself out—and the hope of John Braynor with it.

His punishment was bitter, very bitter, already.

Chapter VIII.

Ward Dellerton carried out the essential features of his plan; I would say "the essential features of his threat," were it not that his actions did not look like that, nor his manner indicate it. Pleanton's people all knew of Annette's marriage; that was a settled fact; and if Mr. Dellerton was really in danger of being the ruined man he had told John Braynor he should be, he had evidently concluded to escape the danger in some way, perhaps by cheating and deceiving some one, or to think no more of it until the necessities which pressed upon him had been fully attended to.

He came to the Braynor mansion, with all necessary carriages and assistance, at about nine o'clock. Brief services were held over the dead body of Mrs. Dellerton, the final funeral services having been appointed to take place in New York the following day.

All was decorous and solemn and quiet. Whatever may have been the respective thoughts of the two men, Mr. Ward Dellerton and Mr. John Braynor, they behaved themselves during all the morning like decent American citizens.

The friends of the Braynor family—and that term included substantially all the inhabitants of Pleanton—would have been glad to have had Annette laid to rest among the friends and relatives of her girlhood days. But, notwithstanding the strange circumstances of her marriage, none of them knew enough of the fundamental facts in the case to see any impropriety in Mr. Dellerton removing the body of his wife to New York for burial.

There was a difference of opinion regarding what would be right and proper when it came to the matter of the disposal of the child. No one, however, presumed to doubt Mr. Dellerton's *right*—should he choose to exercise it—to take the child away.

At ten o'clock, then, Mr. Dellerton took the train for his home. His dead wife was carried on the same train. Mrs. Johnson accompanied Mr. Dellerton and the baby boy, it having been arranged that she should remain in New York for a week, more or less, until he could secure the services of a proper nurse for the little one.

Mr. Braynor, unwilling, for a variety of reasons, to be in the society of Mr. Dellerton, and determined not to accept the hospitality of that gentleman under any circumstances, compromised the matter between his desire to attend the funeral of his cousin and his aversion for Dellerton by pleading his recent return from Europe and the condition of business engagements as a reason for waiting until evening and going to New York on the night train.

All of which was eminently proper and pharisaical.

When the train was gone; when the house was really empty; Annette, the baby, Mrs. Johnson, all actually gone, John Braynor felt as though it would be impossible for him to live in the loneliness of his home until it should be time to take the night train.

Dr. Pilleo understood something of this; he did a kind and generous thing when he invited Braynor home to dinner with him. Braynor accepted quietly enough, and quite in a matter-of-fact way. But he could have cried for joy at the invitation.

In the afternoon the doctor proposed a walk. Braynor gladly assented. He did not notice the way they had taken until it was too late to turn back. They were about to pass the home of James Ampstead, the blacksmith. Braynor had rather not have faced the sturdy and honest man just then. But there seemed no other way. Fate had forced the ordeal upon him. He tried to meet it bravely. I think he succeeded fairly well. Many of the ordeals of life are less when we meet them than our dread has pictured. Bad as he had been, much as he shrank from the torture of a first interview with the man from whose home he had stolen an innocent child, the meeting was far from unpleasant.

Mr. Ampstead stood by the gate as the doctor and Mr. Braynor came by. He greeted Braynor with kindly sympathy, and extending his hand, he gave that of his neighbor a most friendly and cordial squeeze. Then his paternal pride overcame friendship and pity and sympathy; the light shone up in his eyes and played upon his cheeks, a revelation of the manly heart within.

"I've the finest boy you almost ever saw, sir," he said, thinking of what he was really saying just in season to slip in the saving word "almost"; "I wish you would wait until I could bring him out. I know you would like to see him."

Braynor believed in his heart that he wouldn't like that, but what could he say? The happy and unconscious father was already in the house. Braynor leaned against the fence. and the doctor noticed that he was very pale. The afternoon was very hot; Braynor had endured a great deal in the last two days; so the doctor promised himself the pleasure of giving his friend a powder which would do wonders for him. That was very charitable; it ought to have been very wise, perhaps. But the powders which would have radically cured Braynor's case are not taken (in adequate doses, at least) under the authority of a physician's prescription—*unless a druggist's clerk makes a mistake!*

"There," said the fond father, producing the child for Braynor's inspection; "you never saw a child like that—did you, now?"

Braynor thought he had, but he said nothing.

"Some fool of a bachelor——" began the blacksmith, and stammered and colored when he happened to remember that Braynor was himself a bachelor; "er—er—some person says that all babies look alike. Now, do you think so, Mr. Braynor? Do you think there is so pretty and intelligent and bright a child in the whole world as——"

"I—I think not," blundered Braynor. "I am sure I hope so—that is, I hope *not*. You understand me, I trust? I most emphatically think so."

And having gotten hopelessly foundered in the sea of words, he shut his mouth and struggled toward the shore of reason, while the blacksmith glared at him. But he had some reason for thinking that babies *do* look alike, when they are very, very little; of course, hadn't he? Though I hasten to admit the hideous heresy of such an idea, my readers who are parents. Privately, to the old maids and older bachelors of my audience, I——

But, on the whole, I won't say it.

"What do you call the boy?" asked Braynor.

"There is a difference of opinion about that, you see," said Mr. Ampstead. "I want to call the boy John; but my wife inclines to the name of James—after me, you know."

A happy thought came into the mind of John Braynor.

"Why not call your son after me?" he asked; "I am sure that John Braynor Ampstead would be a good name."

"I like that," heartily assented the blacksmith; "I like that very much. I will speak with my wife about it at once."

In the end that was what was done. The child that John Braynor had carried away from his own home, and placed in the home of another man, to the end that he might have his opening life nearer to his own—strange paradox of truth—became John Braynor Ampstead.

Mr. Braynor had made for himself a good excuse for doing by this boy as he wished.

* * * * * *

Mr. Braynor went to New York that night on the ten o'clock express. The same thunder of the whirling wheels sounded in his ears as they had sounded in those of Martin Glugg the night before. The same shadows fell, from hill and rock and tree, across this man's path, as had fallen across the path of the other. The same peaceful meadows and smiling streams looked up at the hurrying windows of this flying train, as had raised their wet and storm-swept faces toward those of the train of last night. To-night the moonlight lay, like a tender benediction from the loving hand of God, over all the landscape; last night had been one of rain and tempest. But the shadows, where shadows fell at all, were as black now as they had been when almost all was shadow.

John Braynor pitied Martin Glugg. He might as well have spared himself the emotion. His own case had need of all the pity his heart could feel. There was a shadow across his own life darker than any which the night could cast, dark as the one which had closed around Mart Glugg.

Glugg had gone away to a punishment which could know no end until twenty years had been slowly and sadly, and with infinite shame and mental torture, lived out in full—a weary dragging moment at a time.

But Braynor's torture would be no less than Glugg's. No less! It would be more, vastly more. For one man must live a false life, a smile always upon his lips, a lie always in his eyes—and that one was not Glugg. Braynor had no hope of release, save one, in less than twenty years; he had no hope of release in many more years than twenty—save only one. The great stone gate which should stand between this man and his freedom, when he had at last passed out to liberty, would be the white slab above his head, standing between his mortality and his immortality.

John saw the last of poor Annette laid away by the side of the Dellertons, dead and gone. He saw her carried out of the grand house whose threshold her feet had never stepped across, though she bore the name of the man who owned the house, and was the mother of his child.

He dined—circumstances made it almost impossible for him to refuse—at the house of the man who had so wronged him. There were low and decorously modulated voices about the well-spread board. There were grave faces everywhere. But this man who had so loved Annette that he could afford to embitter his whole future for her sake, knew that Ward Dellerton's face, and the faces of all his friends, were merely mocking masks; he knew that he was the only one who truly mourned.

John Braynor had traveled much. He had combined pleasure with his business in Europe, and had seen the glories of art and architecture which abounds there; but he had never been in so fine a private house as the one which belonged to Ward Dellerton. He had never known one man, and that man a common citizen, not occupying any official position, with so many paintings and bronzes and statues about him, nor one whose library contained so many volumes, or his closets so much plate and china. Annette had never moved among the almost priceless treasures which the great mansion contained; it was a source of happiness to John to believe that she had never dreamed of their existence; he was glad to know that in her mistake there had been only a mad misconception of a man; glad to be sure that she had gone so far as to imagine that she loved Ward Dellerton, and had asked nothing more. How grand all this would be for the blacksmith's son, he said to himself; here the boy would wake to the joys of childhood, with flowers and birds and music all about him; here there would be gems from the brushes and chisels of those whose fame would be immortal, to stimulate the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful in his young soul; here there would be books; here there were money, and ease. His hand—the hand of John Braynor—had given this future to a tender, opening life; he generously, so he tried to say, had kept the one who was his own kin, that though his life might be humble, it might be near him, while to the other——

But he knew he lied.

He knew he had usurped the powers of Providence.

He could not tell; he would not tell; he would do nothing to lower himself in the eyes of men.

But he would gladly enough have died to make all right again.

A nurse was found the very day of the funeral; in a city like New York, the one who will advertise liberally for what he wants, and then pay liberally when what he desires is offered, may have almost anything he wishes, and without long waiting. So there was no reason why Mrs. Johnson should not return home with Mr. Braynor when he went, and she accordingly did so.

The leave-taking was a strange one. Mrs. Johnson, believing the child to be Annette's, kissed the little thing, and cried over it as though her heart would break. Mr. Braynor and Ward Dellerton seemed touched by her exhibition of feeling, though each seemed to take a scornful pleasure in keeping his emotion as much as possible to himself.

There was no reason in John's mind for his manifesting any emotion in leaving the baby behind; in fact, he knew of only one emotion which was struggling up through his heart, toward face and eyes and tongue, like hot lava in a volcano, and he must let no one see *remorse* in him.

So they came away. Mrs. Johnson took Dellerton's outstretched hand.

"Come again, some time," he said to her; "and see how the boy progresses."

"I will," she said, and went down the steps to the carriage, a little in advance of Mr. Braynor.

"She never will," said John, turning to Dellerton.

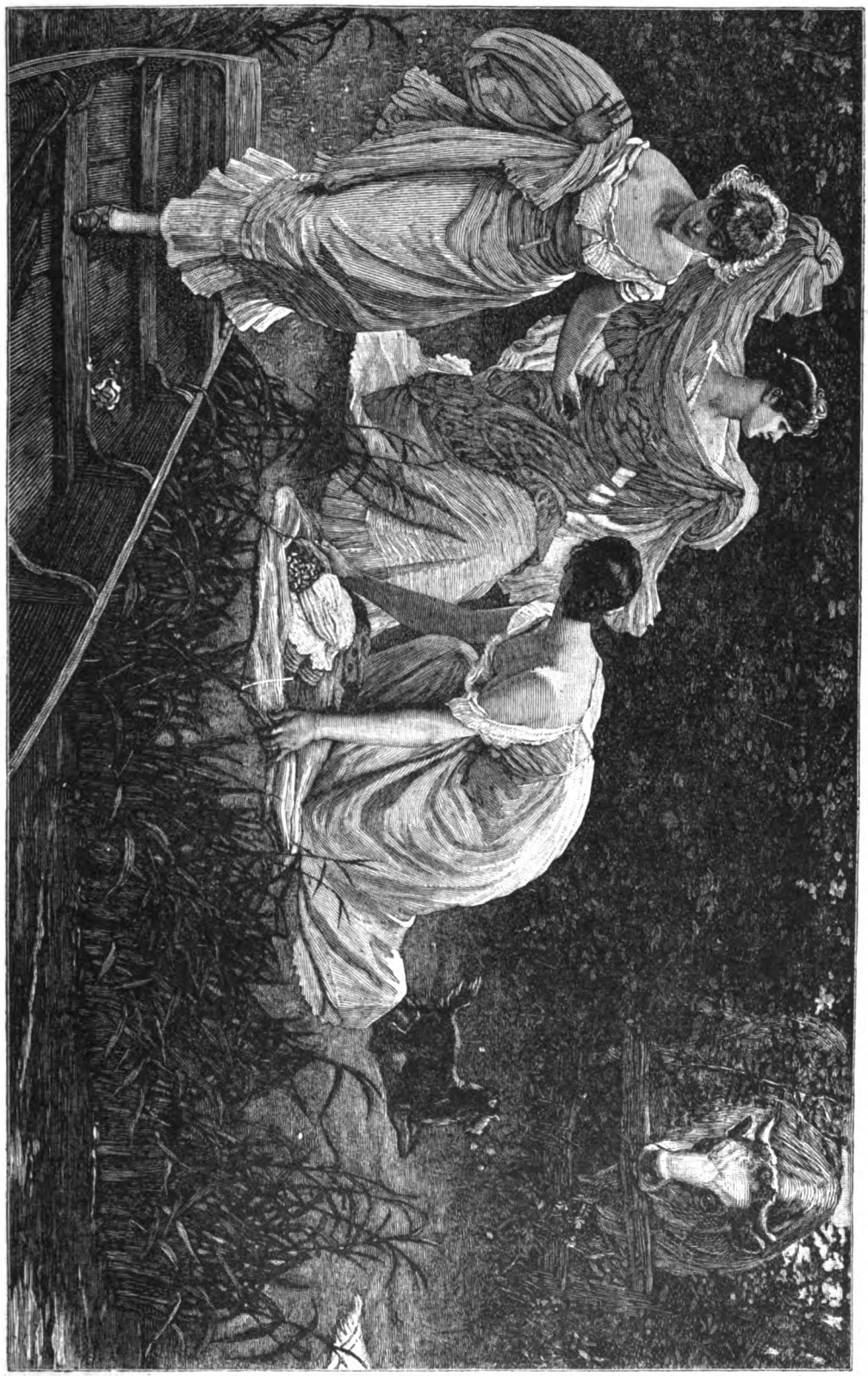
"Some time, then, when I am in Pleanton——"

"Don't you dare to set your foot in Pleanton again as long as we both live."

"As you will. It may be pleasing to you to know that your firmness has not been my ruin, after all. I buried one wife to-day; I shall marry another to-morrow."

"Marry? You marry again—so soon?"

"Certainly. My observation has led me to believe that women are usually fools."



A BATHING PARTY DISTURBED.

"And men?"—Ward Dellerton shrugged his shoulders as he answered:

"Fit mates for them usually; knaves to their weaknesses and liars to their loves. Being a man, sir, you should——"

But John had let his head droop forward upon his breast. He walked down to the carriage. He gave the necessary direction to the driver. They were taken rapidly away to the railroad station.

"You didn't shake hands with Mr. Dellerton?" asked Mrs. Johnson, reproachfully.

"I?—Never! Before I would do that, I——"

"We are all sinners, John," said she.

He bowed his head again.

"I suppose so. A man must be strong indeed who can always withstand temptation. A man's life may go wrong; a man's punishment may be greater than he can bear; but——"

"But what?"

"But that is no reason why I should shake hands to-day with Ward Dellerton."

(To be continued.)

IN THE SPRING.

Happy footsteps, to and fro
  Through the fresh green copses springing;
Happy laughters, whispers low,
  Chiming with the streamlet's singing.
Twittering birds and voices clear,
  Budding violets, brightening eyes;
Spring of life and Spring of year
  Blending under April skies.

Branches arching overhead,
  Brave in Spring-tide's bright array,
Glittering flecks of sunlight shed
  Like strewn jewels on the way.
Primrose, virginal and pure,
  Gallant crocus, bright and bold;
Red anemone, secure
  In his mosses' clinging hold.

Blue forget-me-not, that gazes
  On her own eyes in the river;
Great convolvulus, that raises
  Blossoms where the willows quiver.
All these gems of Nature lay
  Scattered broadcast on your road;
Youths and maidens, while you may,
  Take the boons by Spring bestowed.

Never Summer's lavish glory,
  Never Autumn's tender sadness,
Breathes the Spring-time's wooing story,
  Gives the Spring-time's fearless gladness.
Blight amid the fruits will creep,
  Thorns amid the roses sting;
Fresh to gather, sweet to keep,
  Are the buds that bloom in Spring.

TRUSTED.

By Phillip Bourke Marston.

Walter Harbinger was very much in love with his wife. This was quite natural, because men are sometimes in love with their wives, and do not always marry them for the simple reason that, having well sown their wild oats, they desire, for a change, respectability, some companionship—and, above all, a housekeeper.

Harbinger had especial cause for loving his wife, for she was an unusually beautiful woman. She was just a little over the average height, with a figure perfect in all its gracious curves and outlines. Never did a woman move or hold herself in such a queenly manner.

She had a pale, proud face, lit with large, half-sleepy-looking gray eyes; yet in their soft dreamy depths you could read, if you looked closely, infinite capacities for emotion; and what, pray, did those full red lips, always a little apart, indicate?

People were surprised at her choice of a husband—a city man who, besides a passable appearance, any amount of moral worth, and an adequate income, had nothing more to recommend him.

Perhaps, when he pleaded his cause—which he doubtless did with much ardor—there may have come a light into his honest brown eyes never seen there before, or some music in his voice not heard till then may have touched her heart.

Anyhow, she married him, and for three years he was the happiest man in London; then came the first trouble.

The firm in which he was a partner wished him to travel to America. He would be away six months, at least, and perhaps more. Of course, he wished his wife to accompany him, but when he saw how she shrank from the voyage and the sojourn in a strange country, he ceased to urge the point.

"And he's really off to-morrow without you, and without suspecting anything?" asked a guest, who was sitting in the pleasant room of this beloved wife.

Mrs. Harbinger rose, opened the door, looked out, then closed it, and came back to her seat.

"You speak too freely," she said. "Stone walls have ears sometimes."

Mrs. Harbinger's visitor, who was as handsome for a man as she was beautiful for a woman, made no answer, but played with a gold cross which hung on her splendid bosom, saying to himself:

"Like a bell-flower on its bed."

Then he said: "Must I wait till Harbinger comes in?"

"Of course you must. What would he think if he found you had gone without waiting to say good-by to him?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. But I don't care at all for seeing you like this, when at any moment your rightful lord and master may return."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," she said, withdrawing her hand, which he had taken in his. "I feel to-night just how wicked I am."

"I see," he returned, with a sneer. "It's one of your periodical fits of repentance. It always amuses me, the way you send your conscience to confess and get absolution. I hope you feel quieter in your mind now?"

The reply was prevented by the entrance of Harbinger.

As I have before said, he loved his wife, and that he should do so was natural enough. Unfortunately, it was just as natural that Harry Clayton, whom we have just seen, should fall in love with his friend's wife, because such things will happen, shocking as we think them, deplore them as we may; for the woman—let us judge her fairly, the only way in which a fair woman should be judged—when she married Harbinger she believed fully that she was in love with him. For two years she lived in a state of tranquil enjoyment, wondering sometimes why she took so quietly what some people called the crowning bliss of life.

The want which she experienced all the time she ascribed to some deficiency in her own nature, little knowing of what her nature was capable. Then, as ill-fortune would have it, Harbinger came across Clayton, a young, handsome, adventurous, unscrupulous artist, popular alike with men and women, and dangerous to both. But of this Harbinger knew nothing, for it is a long way from the city to Bohemia.

Charmed by his face and manner, as so many people had been charmed before, this simple-minded husband brought him home one night, and introduced him to his wife.

"Go-ahead Harry," as his friends sometimes delighted

to call him, fell at once a captive to Mrs. Harbinger's great beauty. He prayed that he might be allowed to paint her picture, and the prayer was granted, for nothing pleased Harbinger more than to have his wife admired, and as for doubting her, thinking that she could do wrong, a saint would just as soon have doubted the Virgin Mary.

So Clayton came, painted or did not paint, looked sonnets, and paid the most extravagant compliments, with his half-courteous, half-audacious manner; then for the first time she knew what her nature meant. The discovery frightened her; but, before you judge her, think how it would be with yourself, if you found suddenly within reach of your hand a magic wand which, just by raising it, would enable you to realize every impossible desire. Of course you would think of witchcraft and of the black art, but are you sure that you would resist the temptation and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan"?

Here, before her, was Paradise, and between herself and it, in its shiny gateway, stood her poor shivering conscience, remarking that she was married, a fact of which she was only too well aware, and that a woman who, being blessed with the faithful love of a good husband, yet loved another, committed a great sin.

At this she did take a step back, but at that moment Clayton, the good-for-nothing scamp, reached out a hand and pulled her in, and poor little conscience was knocked down, carried far away, and put to bed as a child is sometimes, to be kept out of harm's way.

Men made themselves merry at Harbinger's expense, and said a fool who trusted his wife so implicitly deserved all he got, and he, poor man! went away knowing nothing. What a parting that was! How she did try to cry, and at last the tears came, though not quite so plentiful as might have been desired.

"I wish I could cry more," she said. "I know I should feel better if I could."

And he answered, folding her close to him:

"When I am far away from you—when you realize it all—then you will cry."

And she was thinking all the time:

"Realize it all? Yes, when you are away I *shall*. At present it seems like a dream."

But he was to go, and he did go, and a good time dawned for the lovers.

It was bright Spring weather when Harbinger sailed away to the West, just the weather for people to be gay and happy in; the cat was gone, and our mice lost no time in getting to play. Now and then Maud suffered a little from her conscience, but it was nothing to speak of. As for Clayton, he had not so much as one least twinge. Having betrayed his friend's wife, he yet drank the wines and ate the meats which that friend's money provided, and was happy.

Harbinger had failed to make his wife in love with him; so, of course, in time she must have loved some other man, and why should not he, Clayton, be the happy man?

Now, if a woman of so much beauty had thrown herself away on some low, underbred fellow, or some poor captain in the army! For his own sake, yes; for her sake, he shuddered to think of anything so dreadful! On the whole, it was a good thing that his friend's wife had fallen into such excellent hands.

The months went by, the bright, happy months—months made up of passion and roses and sunshine. How these two passed their time, what they saw, and what gay days they had, I will leave to your imagination.

All things, be they never so sweet or bitter, have an end. November came, people returned to London, and to all the indescribable horrors which belong to London at that time of year—and then came the long-expected, long-dreaded letter from Harbinger, announcing his speedy return.

In the postscript he charged his dear wife to be very, *very* glad to see him, adding how rejoiced he should be see dear old Clayton at his dinner-table once again. Ah, but if you had seen her poor, woebegone face as she read, I believe, for the life of you, you could not have helped a little sneaking pity for her creeping into your heart!

What was to be done? She sent at once for Clayton, and he came swiftly:

After six months he was surprised to find himself not tired of her. No woman before had for so long held his fancy, and, while he could get a throb of pleasure out of her, he had no intention of letting her escape.

So he told her what she must do, and after many tears on her part and oaths of fidelity on his, she agreed.

* * * * * *

A fortnight after that the *City of New York* from New York reached Queenstown.

Among the passengers was Harbinger, and a happier-looking man was never seen, as he hurried down to his stateroom with his darling's unopened welcome in his hand.

All through the voyage he had been looking forward to this letter; body and soul, he seemed one fire of love to her. He broke the seal and read.

What he read was this:

"MY DEAR WALTER: I know, when you have read this letter, that you must for ever scorn and hate me. You have always been to me the best and fondest husband. I thought—indeed I did—that I loved you all I could love any one. But, too late, I found this was a mistake. I know now what it means to love; I know, too, that I was never worthy of you. Don't try to find me or to harm the man I love. If you do, I will kill myself. I mean this. Don't be more miserable than you can help. I wish you believed in God as I do, for then you would be so much happier.

"MAUD."

He read the letter through a second time, and then sat with it crushed in his hand, looking stupidly at the wall opposite, as if he half expected something remarkable to happen; but nothing of the kind occurred.

A man—one of many with whom Harbinger had made friends during the voyage—opened the door and put in his head.

Catching sight of Harbinger's face, he exclaimed, with more good-feeling, perhaps, than tact:

"No bad news from home, I trust?"

"None at all—none at all!" replied the other, quickly, thrusting the letter into his coat-pocket. "Many people gone ashore here?"

"Oh, about the same as usual. There's a wonderful average in those things. We shall meet at dinner," and he went away.

All on board the *City of New York* knew that at Queenstown they had embarked a new passenger, who paid no fare, spoke no word, was seen of no eye, and yet whose sinister presence was most unmistakably felt.

They knew he waited behind Harbinger's chair as he sat at dinner, and the spirits of all the company fell.

It was this undelightful newcomer that dogged our friend's footsteps like his shadow as he paced the deck in the keen, radiant November night. I say radiant, because the air was all on fire with the northern lights.

The night shone, but the night around his soul was rayless—he seemed to be groping his way through impenetrable darkness along the edge of a vast precipice,

from which he expected every moment to fall into the abyss below. In a certain way he realized the contents of the letter he had read that morning. Maud unfaithful—Maud not pure, but fallen and lost!

Why, the man believed in her as devout Roman Catholics believe in the Virgin Mary. A friend had said to him once: "I say, Harbinger, you're rather an easy-going husband. I'm hanged if I should like to leave my wife so much alone with that handsome young artist!"

And he had answered, with calm pride:

"Sir, do you think I could love my wife as I do if I could not trust her?"

But when would he realize this thing in his soul and his inmost heart?

He leaned over the side of the ship, looking in the direction of the world he had left, and wishing that he were now returning to it.

He heard the quick thud of the wheels as they beat their onward way through the shining wastes of water. Somewhere on the deck a sailor was singing while at his work, and the thought crossed him, Would that man find *his* wife unfaithful? How *could* any woman be true if Maud were false?

The *City of New York* reached Liverpool a little before eleven the next morning. There was a train for London at eleven, which Harbinger took. He installed himself in a smoking-carriage, and from the old habit filled and lit his pipe, then drew his rug about him, and shrank into his own corner. Two young men tried conversation, but got so little encouragement that they soon gave up the attempt, and when they got out at Rugby for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, one said to the other:

"That poor devil's hard hit. I wonder what's up!"

Harbinger took no notice of the old familiar woods and fields as the train flashed by them; indeed, he was surprised to find himself in London so soon—the veritable London he had left only six months back, when life was full of joy for him. This was the same station from which he had started. He had then thought with what delight he should find himself on that platform again, and now here he was.

There was a number of English and Americans collected to meet their friends from over the wide Atlantic, and some of them turned and looked at this strange, solitary man, who went about as if he were dazed, and one charming little American lady, with the prettiest accent, and dressed as only French women and Americans know how to dress, who was a one month's bride, was very much interested.

"He came over with us," she said to a friend, "and we all thought he was having such a good time; but at Queenstown something went wrong, and now he looks right down sick."

IN THE SPRING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 78.

TRUSTED.—"SHE DROPPED BEFORE HIM ON HER KNEES, CALLING HIM HER SAVIOR, AND MARVELED AT A LOVE THAT COULD OUTLIVE THE WRONG SHE HAD DONE IT."

At length Harbinger found all his luggage. It was put on a cab, and he drove off into the raw November evening, and into the loud London streets—the same streets which, since he had left them, he had seen so often in his dreams. Every little sight and sound registered itself on his sense with the keenest intensity. Nothing was changed—all the old things went on; here a boy, darting under the nose of a horse, just escaped being run over. Here a fast-going butcher's cart was nearly smashed by a great van, which, drawn by huge horses, seemed to come on resistless as fate; there lumbered by the much-abused, cheap, uncomfortable, but long-suffering and indefatigable omnibus, packed inside and out with human life; there was the red glow of a hot chestnut stove; there a man was grinding, from a street piano, the tune which had been popular when Harbinger left; and round him barefooted, dirty children were dancing in a sort of unholy dance; there a gin-palace made a brilliancy in the dimly-lighted streets; there the lamps of a bookstall, at which he had lounged many times, flickered in the foggy wind; there was an open fruiterer's shop, where the gas made warm and pungent the smell of apples, while the men who served roared out in hoarse voices, sounding much as if they were uttering maledictions: "Now, then! apples, all ripe, all ripe, only twopence a pound! Beautiful apples! Who'll buy?"

The quieter neighborhood of Woburn Square, however, was soon reached; the cab, or, as it should be more fitly called, the London disgrace, drew up in front of Harbinger's house. It was brilliantly lighted; for the letter in which he announced at what hour he should probably arrive had been posted before reading his wife's, and had been opened by Mrs. Kingstone, the housekeeper, who suspected its contents.

This same Mrs. Kingstone had been Harbinger's nurse, and she loved him with an almost motherly love. She never could come quite to regard him as a grown man. If he was out late at his club she went to bed uneasily, and never really got to sleep till she had heard the key turn in the lock, and the door close safely upon her master for the night.

Now this good soul had made up her mind that if Harbinger found no wife on his return he should at least find a dinner. She knew his taste well, though it was long before she could accept the fact that he had outgrown a youthful partiality for jam or roly-poly pudding.

This present dinner, then, included many of his favorite dishes. The curry she herself personally superintended, having been famed for it in her earlier days. It was hot work for the poor old lady, for she had not cooked for many a long year, and often in her preparations she stopped to weep, thinking of her master. Then she put all her soul into the work, that the dish might be as near perfection as possible.

We may be quite sure that the matter had been well talked over by the servants. Fanny, the housemaid, always neat and almost noiseless, tried very hard as she opened the door to look just as if nothing had happened. She might have spared herself the trouble, for Harbinger, without looking at her, walked straight on past her, only turning round to give her the money to pay the cab with—it was precisely the fare, with sixpence over for cabby.

Then he hung up his coat and hat, and went into the comfortable dining-room, where a bright fire was blazing. He threw himself into a chair and gazed into the flames. Fanny appeared, and wished to know if he would like the dinner served. To which he replied that he was perfectly ready. So it came, and he made a pretense of tasting every dish.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Kingtone hopes the curry was to your taste, because she saw to the making of it herself."

"Tell her it couldn't have been better," he returned. "You've had cold weather here, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Quite severe for the time of year."

"Oh—tell Mrs. Kingtone, will you, that I'll speak to her to-morrow; to-night I am too tired. I shall require nothing more."

After this effort Harbinger sank back into his state of torpor. Did it not seem an exquisite refinement of cruelty to keep a poor man like this lying on the rack, sickening with apprehension of the torture to be? He smoked a couple of cigars in the dining-room, then he went up-stairs to the drawing-room. There also was a bright fire burning, and the first thing on which his eyes fell was his wife's picture, painted by Clayton.

Now, if I had been Mrs. Harbinger, before going off with the man whom my husband had paid liberally to paint the picture, I certainly would have hidden it away somewhere; but I suppose when people are in love they are apt to be selfish.

The calm sweet eyes looked into his; he saw again the pale, proud, beautiful face; the slow, gradual smile still staid about the red curled lips, and there was the wonderful figure, with its delicate grace and superb shapeliness. A sinner Clayton may have been, but a clever artist he undoubtedly was.

As Harbinger stood and gazed at the picture he realized suddenly what manner of sorrow this was that had befallen him.

With a cry like that of a wild creature in pain, he sent his hand through the painted lie, and it and the easel fell to the ground with a crash; then he cast himself on the sofa and buried his face in the cushions.

At length the rack was beginning to do its work.

Whatever soft-hearted novelists may say to the contrary, there is nothing very moving in the tears of a child or a woman, seeing the one will blubber for a broken toy, and the other because she is disappointed in the fit of her new dress; but when the great ninth wave of his trouble comes against a man with such violence as to level the splendid tradition of his sex—that man shall bear all things with fortitude—then, and then only, do we know what kind of agony it is that some natures have to endure.

Do you think, as he lay writhing there, he had any feeling of bitterness in his heart for the woman who so wronged him? Not an atom!

Why, the man was so starving for her that, if she had come in then, he would have gone down before her on his knees and implored a kiss! He knew only one thing—that she would never again have part in any life of his; never again should he hold her in his arms; never again should he feel her lips strike exquisite delight through every vein in his body.

At times he paced wildly up and down the room. There was the chair in which she used mostly to sit; there the piano which would now never again feel the touch of her fingers.

"Ah, God!" he groaned to himself; "how am I to bear this life without her?"

The night wore away. The good woman, Mrs. Kingstone, had no rest. Did she not hear her master as he walked to and fro? Did she not listen, but all in vain, to hear the bedroom-door open and shut?

So, never going to bed herself, she sat there in the housekeeper's room, crying, and thinking not at all pleasant things of Mrs. Harbinger.

When the cold November dawn became just visible, she could no longer keep her sympathy to herself. With her own hands she lighted the fire and made a cup of strong coffee, with which she went up-stairs.

She did not rap at the door, but went straight in.

"You must drink this," she said, setting the cup upon the table.

Then, with an impulse which, for the life of her, she could not have restrained, she flung her arms about his neck, calling him her poor darling boy. He made an ineffectual effort to speak; then, dropping his head on her shoulder, he wept there as if she had indeed been his mother.

I propose to stay no longer in the vivisecting-room than is necessary. When the world was well astir Harbinger fell into an uneasy sleep, from which, however, he awoke much calmer, and able to face—for a short time—his position.

One thing he knew well, which was, that it was quite impossible for him to stay in London. Then he wrote to the firm in which he was a partner, asking for leave of absence for three months. This was at once granted, and two days after his return he was on his way to the Continent, where so many of us go trailing our wounded lives.

I wonder does it ever occur to the British tourist as, joyous as a schoolboy released from school, he takes possession of his charming Parisian bedroom, with its polished floors, its velvet chairs and sofas, its mirrors and clocks—does it, I say, cross his mind, as he looks at the high white bed in the alcove there, with such an evident fore-relish of sleep, how many broken-hearted men and women may have lain there before him?

What remorse of heart, what fever of baffled desire

may they not have borne, lying there in the dead, still night?

Staying only a few days in Paris, he pressed straight on to Italy; but a man cannot keep up long who eats and sleeps as little as did Harbinger, so at Florence he was stricken with fever, which went at once to his brain. But though his life was despaired of, he did not die—did not, at least, die as we use the word. Bodily he recovered, got off his sick-bed, paid his doctor, and came forth into the world of men a new man—a quiet, self-contained, emotionless man. That fierce fire of tribulation through which he had passed had burned away most wholly his capacities for joy or sorrow, and both had been great.

With the death of every other emotion had passed away also his love for his wife—he could not feel even resentment. He could still tell that a beautiful woman was beautiful, but it did not give him a thrill. There was no longer any reason why he should shun his home.

One wild March night, then, Mrs. Kingstone came into her master's dining-room to see if everything there was as he would like it, and just as the clock made an end of striking seven a cab drew up in front of the house, and there was a quick, firm knock at the hall-door, which Mrs. Kingstone herself answered.

She was shocked to see what a change had taken place in her master. He who held himself of old so proudly stooped now; his pale face was seamed with deep lines; his hair, which used to be brown and abundant, was thin and nearly all of it gray.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, "you must have been ill!"

"Yes, Kingstone, I was taken with a fever at Florence, but I am all right now. What a famous fire you have, and, by Jove! what a pile of papers and letters! Why, I sha'n't get through them by midsummer.

"No, that you won't," returned Mrs. Kingstone, quite delighted, thinking that, in spite of the change in his appearance, her master was himself again.

But as days went by and she never heard him laugh or sing as he went about the house, she began to know just what change it was that had come to him.

Occasionally Harbinger would have a few men to dine with him; sometimes he would pass the evening out. But his life, as such a life must have been, was quiet and tideless. I have said he was without an emotion. However, there was one little spring of feeling in him still, and this was a feeling of pity for mankind in general; and whenever a case of distress was brought before him, he would be always ready to sign a check for its relief. Nor was he ever backward in giving his advice on matters where it was most important.

One oppressively warm June night, Harbinger was sitting in his drawing-room, when a servant came and said a lady wished to see him.

"Show the lady up, by all means," he replied.

The servant did as she was bid. Then the door shut, and they were alone together—he and his wife.

"This is a most unexpected pleasure," he said, holding out his hand. "Pray, take a chair." She sat down mechanically.

"You are surprised to see me?" she began.

"As surprised as I was to miss you."

He was perfectly calm.

"Walter," she broke out, "I have sinned against you, but God knows my punishment has been great! I have been cast off by the man for whom I left you!"

"Indeed!" replied Harbinger, in a tone of infinite politeness, but cold as ice. "If I can serve you in any way, pray command me."

"Don't speak to me in that voice," she cried, bitterly.

"I am sorry not to have pleased you," he returned. "Is there any way in which, as you are *alone*, I can help you?"

"I did not come for you to help me," she said. "I want no help. I have obtained a situation to which I can go to-morrow. I came here just to tell you this one thing—that my punishment will last me all my life—that I am, as I deserve to be, the very weariest woman in all the world. Forgive me *now* I know you cannot—only perhaps when you are dying you may."

Could he forgive her—and why not? It was that very "Why not?" which seemed to make it impossible. Had she left him any feeling, he could have scorned her there before him. He could have pierced her with words more keen than darts. Then, having cleared his heart of all but love, he could have clasped her to his breast. But this inability to feel even resentment was like the cessation of movement, by which women know that they bear within them death instead of life. From his wasted youth, then—from the garden of his life, which she had turned into a burial-ground, a voice cried to him:

"No, you cannot forgive this woman."

"Won't you speak one word to me?" she said.

Then, for the first time, in the low evening light he turned and looked at her and he saw how changed she was. The beautiful face was no longer proud, but very piteous-looking, and very pale. The eyes must have wept a great many tears, and as he gazed at her ruined loveliness that feeling of pity which I have spoken of began to plead for her. He knew just how she had wronged him. He should never again know pain or pleasure, and if she could find some shelter among the tombstones of his life, why not? So he said:

"Maud, I am not the same man, quite, that I was before this happened; but if you will bear with me a little, I will try all I can to make you happy. From the bottom of my heart I forgive you. Return then, and be, as you were, my wife."

She dropped before him on her knees, calling him her savior, and marveled at a love that could outlive the wrong she had done it.

He raised her from the ground and held her in his arms. He would have held a child of five years old thus, just so passionately.

When people heard what Harbinger had done, some said he was a milksop, others thought he had acted nobly, and said:

"How he *must* have loved that woman!"

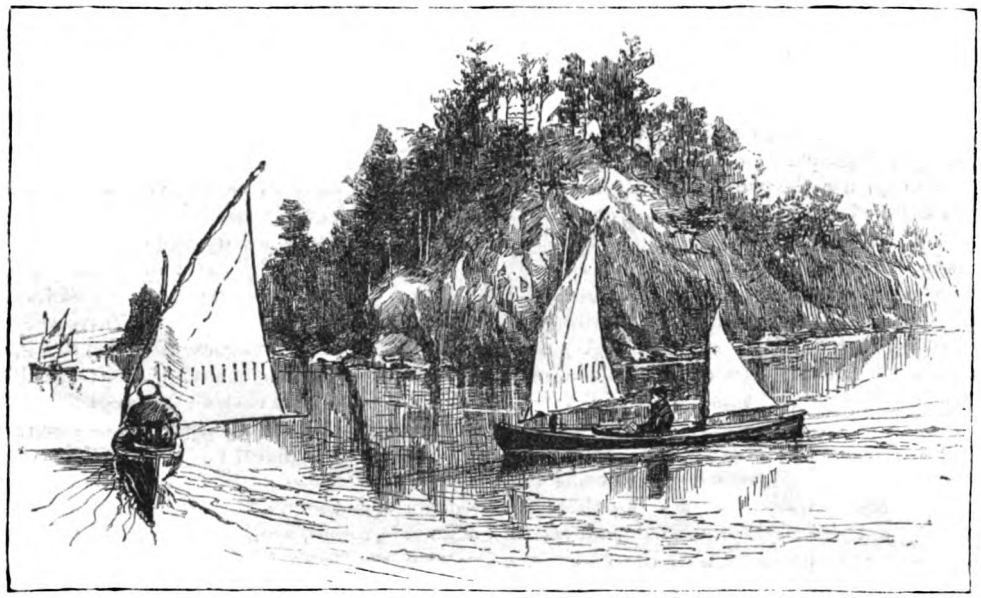
And you, who, I know, are disposed to grumble because you think that full poetic justice has not been done, let me whisper a few parting words in your ear, which may somewhat comfort you.

Do you think that she will be able to forget—she, spurned by the one man she had loved; fed, clothed and housed by the man she had wronged?

As she lies by Harbinger's side at night, he sleeping so tranquilly, will she not almost wither in the fever of her shame? Had it not been better for her to have faced the world and all the storms of it than this hourly degradation?

And he—he will do nothing of which she can complain: he will take her to concerts, and operas, and theatres. Every time, nearly, that he speaks to her he will call her "dear." He will kiss her always *twice* a day, and oftener when he thinks of it.

But I, for one, will say, God help her when she discovers that, just like any of the dead down in their graves, alone in the darkness, this man is dead, who loved her once so passionately, and who trusted her.



THE PALISADES, ON MEMPHREMAGOG.

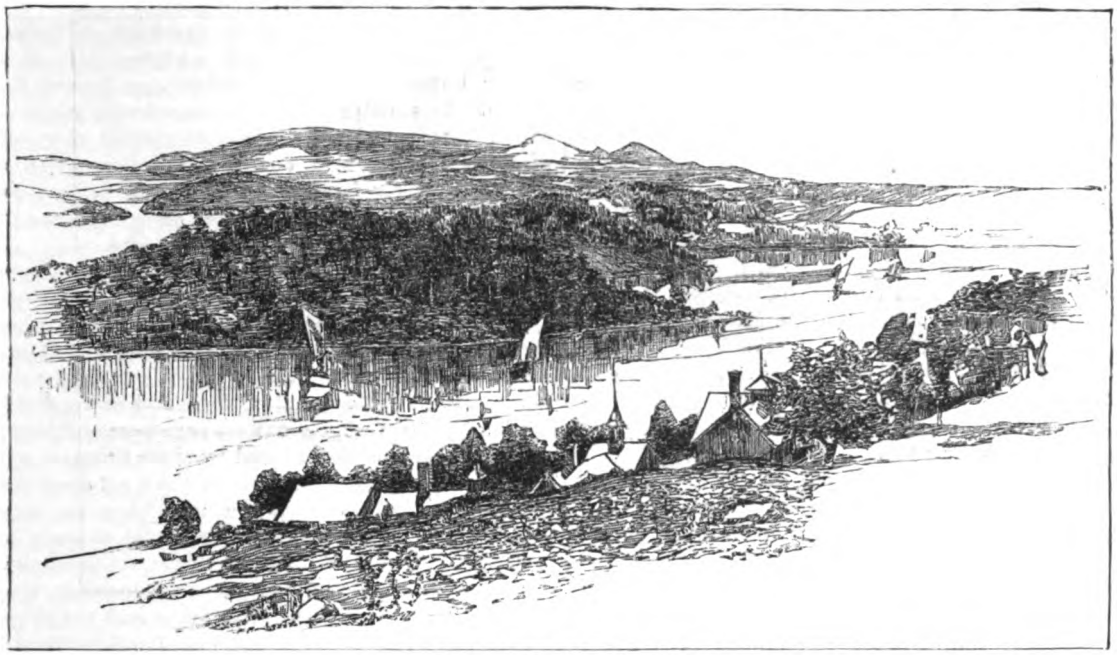
OUR NORTHERN LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.

By James B. Townsend.

In one of his most charming essays in that delightful book, "I Go a Fishing"—which is not, as many persons suppose from its title, a technical piscatorial work, but an entertaining series of essays upon country life and experiences—William C. Prime narrates the feeling that comes to so many tired brain-workers in the city at the return of Spring, a longing for country air, scenes and sights, and illustrates it by describing the influence exerted upon him by a certain picture of "Flora" in the study of his city home. At the return of Spring, the painting, he says, seems to grow instinct with life, tosses her head and its chestnut curls, and in dumb invitation calls out: "Meet me in the up-country."

Whether one has a picture of "Flora" or not in his house, to thus so irresistibly invite away from the bricks and mortar, the din and turmoil of city surroundings, certain it is, when the first warm airs of Spring blow over the land, seemingly coming, after the Winter's snow and cold and sleet, direct from Paradise, that a longing comes for the country and the pleasures it affords. This longing grows stronger every year of one's life, and the aged grandfather yearns every year to feast

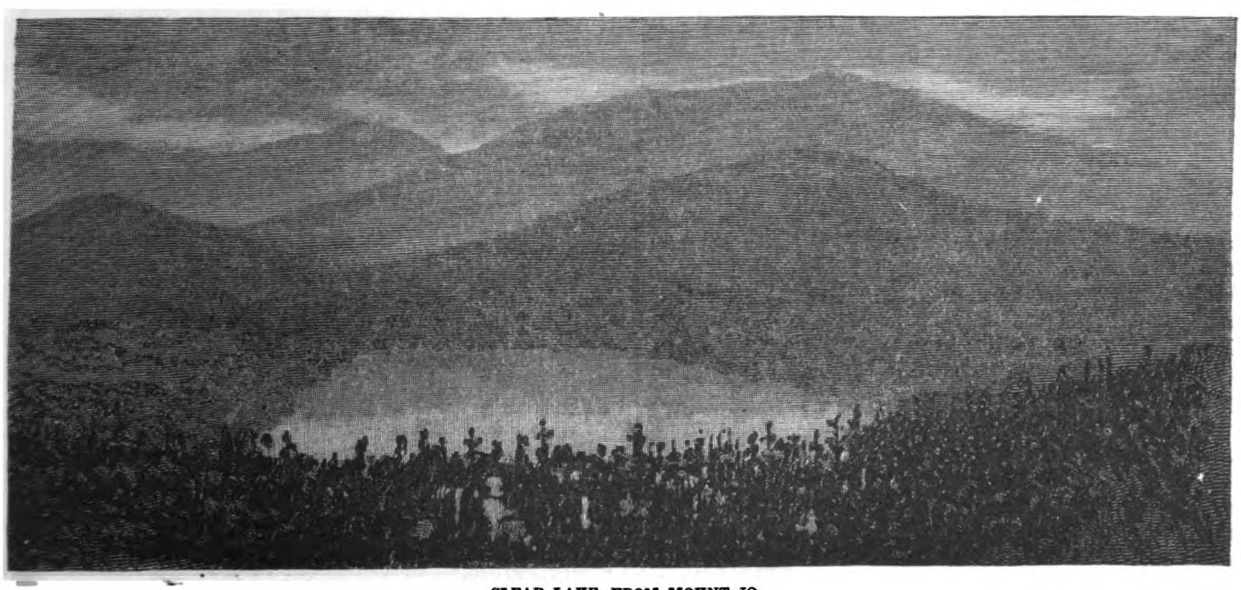
OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



MAGOG, FROM ALLEN'S POINT.

his eyes upon green fields and blossoming trees, upon the tender promise of Spring or the rich fulfillment of Summer, more strongly than his youthful grandchild. "Man made the city and God made the country." Truer words were never uttered; and this it is—this feeling that away from the crowded haunts of men one only finds a sense of purity and a relief from the often debasing environments of city life—that drives each year from the towns the thousands who roam through the wildest woods, climb the highest mountains, and float upon the most sequestered lakes that dot the northern portions of the Middle and New England States.

Among these more distant Summer resorts, the Adirondack Mountains and lakes in New York State, and the lovely Lake Memphremagog, one-third of whose clear waters lie in Northern Vermont and the remainder in the Canadian Province of Quebec, are the most noted, and are becoming more frequented every year. In fact, the tourists and hunters and fishers who became familiar with their beauties before their fame had spread abroad into all lands, and who pay them an annual pilgrimage, look with growing disfavor upon the larger throngs each season brings, and plunge deeper into their wilds, knowing that even there they cannot long remain undisturbed. The Adirondacks are the starting-point of the Laurentian system of mountains—a system that crosses the St. Lawrence in the fragments of the Thousand Islands, extends one arm to Georgian Bay on the west, and the other to Ottawa, which it crosses at Lac du Chat. It follows the course of the St. Lawrence to Labrador at varying distances toward the interior, and forms the watershed between the tributaries of Hudson's Bay on the north and the St. Lawrence on the south. It is the oldest system, not only in Canada, but many geologists say, in the world, and crystalline limestone, gneiss, and other of the hardest rocks, are found in its strata. It also contains much iron ore, and many veins of copper and lead. The Green Mountains of Vermont, which, when they cross into



CLEAR LAKE, FROM MOUNT JO.

Canada, become the Notre Dame chain, and which surround Lake Memphremagog, are the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, the Catskills of Southeastern New York, the Alleghanies of Pennsylvania, and the Blue Ridge of West Virginia. They are a different system than the Laurentian, and are much more modern. In the Green Mountains of the northern part of Vermont, and in the Notre Dame chain, their strata are pierced by large masses of granite, but almost throughout the entire range the lower strata have so disintegrated that the soil at their base and for some distance up their slopes is very rich and valuable for farming purposes. Limestone, marble and phosphates are found in them of endless variety; while from them asbestos, soap-stone, slate, ochres, and iron and copper ores, are profitably mined.

The Adirondacks are still a genuine wilderness, and legislative aid has lately been invoked to preserve their sylvan purity and to prevent the ruthless hand of Trade from further despoiling them of their forests. From a sanitary point of view, also, this aid cannot be too soon invoked. It has been satisfactorily proven that the Hudson River, that great artery of commerce in the Empire State, draws its chief supply from the Adirondack lakes and forests—that the destruction of the latter would dry up the lakes and render the great tributary itself worthless. If the Adirondack Mountains are attractive, the lakes which stud their valleys like chaplets of pearls are more so. Clear as crystal, and surrounded by virgin woods, they were well called by the Indians who first glided over their translucent waters, "Mirrors of the Almighty." In them the trout leap, the deer come to drink, the wild ducks splash, and at early morn and eve the loon laughs—that strange mocking laugh suggestive of Eden and the tempter. The sun rises and sets, and looks down upon their beauty only in his midday course, while the moon silvers their clear expanse and makes their loveliness and loneliness more apparent and attractive to the visitor. Between the broad breast of Mount McIntire, a lofty and imposing pile, and a lower spur, called Mount Jo, or the Bear, lies one of the most beautiful of the Adirondack Mountain stretches of water. It is called Clear Lake, and is a veritable tear-drop from the clouds. But thirty acres in extent, two thousand feet above the sea, with shores of white sand and a fringe of wild shrubs and stunted trees, its smooth surface unruffled save by the mightiest tempests, it is indeed a gem of Nature's finest making, and a rich jewel on the mountain's breast.

An irregular pyramid, lifting its bare granite head to the clouds, its base clothed with inky spruce and balsams, and almost laved by the waters of Lake Placid, Old White Face, one of the most remarkable of Adirondack Mountains, stands. From its summit a beautiful and far-reaching view is obtained. Northward, afar off, is the mighty St. Lawrence, a silvery thread; southward, one looks over lakes, forests and rivers, to the resort known as John Brown's. On the topmost point of the mountain, cut in the rock, are the words placed there by the Chief of the Adirondack Survey, in 1872: "Thanks be to God for the Mountains."

Lake Placid, which washes the base of Old White Face, as said above, is an oblong sheet of water, also clear as crystal, about four miles long and two broad. It has three islands, called respectively Hawk, Moose and Buck, which divide it into two portions, known as East and West Lakes. The illustration accompanying this description gives a view up the lake from the Grand View House, a noted Summer resort. The lake has been well christened. Placid it is by name and placid it is by nature. On its fair bosom the canoe of the hunter floats gently on, undisturbed by any fierce winds, so high are its shores, and every cloud is mirrored on its surface. Separated from Lake Placid by a narrow strip of land is Mirror Lake. It forms a pendant, as it were, to Lake Placid. Low hills rise from its shores with gentle slopes, which have been for the most part cleared of woods, and whose soil being very fertile, makes the shores of the lake valuable for farming purposes. A little village has already sprung up on one of these slopes, and is annually growing.

Of the Adirondack lakes, the best known, however, is Raquette. It is in reality a collection of bays separated by points reaching far east and west, as the lake runs north and south, and although it is only five miles long, its shore-line is more than forty. Upward of a score of islands dot its surface, and on these and its wooded shores the log-huts of campers-out are seen here and there; for it is the lake most frequented by these Summer sojourners. These log-cabins, rough as their exteriors may be, are often quite luxurious within. They are generally owned by their original builders, who at each annual visit adorn them still further. They are generally situated near the water, and a canoe is moored to the bank for their occupant's use. The lakes and the streams in the neighboring woods afford fine trout-fishing; deer, partridges and other game can be obtained, and the pure clear mountain air gives to the Adirondack camper a sauce of hunger for the various products of his rod and gun.

Very cozy is the living-room in one of these log-cabins at evening. A wood-fire burns cheerily in the broad open fireplace, and after a hearty fish or game supper, the material for which have been gathered by a day's tramping, the campers stretch themselves out upon rugs spread on the floor, and in the flickering light narrate their stories of the day's adventures. Ladies also join these camping-out parties, and sometimes spend an entire Summer in an Adirondack log-cabin; ladies who, when at home, know of no greater exertion than ballroom-dance, or a walk upon some fashionable city thoroughfare. Hathorn's Camp on Raquette Lake is a campers' village, and is a successful attempt to combine the free outdoor life of the camper with the advantages of the society of his fellows. A collection of "forest cottages" composes the camp. The cabins are of different grades, some resembling Swiss châlets; others are mere boxes of cedar-bark, having one room each, while others still are mere "lean to's," so that the divers fancies of different classes of boarders may be indulged. Large hotels have sprung up within the past few years throughout the Adirondack region, not to mention numerous boarding-houses of all sizes and descriptions. Some of them are kept very luxuriously, while at all of them good country fare is obtainable, and their constant succession of guests gives token that people are satisfied with their entertainment. The daughter of the Assistant Episcopal Bishop of New York made a decided sensation in society a few years since, by hiring a cottage at Lake Placid and inviting certain of her friends to come and board with her there during the Summer months. Many of them accepted her invitation, and as she conducted her house on purely business principles and in a co-operative way, simply to give herself occupation and her friends pleasure, the venture, as might have been expected, was a great success. Since then several other young ladies have followed her example, and now when the Summer heats first set in, small colonies of New York society people annually start for these favored resorts.

The whistle of the steamboat is now also heard upon the larger Adirondack lakes. On Schroon and Raquette Lakes tiny launches and small passenger-boats pass up and down, and saluting each other, wake the woodland echoes with with their shrill, sharp whistles. Their number is increasing every year, and soon the quiet waters, erstwhile disturbed only by the swimming deer or plashing wild-fowl, then by the Indian's, and later by the tourist's canoe, will be churned into foam by the paddles or screws of the boats that move by steam.

But as every fair picture has its dark side, the Adirondacks are not always attractive, even in the warm months of Summer. At certain periods the lakes and woods are infested by clouds of insects, known as black flies, whose bite is exceedingly poisonous and whose attacks it is difficult to withstand. So great an annoyance are they, that at times it is not only difficult, but dangerous, to remain outdoors after nightfall, or to attempt to penetrate, even at midday, into the mountain fastnesses, or sail along the borders of the lakes. All manner of inventions have been tried to resist their attacks, but thus far without success, and the visitor to the Adirondacks must carefully choose the season of his or her departure for the lovely region, and pray that it be not in black-fly time.

From the summit of Mount Marcy, the highest of the Adirondack peaks, one looks eastward across miles of forest, across the heaving waters of Lake Champlain to where, against the horizon, just this side of the lofty Mount Washington, stands Owl's Head Mountain, on the western shore of Lake Memphremagog, and just over the boundary-line between Vermont and Canada. Imagine oneself transported swiftly through the air over the miles between, and standing on the summit of Owl's Head. Below lies the expanse of Lake Memphremagog, thirty miles in length and about two miles broad on an average, with the village of Newport, Vermont, at its southern, and Magog, Canada, at its northern end, and many little hamlets nestled along its banks. Twelve miles to the east are Mounts Pisgah and Hor, which surround the supposed fathomless waters of Willoughby Lake; further eastward, and towering over all, are the high tops of Washington, Adams and Lafayette, in the White Mountains. Turning northward, the peak of Mount Orford, the highest in Canada, is seen, and if the day is clear, afar off the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, in the City of Montreal. In the west rise Mount Mansfield, Jay Peak and the Saddleback in Vermont, and further still the Adirondacks. It is a peaceful landscape, the far-reaching one seen from the Owl's Head, and peace has ever been its lot. It is not historic ground, for save a few skirmishes during the Indian wars, notably that between Major Rogers, with his band, and the Abeniquis Indians, the tramp of armed men and the roar of guns have been unknown sounds to its woods and valleys. It has been a region little known and still sparsely settled. Whittier sings of it in "Snow-bound" as follows:

> "Our father rode again his ride,
> On Memphremagog's wooded side;
> Sat down again to moose and samp,
> In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
> Lived o'er the old idyllic ease,
> Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
> Again for him the moonlight shone,
> On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
> Again he heard the violin play,
> Which led the village dance away;
> And mingled in its merry whirl,
> The grandam and the laughing girl."

The villages of Newport, Stanstead Plain, Orford and Magog, which are the largest on or near the lake, were only settled toward the latter part of the last century by pioneers from the New England States, and the entire region is still wild and uncultivated. And yet it is one of great beauty and remarkable salubrity and healthfulness. The best way to visit Lake Memphremagog is to approach it from the south. The railroad should be left at Newport, at the southern end of the lake, and if time be short, the little steamer which plies to and fro between Newport at the southern and Magog at the northern ends of the lake, may be taken, and a hasty view of it obtained.

A far better and more enjoyable place, however, is for the visitor to make his headquarters at either Newport, or the Owl's Head Hotel at the foot of the mountain, and take short boat-trips each day to the chief points of interest on the lake. The ascent of Owl's Head, the wonderful view from whose summit has been before described, should first be made. It is a three-mile walk to the summit; the path generally lies in the stony bed of a mountain-brook, and the climb is a hard one. The last spring is some distance below the summit, and canteens should be filled at it, so that thirst may be slaked if needed. The trees grow more and more stunted, until finally, the summit, crowned with rifted rocks in triple groups, is reached. The descent is quite as difficult as the ascent, so steep are the mountain-sides, but the magnificent view obtained repays one for the severe exertion. Scattered all around among the mountains and hills surrounding Owl's Head are many small lakes and ponds, wild in the extreme, and in whose waters excellent fishing is to be had. The lake itself is most picturesque. The view from Allyn's Point alone is one of the most beautiful imaginable, and charms every beholder. The lake's smooth surface is dotted here and there with islands, and in Summer with the tiny white sails of voyagers in canoes. The Palisades are a ledge of lofty rocks which jut out into the lake in one of its most beautiful portions.

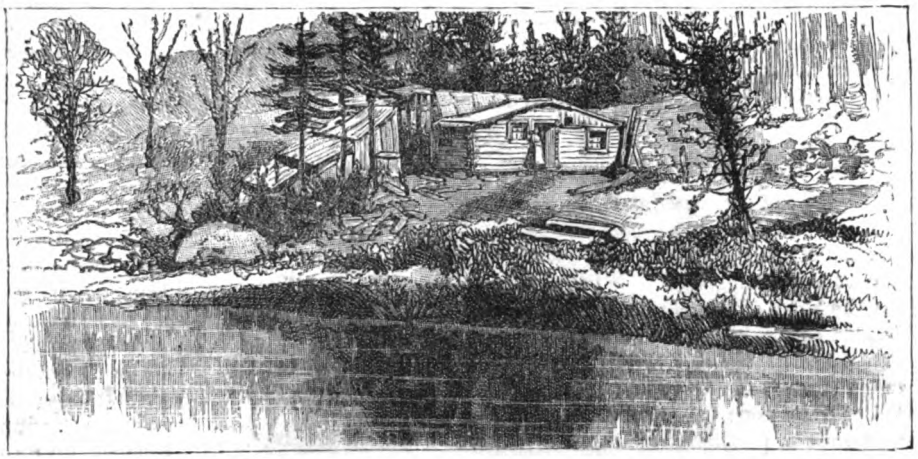
Fashion has laid its hand upon Lake Memphremagog of late years. The handsome Summer villas of many of the rich residents of Montreal are seen here and there upon its banks.

"Belmere," the country place of the late Sir Hugh Allan, of the Allan line of steamships, is one of the handsomest of these. Bolton Sulphur Springs, near the lake, are quite a noted resort, and their waters are considered very efficacious in many diseases. The Second Adventists, that curious communion, have a camp-meeting ground at Lake Memphremagog, and at the small village of Bay View there are extensive picnic grounds.

The fishing in the lake is chiefly for pickerel and maskallonge. These are frequently caught, and are sometimes very large in size. As may be imagined, the lake has consequently become a famous resort for fishermen, and they may be found on Summer days scattered over its surface, or at evenings, in the hotels and boarding-houses on its shores, showing their finny prizes or dilating upon their adventures.

The lake is also noted for its sunset views, and for the wonderful auroral displays seen there. The air is so clear and pure that it gives to the colors of sunrise and sunset and to the aurora unwonted brilliancy. Memphremagog, like Yarrow, once visited, will be visited again. It beauties cannot be adequately described, and have a nameless charm. Year after year the visitor returns. In its air he feels as did the traveler in "Snow-bound":

> "——a nameless sense
> Of something sweet, he knows not whence,
> And pausing, takes with forehead bare
> The benediction of the air."

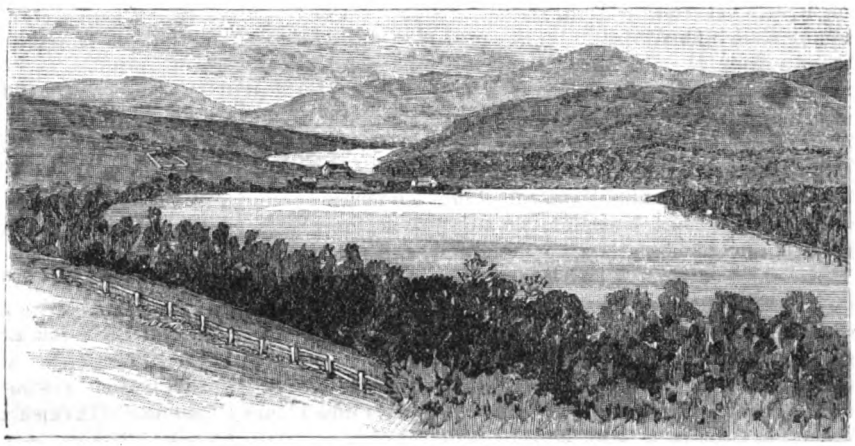


OUR NORTHERN LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.— AN ADIRONDACK HOME.— SEE PAGE 84.

"LE DIABLE ROUGE."

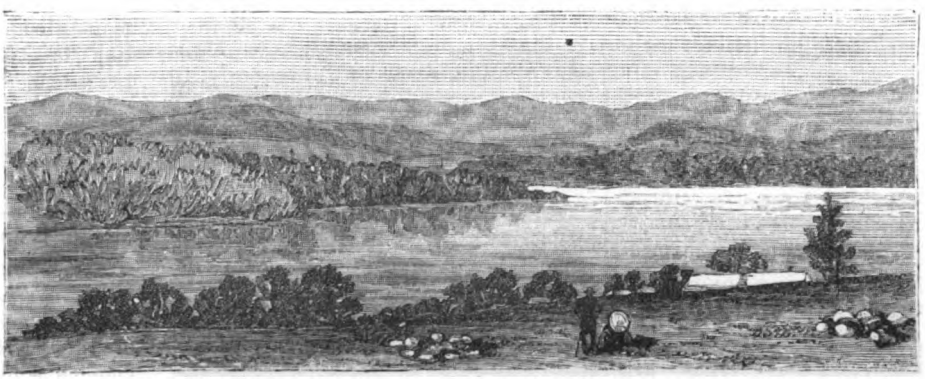
MAJOR H. A. LEVESON, better known as the "Old Shekarry," was wounded and had his horse killed at the battle of Inkerman. While an invalid at Constantinople he endeavored to purchase another horse, to replace his slain Arab, "Desert Born," and the following is his account of how he purchased and broke one that had proved a little too much for the French cavalry. Here is his account of the affair:

"At last, through the kindness of my friend, Lieutenant-colonel Magnan, of the Etat-major of the French army, I was allowed to pick one from out of a batch of Syrian horses intended for a regiment of dismounted dragoons, and went to the Daud Pasha Barracks (two miles south of Stamboul), where the French cavalry were quartered, for that purpose. I was turning away, not at all satisfied with their appearance, as they were too slight, and not of the required height for my purpose, when I was accosted by an officer of hussars, who offered to show me a magnificent horse that no one would buy on account of incurable vice. He was a Saclaye Arab, bred near Blida, in Algeria, and bought by a colonel of cavalry for three thousand francs in that country; but since his arrival in Turkey he had manifested such vicious habits that his owner had never mounted him. He was said to have killed one groom by jumping upon him after he had knocked him down with his fore-feet, to have bitten the chin off another, to have half-eaten a *maréchal-de-logis* (sergeant-major), who had attempted to ride him. I found him tied fore and aft by huge cords, besides having his head fastened with a heavy chain, in a small, thatched mud hut about eight feet by seven; and even in this confined space no one could approach him, for he lashed out with his heels, and tried to seize any one going near him with his teeth. He was a beautifully-shaped animal, with a blood-like head, wide and deep chest, good shoulders, and great length between the hip-bone and the hock, but in woful condition, for he had not been groomed for a couple of months. I saw at once that he would be just the animal to suit me, if I could only gain the mastery over him, so I went to his owner to inquire the price.



LAKE PLACID, FROM GRAND VIEW HOUSE.

"Although it was past midday, I found the gallant colonel still at breakfast, of which he cordially invited me to partake, and after having done justice to his hospitality, I broached the subject. At first he merely shrugged his shoulders in true Frenchman's style, but finding I was really anxious to have the animal, he told me he would be glad to take anything for him; but that he did not like to dispose of him to any of his friends, as he was worthless, and people might accuse him of selling to another a horse that he dared not mount himself. I soon quieted



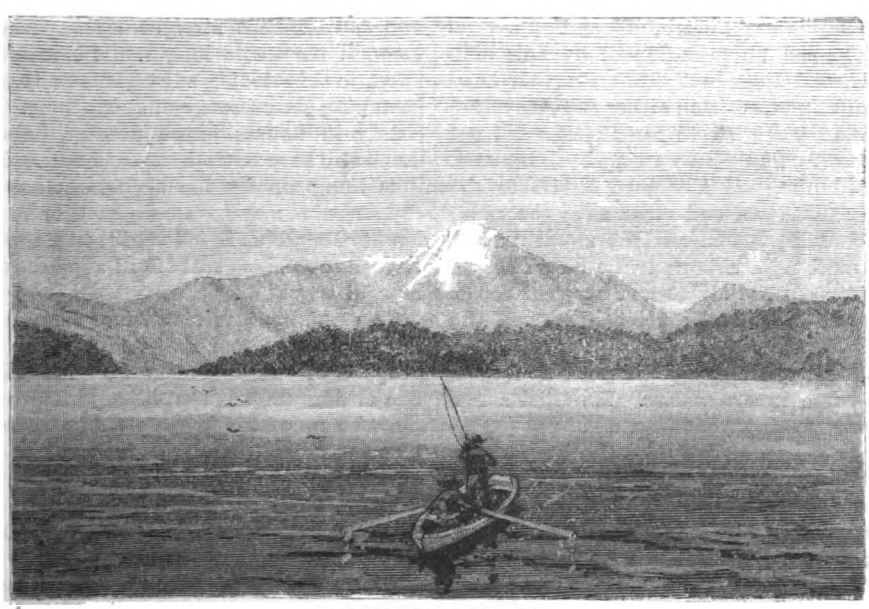
MIRROR LAKE.

his scruples on that score, and for the sum of six hundred francs (barely the price of his freight from Algeria), the chestnut was mine.

"It soon got wind in the French camp that an English officer had bought *Le Diable Rouge*, as he was commonly called, being a well-known desperate character, who had proved to be more than a match for all their *maîtres d'équitation*, and I had to stand a good deal of badinage about my bargain; some of them asking, in a rather supercilious manner, when I was going to mount my new purchase, advising me when I did to wear a couple of cuirasses, taking care to place one so as to cover my 'head's antipodes,' as that was the part where the poor sergeant was principally bitten. 'My dander riz at thur chaff,' and rather inconsiderately I told them that the nag had found its master when I bought him, and that even if he had thrown half the French army, and eaten them afterward, I should mount him on the morrow. '*Nous verrons*,' was their reply, with sundry rather uncalled-for remarks relative to the foolhardiness of Englishmen in general and myself in particular; they expressed their belief that the equestrian performance would end in my being killed *comme une mouche*.

OUR NORTHERN LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.—AT CAMP, PINE KNOT, RAQUETTE LAKE.—SEE PAGE 84.

"I received an invitation to breakfast at the cavalry mess the following morning, and being determined to accomplish what I had undertaken, I accepted it. 'In for a penny in for a pound,' thought I, as I went to examine the animal, not exactly sure how I intended to begin, for Mr. Rarey's system had not then come out. He was in a vile temper; and notwithstanding I offered him food, and endeavored to coax him to allow me pat his neck, he put his ears back, drew up his lips, and attempted to rush at me open-mouthed if I only made a motion as if to approach him. I must confess that for a few minutes I was quite at a nonplus, for there seemed no probability of either getting a saddle on him or a bridle in his mouth. At last a happy thought struck me, and I went home to make preparations. I was still weak, having scarcely got over the effects of my wounds; still, after my tall talk, it would not do to let the Frenchmen crow, and, therefore, the next morning saw me clad in leathers and boots, riding toward the Daud Pasha Barracks, not very comfortable or sanguine of success, but determined to try it on, *coûte que coûte*. A couple of Turkish sailors, who acted as my grooms, carried a couple of strong ropes, a *koorgee*, or Indian-felt saddle, and a bridle fitted with an Arab bit, having a ring fastened to the end of the curb, which goes over the lower jaw and gives considerable additional purchase. Just before I sat down to breakfast I sent my '*chaoush*' (Turkish sergeant) to the commandant of the Turkish troops, near at hand, with a request for a fatigue party of twenty men, provided with spades and pickaxes, and on their arrival I informed the company that I was going to mount my new purchase, but that if any gentleman would like to take precedence in the affair, I would be only too happy to cede him the honor. 'They were all backward in coming forward,' as the Game Chicken exclaimed when no one would



WHITE FACE MOUNTAIN.

try a round with him, and two or three tried to dissuade me from the attempt; but my mind was made up, and after breakfast I went down to the stable, accompanied by a crowd of officers and men.

"I first directed the 'Buono Johnnies' to take off the roof, and then to break down the upper part of the wall all round, until it was only four feet and a half high, which operation was soon done. I then took two ropes, and throwing them lasso-fashion over the horse's head, I fastened them right and left to pickets strongly driven in the ground. When this was done, I threw a blanket over his eyes to prevent him seeing what was going on, and then passing a long strip of canvas over his loins and pegging it down strongly on each side, so as to prevent his moving about, I quietly cut the hobbles fastening his heels and fetlocks, and then made the Turks fill up the whole stable with sand, covering him up to the depth of nearly four feet.

"He was extremely restive when the first few shovelfuls were thrown in; but finding his head securely fastened, and perhaps feeling frightened at being blindfolded, he remained tolerably passive, although he showed his temper by continually grinding his teeth. When I saw him so completely buried that there was no chance of his being able to extricate himself, I took the strip of canvas from off his loins and uncovered his eyes, when he began to make violent efforts in order to free himself, but it was all in vain; like Samson in the hands of the Philistines when his head was shorn, his strength had departed from him, and after a few desperate struggles he became exhausted, and lay still, bathed in perspiration.

"During his attempts to free himself I remained by his side, caressing him whilst quiet, and rating him when he showed temper; and after some time had elapsed, he allowed me to handle his head as if he had become more resigned to his fate. Round his neck I fastened a collar formed of pieces of wood tied together, so as to prevent him getting his head round and laying hold of my legs when mounted, a pleasant little pastime I heard he sometimes indulged in. Then I put on the saddle and fastened the girths and surcingle by scraping away the sand from under his belly, after which, with a good deal of coaxing and caressing, I managed to slip on the bridle, as well as a twitch over his nose, to use in case he again became obstreperous, and arming myself with a foil lent me by one of the officers present, no riding-whip being at hand, I jumped upon his back, getting on and off several times, to show that I had no intention of hurting him. All was now ready, and I gradually liberated his head from the cords which fastened it on either side, caressing him as I did so, and I was glad to see that he did not show any wickedness further than putting back his ears.

"I again mounted him, and now gave orders to the Turks to pick the walls down and clear away the sand, which was soon done. It was an anxious moment; but at last he was free, and, with a bound like an antelope, cleared away the *débris* of the stable and scoured across the plain amid the shouts of the French soldiers and the ejaculations of the Turks.

"Once firmly seated on his back, I did not care for the issue, and felt at home in the matter. He tried a few times to unseat me by rearing, plunging, and buck-jumping; but finding that he could not succeed, and only drew punishment upon himself, for I gave him the spur pretty liberally, besides applying the foil sharply to his flanks when he did not obey, he gave up the contest, and I felt that I had obtained the mastery over him.

"I gave him a brisk canter a few minutes just to try his paces, and then pulled up and walked, as I thought he went as if rather groggy from his late violent exertions. I rode for a couple of hours amongst the dark cypress-groves that overshadow the Turkish cemeteries that extend for some miles out of Stamboul, and he did not attempt to show any temper; so I rode him back to the French camp, feeling rather proud of my conquest, for he was once more rendered subservient to his master, man. Subsequently, by dint of patience and kind treatment, he forgot all his vice, and became extremely docile and gentle, doing me good service, and amply repaying the trouble I had taken with him."

BEFORE THE BALL.

By M. T.

THIS evening I shall see him, when a few slow hours have passed,
And the waiting will seem nothing when he clasps my hand at last.
I know he will be watching upon the crowded stair;
And, though I do not raise my eyes, I shall see that he is there.

Oh, he's a king among them, and his face is dark and strong;
And I know he loves me only, he has told me that so long.
He may dance with fairer maidens, may laugh and talk and smile;
But our two hearts, to their own joy, together dance the while.

He'll come to claim the dances I've kept for him apart,
And the flood of love-light from his eyes will overflow my heart;
And "in that light I shine for him of all that throng the star,"
He'll tell me, as we watch them from the dim recess afar.

I'll wear the flowers of jealousy—pale yellow roses fair—
That he may say he envies them for nestling in my hair,
And tell me, "Sweet, if you'll be mine, oh, never shall you prove
One jealous pang within the charmed circle of my love!"

I know he has but little; I know we shall be poor:
He'll only say that love is strong, and he must work the more.
And shall I fear the poverty of which this love makes light?
Ah, that, please God, I'll answer among the flowers to-night!

CHINESE CHARMS.

THE Chinese are great believers in charms, and the list of such objects include every variety of magical invention for warding off sickness, disease, calamity, fire and demoniacal possessions. We select a few, substituting English names for Chinese, with a word or two in explanation:

"The cash-sword" is made of a large number of old copper coins, strung together in the shape of a rude sword, and kept straight by a piece of iron running through the whole length. It is supposed to have great effect in frightening away ghosts and evil spirits, and in hastening the recovery of sick people. It may be found chiefly in houses where persons have suffered violent deaths or have committed suicide; and not unfrequently it is hung up by the bedside of inner rooms. As the copper coins may have been cast under the reigns of different monarchs, it is imagined that the presence of the several sovereigns will afford a guarantee against misfortune of any kind.

"An old brass mirror" may often be observed in the chief apartments of rich people; standing there for the purpose of enticing away foul and malignant demons. The notion prevails that it has the virtue of healing any one who may have become mad at the sight of a fiend. The demoniac has only to look at himself in the brazen mirror, and he is immediately cured.

There is also "the Han jadestone." Of this the story goes that, under the Han dynasty (that is, about the opening of the present era), when a wealthy person died, each of his mourning friends dropped "a jadestone" into his coffin; and, at this date, should any one be fortunate

enough to obtain one of these rare buried jades, he may consider himself secure from the power of devils and the fury of fire.

"The jadestone seal" is something analogous, but is used principally as a guard against sudden fright. Very frequently it is worn by infants as frontlets or armlets, to show if the child be well or ill; the former being indicated by the clean appearance of the stone, the latter by a dark shade. Short, pithy sentences are sometimes cut upon them.

There is also "a peach charm." On the first of the new year, a sprig of peach-blossoms is stuck up over the door of the house, saying to the vile spirits that roam about creation, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no further." Yet, one of their own poets has said: "If your own thoughts be free from impurity, of what need is this peach charm?"

"The tiger's claw," real, artificial, or pictorial, is another charm against sudden starts and frights.

"A three-cornered spell" is a paper with magical letters fancifully written upon it, folded in a triangular shape, and sewed on people's dresses to ward off sickness and spirits. Every temple has a good supply of this cheap article, and there is a great run upon it. The paper generally is yellow; the writing is of red ink, and, to add due importance to the fragment, it is stamped with the temple-seal. Many are used as cures for the sick, by being burnt and having the ashes thrown into a medical liquid, which compound draught is quaffed by the patient.

It appears that the Chinese have also some appendages of a felicitous or hopeful class. Such is "the Hundred-family Lock." A father has a son and heir born to him, and his best wish for his offspring is, that he may enjoy a long and a happy life. So, he goes the round of his personal friends—to obtain from one hundred separate individuals each three or four small copper coins, called cash. With this collection he purchases a neat lock, which he hangs round his child's neck, for the purpose of locking him to life; and it is presumed that these one hundred contributors will stand security for the child's reaching a good old age. There is the "neck-ring lock," likewise used for the same object, both by grown women and children.

Gourds made of copper, or of the wood of those people's coffins who have attained old age, are worn as charms for longevity—the former are slung round the neck, the latter round the wrist. This fancy is traced to the tradition that, in ancient days, gourd-bottles were carried by old men on their backs.

In Chinese houses, in collections of old furniture, in their carvings, and in their pictures, the peach figures very prominently. It is another charm for long life, called "Longevity peach."

A fabulous animal, which goes by the name Ke-lin, is believed to have appeared at the birth of Confucius, and other sages. The body resembles that of the deer, the tail that of the ox, and it has only one horn, but its nature is said to be tame and kind. An image of this fabulous creature, or its picture, is worn by children as a bespeaking of great and good luck. Often a figure or painting of this unicorn is met with presenting a child. This form is particularly respected by married people who wish, or expect, to be blessed with clever children.

Phylacteries are in common use with the more religious Orders. These consist chiefly of tiny girdle-books, and slips of paper which are stitched up in different parts of the dress, or slung on the belt, or pasted on the walls and doors. They seem to contain Sanscrit or Thibetan words, much in use in Buddhist writings. Besides these talismans in writing, there are different forms of the three characters which the Chinese use to represent the grand total of good luck: Fuh, family increase; Luh, official emolument; Show, long life; to carry either or all of these about the person, or to have them in the house in pictures and wall-scrolls, is considered remarkably lucky, and predicative of certain felicity.

ENGLAND'S GREAT ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH.

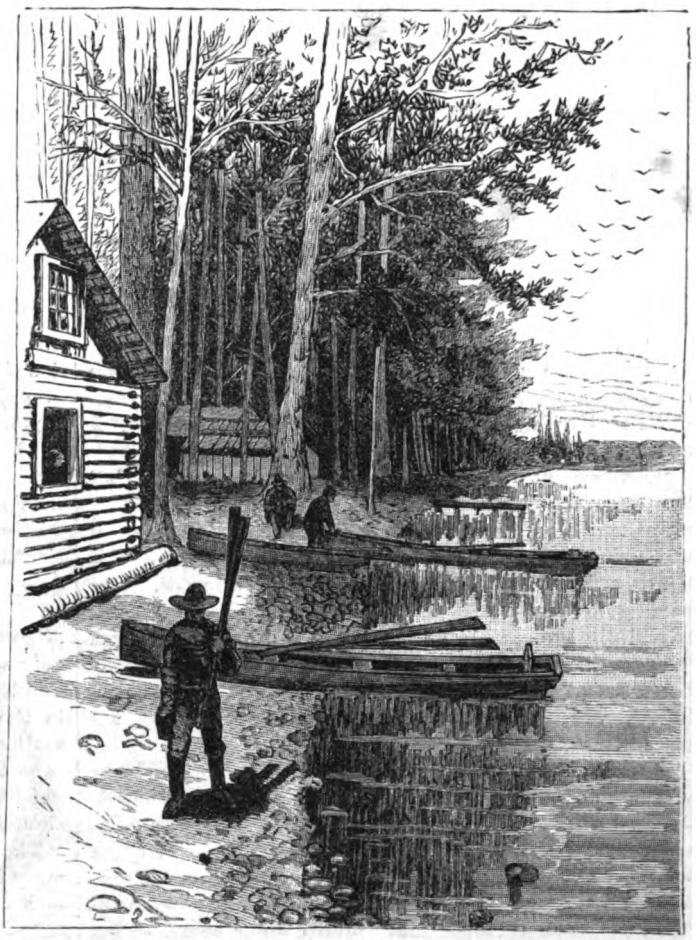
There is no need to ask the way to the Arsenal, finding ourselves just outside Woolwich Station shortly before 2 o'clock, P. M., for all along the streets a general trudge is going on, tramp, tramp, through drizzle and mud, hundreds upon hundreds of men and boys all plodding in the same direction. A solitary but active bell is raising a discordant clangor, to the music of which, if any music can be found in it, everybody sets his pace. The whole population of the town, indeed—the male population, that is, for among all the swarms of sad-colored garments there is not the flutter of a petticoat to be seen, or the jaunty handkerchief of a factory-girl—all the gloomy crowd is moving upon one central spot, leaving only women and children to take care of the houses and mind the shops. A squad of artillerymen is marching in the same direction, and with a few other uniforms scattered here and there, gives the slightest military aspect to the scene; but the general crowd is not distinguished by any military smartness, being, indeed, rather slouching and depressed in appearance.

The crowd that is marching back to work is indeed an army in point of numbers. Something like six thousand men are employed in the Arsenal, which is the one and only centre of manufacture of all kinds of warlike implements and equipage. And here we are at the main gate of the Arsenal—a gateway of homely red brick, with a couple of old-fashioned mortars gaping over the entrance, and a low tower at the side, within which the noisy bell can be seen vigorously wagging up and down. The main gate is held by a strong body of metropolitan police, who scrutinize every face as it passes the barrier. Within is a maze of sheds and shanties with tramways running in every direction, among which rise the handsome old brick buildings of the Georgian period, the officers' quarters, and the old gun-foundry, built at a time when founding a gun was a species of solemnity almost like the launching of a ship.

The Arsenal has a history that carries us further back than its Hanoverian buildings. Some kind of a depot of arms occupied a small portion of the present site from the days of Elizabeth and the Armada. A store account of the reign of Elizabeth, taken at Woolwich, is still in existence, and specifies, "IV. backs and brests for Almayne Corsletts, besides I. od backe. Lxxv. collers with bombardes. xlviii. Burgonets and huskins. cccxxxiii. murrions blacke, and xii. Burgonets, old and nothing worth." And among the old buildings pulled down in the last century was a conspicuous tower, which bore the name of Prince Rupert's Tower, while somewhere among the maze of sheds and stores, a footpath once existed, that was known as Prince Rupert's Walk. It is well known that the old soldier, convinced by experience of the futility of mere cavalry-charges, took much to science in his later days, and was curious in the matter of chemical compounds and explosives, and it is likely enough that the Prince made a beginning of the laboratory

which has grown to such immense proportions.

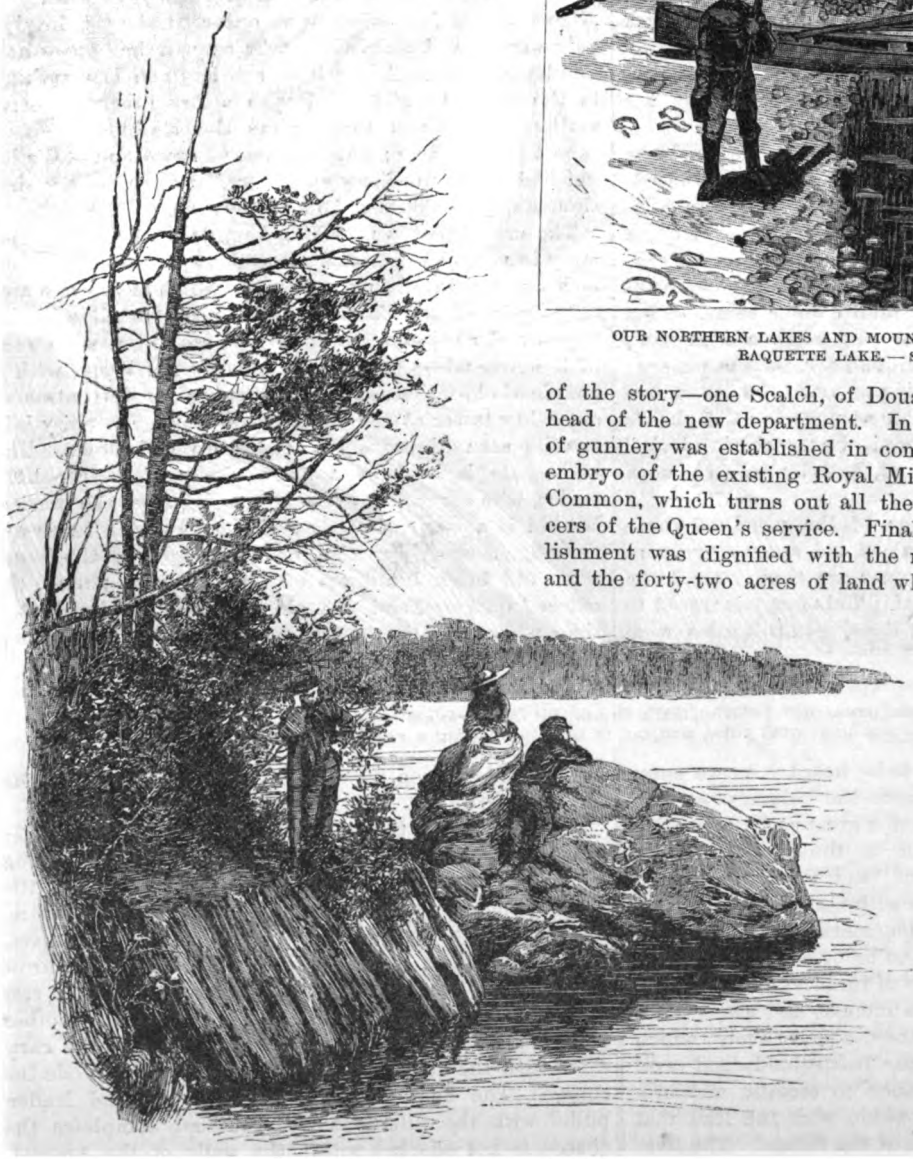
All this time the site of the present Arsenal was known as Tower Place, or King's Warren. Rabbits frisked in the sunshine, and flashed in and out of sight where now great guns show black and ominous, and where the ground shakes under the blows of the steam-hammer. As early as 1668, guns, carriages and stores were concentrated at Woolwich, and a quarter of a century later the royal laboratory, which had been established at Greenwich, was removed to the same neighborhood. The big guns were still cast at Moorfields, in the foundry which was later to become famous as Wesley's first chapel, till an explosion in 1716, when the guns captured in Marlborough's victories were being recast, was the cause of the establishment being removed to Woolwich. The popular story of the young Flemish engineer who foretold the explosion, and was rewarded by being made chief of the works, has no distinct corroboration from contemporary records, but the hero



OUR NORTHERN LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.— HATHORN'S CAMP, RAQUETTE LAKE.— SEE PAGE 84.

of the story—one Scalch, of Douay—undoubtedly became the head of the new department. In 1741 an academy or school of gunnery was established in connection with the works, the embryo of the existing Royal Military Academy on Woolwich Common, which turns out all the engineer and artillery officers of the Queen's service. Finally, in 1805, the whole establishment was dignified with the name of the Royal Arsenal, and the forty-two acres of land which constituted the original Tower Place have expanded to the three hundred and thirty-three acres—be the same more or less—now covered by this great factory of warlike implements, probably the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world.

When the Dutch, in Charles II.'s time, sailed up the Thames and Medway, and burned the ships in Chatham Dockyard, they were expected to pay a visit to Woolwich, and ships were sunk across the river-channel to obstruct their progress. The damage then to be done



AMONG THE ISLANDS OF MEMPHREMAGOG.

by an enemy would have been trifling compared with what might be done now. But the development of torpedo systems has been so great of late years, that it would be little short of madness on the part of a naval commander to bring his ships so far up an intricate channel, when once there had been the opportunity of planting it with torpedoes.

Anyhow, the approach to the nucleus of British national defenses is not marked by lines of ramparts or redoubts, but by a body of the metropolitan police, far more effective, no doubt, against the secret foes, who, just now, are most to be dreaded. The bell has ceased its clangor, the workmen are at work, and the noise of engines and the hum of many wheels are to be heard. As we enter an immense machine-shed, where the primary work of bullet-making is going on upon a great scale, our guide leads the way to an inner room, on the door of which is marked, "Lead-squirting Room," as if there were beings within who amused themselves with Quilp-like malignity with squirting about the molten metal.

So far, the squirting seems to be of a harmless character. But on one side is a row of furnaces and caldrons, which we may look upon with interest and awe. Veritable witches' caldrons are they, round about which the stern sisters, who ride on the battleclouds and revel in human slaughter, might dance to ecstatic measure. For these caldrons boil and bubble with the lead that shall hiss over the battlefields of the future. The lives of brave men are bubbling in those fatal caldrons.

The lead having been properly amalgamated, is now run into a sunken cylindrical holder, where, having been allowed to cool a little, so as to acquire a treacly consistency, an end is drawn through a funnel-shaped opening and pulled out in a bright, flexible rod, cooling as it goes—which some men now wind up on a big reel—a long, drawn, solid gas-pipe, only looking rather like silver than lead in its brightness. And we may follow this bright serpentine roll into the big bullet-factory beyond, where innumerable machines are waiting for it, to cut it into little quids, or chunks, bright still and innocent-looking, while, with here a bang and there a snip, the little innocent quid assumes the aspect of one of those bullets which peep so wickedly from the ends of the Martini cartridges.

In another shed thin sheets of brass are passing under the fingers of other machines, fed by boys and young men, and are punched and twisted into so many little brass cylinders, which are finished here and gauged there, and finally pass under the view of keen-eyed detectives, who, taking them up in batches of twenty or so, throw aside now and then a defective specimen, while the rest are shoveled into baskets and carried away. In another place are being made the capsules which close the cartridge with the strikers that are destined to explode the charge. The final meeting of brass case and leaden bullet with the villainous saltpetre that completes the charge is not effected within the walls of the Arsenal. Down there among the marshes are little detached sheds,

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

"Who's the man by the curtain, yawning?" "Why, that's Brown, the most original man in London. He's quite the lion of the season. He can't do anything; can't paint, sing, act, or talk." "What a relief! Let's have him to dinner."

where such more or less dangerous operations are conducted with all due regard for safety and privacy. Little accidents happen now and then, and once or twice in a lifetime such an explosion as that wild flight of war-rockets which scared all London, and gave Woolwich a notion of what a hostile attack might be like.

And in the way of brasswork, what marvelous finish and minuteness are there in the component parts of those fuses, destined for explosive missiles—time-fuses and percussion-fuses in all their varieties, with new varieties in process of being thought out and elaborated, with all their delicate appliances. How far removed are all these from the primitive roughness of the early fuse—the plug of wood, with the morsel of slow-match inserted, cut long or short in the rough judgment of the artilleryman, and ignited by the flash of the discharge! But all our mechanical appliances have not got rid of the element of uncertainty in the fuse—dangerous even under careful management, as the recent sad accident at Shoeburyness conclusively shows.

From fuses we may move on to rifled shells, which have also reached an elaboration undreamed of by our earlier artillerists. From the great furnaces molten iron runs out in a bright, glowing stream, with showers of hot, fiery stars flying in all directions—runs into the wheeled metal-carriers, and is rolled off to the molds, and poured into the elaborate cases, which squirm and squirt forth fire and flames in all directions. Often the shell is built up of various pieces—the interior filled with iron bullets in a resinous compôte suggestive of plum-jam, with a wooden cap to make all tight, and the conical point screwed upon the top of all. Before the case is filled, however, it is pitted at regular intervals, by the drilling-machine, with round holes, while another machine scoops out a groove round the bottom of each pit, and a third engine gives an inexorable thump to a copper stud, and drives it in with such force as to fill the inner groove, when the stud can be sooner torn asunder than plucked out. These are for the rifled guns, into the grooves of which the copper bolts are made to fit.

It is worth while here to pay a visit to the pattern-room of projectiles, where models of all the projectiles in use are carefully preserved in all the radiance of polish and lacquer; monster shells for the monster guns, dwindling down to the little steel-tipped spikes that do duty for the toy-like mountain guns. Here, indeed, are two lofty rooms filled with all kinds of death-dealing apparatus of the most elaborate structure, while in the lobby, by an unconscious satirical stroke, stand two primitive-looking tubes of simple construction, labeled as for "the preservation of life" in shipwrecks.

From the projectile room, which somehow suggests the reptile-room of a great zoölogical collection, full of bright, shining things carefully wrapped up, so elegant and so deadly—from this we pass by a natural transition to the Royal Gun Factory.

Hitherto we have been engaged upon the Royal Laboratory—a strange name for such a manufactory of varied warlike stores—but the thing has grown up about the original laboratory, while the laboratory proper, the scene of experiments and tests, and general research to the properties of explosive compounds, occupies a neat, old-fashioned building all to itself, which is carefully closed against the outside world. Connected with the laboratory, too, are the torpedo-works, busily occupied with all kinds of machines—torpedoes to be fired by electricity from fixed points; torpedoes to lie in wait in muddy channels, and explode at the first graze of a ship's keel; torpedoes to dart out fishlike upon a passing vessel. All the inventions which are destined probably to change the face of naval warfare, and render the iron-clad warship as obsolete as the mailclad warrior, are here in course of manufacture, but, it may be said, on a very inadequate scale looking to the possible wants of the future. But, on the whole, the Laboratory is a grand department, scarcely to be equaled anywhere for beauty and nicety of machinery, with a potentiality of rapid production quite amazing.

The rifle-shell factory, for instance, that we have just visited, with nearly 1,000 machines of various kinds, can turn out somewhere about 7,000 projectiles of all kinds weekly, or not far from 300 tons of metal. Then there are big sheds set apart for carpenters' work, to make all the innumerable cases and boxes required for the vast array of warlike stores. Here is box-making in its completest form, the rough plank cut, and shaved, and planed, and fitted, dovetailed, and joined together, and turned out strong, and smooth, and perfect, by a series of ingenious machines—over a hundred in number—of which the human artificers seem only the humble, obedient servants. Then there is a brass-foundry, supplying castings for fuses, taps, joints and all kinds of minute appliances, and other minor departments exist, of which only the superintending officers could give a detailed account.

The regular staff which controls and manipulates all this complicated array of semi-intelligent machinery, consists of two artillery officers in chief command, forty clerks and writers, thirty masters, 569 artificers, and about 1,800 laborers. And the importance of this great branch of the Arsenal may be judged from the Estimates, in which we shall find that out of about £1,100,000 devoted to the manufacture of war material, nearly one-half—in round numbers, upward of £250,000—is expended upon the Laboratory.

And now for the Gun Factory, the gates of which have been gaping for us while engaged upon this short statistical excursion—the great Gun Factory, which presents more striking and picturesque features than any other part of the establishment. Here are great masses of metal glowing with a dull red heat, which are gradually being beaten into shape under the thunderous blows of mighty steam-hammers. There is one of these hammers—the father of them all—that gives a crunch of thirty-tons power, and that will also gently crack the top of an egg without smashing it.

In another place a score of men are clinging about a great beam, at the end of which is a more shapely mass of iron, in which the lineaments of some death-dealer of the future can be vaguely traced. The master-smith, with muffled face and hands, approaches the glowing monster. He lays a cutting-edge upon it—a cheese-cutter, with a long rod by way of handle, the steam-hammer gives a gentle tap, just to make sure that everything is plumb-centre, and then, with a thump that shakes the earth, the knife is driven into the hot metal, as if it were so much cheese. A twist by the score of brawny arms, another tap, another thump, and the cheese-cutting goes on apace. Elsewhere a great breech-piece is slowly twirling in the lathe, while shavings of bright metal twirl from its polished side. Again, a steel tube is being bored and rifled, while in another place a great coil of wrought iron is being welded into one homogeneous mass.

To deal once more a little with statistics, the royal gun-factories consist of forges, smith's shop, rolling-mills, pattern-shop, brass and iron-foundry, gun-boring mill, tool-rooms, turneries, lighting-room, field-gun section engine repairing-shop, with other branches. In

these various departments are at work some 600 machines, lathes, and boring-machines, drilling-machines, other machines for rifling, planing, slotting, shaping, milling, screwing, lopping, and wheel-cutting.

Twenty weighing-machines record and regulate the production; two circular saws are at work, and 240 vises are waiting to grip anything they can get hold of. Then 54 furnaces continually do blow, with the aid of 6 blowing-fans, while there is engine-power to the extent of 700 horses, and boiler-power to a much greater extent. And the factories can produce 6,000 tons of guns, from the light mountain howitzer to be carried on the back of a mule to the latest Woolwich Infant of 80 tons or more. At the head of the factories are two or more artillery officers, while the general staff consists of 24 clerks, draughtsmen, and timekeepers, 24 foremen, 386 artificers, and 571 laborers and boys; while as for total annual cost, the guns take in round numbers £200,000 from the annual estimates.

There is a skeleton, however, in the factory cupboard, a startling kind of memento that the best of guns, so considered, may fail at a pinch, in the shape of the burst gun of the *Thunderer*, which occupies a quiet but instructive corner; its jacket rent, its breechpiece shattered, and all its cunning coils and weldings torn asunder. A double charge rammed in, one on top of the other, say the authorities, in explanation of the burst. And yet similar guns have been treble-charged, and have stood the shock without damage. Anyhow, the big-gun problem seems not yet thoroughly solved, and the manufacture not to have reached the perfection of other branches of ordnance.

From the heat of the furnaces, the glow of the red-hot guns, and the crash of the steam-hammers, it is a pleasant relief to come out upon the wharfs and quays, cumbered with great packages marked in great black letters: "Principal Medical Officer," "Principal Commissariat Officer," "Commanding Officer, Royal Artillery"; "Commanding Officer, Royal Engineers"; all labeled "Suakin," while from the river beyond gleaming yellow and turbid through the haze, rise the black funnels of the transports. Huge derricks and cranes are busily swinging their loads on high, and the cheery yo-heave-ho of the sailors mingles with the rattling of chains and blocks. A sort of Shetland pony in the way of a locomotive is prancing along the railway line, with a lot of railway-trucks in tow—full-sized trucks which are running on the broader gauge, and another liliputian engine is rushing at us from a siding with its train of diminutive wagons, shrieking to everybody to get out of the way.

And now we are in the domain of the storekeeping branch—an important one in its way—which deals with all the munitions of war, when they leave the various factories, and forward them to their destinations, or keeps them in store for future needs. This is the Department of Commissaries of Ordnance—who must not be confounded with Commissariat Commissaries—under whom is a considerable staff—between 700 and 800—of artificers, laborers, women, and girls. And beyond the Ordnance premises are the commissariat hay-stores, where the compressed hay for the use of the expedition is being packed by hydraulic presses.

There is one quiet corner in the midst of all this bustle, and this is known as the cemetery, where the rude forefathers of the present race of guns sleep peacefully side by side, the relics of a less scientific age, when people were content to be knocked to pieces with less elaborate appliances. It is not an unmixed gain, perhaps, all this complicated machinery of war. The Arab, who starts on his campaign with a bag of dates, and a goatskin filled with water flung over his saddle-bow, has certain advantages in the desert over Tom Atkins with the long train of equipages and stores of all kinds lumbering behind him. And some of these old guns that were burst in the fifties seem to carry us back half-way to the era of dates and water-skins. Those Crimean days, for instance, when half the army were still armed with Brown Bess, and bit the ends off their brown paper cartridges, and rammed down the bullets which were made obligingly loose to save trouble with iron ramrods, and wore pouches for percussion-caps, and blazed away into the blue without troubling themselves about sights front or back, or judging distances, and were knocked over with round shot fired from common cast-iron guns.

The last great department of the Arsenal is still to be visited, the Royal Carriage Works, which have nothing to do with those royal carriages which roll so smartly along with princes of the blood, and lords and ladies of the bedchamber, but of those more stern and sombre vehicles which show best amid the smoke and dust of battle.

> "Behold the ordnance on their carriage
> Gaping with fatal mouths."

And here we have forges and furnaces, with steam-hammer foundries and sawmills; machines of all kinds for forging, nut and bolt-making, riveting, shearing, punching, cutting, planing; lathes, drills, circular-saws, with many others whose purposes would only be known to the initiated. Here is one floor devoted entirely to wheels, the spokes, felloes, and tires, all of which are turned out by ingenious machines with a little human supervision. From the carriage-factory can be turned out each year 65 field-batteries amply equipped, 180 naval or garrison carriages, with slides or platforms, 24 turret-carriages, 360 transport-carriages. The department is worked by a staff of two or three artillery officers, a civil manager and assistant, 38 clerks and writers, 38 masters and foremen, some 800 artificers, and 450 laborers and boys.

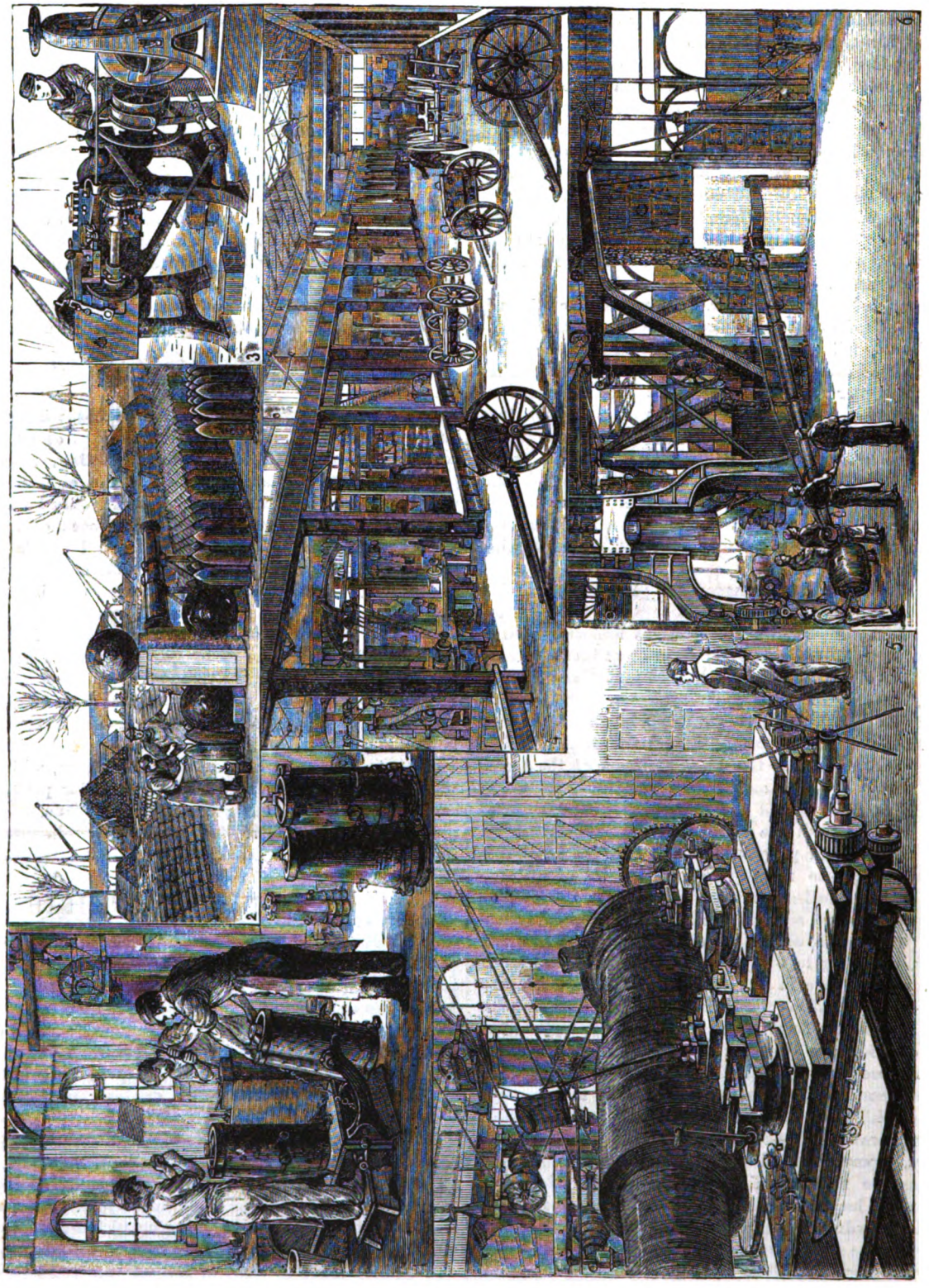
Here, too, we meet with ambulance-wagons, with their swing-cots for the badly wounded, carts for provender, carts for the field-train, general shandrydans, and ammunition-wagons. Here, too, we find the hospital fittings, down to the operating-table with its painful suggestions.

With all its numerous functions the carriage-factory is naturally one of the money-spending departments, and its normal cost is some thousands over the £250,000 expended by the gun-factory. But the three departments, laboratory, gun, and carriage, account for the greater part of the cost of war materials—the remaining items of any consequence being the rifle manufactory at Enfield, another small arm establishment at Birmingham, and the gunpowder factory at Waltham, which, among them, spend annually £200,000, more or less, but generally more, by £10,000 or £20,000.

Among other curious sights of the Royal Arsenal are stores for the equipment of cavalry and transport, with an array of all kinds of saddles—pack-saddles, draught-harness, and all other sorts of horse-gear. Here stand stirrup-irons in columns reaching up to the roof, and the ceiling itself is composed of cavalry bits, whose embossed cheek-plates form a kind of fretted vaulting overhead. Bridle-chains and halters hang there, too, in their thousands, and there is an atmosphere of quietude and repose about these regions which is quite refreshing after the roar and bustle of the factories.

For there the wheels are ever whirling, the furnaces

ever roaring, the steam-hammers thumping night and day, without haste, but without rest. There is something fateful and imposing indeed in all this busy hum and whirl—in the anxious pressure of never-resting toil. Night and day the great complicated machine is at work, making up for lost time, preparing for eventualities which are still hidden in the mist of futurity. If there are any rabbits still left underground in the old king's warren, even they might form an idea from the continual tramp and thump overhead that unquietude reigned among the human swarm above. With peace and prosperity the machine grinds slowly, one wheel after another is stopped, the furnaces grow cold, a sort of lassitude creeps over the place. Then some note of danger sounds, or come some tidings of alarm. The wheels begin again, whirring and whizzing as if weaving the web of fate. The hammer of Thor is heard, furnaces roar, and the bright metal leaps forth in continual jets of flame.



VIEWS IN ENGLAND'S GREAT ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH.

ON THE PRAIRIE. —"SHE CAME THEN, BRINGING THE WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEF SHE HAD WORN ABOUT HER NECK. SARGENT REMEMBERED IT, AND MADE A GESTURE OF PROTEST. 'THAT'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S THE BEST THING,' FRANK SAID, GOING ON WITH HIS BANDAGING. 'NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL DAY, AND WE'LL GET A DOCTOR HERE. THERE'S ONE JUST OVER THE CREEK.'"

ON THE PRAIRIE

By Ellinor Brooks.

Eight miles across the prairie and the sun half an hour high. Miss Aylmer stepped out on the porch of the little store that served also as post-office, and hesitated a brief instant.

There was an immediate hush in the talk of the few loungers—men in jeans and corduroys or buckskins, and wide-rimmed, white slouched hats. One or two had the grave, keen, intent face of the plainsman; the others were bucolic, bashful, ruminative.

Within, was a mingled atmosphere of sorghum, codfish, tobacco and pungent discussion of national politics. Before her lay a horizon full of treeless, broken prairie, across which the long line of railway and attendant telegraph-poles lay in slowly converging lines.

She stood there, slight, straight, quite self-unconscious, buttoning the long wrist of her buckskin glove, and thinking about the ride before her. The riding-habit, of rough navy-blue cloth, fitted her with artistic perfection. At her throat, a knot of scarlet emphasized the clear sun-browned brunette tints of her complexion.

From hat-brim, of last year's fashion, to the slightly-rubbed boot-toe, she was perfectly well dressed as some women would be on Robinson Crusoe's island.

Women of her type were not common in their experience—these men of the great cattle ranges and long silent prairie trails. They felt the difference instinctively, and watched her with an intentness that was not all curiosity.

"May I trouble you?" turning toward the group with the preoccupied courtesy of a woman quite used to receiving service.

Three of them started at once toward the pony that stood waiting events with the dropped head and absent-minded air peculiar to the pony philosophy. Two of them, with an elaborate air of never having intended anything, stopped short in their tracks. The third had in a breath the small steed at the edge of the platform.

She was in the saddle the next instant. Her brief sentence of thanks was met by a silent lifting of the wide felt hat, a sweeping arc of a bow, like all the rest of the florid expressions of this half-barbaric land of extremes. She smiled quietly as her pony struck into his long swinging lope, carrying her away from the little tribunal of inquiry and criticism that would go at once into session behind her.

It was early Spring. All about her lay the prairie, golden-brown with last year's dead grass. The horizon swept a perfect circle round her; out to the low blue hills of the divide, every tint of bronze and purple deepened and glowed under the level lights of the low sun.

It was mail-day at the little station, the semi-weekly mail that rarely failed to bring her news from the far-off East. But after the fashion of the leisurely single-track railway, the mail-train was an hour and a half late, and but half an hour of daylight was left before the brief twilight.

The slow gorgeous sunset burned itself away. In the deepening purple sky the stars came out, the wind went down with the sun, and the silence of the prairies was almost rhythmic in its intensity. Up from the ravines the long, tremulous, solitary cry of a wolf came at intervals, and then only the dull thud of her horse's feet on the turf.

All about her, under the calm stars, flamed the rosy light of the prairie-fires—long lines and patches of brightness against the solemn depth of the night-skies. It was only the Spring burning off, quite within bounds and according to rule, but it gave a weird, mysterious character to the world around her.

Half-way between the station and the end of her ride the night was as dark as it would be, a transparent semi-obscurity, half illumined by reflections from the blazing prairie.

Miss Aylmer was not a nervous woman, but with most intense devoutness she longed for a sight of the home-lights. There was a vagueness about this unfenced distance that left a good deal to the imagination. A year's life had not accustomed her to the novelty. And then—her stirrup-strap broke.

With an inaudible groan of disgust, she slid from her saddle. With the bridle-rein thrown loosely over her arm, she busied herself with the broken strap, making her deft finger-tips do duty for eyesight. And then came the rush and scurry of a rabbit under the very nose of her half-asleep pony. In an instant she was alone, the rushing hoofs growing fainter with every breath.

She sat down on the dewless grass and took in the situation. Alone, in the middle of miles of roadless grass prairie, with no very accurate idea of her distance from home, and with two streams to ford! There was an absurd side to it, and she had the nerve to see it. She laughed a little, but the sound frightened her in the stillness and died down into a nervous little quaver.

"They will come to meet me, of course. It is a plain trail to the ford—they cannot miss me if I walk on."

She gathered her long skirt over her arm and began her journey. She was a woman of sense. As to the absolute danger of her position, she had not a tremor. There was not an Indian—a New England woman's bugbear—in the country. There were no wild beasts but the wolves, and they were of the chicken-stealing variety. If only she did not lose herself!

As the thought crossed her mind, a terrible sensation came over her. It seemed to her that the horizon suddenly widened and spun away and around, that she had been walking for hours, that she had turned innumerable times in her course. She stopped short with a bewildered helplessness. The wind, that had been at her back when she left the station, was blowing in her face. She thought she had been going due north, and there was the North Star calmly shining over her shoulder in the southwest. The whole universe was in a muddle. She sat down again with strengthless despair.

"I am lost, and I know how the needle in the haystack feels. It's no use telling myself to follow the North Star when I can't *feel* north."

And then there came a vision of the small bright room, and Frank waiting for her. She had fretted often enough at the roughness of the place—only a common log-house with clay chinking. But just now the four low walls seemed to her to shut in a paradise of comfort. And Frank would have lighted the fire, and the tea-kettle would be steaming and the coffee ground for boiling.

That was the drop too much in her full cup. She began to realize that she was hungry, and laid her face in her hands and wept.

After that was over, she settled into quiet again. Happily the heavy blanket, without which she never rode, had been about her shoulders when the pony left her. She wrapped herself in it, and sat down to wait for daylight. In an hour, under the kindly splendor of the stars, in the wide solitude of the shadowy, empty world, she lay fast asleep, with her head on her arm, like a child.

It was growing toward midnight when she awoke suddenly. She was chilly and cramped and uncomfortable, but she was not frightened. She knew all about it at once, and sat up, with a glance at those erratic constellations, to guess how long a time must elapse before morning.

And then came a sound that brought her to her feet and sent her heart up into her throat—the beat of a horse's feet ridden rapidly by.

If it should not be Frank!—or, being Frank, if he should miss her!

On came the flying steps—a shadowy figure gathering shape in the pale darkness—not Frank. Frank did not ride a white horse, and *never* whistled. And so she stood motionless, almost breathless.

Apparently the rider found the dark still figure little less startling. He pulled his horse up sharply a dozen paces away.

"What is it?" a deep-chested, deliberate voice asked.

Twice she tried to speak, and twice her voice failed her. He rode close up to her then, and bent from the saddle toward her.

He could not see her face, but the bare hands, clinched with nervous apprehension, showed white against her dark dress, trailing heavily about her feet.

"What is the matter, madam?"

The manner was courteous, cool, commonplace. She found her breath again.

"My horse left me, and I am lost on the prairie."

She was a very little creature, measured by inches. Perhaps, looking down on her from his saddle, he thought her the child her speech might have indicated. There was a change in his voice with his next question:

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know," with a half-sob; "Frank Aylmer is my brother."

"Aylmer?—That's the new log-cabin across North Fork. Four miles due north."

"Perhaps. I am lost!"

"Well, never mind. I'll take you home. If I should lift you into my saddle, could you sit there if I should lead the horse?"

"But you would have to walk, and there is the creek to cross."

For answer, he swung her lightly up, and with his hand resting on the pommel, walked beside her on the homeward track.

He asked her questions—at first idly, then with growing interest—about her present life; the house she had left; about a dozen different persons of whom she knew nothing. She wished she did know. There was a sort of yearning in his voice as of a man reaching back toward a lost past, and with no need to disguise the longing.

"My home has always been in New York," she said, apologetically. "I have known very few people from Baltimore."

Perhaps something in the speech aroused him to a sense of a possible mistake.

"How old are you?" he asked, abruptly.

"Twenty-two last month," she answered, demurely.

"Oh, the devil!" under his breath. And then he gathered himself together. "I beg your pardon, Miss Aylmer. I certainly thought you only a little girl."

She did not reply. She was conscious of a hysterical desire to laugh, and words were not safe. Two minutes of silence followed.

"I think that must be a search-party," he said, in a relieved way.

Three or four lights were twinkling and dancing in a group in the darkness before them.

"Shall I call?"

"Please," choking with a nervous contraction of the throat.

And then there rang out a long-sustained halloo.

"I think they'll hear that," he said. "The wind will help me."

Apparently the cry was a success. The lights clustered together and changed their course.

"They are coming this way," he said, and then there was not another word till they found themselves, all at once, the centre of a little group.

"Marion!" Frank's voice called. And then he had her in his arms, and all she could say was·

"I am very, very hungry, Frank."

Meanwhile her rescuer had mounted.

"Stop him!" Marion whispered, hastily; and Frank laid a constraining hand on the stranger's bridle-rein.

"You have been very kind to me," Marion said, simply. "I wish you would go home with us."

He bowed low as she spoke.

"My name is Sargent," turning to Frank.

"Laurence Sargent, from Big Salt? Mr. Sargent, I think there is nothing for you to do but to finish the night with us."

So Marion rode the rest of the way between the two men, chatting on in their business-like, unemotional fashion, while the little group of retainers put their tough little steeds to the top of their speed and hurried back to their broken slumbers.

Well, it might have been quite another man than the one who had been so interested in her list of acquaintances. She had not seen his face, but his voice, language, belonged to one who had been no stranger in the world to which she herself belonged. And yet, somehow, there was a listless indifference in his tone, as of one forced to find the motive of his life in the passing interests of the hour.

Miss Aylmer was not a sentimental young woman, but the fancy certainly occurred to her that this man's past had somehow spoiled his future. Perhaps she may be pardoned; she was certainly in a highly excitable, overwrought state, and for a year and a half there had been a marked dearth of incident in her history.

In those other days, when she had worn satins and velvets, and waltzed to the music of the Seventh Regiment Band, she had been accounted a beauty in her set. Dropping at once out of that sphere, even if she found a more wholesome state of existence, it must be owned that she found it sometimes insipid. Frank knew of Mr. Sargent, at least, and his invitation recognized him as a man to be known.

When the two men came in from the corral, where they had bestowed their tired horses, they found her standing in the full light of the lamps, wide-eyed and intense-looking. Her toilet had taken about ten minutes, and the little surprised start that their guest gave as he saw her, assured her of its success. She had replaced her riding-habit with a wine-red cashmere, that, having suited her two years ago, had not lost its fitness. She had fastened a little kerchief of lace about her throat, and knotted her silky, curling, heavy hair low down in her neck with an odd old silver pin to hold it. That was all. But Frank recognized the danger-signals, and chose to be somewhat out of humor about it.

"My sister Marion, Mr. Sargent," with just a touch of formality.

She gave him a small brown hand.

"I ought to make a little speech of thanks to my heroic preserver," with a bright upward look under her long lashes.

Frank groaned inwardly.

"There she goes at her old tricks. The man is no fool, thank Heaven."

Fool or not, the man was unresponsive. He bowed gravely, taking her hand for the briefest conventional space of time.

"It was a small service, and I quite balanced it by after impertinence. I mistook Miss Aylmer for a child," explaining to Frank, and turning away from the graceful figure before him.

A neighbor's wife from a mile away, over the creek, had prepared a meal, late as it was, one fixed idea in the Southwestern mind being the necessity of eating. Miss Aylmer sat behind her coffee-cups and found herself ignored. She and Mrs. Jones discussed such topics as they found common ground upon, while the talk at the other end of the table was of crops and the cattle-market. Frank sent two or three mirthful looks of triumph toward her, and knew her too well to be deceived by the air of sunny composure with which she chatted about native cookery.

She took a good look at this Laurence Sargent. Not a handsome man—not even a young one—dressed in much

such a fashion as the loungers at the station had been. The heavy blue flannel closed about his muscular brown throat without a redeeming strip of white; the spurs on his high riding-boots clanked as he moved. His face was square, and heavily bearded; gray eyes looked out from under straight, half-frowning brows. Not a lady's man. But Miss Aylmer settled down more and more obstinately to the belief that he had been. But she changed her tactics.

Her piano had been her one extravagance in her renunciation of her old days.

"Miss Aylmer plays?" Mr. Sargent asked, abruptly, as they left the table.

Miss Aylmer did play, and very nicely.

"Play, Marion," Frank said.

She obeyed, going back to the oldest music she knew, searching doubtfully for a clew to her listener's past.

He sat silent; she did not know if he was listening or not.

"Thanks," as she paused. "You'll think it strange, perhaps, but I have not heard a piano for five years, except in the drinking-saloons."

She did not stop, as she might have done. She played a few chords dreamily, and sang. She had a well-trained contralto voice, nothing wonderful in power or compass, but eminently sympathetic in quality, and with a deft way of managing the resources of her limited range. And she sang one of Marzial's ballads very nicely and sweetly, and found Mr. Sargent restless at its close.

"That will do," he said, almost harshly. "It is dawn. I must go."

"Go! Not in the least. Tell him so, Marion. Tell you what, my dear fellow, some one to speak to that can speak English——"

Marion turned with one of her slow, sweet smiles.

"I am sure Mr. Sargent does not need to be told."

He did not look at her.

"Notwithstanding, I must go," with harsh decision. "Good-by, Aylmer. Look me up any day."

He turned at the threshold and bowed a silent farewell to his hostess, standing beside her shining keys. But fate interposed. His foot slid on the threshold, he threw out his hand to save himself, and thrust it through the glass sash that formed the upper part of the door. With a slight exclamation, he stood holding the wounded wrist.

Frank spoke first.

"You're hurt, man! The blood is pouring off your fingers," examining the hurt member. "Marion, get some bandages. Mrs. Jones, will you bring me a basin of water? Quick, please. Take off your coat," dragging at the garment himself. "What the devil is it? Marion, are you never coming?" tugging at the handkerchief he had twisted about the wounded arm. "How this blood pours! Marion," raising his voice, "bring something."

She came then, bringing the white silk handkerchief she had worn about her neck. Sargent remembered it, and made a gesture of protest.

"That's all right, it's the best thing," going on with his bandaging. "Now you'll have to wait till day, and we'll get a doctor here. There's one just over the creek. You'll *have* to be quiet."

Sargent made no answer as he walked wearily to the armchair Mrs. Jones pulled forward. There was a little talk about the accident, drifting off to other matters, when Marion uttered another exclamation. A stream of red blood was running from Sargent's half-closed hand to the carpet. He muttered something under his breath and gripped his arm hard.

"There's an artery cut, I'm afraid. Can you manage anything," making suggestion after suggestion.

Nothing was successful. The red stream flowed still.

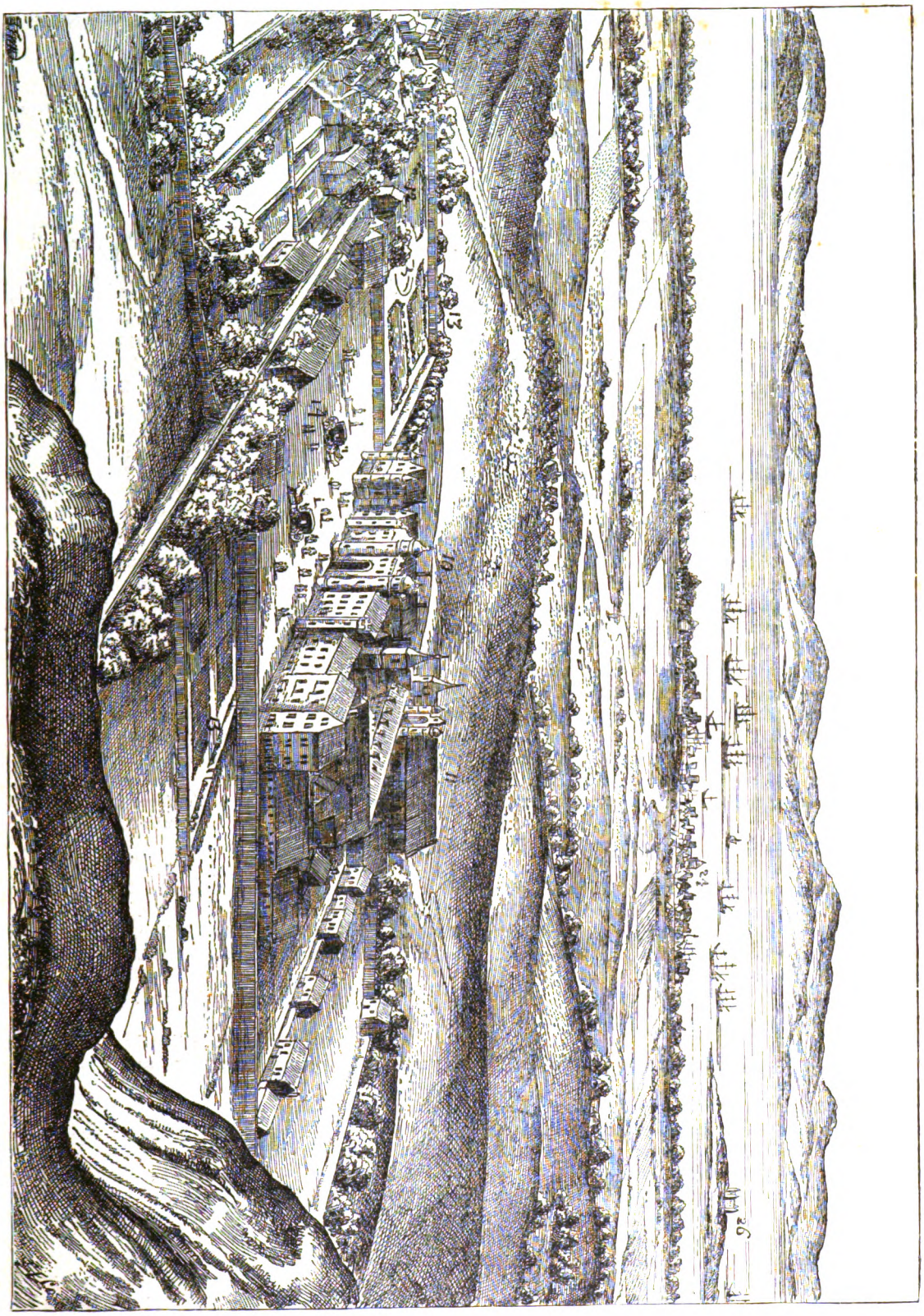
"I can't stand this," he said. "You'll have to hold it. Put your thumb on the pulse above the elbow, and send for that doctor."

Frank was paler than he. Mrs. Jones was fluttering about in a state of frightened excitement. Marion, at the window, with her back toward them, stood perfectly quiet. Sargent had not looked at her.

MARY OF GUISE, MOTHER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.— SEE PAGE 106.

"There's no one to send," a quiet voice said. "Let *me* hold the arm while you go. My fingers are very strong," holding out a pair of small, strong hands. Don't be afraid to hold hard, and remember it's life or death."

She knelt beside the wounded man, stretched at length



14. Outer Court. 10. Holyrood. 11. Abbey. 24. Leith. 26. Inchkeith Castle.

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ABBEY.—FROM THE VIEW BY HOLLAR IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

He made a faint dissuasive sound.

"That's the place. Yes, that's better," Frank said, disregarding the utterance. "Marion will do quite well enough, and you must let me go. Right here, Molly. now on the floor. She was quite pale and silent, all her pretty airs stripped away, a woman who could be of service when need came.

A whole hour went by. Sargent did not speak at all.

Once Marion called for a pillow—Mrs. Jones placed it beneath his head—and once for brandy, in a quick, decisive way that had no tremors in it. The clock ticked, the wind sobbed and murmured past the open doors and windows. Mrs. Jones rocked mournfully in the corner with rhythmic sighs and smothered moans. Whenever Sargent opened his eyes they fell upon the pale face above him. Once an involuntary start of his loosened her grasp, and a spurt of blood followed the slip. When he looked again her face was colorless, but with no sign of giving up about the compressed lips or steady eyes. And so the minutes ticked themselves away till the quick beat of horses' hoofs came up to the very door. Mrs. Jones met them.

"I'll take your horses. Go in there. It's awful!"

And in a little while Marion found herself released. Sargent opened his eyes. There was blood on her face and hands as she leaned against the wall. The early daylight shone over her. She smiled, a weary, pitiful kind of smile, as she met his look.

"Thank you!" he tried to say, and fainted dead away.

Three weeks later, Laurence Sargent found himself on the eve of farewell. It had been a time of trial to the man who, in all his life, had never before suffered from a day's illness. There was nothing to do but to lie there and face his memories of the past, and look forward over an objectless future. If he had been actively ill, had had bodily pain to bear, anything but simple weakness and necessity for quiet, it might have been more endurable. After the manner of men, he raged under the restraint. In the small house, he came to know every footfall and every tone; there was never an hour, day nor night, that he was not conscious of all its inmates. Mrs. Jones, whose husband had gone West on a prolonged buffalo-hunt, was willing enough to shut up her solitary cabin and give her help. He knew her solid tread well enough, and used to lie listening for another, a light, springy footfall, that was for ever going on, and never seemed to be tired. It was the same with voices. He came to think that never another woman had so many tones as Marion Aylmer. But she never sang, and the piano was never touched in all those weeks.

As for Marion, Frank had spoken his mind and she had listened.

"You let Sargent alone!" he said. "What do you want of him, anyhow? Something has gone wrong in his life; some woman's work, likely enough, and he's fighting it out by himself. He isn't what you girls calls nice. He has something else to think about."

"You are going to make a friend of him?"

"That's no reason my sister should make a fool of him, or of herself."

"No one but you, Frank, ever called me a flirt!"—injured innocence in the tone.

"Oh, didn't they! Look here, Marion; Laurence Sargent has about one chance in a dozen of not going to the devil completely. Are you going to push him down. Mind what you're about, my girl!"

From that minute no nun ever walked with more conventual propriety. Marion Aylmer was at heart a sweet, gracious woman. If in those other days she had deserved the epithet Frank had insinuated, it was as much an instinct as the impulse that sends the cat after the mouse. Perhaps this utterly isolated life had wakened a truer womanhood. In these weeks, when the helpless giant lay at her mercy, not a word or look disturbed Frank's sense of propriety. She went about her household duties, lightened by Mrs. Jones's help, in the same cheery, unconscious fashion as before. She wore her print gowns with their little dainty touches of elegance in fit and neatness. She scampered about the country on horseback, and Laurence Sargent was only a circumstance of minor importance in the lengthening Spring days.

As for him, remember that for years he had barely seen a woman of her kind.

On this afternoon, the last that he was to spend under their roof, he lay on the couch before the window of the little room that served as reception-room, parlor, and dining-room. Mrs. Jones had gone home to attend to some personal business there. He watched her disappear beyond the swell of the smooth grass mound, her limp sun-bonnet flapping about her ears with every stride of her loping pony. The Spring sun lay warm over all the unshaded land; the south wind surged in great warm billows out of the wide silence. Miss Aylmer came in from some work of the out-of-doors, singly softly to herself. He closed his eyes, and she thought him sleeping.

She took her sewing, and in five minutes was absorbed in that, as she always was in the thing she was doing, forgetting everything but her careful stitches. And while she sat slowly swinging back and forth in her low sewing-chair, Sargent really did fall asleep.

She heard the noise of a raid of chickens in her just swept and garnished kitchen, and discovered that the sleeper's hand had closed on a fold of her dress. He looked so worn and wasted that she could not find it in her heart to waken him by drawing it away. But the triumphal march went on over Mrs. Jones's just washed floor, and the situation became unbearable. She stooped over him, loosening his fingers gently. His eyes opened suddenly. The look that came into them held her transfixed and silent for a good minute. Then he released her, and she went away.

Straight out of the house, past the invading enemy, on and on across the faint green of the awakening prairie for a good half-mile, before sensation calmed itself down to thought. Then she turned slowly back again, looking the facts in the face. She could not well misunderstand. It was not the first time she had seen some such change as that pass over a man's face, but with a feeling of wonder she recognized the truth that this time it made a difference to her.

She went back to the house and busied herself in the outer room. She had not quite the courage to face him yet, but he called her presently.

She came and stood beside him, looking down on him, a little flushed, with a strange shyness in her beautiful eyes.

"You are not angry with me?" he said, gravely.

"No," quietly.

"You are a revelation in this hard, ungracious life of mine. From the hour that I saw you standing in the lamplight in this room, it has seemed to me that never another woman was so sweet or so beautiful. I look up to you as I suppose a lost spirit may look up to the light and purity he has forfeited for ever. When I say good-by to-night—I shall try and go away to-night—it is for ever. I shall never see you again, if I can help it."

"No!" stretching out her hands with a little cry of appeal.

If he heard her, he paid no heed.

"It will not matter to you; your life will go on as it has gone. By-and-by you will go back to the world where you belong, and I shall sink a little deeper." His lips trembled a little. "Good-by!"

She had no voice wherewith to answer him—this woman who had listened with dry eyes and unfluttered nerves to far more eloquent appeals than this appeal!

It was no appeal. He had not said he loved her. He asked nothing in return. He took it for granted that between them there was a great gulf fixed, and in recognizing it had not asked for even pity.

For a minute she paused. Then, slowly, tenderly, almost reverently, she bent over him and kissed his lips.

He went home that night. Frank took him. When the brother returned, he said, quietly, to his sister:

"I am not going to ask what has happened. I don't think I care to know. You have it on your conscience."

For two weeks no one saw or heard of Laurence Sargent. Then suddenly he came to the door. No one heard his step till he stood there waiting to be greeted. Miss Aylmer looked at him with troubled face, and Frank's impulsive welcome scarcely covered her silence.

He came and stood behind her chair.

"Aylmer," he said, "I have a story to tell. I came on purpose to tell it, before I take myself away. I don't know why I need assume that it makes any difference to you, but I owe it to myself and to your sister. I have a wife. Seven years ago I married. Five years ago she left me under circumstances of such peculiar disgrace, that I have never stood upright since. I married her because it seemed the best arrangement for both of us. I never thought whether I loved her or not."

His hand, resting on her chair, trembled a little. She sat quite immovable. There was dead silence in the room; the clock ticked, the flies buzzed against the window; a square of hot sunshine fell through the open door, marking with sharp distinctness the pattern of the carpet.

"What do you want?"

It was Frank who spoke sharply. The others turned, to see a woman standing there, ragged, unclean, bleareyed, and bloated with liquor-drinking—even now unsteady, as she stood with a hand on either doorpost.

"What do I want? Well, just to see my husband. You can't blame a woman for that. It is quite an unexpected pleasure, meeting him here. You didn't know he was a married man, did you, miss?" turning toward Marion.

"It is quite true," Sargent said. His face was ghastly white and his voice hollow, but it did not tremble. He stepped forward between her and Marion. "What do you want, Ethel?"

"Ain't you going to shake hands? I won't ask you to kiss me before people," with a leer.

"What do you want, Ethel?" repeating his words in a mechanical fashion.

"What do I want? Well, I can't tell you all at once. I'll tell you as we go along home. *I've come to stay.*"

"Come to stay!" The man reeled backward into a chair.

"What do you mean, woman?" Frank asked, harshly.

"Mrs. Sargent, if you please. I mean that I heard my husband here was a rich man again, and I made up my mind to come and take care of him. Part of the way I've tramped. I've begged rides and stolen rides. A camper's wagon brought me the last fifty miles. I saw him ride in here, and I made them put me out, and I followed him."

"He is not bound to receive you. You are not his wife before Heaven nor in the sight of man."

The woman sat down on the ground.

"What are you going to do?" she said, with drunken obstinacy. "They have left me, and you can't put me out to starve."

Marion had sat there white and still. She rose now and approached the unwelcome guest. Sargent started up, and stretched out his arm before her.

"Stop!" he said. "You don't know. Don't touch her, Marion"—he called her name unconsciously. "She is my disgrace and my fate. Leave her to me."

A wave of something like pain crossed the woman's stolid face.

"Yes," she said, "I'm left to you. Hadn't we better be going home?"

He laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Tell me the truth. You have followed me because you heard I had money again. Have you confederates waiting anywhere?"

"Look!" with a single gesture of a very dirty hand.

The white cover of a camper's wagon was going down the trail, already far off.

He turned away and stood with bent head, a bitter frown on his face.

"What will you do?"

It was Frank who spoke, awe and pain and wonder in his voice.

"What can I do? I can see but one way open."

He turned to Marion.

"You are right"—the words were only a whisper.

"Listen, Ethel. Are you sober enough to understand? You are not my wife, but because you once were, I will take you to my home—such as it is. I am not a rich man, but I can give you food and clothing, and keep you from bodily suffering. You will live under my roof, you can bear my name if you choose, and while you live I shall never call another woman wife. But that is all."

She rose stupidly.

"We had better go, hadn't we?"

"Yes," bitterly.

He did not turn toward Marion, but she put herself in his way, holding out her hands. He crushed it in his, but neither spoke.

Frank's light-wagon stood at the door, and it was he who drove the wretched woman to his friend's home. Sargent followed on horseback, and not a word was spoken all the way.

The long hot Summer passed in its radiant fashion. The days were like pages of blue-and-gold glory, as they blazed on. In the prairie homes scattered through the waste of green, the heat and the weary shadeless splendors of the long rainless season grew to be almost unendurable. Marion grew thin and pale, and when the September days came she fairly gave up the struggle for appearances, broke down and cried with homesickness. Frank was not much better, but he had a man's out-of-door resources, and in that respect was happier.

Sargent's name was never mentioned between them. Now and again a horseman, who could be none other than he, passed along the distant trail. Marion saw him always, but he never came near the house. An unnamed weight lay on the girl's heart, something that sapped life and spirits—a weight that by-and-by grew too heavy for longer bearing.

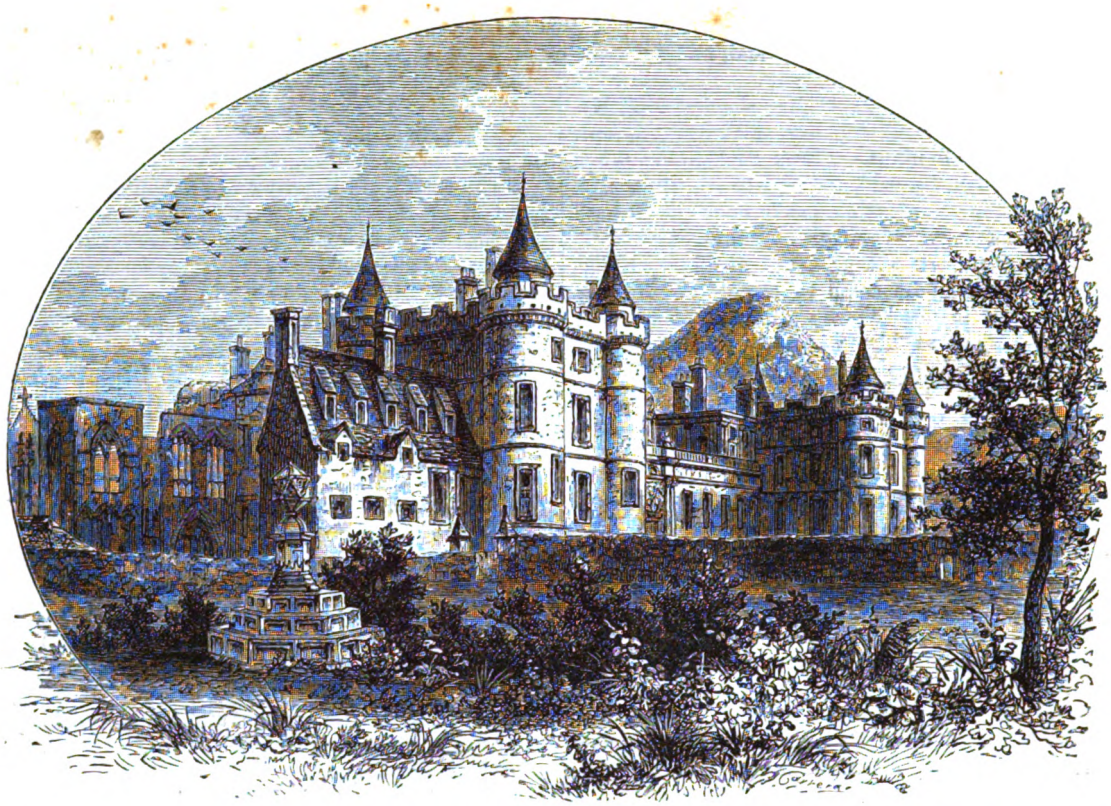
"I must go home," she said, suddenly, one evening, "or I shall die."

Frank looked in her eyes.

"You shall go," he said. "Wait another fortnight and I will go with you."

She sat out-of-doors one hot twilight, her hands clasped about her knees, in an attitude of curious, listless despondency. She wore a white dress, not much whiter than her lips and cheeks. Her hair was pushed back from her face, as if restless hands had thrust it aside. She sat looking at an orange sunset, against which the dark line of prairie level lay like the rim of an ocean.

Through the dimness came a woman's form. Marion



EARLY LIFE OF MARY STUART.—HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH, WITH REGENT MURRAY'S HOUSE AND ANCIENT HOROLOGE.
SEE PAGE 106.

did not recognize her till she was quite close, and then, though she rose, she stood quite silent. The woman was a good deal improved, certainly in dress, and she had lost something of the air of reckless dissipation that had marked her a few months before, but it took only a single glance to identify Ethel Sargent.

"I have come to see you," she said, with a reckless laugh. "I am off again, and I thought I could tell you something you would like to hear."

"Yes." It was all her lips could frame.

"I knew, the minute I saw Laurence with you, how matters stood. He's done the right thing by me, and now I'll try and square accounts. You can have him if you want him. I never was his wife. I had been married privately a year before, and the man I married left me in a few days. He came back after a while, and—well, I liked him best. I suppose I never took very kindly to respectability.

You don't believe me? Very well, here is my marriage certificate. I'll make you a present of it. Laurence knows the man was alive years after that."

"Does he know this?" with dry lips.

"No," with that grating laugh. "I have left to you the pleasure of

STIRLING CASTLE, WHERE QUEEN MARY WAS CROWNED.

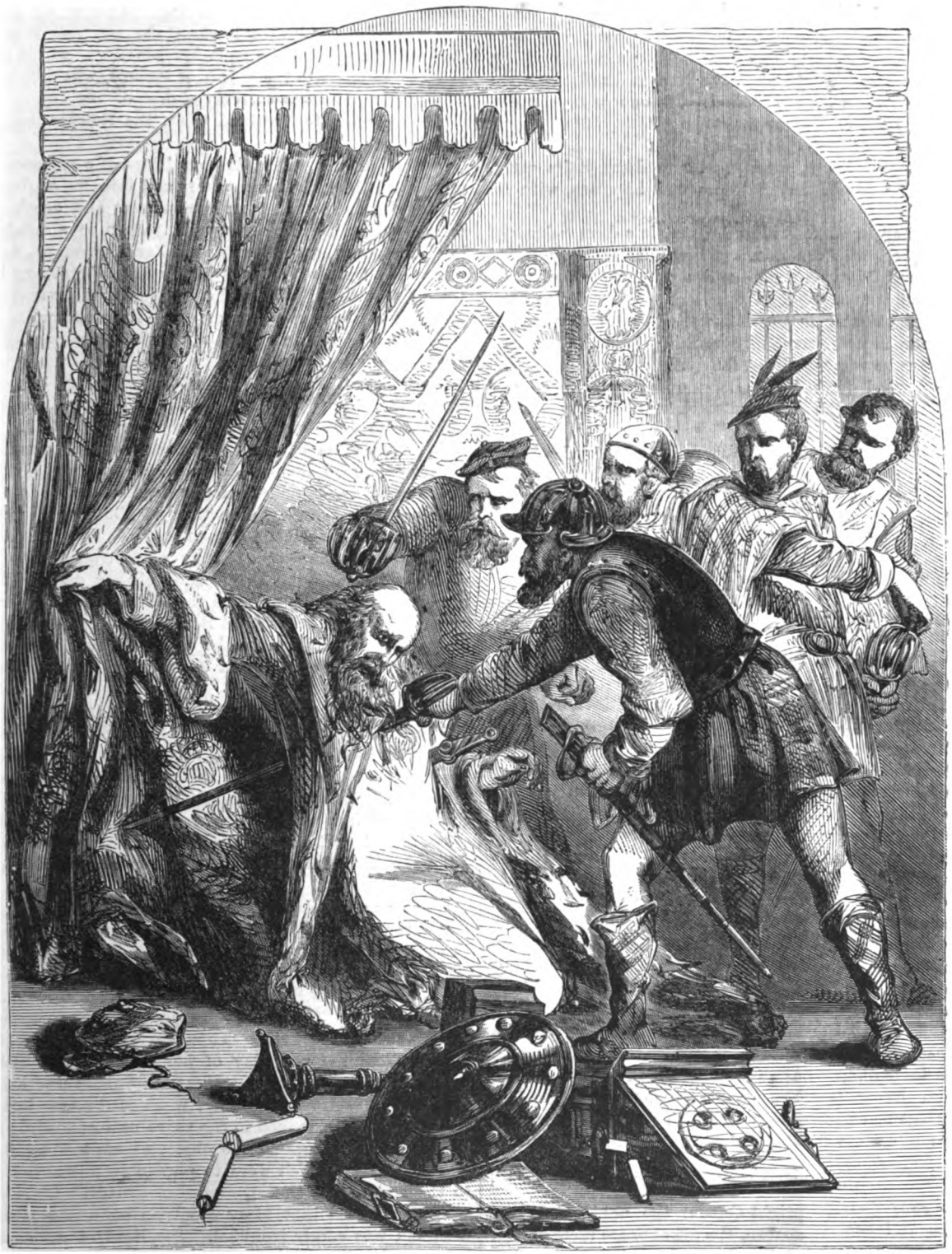
telling. He doesn't know I am going. He will not be back till to-morrow night."

"But how and where are you going?"

"To the devil, and on foot, for the present."

"Thanks. I don't want the chance."

And no entreaties to stay, even for the night, would prevail. Money she took greedily, and so went out of sight and knowledge into the hot darkness.



ASSASSINATION OF CARDINAL BEATON.

"Stay. Listen. You shall not go," a great burst of womanly pity filling her heart. "Stay with us. If you are not his wife, you are free to begin life again. I am going to my home in the East in a few days. I will take you with me. I will give you a chance."

No mood or variation of temper surprised Frank any more, else he might have wondered at his sister's state of mind that night. But she did not tell him. They had been at home in the longed-for "East" some days, and she had settled down into the old ways of living,

as if she had never been out of them, when she spoke of what had happened, and the revelation that had been made to her.

"I'll take that paper," he said, but he did not explain his intentions concerning it.

* * * * * *

"Molly, I shall depend on you. George has asked a Western man here to dinner to-night; a cousin of his, but a stranger. Could you take him in hand, dear? I don't know the ways of the kind. If you saw any dangerous symptoms would you avert them?"

"I'll try. What is his name?"

"I've forgotten it utterly. Come down-stairs early, please. I affirm I feel helpless and hopeless, with all those other people coming."

So it happened that Miss Aylmer, in a dinner-dress of gauzy black, with ornaments of beaten silver—the quaint extravagant Mexican work—and a great bunch of white chrysanthemums, stood in the long parlor, talking such talk as is passable in the interval of waiting for dinner, when her hostess gave her a warning touch.

"There he comes. Now, Molly."

She turned toward the door, and there, a head and shoulders above the others, stood Laurence Sargent.

* * * * * *

"The oddest thing. Marion Aylmer married a Western man, after all. And she's gone back there to live. Marion Aylmer. You remember her? Two years ago she led everything here; the greatest success of the Winter. Well, I've given over calculating on *anything!*"

EARLY LIFE OF MARY STUART.

By Marc F. Vallette.

Three hundred years have passed away since Mary Stuart, the first and only Queen-regnant of Scotland, gave her soul to God and her head to her bitterest and most unrelenting persecutor, Elizabeth of England, and yet the question of her character awakens as earnest controversy as ever. The laborious researches of conscientious and painstaking writers seem to go for nothing. The old saying that a lie travels leagues while truth is putting on boots to pursue and overtake it, is verified in the case of Mary of Scotland, and, in this case, too, when overtaken and strangled, how hard it dies! In everyday life we may sometimes stamp out a calumny by confronting the calumniator with the calumniated. But the historical lie cannot be so treated. In our busy day, people have no time for lengthy vindications of men and women long since dead. What care they about making researches? They have read the slander; it was not so long as the vindication, and, in an age that delights in the sensational, the calumny has a piquancy which the vindication has not. Mary Stuart as a vain, frivolous creature, as a murderess and adulteress, will, with an unreflecting class, always be an interesting character; but Mary Stuart,

"That sunbeam, strayed from fairy climes, to fade upon a throne";

Mary Stuart, the upright Queen, the noble and true woman, the faithful spouse, the affectionate mother, and the ever tender-hearted, trusting and forgiving sovereign, has but a slight hold upon the masses of readers. Any attempt to prove her so would be dull reading indeed.

But, it is a consolation to know that there is an honest, if less numerous, class of readers, who seek for truth behind the shafts of prejudice, and it is for their benefit that we write.

Scotland was one of the most turbulent countries of Europe up to the time it became united with England. Under none of its native rulers was it the scene of so many revolutions, attended with such tragic results, as under Queen Mary. This sovereign, whom misfortunes never ceased to pursue from the cradle to the grave, was scarcely six days old when she was called to the throne. Forced to flee from her kingdom, she, in time, married the heir to the crown of France, who left her a widow when she was scarcely eighteen.

She returned to Scotland when the Reformation had just broken out.

It was not long before she found herself a prisoner and proscribed through the treachery and intrigue of the very nobles she had saved from banishment and death. To escape their violence, she sought refuge in a neighboring kingdom, whose sovereign was her kinswoman, and in whom she felt she had a "double trust," "strong both against the deed" of treachery which first invited, and then, after nineteen years of cruel imprisonment, consigned her to the headsman's ax, whilst pretending the most heartfelt sympathy.

Mary Stuart, or, as she is best known, Mary, Queen of Scots, was born at Linlithgow Palace, some eighteen miles from Edinburgh, on December 8th, 1542. Her father was James V., King of Scotland, and her mother, his second queen, Mary of Lorraine, the widowed Duchess of Longueville, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Francis, Count de Vendôme, and Marie de Luxembourg. This latter, the maternal grandmother of Mary of Lorraine, was the representative of John Baliol, through her descent from his sister, Ada Baliol. Thus the blood of the two rival claimants of the crown of Scotland, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, mingled in the veins of Mary Stuart, the heiress of the elder line of Alfred and the crown of England.

Mary came into the world only at the moment when the broken heart of Scotland's "splendid, people-loving King was beating its way through Arctic ice-fields of death, on into the unknown seas, thence to return never more." Her father never saw her, nor she him. When the dying King, who had retired to Hallyards, in Fifeshire, heard that a child had been born unto him, he quickly asked: "Hath a man or woman been born unto me?"

"'Tis ane fair daughter," was the answer.

"Farewell, then," said he, "to the crown of Scotland! It came with a lass (Margery Bruce); it will go with a lass."

"And so," says Sir David Lindsay, "he commended himself to Almighty God, and turned his back to his lords and his face to the wall." Thus Mary became an orphan almost from the very day of her birth, the period at which her troubles began. Her unfortunate position, so far from attracting sympathy, when it became known, seemed to be overlooked in the yearnings of worldly ambition, and she became the object of contending rivalries and hates, which were to pursue her remorselessly to the end of her life.

We have said that Mary was born at a period when Scotland was sorely troubled. The Earl of Arran, next heir to the throne, in case of her death, claimed the Regency, and Bishop Lesley thus touchingly refers to the first week of her reign: "The queen, her mother, then lying in childbed in the Palace of Linlithgow, kept this young princess there, albeit with great fear, through divers factions among the principal noblemen, shortly thereafter, contending among themselves for the govern-

ment of the realm and the keeping of the princess's person." Mary of Lorraine struggled pertinaciously to preserve her maternal rights and retain the personal care of Scotland's new-born sovereign. Janet Sinclair, who had performed the same duties for Prince James, Mary's eldest brother, now deceased, became her nurse. It was while still an unconscious infant upon that nurse's knee that she received the first homage from the peers and prelates of her realm, when they came to announce officially the death of her royal father, and to salute her as their sovereign lady—Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles.

Here, too, the earliest matrimonial overtures for her baby hand were proposed, by the Earl of Arran, for his little son, Lord Hamilton. Henry VIII., the great-uncle of the royal orphan, also had ideas regarding her future. With the death of her father he terminated the war against Scotland, and liberated the Scottish nobles who had fallen into his hands after the battle of Solway Moss. His idea was, that, being too old to solicit the hand of the young Queen for himself, he would eventually make her the wife of his infant son, Edward, and by this alliance unite the two kingdoms. Henry was not to be put off by a refusal, and he resolved to obtain possession of the child whether or not. The seven peers of Scotland, the Earls of Cassilis and Glencairn, and the Lords Gray, Maxwell, Oliphant, Flemming and Summerville, liberally pensioned, returned to Scotland pledged to do his bidding, open Scottish garrisons to English soldiers, and secure the transfer of the child Queen into the hands of Henry. To these was added Sir Ralph Saddler, who appeared in Scotland as a sort of ambassador, and amply supplied with the means of satisfying such itching palms as might be willing to betray their royal mistress for English gold. As their efforts were not attended with immediate success, Henry issued peremptory orders for the separation of mother and daughter.

Mary of Lorraine, conscious of her danger, and being almost powerless in her apartments at Linlithgow, sought and obtained aid. About this time Earls Lenox and Bothwell, and Lord Linsay of the Byres, with other loyal gentlemen, pronounced in her favor, called to their aid the faithful "lads from the hill," and at the head of 10,000 Highlanders and borderers, with pibrochs sounding and gay tartans streaming in the wind, marched into Linlithgow, rescued their Queen and her mother, and marched them in triumph to the royal Fortress and Castle of Stirling. Here a treaty of peace and marriage with England, pledging Mary's unconscious hand to Edward Tudor, was signed, sealed and ratified on August 23d, 1543, while Mary was scarcely eight months old, and directly against the wishes of her mother. Arran, the Regent, who was not above suspicion, and heartily ashamed of the treaty, finding the populace incensed against him for having sold their Queen and country to England, sought a reconciliation with Cardinal Beaton, his former rival, who, in his turn, reconciled him to the queen-mother.

He now took energetic measures for the coronation of the infant Queen. This ceremony was solemnized in Stirling Church, on Sunday, September 9th, 1543, by the unfortunate Cardinal Beaton, who was barbarously murdered at the Castle of St. Andrews, three years later; "and it cannot now be doubted," says Tytler, "that the crime was approved and the perpetrators were rewarded by the King of England."

We have not time to enter into the details of Mary's coronation, nor of the exasperation with which Henry heard of it, nor of the battles which took place between the English and the Scotch for the possession of the infant Queen. In September, 1547, Mary and her mother were removed for safety from Stirling Castle to the Priory in the picturesque Isle of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Monteith, under the shadow of Ben Lomond. Here Queen Mary, guarded by Highland hearts and Highland arms that English gold could neither purchase nor paralyze, remained until the storm which threatened her had passed away. Here were spent, perhaps, the quietest days of her life, in company with her mother, her nurse, Janet Sinclair, her four young friends and maids-of-honor, Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming; and her tutors, governesses and lord keeper. Here her education was looked after, and she pursued her studies quietly and steadily, little dreaming of the angry storm which had driven her into this peaceful asylum, which the poet has described in the following lines:

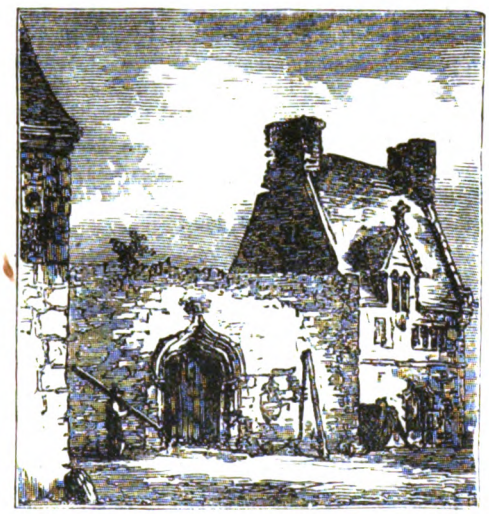
"I looked far back into other years, and lo! a bright array!
I saw as in a dream the form of ages passed away;
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls.
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadows pass,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance casts;
No sound of busy life was there, save from the cloister dim
The tinkling of a silver bell and the Sisters' holy hymn.
And there, five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding Spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little recked they as they sat or knelt at vesper prayers
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly the happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew they left behind a long-continued light."

The death of Henry VIII. did not put a stop to the desire on the part of England to obtain the hand of the young Queen of Scotland for his son, Edward VI. The Parliament renewed the arrogant claims of the deceased King, and the brave Scots were just as averse to having their Queen forced into a marriage by a Government which had never wasted any love upon them. After the battle of Pinkie it was resolved to prevent the possibility of an English alliance by marrying the young princess with the Dauphin of France, and sending her to be educated at the French Court, where she would enjoy greater security of person than in her own kingdom. Mary and her young companions were accordingly removed from Inchmahome, where they had spent the Autumn and Winter months in peaceful seclusion, and conducted to Dunbarton by the Lords Livingston and Erskine. Here the young Queen was met by a brilliant array of lords and ladies, of gallant French officers in their gay uniforms, and of tartaned mountain chiefs, plaided and bonneted. The same ship that had brought French troops to aid the Scots against the wiles of Elizabeth was to bear their beloved sovereign to the land of her mother, where she would be in security until such time as she would be old enough to take the reigns of government into her own hands. Here, on August 7th, 1548, Mary Stuart bade farewell to her mother, Mary of Guise, or, as she is generally known, Mary of Lorraine. It was a sad parting indeed for that young and widowed mother, who had sought shelter after shelter for her royal daughter. But England was strong on land and sea, and Scotland was distracted by civil and religious dissensions, and could afford little protection to its first and only Queen-regnant. The feelings of that mother are best described by Agnes Strickland, the gifted authoress of the "Queens of Scotland." "More than ten years had

MARY'S HAPPY DAYS AS WIFE OF FRANCIS II. OF FRANCE.

INTERIOR OF HOLYROOD ABBEY CHURCH, LOOKING EAST.

passed away since Mary of Lorraine had seen her first-born, and now she had deprived herself of her last treasure, the sweet babe in whose smiles she had found an endearing solace for all her other bereavements. The pangs which wrung her heart may be imagined when her exciting part in the drama had been performed, and she stood on the rocky promontory, surrounded by flattering courtiers and all the proud externals of royal splendor, but in childless loneliness, watching the receding galleys that were swiftly bearing the beautiful and beloved little Mary from her longing eyes." M. Beaugué, an eye-witness of her embarkation, says, in his "History of the Two Campaigns," that "the young Queen was, at that time, one of the most perfect creatures the God of nature ever formed, for that her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortunes and hopes."



CHAPEL OF ST. MARY, ROSCOFF, BRITTANY, BUILT BY MARY TO COMMEMORATE HER MARRIAGE WITH FRANCIS II.

DEATH'S-HEAD WATCH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary had then reached her sixth year. After several days of tossing on the stormy billows, Mary and her retinue landed safely at Brest. Henry II., King of France, had made arrangements for receiving her as became her rank and station. She soon went to Morlaix, where she was met by the Seigneur de Rohan and conducted to the Church of Notre Dame, where a prayer

of thanksgiving was said and a *Te Deum* sung for her twofold escape from the perils of the sea and from the satellites of Elizabeth. On returning from church, and when near the city gate, the drawbridge over which the procession passed not being strong enough to resist the unusual weight placed upon it, gave way and fell into the stream. The Scottish gentlemen who attended the little Queen for a moment imagined that this accident boded evil to their royal charge, and immediately set up the cry of "Treason!" Bloodshed might have followed, but the noble seigneur, who walked beside the Queen, cried out, louder than the clamor that reigned around: "Bretons are never traitors!" This seemed to reassure the Scots, and the procession proceeded on its way. It is recorded that Mary, young as she was, did not manifest the slightest alarm, and at this early period of her life it was already evident that she inherited the fearless spirit of her ancestors. So evident was this, that on one occasion her warrior uncle, Francis of Guise, said to her: "My niece, there is one trait in which, above all others, I recognize my own blood in you—you are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went to battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well."

We have not time to follow Mary on her triumphal march to Paris, or to watch her as she pursued her studies at the Castle of St. Germain-en-Laye, under the care of the "lord keepers," Earl of Livingston and Lord Erskine, and her immediate guardian, the Duchess of Guise, her grandmother. Here, too, was her illegitimate brother, James Stuart, whom she afterward made Earl of Murray and Regent of Scotland, and who betrayed her and, there is now little doubt, instigated her husband's death.

Mary soon attracted attention by her budding talents. Her precocious conversation surprised, her grace captivated, all who came in contact with her. Whether at St. Germain or at Blois, she devoted much time, for a child of her age, to study. In her eighth year she wrote the following letter to her grandmother, to inform her of the pleasure in store for her from the contemplated visit of her mother, Mary of Lorraine:

"*From St. Germain-en-Laye*, 3 JUNE, 1550.

"MY LADY: I was very glad to be able to offer you these present lines, for the purpose of telling you the joyful tidings which I have received from the queen, my mother, who has promised me, by her letter dated xxii. of April, to come over very soon to see you and me, and for us to see her, which will be to me the greatest happiness that I could desire in this world; and this rejoices me to such a degree as to make me think I ought to do my duty to the utmost, in the meantime, and study to become very wise, in order to satisfy the good desire she has to see me all you and she wish me to be. I pray you, my lady, to increase my joy, if it be agreeable to you, by coming hither soon, and to arm yourself with all the patience which you know is needed in the interim. Inform me, I beseech you, of all your pleasant news, and hold me always in your good graces, to which I beg most humbly to commend myself, and also to those of my aunt, whom I love the more for the good company she is to you. Praying God, my lady, to give you health and long life, and all you most desire,

"Your very humble and obedient daughter, MARIE."

"At St. Germain, iij. June."

Indorsed—"A Madame ma Grandmère, ma Dame la Duchesse de Guyse."

After spending a year at St. Germain, the young French princesses having gone to the Convent at Poissy, Mary retired to Blois. Here she continued her studies. She was fond of music and poetry. At nine years of age she composed and recited a Latin oration for some court pageant. Buchanan, the best Latinist of his age, has praised her verses in no stinted terms, and Brantôme was no less enthusiastic over her French. But study was not her only occupation. She was fond of open-air exercise, and her soldier uncle, Francis, took her with him to hunt in his forests. It is related that on one occasion her dress caught in the branch of a tree; she was thrown from her horse, and nearly ridden over by some of the hunt, who, in their hurry, failed to see her. Even the hood she wore was trodden on by the horses' hoofs. She, however, gathered herself up, and re-arranging her hair, rejoined the chase, without any alarm whatever. Cardinal Lorraine, in 1552, wrote to the young Queen's mother as follows:

"Your daughter is growing, and increasing daily in goodness, beauty and wisdom. . . . The King spends much of his time chatting with her. . . . She knows as well how to entertain him with good and wise subjects of conversation as if she were a woman of five-and-twenty."

Young, beautiful and accomplished as she was, Mary was not free from attempts against her life, even in France. Robert Stewart, one of the French King's archers, attempted to poison her, when she was only eight years old, by mingling a deadly powder in her favorite dish. He was tried, found guilty, and executed, but he never divulged the reason of his crime. It was well known that he was an adherent of the Earl of Lenox, whom he was anxious to place upon the throne of Scotland, and bring his countess, the Lady Margaret Douglas, nearer to the royal succession of England.

Brantôme, in his "Vie des Femmes Illustres," says that Mary delighted to appear in the national costume of her own kingdom; "and it is not a little surprising," he adds, "that when arrayed *à la sauvage*, as I have seen her, in the outlandish garb of the wild people of her realm, her mortal form assumed in that horrible and barbarous dress the semblance of a perfect goddess. Those who have seen her thus appareled can bear witness to the truth of this; and those who have not, may see her portrait in this costume, in which I have heard the king and queen say she looked more beautiful and graceful than in any other."

Mary had scarcely entered upon her sixteenth year, when Henry II., King of France, made a formal proposal for her hand for his son Francis, who had been the companion and playmate of Mary, and to whom she was already greatly attached. The proposition was laid before the Scottish Parliament. Nine gentlemen were sent to France to arrange and sign the marriage articles. On Tuesday, April 17th, 1558, the solemn betrothal took place, the marriage contract between the Dauphin of France and the Queen of Scotland was signed, and the event was celebrated by a grand ball. On the 22d of April, the following Sunday, the nuptials were publicly celebrated. The occasion was one of unusual splendor, even for the magnificent Court of France.

"It was the gay Court of Bourbon;
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng,
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
But fairest far of all the throng that basked in fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she, the new-made bride,
The homage of a thousand hearts, the fond, deep love of one,
The hopes that circle 'round a life whose charms have just begun,
They lighten up her chestnut eyes, they mantle o'er her cheek—
They sparkle on her open brow and high-souled joy bespeak.
Ah! who can blame if scarce that day, through all the glowing hours,
She thought of a quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers."

The betrothal took place in the Palace of the Louvre, still standing, but now one of the finest museums and art galleries in the world. The marriage ceremony took

place in the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame. Mary stood in an open pavilion, erected before the door of the sacred edifice, by the side of her husband, Francis, the Dauphin of France. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, assisted by the Archbishop of Paris. The distribution of "largesse" among the poor who witnessed the ceremony followed the nuptial blessing, and cries of enthusiasm and affection were heard on every side.

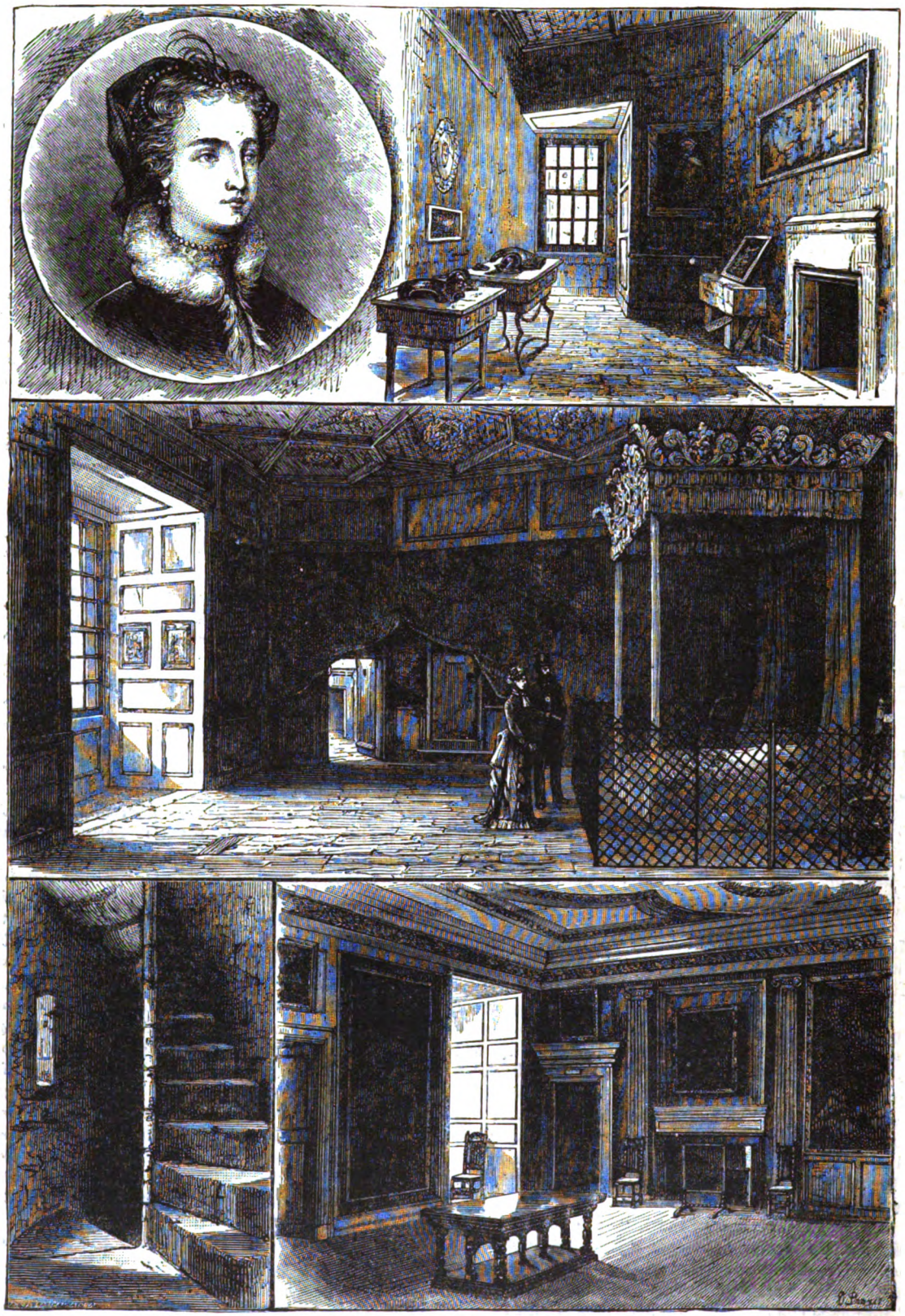
"Happy," exclaimed the universal voice of the great city, then assembled to behold her; "happy, a hundred times beyond all others, is the prince thus united to this princess. If Scotland be a possession of value, she who is Queen of that realm is far more precious, for if she had neither crown nor sceptre, her single person, in her divine beauty, would be worth a kingdom, but since she is a sovereign, she brings to France and to her husband double fortune."

Among the guests at the banquet which followed the marriage were names renowned in history: Condé; the princely Lorraine; and the Constable of France, old Montmorenci; Angoulême and D'Este; Catharine de Medici (the latter, Elizabeth of England, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, were the only enemies of her own sex that Mary ever had), and Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. The festivities consisted of pageants and courtly amusements of every variety. One of the pageants is thus described: "First came seven planets, marching in succession—Mars in his armor; Diana with her bow; then five-and-twenty steeds, each bearing a young prince, defiled before the Scottish bride; then coaches full of pilgrims, singing songs; then a triumphal car filled with musicians, and drawn by silver cords; and last came twelve princes on unicorns, supporting the arms of Scotland. After the dancing was ended, six fine galleys with silver masts sailed in, each guided by a prince, who, as they passed the groups of ladies, seized and carried off one of them, as the wild Norse Vikings used to win their brides. The Dauphin caught his fair young wife; the King of Navarre, his pious old one; the Protestant Condé won the Duchess of Guise, the head of the Catholic party; and thus, in those royal halls, ablaze with light, the mirth went on. Nor was sober old Scotland indifferent on this great occasion. There were "fyres and processions, and even a play was performed in Edinburgh, and old Mons Meg was fired in honor of the bonnie Queen's marriage."

A little more than a year after this grand marriage King Henry engaged in a tourney with the Count of Montgomery; a splinter from the breaking of his antagonist's lance entered the King's eye and pierced upward to the brain. Four days later Mary of Scotland was also Queen of France. Catharine de Medici, though greeted as Queen-regent by her son, now King of France, was not long in realizing that hers was but an empty title, and that the real Regent was the young Queen of Scots, or rather the houses of Lorraine and Guise through her. "Fain would Catharine de Medici," says Agnes Strickland, in her "Life of Mary Stuart, "have proceeded to hostilities with the young Queen, *but there was no point in her conduct or character open to attack.* Mary was as remarkable for the purity of her life and manners, and the moral influence she exercised in her household, as Catharine was the reverse; nor have her most malignant foes found it possible to connect a tale of scandal with her name during her residence in France."

Francis II., though little more than sixteen years of age, was entitled to assume the government of France, and he was duly crowned at Rheims. He appointed his ministers, and evinced, in his management and in his measures, more energy and firmness than he was supposed to possess. He and his beautiful queen had now reached the summit of earthly grandeur. Mary proved herself a devoted wife, fully alive to all the duties of her new station, and did all in her power to contribute to the happiness of her husband. She obtained for him from the Scottish Parliament the crown matrimonial, and they reigned under the title of both realms. But their reign was of short duration. With the happiness which her marriage had brought her came sorrows that made deep furrows in that young and tender heart. Her father-in-law, as we have seen, fell by the lance of Montgomery; she fell under the displeasure of the jealous queen-mother; she was beset with spies in the pay of Elizabeth, who watched and reported her every action; the troubles in her own kingdom had so far advanced that English aid was sought for in favor of the Reform party, and her mother, Mary of Lorraine, who was then Regent, was so harassed, that finally her spirit broke, and in June, 1560, she passed away, leaving her royal daughter "one of the most mournful inheritances that princess or peasant ever received." In December of the same year the King, her husband, who had never enjoyed robust health, was attacked with an abscess in the ear and an acute inflammation of the brain. Patiently and affectionately did the young Queen watch by the bedside, and do all that could be done to soothe his dying hours; but neither the skill of the physician nor the tender offices of affection availed. After asking "pardon for all the wicked deeds which had been done in his name by his ministers of state," and imploring his mother to be kind to her who had been the "angel of his life," and who never left his pillow till the dying struggle closed, he too passed away, in the seventeenth year of his age and the seventeenth month of his reign. Poor Mary now found herself an orphan and a widow, with her friends, the Guises, out of power, and her enemy, Catharine de Medici, once more Regent and mistress of France. "She was," says Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Elizabeth's paid spy, in his letter to his royal mistress, "a heavy and dolorous wife, as of good right she had reason to be, who by long watching with him through his nineteen days' sickness, and by painful diligence about him, but especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body, but without danger." Three weeks after the death of Francis, this same Throckmorton, in his report to the English Privy Council, wrote: "Now that God hath so disposed of the French King, whereby the Scottish Queen is left a widow, one of the special things your lordships have to consider, and to have an eye to, is the marriage of that Queen. During her husband's life there was no great account made of her, for that, being under the bond of marriage and subjection to her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her; but since her husband's death she hath showed that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her do now, seeing her wisdom, both honor and pity her."

Mary, now Queen-dowager of France, soon betook herself to Orleans, where, in her darkened mourning-chamber, closely secluded from the world, and arrayed in the white mourning-dress of the period, which gained for her the name of *la reine blanche*, she passed her time as became her sad condition. Here her hand was sought by the Archduke of Austria, the Prince of Spain, and again



Queen Mary. Bedroom. Supper room.
Private staircase. Lord Darnley's room.

QUEEN MARY'S APARTMENTS, HOLYROOD PALACE.

by the Earl of Arran. But Mary heeded none of these. France was no longer a home for her, and on January 1st, 1561, in a letter addressed to Lord Gray, she intimated her intention of returning to her own realm. "Since it has pleased God," she wrote, "to call the King, our lord and dearest husband, to His mercy, we have

IN A LIGHTHOUSE.—"HE HAD LAID HIS OARS ACROSS THE BOAT, AND FOLDED HIS ARMS UPON THEM, LOOKING AT HER STEADILY AS THE BOAT DRIFTED ALONG. HER EYES WERE DOWNCAST, WATCHING THE WHITE HAND TRAILING THROUGH THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 114.

thought good to make you participant that our intent is to pass shortly in those parts, to live amongst our subjects in all content and amity." Her eighteenth birthday was passed in her gloomy chamber, full of memories of days of happiness gone for ever. How full of pathos was the device and motto upon the medal she had struck off, and which she made constant use of at that time. The device was a shrub of licorice, a most bitter plant, the root of which, alone, is sweet, and the motto: "*Dulce meum Terra tegit*"—(Earth hides my sweetness).

The privilege of humbler people to mourn their dead in peace is not accorded to crowned heads. Mary soon learned this, and, forced out of her seclusion, she received ambassadors and attended to other state duties. Gladly would she have sought the seclusion of the friendly convent walls at Rheims, of which her aunt, Renée of Lorraine, was abbess, and where she had spent many happy days, but the shadow of the cloister was not to shelter her. Her place was on the mountain-top and in the storm. The bleak hills of Scotland awaited her, and she made all preparations for the voyage. On her way through Lorraine she observed that the women and children were industriously occupied in plaiting and making straw hats, and she conceived the idea of introducing the same light and profitable handicraft among her own subjects, as a means of earning a livelihood, and not depend, as many of them did, upon the alms of the Church in times of distress. She therefore engaged a company of straw-plaiters from Lorraine to go with her to her own country to instruct her countrywomen in their simple art, "and thus was the first straw-hat factory established in Scotland, under the kind auspices of a female sovereign scarce eighteen years old."

Mary sought the permission of Elizabeth to pass through her kingdom, on her way to Scotland. This permission was denied because Mary had refused to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh. Elizabeth gave orders to her naval commanders to assemble as many ships as they could, and hold them in readiness "to sail into the seas between England and France, for the purpose of *exterminating the pirates*," which she said had become numerous there; and when Mary, befriended by the fog, escaped from these exterminators of pirates, the "Virgin Queen" of England sent the Queen of Scotland, in her palace at Holyrood, a kind message congratulating her "on her safe arrival in Scotland," and assuring her that the story of her having attempted to intercept her *was false*.

In August, 1561, attended by her four Maries and her suite of nobles, Mary Stuart embarked from Calais to return to Scotland. As the ship sailed out from the shore, Mary looked back at the land she loved so well, and sobbed: "Farewell, O France; I shall never, never see thee more." The French people who had followed her from Paris stood upon the shore and looked in sorrow upon the receding ship.

"It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And on its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay.
Upon the deck a lady sat, and gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept; there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth.
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends.
The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had known
The convent's quiet repose and the splendor of a throne.
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of Chivalry, the garden of Romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills, so far behind her bark,
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark."

GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

Come, let us sit together for a space,
In this still room remote from friendly mirth,
Afar from light and music, face to face,
Each unto each the dearest thing on earth.
Love, they have left us, our two bonny brides,
Our tall, grave girl, our winsome laughing pet;
Ah, me! How wide the chasm that divides
Our life from theirs; how far their feet are set
From the calm path they trod with us so long.
How we shall miss them, we who loved them so,
On Winter nights when winds are blowing strong,
On Summer mornings, when the roses blow.
But—happy but—we still clasp hand in hand,
Eye still meets eye, and true hearts understand.

Love, they have left us empty of the mirth
That cheered our homestead while they sojourned here;
Yea, they have left us lonely on the earth,
Lone, but together, solitude most dear;
Ah, God go with them to the stranger-nests
That love has built for them and theirs to come,
God keep all warm and living in their breasts
Love's holy flame, the altar-fire of home.
Dear, they have left us; we no longer hold
The first, best place, however leal each heart,
Yet have we treasure left, refined gold,
Love's sterling ore, without its baser part.
The wide old house has lost its nestling birds,
But we are left. Ah, love, what need of words!

IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mrs. Clifford Larrabee was fond of novelty; it mattered little in what form it came. She was glad that her visit to the relatives of her dead husband was drawing to a close.

For them—well, it was certain that, now they had seen her, their invitation would never, in all probability, be renewed. They were plain country people, and there was little in common between them. But it was with real pleasure that her city friends, the Fords, learned of her intention to join them at the seashore, where they were settled for the Summer.

"And there's such a splendid lighthouse only three miles away," began Ella Ford, in a style of peculiar impressiveness. "We must certainly go over there to-morrow; only be careful, Clifford, that you don't try any of your fascinations on the lighthouse-keeper. "I am interested in him myself."

"Well," was the reply, "forewarned is forearmed, or, rather, unarmed. I'll be careful of the keeper if you will let me see his house."

She did not tell them that to see it was one of the principal objects of her visit. Such a statement would have rendered explanations necessary. Explanations are usually awkward, and Mrs. Larrabee had a horror of anything awkward or disagreeable.

"Yes, I am dangerously interested," resumed Miss Ford; "and as for Cousin Lizzie—we brought her with us this Summer; out of health; overwork in that hideous school of hers—Lizzie and he are the greatest friends imaginable." Mrs. Larrabee shrugged her shoulders. She had never been fond of Cousin Lizzie.

The party was ready by five o'clock the next day.

"It gives us a chance for the sunset, you know," commented Miss Ford, as the little boat approached the pier. "See how magnificently he handles the oars."

Not one of them could have told just how it happened that Mrs. Larrabee was the first one to meet him, or account for the evident amazement with which he regarded her.

"It is not a ghost," she said, smiling and extending her hand. "Of course, I expect you to say that you are glad to see me."

He seemed to have grown a little pale.

"You know I am glad, Clifford," he said.

But his reply and familiar use of her name was lost to everybody else in Ella Ford's high-pitched exclamation:

"Why, Clifford Larrabee! You never told us you knew him!"

The lady glanced at him as he bent to secure the boat, and, turning her head away, that she might not hear the words, replied:

"How could I know that your magnificent lighthouse-keeper was an old acquaintance? You did not mention his name."

"Where did you know him, Clifford?"

"He is all ready for us," she interrupted, walking toward the boat.

"Do any of you care to land?" she asked the ladies as they approached the lighthouse; but it was scarcely a questioning tone; more as if she preferred to go alone and anticipated doing so.

Before there was time for a reply, she had risen and extended her hands to Dwight Lockwood.

"We will be back in a few minutes," she said over her shoulder; "of course the lighthouse is an old story to you, and we won't keep you waiting."

But once inside, and her mood changed. She grew profoundly serious. Her eyes went rapidly over the little sitting-room below the light.

"And so you live here alone now?" she asked her companion, who stood close beside her.

"All alone," he replied; "and it has seemed so strange since mother died. And you sent me no word, even," he cried, with sudden emphasis; "not one word! And for her, too——"

He stopped at the expression of her face and a gesture she made with one of her gloves.

"You forget. I couldn't come, and I dared not trust myself to write. You got the papers?"

"Yes, yes. You are a free woman now, at least, Clifford?"

She drew a long breath, and clinched her hands tightly.

"Free! Yes, that is the right word, Dwight. I hated my husband—hated him, if you can understand what that means—and I mean to enjoy my freedom now I've got it again. I began this Summer by visiting his relatives. Bah! I'll have to do something desperate to get the taste of them out of my mouth."

"Does this seem like the old home you were so anxious to leave to make your fortune, Clifford?" he asked, very slowly.

"And I made it, too, didn't I?" she interrupted, with a short, hard laugh. "I've got a name now, at least, which is more than I had before, and a little money, though not not so much as I married for. We must understand each other before we go back to the boat. It's an easy matter. I'm Mrs. Larrabee now, not a four-year-old child cast up by the sea from some mysterious shipwreck. Don't you imagine my friends out there would enjoy that little item of my personal history? They shall never have that pleasure."

"Then you ran a great risk in coming here at all, Clifford. Why did you do it?"

"I like to run risks. You know me well enough to know that. I've not changed any in these five years, notwithstanding I lived then with John Larrabee," and she laughed again, disagreeably. "But you've changed; you've grown very handsome, Dwight," and she gazed straight before her at the reflection of herself and her companion in the little mirror on the wall.

His face flushed. It was a handsome face, as she said; grave, refined, noble, with eyes from which a strong soul looked fearlessly out. She was a beautiful woman; eyes and hair were black as midnight, lips and cheeks were scarlet. It was a strong, bold face. There were some who vaguely felt that it might be a bad one, but it was surely one to gaze at and admire, if not to love and trust.

She wandered about the little room, evidently loath to leave it. She stopped at a small table loaded down with books, and carelessly turned them over. A name on the flyleaf of one caught her attention, "Lizzie Ford," and a date. She looked at the title, "Deep-sea Dredging."

"Ah, Dwight, science, not sentiment, eh? I supposed it was the latter when I saw her name, though she is not quite such a simpleton as her cousin Ella. So you are studying as hard as ever, and she lends you books—oh, and perhaps that accounts for your turning boatman to the party! I thought it was a curious thing for you to do. We will go back to the boat now," she added, catching up her shawl—she was one of the rare women to whom a shawl is becoming. "But remember I'm not Clifford out there. Don't forget, Dwight."

"I never forget," was the significant answer, as they went down to the boat together.

* * * * * *

That night Lizzie Ford crept from the bed on which she had been restlessly tossing, to sit by the window and watch a red gleam shining far out at sea. Inside the lighthouse a man sat solitary, motionless, hearing over and over again the ringing words, "It is not a ghost. I expect you to say that you are glad to see me!"

Pretty Mrs. Larrabee slept profoundly, as she always did, and with a smile on the scarlet lips.

A change fell gradually upon the little party—no one could tell how.

"Dwight Lockwood is not half so entertaining as he was before he came," Ella Ford remarked to Mrs. Larrabee; "or perhaps he suffers by comparison with you. Which is it?"

Cousin Lizzie frequently excused herself from joining the party; and at last there came a day when only Mrs. Larrabee met the boatman at the pier.

"Mrs. Ford has driven into town," she explained. "Ella has a headache, and Lizzie is sitting with her. They are all stupid to-day."

Without a word, he helped her into the boat, and almost roughly. There was a frown on the fine, grave face. She looked at him, curiously.

"The Fords will go back to the city in a few days," she said, after a long interval of silence.

"Well?"

"Is that all you have to say about it?"

"Why should I say more?" he answered; "they are nothing to me."

She flashed another quick look at him.

"Nothing to you," she repeated; "is Lizzie——"

"Hush!" he said, quickly. "Not her name from your lips. I gave you up five years ago, Clifford, when you married a man you say you hated. And now you have come again into my life. What is it for, I wonder?"

He had laid his oars across the boat, and folded his arms upon them, looking at her steadily as they drifted along. Her eyes were downcast, watching the white hand trailing through the water.

"I broke no promise, Dwight."

ON THE TERRACE.—"MAX HELD UP THE SEVERED CURL, A BIT TANGLED, BUT STILL PRETTY AND BRIGHT."

"No, for you made none. We understood each other too well to need that."

"Forgive me, Dwight," she said, softly, with a long sigh. "I ruined my own happiness. I am a lonely, miserable woman; I——"

"You?"

"Yes, I. The only happy days I have ever known were the old despised ones in the lighthouse, Dwight."

"Be careful, Clifford," he said, huskily. "You tempt me. If I should come to you later—out of respect to this period of your widowhood—would you come with me, my wife, to your old home?"

For a week past she had come to believe that he had ceased to care. She knew better now.

"Come and see," was her low-spoken answer; but the look with which she said it left nothing more for him to ask.

The Fords made their preparations to return to the city, and Mrs. Larrabee announced her intention of going with them.

"I had hoped this Summer would do more for Lizzie," Mrs. Ford said, as her niece went into the next room; "but she seems thinner and paler than ever."

Dwight Lockwood sent frequent letters to the city. The studious days and nights gave place to dreams of the time when he could go to claim the woman who had filled his whole life, and at last he sent her word that he should wait no longer. In reply came one of her rare letters:

"I am afraid I have done very wrong in not sooner settling this matter between you and me. Although I gave no promise, I have always cared very much for you; but I have at last decided, and you must not come. I am to be married to-morrow to Hon. Hill Stuart, and we leave for the South immediately. He has hurried me."

There were a few lines more, perhaps a request for forgiveness, but they were never read.

When, that night, the villagers, wondering at the darkness, sent a messenger to the lighthouse, its faithful keeper was found unconscious—fallen in a fit, it was afterward said—with the letter crushed in his rigid hand.

But it was the first and the last time that Dwight Lockwood failed in his duty.

Nine years went by. Countless ships were guided on their course by that fiery beacon gleaming far out upon the sea. A few had gone down in the storms which had beaten them to death on the merciless rocks, and another was struggling for life with the mad breakers.

There was no lack of strong hearts and hands to fight for the drowning men and women clinging to the broken wreck, though many boats went down before they gained the shore.

A woman—dead already, she seemed—was carried by the keeper into the lighthouse.

"We may save her yet, Lizzie," he said to his wife, as she helped him with his burden.

In that moment both learned who it was they carried, though the hair was completely gray and the face ghastly. But a little of the old fire burned in the black eyes which she opened upon their pitying faces.

"You are happy, are you?" she asked, with difficulty, clutching at their hands, while she gazed at each in turn. "Don't let me die. I've been so horribly miserable! Oh, if you only knew what I——"

She threw up her arms spasmodically, gasping, and, with eyes fixed as if on some horrible phantom, the soul of the shipwrecked woman went out again into the darkness and the tempest of the night.

ON THE TERRACE.

By Carrie D. Beebe.

There was an abrupt break in the rocks by the beach, as though some fierce, avenging wave, tired of beating against them, had carried one of the highest ledges backward for the space of a furlong, leaving only the white sand at the water's edge; while, on either side, along the beach for miles, the rocks rose stern and high.

Over the sands came the sea, in its tireless ebb and flow, its sound like a lullaby in a calm, but moaning wildly

ON THE TERRACE.—"AT LAST MAX AND HIS UNCLE WERE SAFELY TAKEN INTO THE BOAT."

ON THE TERRACE.—"MAX BOUND HER FOOT WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF."

as the waves beat against the rocks when the winds were high. The cliff which stood proudly aloof from the sea was irregular, gray and massive, and from its base the ground sloped greenly toward the sea in front, and at the sides and rear into smooth, level fields. Perched upon the centre of the summit of this ledge was a handsome, turreted house, of modern build, but appearing like an ancient castle. Forming a semi-circle about the front of the house were three broad, high terraces, edged with thick velvety grass, and topped with smooth walks and brilliant beds of flowers. Massive granite steps led up each terrace to the front entrance, and guarding each flight were great bronze statues on either side. At the head of the first were a pair of couchant lions; on the second stood two graceful grayhounds, and upon the third were perched a pair of eagles.

Upon each side of the centre terrace were set, like miniature lakes, deep marble basins, fringed with ferns and mosses at the edges. Pure white lilies floated upon the surface of the water, and from the centre a group of swans, composing fountains of many jets, threw cool, refreshing showers of crystal drops over the surrounding ferns and flowers. Cedars, elms and willows cast delicious glooms over the grass on Summer days, and gleaming between their boles were graceful statues.

Scattered here and there at the further sides of the terraces were rustic chairs and summer-houses, over which rambled luxuriant wistaria and climbing roses, the latter creamy-white and blood-red, with lavish bloom. At the rear was a carriage-drive, which came circling round the lower terrace in front, where a roadway and flagged walk led down to the water's edge, and there, a little at one side, were a pier and a boathouse, and a pretty yacht rocking to and fro.

Captain Redwood, the owner of this modern castle, had been a sea captain, owning several merchant vessels, and he speculated with their cargoes until he amassed a large fortune. But being of a gouty temperament, numerous ills seized upon him, compelling him to give up the sea. So he built Redwood Terrace, and settled down to what comfort age allowed him. He was advanced in years and childless; so when a younger brother died, leaving two sons in the midst of a collegiate course and utterly unprovided for, he sent for them at once.

"Boys," he said, "I take you for my own with this understanding. To the one I deem best fitted to take care of it, I shall leave the bulk of my fortune, including Redwood Terrace, as I don't wish my property scattered. To the other I shall merely leave a light annuity, sufficient to keep him from want during life."

Both agreed, for they had nothing to lose; Gordon, the elder, with a confident air, and Max with apparent indifference. They went back to college and graduated together, Max standing highest in class, and Gordon with no end to encomiums regarding deportment.

Soon after Mrs. Redwood died, and the old man grew querulous and troublesome. Gordon was devoted to his uncle, but Max, though always respectful and obedient, seemed to prefer shouldering his rifle, and, his dog at his heels, striding off to the nearest wood in search of game. This game his uncle relished better than anything that was brought him to eat, but Gordon always graced the meal with his presence, which may have garnished it "as with sweet herbs."

Yet sometimes, when the old man was resting with unusual pain, Max would lift him from couch to easy-chair and back again with the greatest ease. He was so strong, and yet as gentle in his touch as any woman.

In Winter the place was bleak without and a trifle lonely within. But when Summer came—for Captain Redwood was fond of company—numerous invitations were sent to guests, who flocked from far and near, and then, until chilling Autumn, the house resounded with gayety and laughter, and pretty young ladies and more staid matrons, in graceful costumes, glided through the luxurious rooms, played at tennis upon the lawn, or, looking from the balcony, terrace or tower, watched the ships at sea, and often, in the mornings, arrayed in pretty bathing-costumes, took a dip in the surf.

Gordon was fond of yachting, and so, indeed, was Max; but as the yacht was Gordon's special property, his younger brother troubled himself but little about it.

The house was magnificently finished and furnished, the halls, ball, billiard and dining rooms having floors of beautiful wood-mosaic, with Turkish carpets in the centre, or rugs here and there, half hiding the exquisite design.

Massive antique and more slender wooden furniture adorned the rooms, the quaint carvings being in the Renaissance style. Lifelike paintings by the most skillful of modern artists, and less lifelike ones by some of the old masters, looked down from walls which were frescoed with rare taste and skill. Besides, in a wing of the house was an art hall, opening from the library on one side and into the conservatory upon the other, which was filled

ON THE TERRACE.—"THE OLD MAN SMILED, AND PRESSED THE LITTLE HAND HE HELD IN HIS OWN."

with the choicest paintings and statuary wealth and rare taste could procure.

Captain Redwood was often too ill to do the honors of the house, and the responsibility fell to Gordon's lot, who made an admirable host at all times. Visitors soon saw he was the uncle's favorite, and the usual verdict of "well-deserved" was rendered, for Max would often be absent from the Terrace the whole day long, though, to be candid, he was scarcely missed.

Max had the unenviable reputation of being careless in money matters, for though he had the same allowance that Gordon received, and looked the perfect gentleman when he did appear before the people, he certainly did not seem to have half the dress suits Gordon had, and, consequently, he must have squandered his money.

The truth was, Max could not bear to hear of suffering without making an effort to relieve it, so many a dollar went to the poor who needed it, and some to the worthless who did not, but who made Max believe they did.

Among other guests, it happened that Calla Thayer came with her mother to the Terrace for the Summer. Mrs. Thayer was very fond of her only child, and anxious for her to make an excellent match; consequently, she impressed upon Calla's mind the necessity of being very polite to Gordon. Calla listened with a dutiful air, promised, and kept her word.

"Devote yourself a little to Captain Redwood," Mrs. Thayer said, "and a great deal to Gordon."

It was quite easy to do this at first, for the captain grew fond of her, and entertained her with many interesting stories of foreign lands, and when confined to his room he grew to watch for her graceful, white-robed figure, that flitted in and out, bringing with her much sunshine, and leaving some even when she went away.

Gordon was very attentive to her, for she was beautiful and interesting, and at first it must be confessed she liked him well. But after two weeks had passed, she told herself she was growing very tired of his company, and, even though he asked her, she would never marry him in this world. Wondering if her mother would be very angry when she discovered the truth, she put on her sun-hat and stole away to the woods in the rear, where she sat down behind the broad bole of a tree for a calm outlook over the situation.

Afterward, she remembered having seen Max, with gun in hand and a dog at his heels, take his way to these same woods in the morning, but she did not think of this now. So, without any sort of warning, she was startled by the discharge of a gun and the whiz of a bullet in her ear, the latter in her ear literally, for it tore away a portion of her hat, and grazed her hair.

She sprang up, and gave a little shocked cry, which smote the senses of the hunter, who, throwing aside his gun in hot haste, sprang to her side. It was Max Redwood.

"Miss Thayer!" he cried, "I can never forgive myself for such recklessness. Can it be possible I have wounded you?" seeing her torn hat.

"I don't know," beginning to sob a little in her fright.

He put out his arm to support her, for she was trembling so he could scarcely stand.

"Sit down," he said, gently, "and let me see."

She obeyed, and Max, kneeling beside her, unfastened her hat. As he laid it aside a curl, which the ball had severed, but had been held by the elastic of the hat, fell to the ground. Max examined the pretty head, with its clustering rings of bright hair, very anxiously.

"Thank God!" he said—to her it seemed in a reverent tone—"there is not even a scratch. But what a narrow escape!" and he shuddered. He held up the severed curl, a bit tangled, but still pretty and bright, to her gaze. "Your hat, too, is quite ruined!"

"The hat and the curl are of no moment," she said; "and for myself," though her breath came quickly still, "I am ashamed for being so frightened about a trifle!"

"It is not a trifle," he answered, "and you are very brave indeed. You only gave one little plaintive moan, but it frightened me more than the loudest shriek could have done. It will prove a lesson to me. I shot offhand at a squirrel just as I came to the wall, and the undergrowth hid you from my sight. I shall shoot no more in this vicinity, so in future do not be alarmed."

"Oh, I will come here no more," she answered, quickly; "I ought not to have done so to-day; but I love the woods, and they looked so calm and cool, and I was tired."

"You must come whenever you please," he insisted; "and I shall not bring my gun here again the whole Summer. You are not afraid when I promise this?"

"Oh, no, no!" quickly.

"I suppose I shall be obliged to buy you a new hat," he said, with a mock rueful air, for she was a trifle nervous still; "and the curl," holding it daintily in his hand, "must I buy you a new curl, too?"

"Thanks—no," laughing. "If you won't shoot me again, I shall not oblige you to buy either."

"I think heroism should not go unrewarded," he said, "and I am proud of to-day's exploit," looking quite ashamed. "Miss Thayer," suddenly, "please be good, and give this curl to me."

"You remind me of an Indian who has just scalped somebody," she replied—"you wish to wear the scalp. Mr. Redwood, I do not value the curl, and yet—I think I would rather you did not keep it."

"As you will," looking disappointed, but dropping it in her lap. "I suppose I was presumptuous to ask it. I never asked such a boon before."

"It is only because I never gave any gentleman a lock of my hair," Calla explained. "But if you do care for it——" hesitating, as she held the curl in her hand.

"And I do!" he said, earnestly, reaching out his hand. "Ah, I thank you!" And she thought his face beautiful; it lighted so suddenly.

The curl was tenderly stowed away in his memorandum-book and consigned to his upper vest-pocket, where men hide their treasures, and Calla took up her hat and essayed to pin it together.

"Did you care for it so much, then?" he asked.

"Ah, no! I only wish to fasten it up, so mamma will not remark it. I do not wish to frighten her by telling her of the accident."

"And you wish to shield me, too?" he asked, his face lighting again.

"Well," blushing, "perhaps so—a little. I had better return to the house alone, too."

"You are sure you feel able to do so?" anxiously. "Ah, Miss Thayer, I have so much to thank you for to-day!"

"You must thank me for nothing; and rest assured I am not harmed in the least."

He lifted his hat with a movement of rare grace as she rose to go.

That evening every one remarked that Calla appeared more beautiful than ever before. Gordon scarcely left her side, though she was less gracious to him than usual. Max was unusually entertaining, and more than one whispered, if he chose to exert himself, Gordon must look to his laurels as host.

The terrace was lighted with swinging-lamps, and the whole company adjourned thither after Captain Redwood retired to his room. Calla was attired in white—her favorite dress—like the flower whose name she bore, her bright yellow hair arranged in a graceful, girlish fashion, which suited well her flower-like face.

She sat by a fountain, and Gordon stood near, bending his face with each word he spoke confidentially close to her own. He was very much infatuated, as Mrs. Richards remarked for the benefit of poor little Sue Eames, who had hopes in that direction before Calla came.

Max, slowly passing from group to group, appeared at Gordon's elbow just as a servant came to his elder brother with a message from his uncle.

Gordon excused himself, leaving Calla and Max together.

"You are in charming spirits to-night," Max said; but his face did not light up as he spoke.

"I do feel in a gay mood," she answered, more soberly than she had spoken before; "I don't know why. Perhaps a reaction will follow, and I may cry to-morrow."

"It may be the reaction from your fright to-day," he suggested. "For me, were I a woman, I would cry to-night."

"You!" she said, in surprise, and for a moment the violet eyes looked up into the brown, and the brown down into the blue; and Calla's face drooped, the rich color creeping into her cheeks.

And then Mrs. Thayer came and warned Calla to avoid the spray of the fountain, for the night air was growing cool.

* * * * * * *

One morning Captain Redwood insisted upon taking a sea-bath. The ladies had already gone down to the beach, Calla among the number, in one of the prettiest of bathing-dresses—if a bathing-dress can be called pretty at all—of twilled white flannel trimmed with blue, fresh-looking bathing-shoes and hat, each fastened with blue braid.

Her hair was not put up inside her hat this morning, but floated over her shoulders like a fluffy golden fleece. There were half a dozen ladies fluttering about, just ready to go into the water, when the carriage drove down to the beach, and from it emerged, first, Johns, the captain's attendant, then Gordon, and after them the captain himself. Max sprang out from the other side.

The gentlemen all had on bathing-suits, and Gordon and Johns immediately assisted their charge into the water. Max was in demand to teach Mrs. Richards how to swim. Soon after Gordon joined them.

"Uncle is floating," he said. "He is quite at home in the water."

"But Johns cannot swim," said Max, rather anxiously.

"I think, Max, I hold his life as dear as you do," Gordon returned, angrily.

"Indeed?" queried Max, cutting and cool. "I wonder you feel called upon to make the assertion."

He turned away to instruct Mrs. Richards, while Gordon sought out Calla. Johns uttered an exclamation which was at first unheeded, but soon after a cry from Captain Redwood startled all.

"Gordon!" he called, and looking up, they saw him floating swiftly out on the current; already he was far away.

Gordon was pale, but he did not move; but Max, with one mute look into Calla's face, plunged in and swam out toward his uncle, who seemed to float quite as swiftly away. His look sent a thrill of terror through Calla's heart, it seemed so like a farewell.

"He will reach him," she said, "but he can never bring him in; it is too far. Will not some one row out to their assistance?"

"It would be suicide to row out so far," Gordon replied.

"Then what is it to swim out?" she asked, with white lips.

"Do not fear," he answered; "they will come back all right."

But he was deeply agitated, and there was a strange, fierce light in his eyes.

Calla looked eagerly down the beach. Far away she saw two men in a boat fishing near the shore.

Without a word she sprang lightly on the sands and ran toward them, bounding swiftly from rock to rock, until, her bathing-shoe catching in a crevice, she was obliged to pause. She could not extricate it, and hastily untying the string, she left it between the rocks and flew onward, one foot bare.

"Captain Redwood has floated out to sea!" she called to the astonished men. "Max has gone for him, and both will drown. Row for their lives! Quick—quick! You shall be well repaid!"

They nodded, rowing rapidly away; and one called to the little figure upon the rocks:

"We will bring them back to you. Do not fear!"

More slowly, now her errand was done, Calla returned, yet never taking her eyes from what now seemed mere specks far out at sea. They were floating yet, Max evidently struggling to keep his uncle's head out of the water. Perhaps the captain would drag him under, after all; she had heard drowning men had no reason.

But no; though the boat seemed to creep, it was nearing them, she was sure—yes, very sure; at last they had taken both in it. And then she saw her foot was bleeding, but still she felt no pain.

The whole company gathered about the boat when it reached the shore. Gordon was the first to receive his uncle, and, with the help of Johns, placed him in the carriage and drove quickly to the house.

Calla paused on the boathouse-steps waiting while Max bade the boatmen call at Redwood Terrace in the afternoon for a reward. Then he turned, and Calla put out her hand to him.

"Bravely done," she said to him, and nodding her thanks to the boatmen as they rowed away.

"You are also brave," he replied. "Dear child, I thought never to have looked in your eyes again. Uncle was chilled and exhausted, he strangled when the waves dashed over him, and all I could do was to keep his head above water, he struggled so. I was nearly exhausted when the boat reached us. I saw you fly for it—saw it leave the shore. But," suddenly, "how is this? Your foot is bare and bleeding! Sit right down."

She obeyed; she had just begun to feel the pain.

He drew a damp handkerchief from the pocket of his bathing-jacket, and dipping it in the sea, he washed the sand from her foot carefully, disclosing a ragged gash, from which the blood flowed freely.

"I lost my shoe in the rocks," she explained, "when I went for the boat."

For answer Max bent his head and left a quick kiss upon the wound. Then, still without a word, he bound it with his handkerchief.

"Oh!" cried Calla, choking down a sob, at the kiss, not the pain.

I think those who gazed upon them would have been highly scandalized, only their feelings were greatly excited, and Calla and Max seemed heroes in their eyes.

BABY WANTS TO READ THE NEWS.

Max lifted his head; there was blood upon his mouth. Calla having nothing better, took her long damp hair to wipe it away. Mrs. Richards had sharp eyes, and she fancied Max kissed both hand and hair.

"I do believe she could marry either of them," she said to Sue Eames, who perfectly understood the rather vague declaration.

Max was saying to Calla, "I shall carry you home."

"Indeed you shall not," she answered, quite decidedly. "After this struggle with old Neptune you are too tired;" and then some one announced that the carriage had been sent back by the captain's order for Calla and Max.

The words were scarcely uttered when Max had Calla in his arms, and in a moment she was lifted into the carriage. When they arrived at the house, he took her up again, never setting her down until he reached the door of her room.

"I am something of a surgeon," he said, "and if you will allow me, I will close the wound in your foot with adhesive plaster. Make a hasty toilet first; you will take cold as you are."

Mrs. Thayer was frightened, and as Calla was comfortably arrayed in a wrapper, and had her hair bound up, she sent for Max.

He closed the wound carefully, drawing the edges smoothly together, after assuring himself that there was no sand left to irritate the tender flesh. Then he recommended a nap and little exercise. So Calla was left alone with her own thoughts, Mrs. Thayer running down to hear Mrs. Richards's view of the affair.

Meanwhile Gordon was explaining, to his uncle's satisfaction, the sudden cramp which prevented him from swimming to his rescue. Afterward Captain Redwood sent for Max.

"My dear boy," he said, "you do care for your old uncle a little, it seems."

"I would have given my life for you," Max answered, quietly, as though it were nothing. "I could do no more. But it was Miss Thayer's courage and self-possession which saved us, after all."

"I know," the captain answered, thoughtfully. "She is a brave little girl, and I like bravery in man or woman. Is her foot badly cut, Max?"

"Painfully, but not seriously."

"Well, my boy, I will not detain you longer. But I know you better to-day than in all the years of my life before."

That evening Calla came down and went out upon the terrace, quite pale, but lovely as usual.

Gordon, a trifle in doubt as to his reception, came and sat beside her. He fancied her manner rather cold, yet, fearing that he was losing ground, he hesitated no longer, but told the story of his love and asked her to be his wife, adding, if she accepted him, she would be in time mistress of Redwood Terrace.

The words grated harshly on Calla's ear; but she stood in slight awe of her mother, and dared not say No without her consent.

To her great relief, Captain Redwood sent out for Gordon to come in and read some letters for him, so Calla said she was not prepared to answer, and asked him to

THE EGG-LAYING MONOTREMES.—THE DUCKBILL OR PLATYPUS.—SEE PAGE 124.

wait until morning. With this he was forced to be content.

Max was pacing the veranda to and fro, and when Gordon left Calla he hurried down and threw himself upon the grass at her feet, resting one arm upon the rustic seat at her side.

"My dear child," he said, abruptly, "my more favored brother has heretofore chosen first from the good things of life which have been presented to us, and I have taken what he left. He shall not do so now, except by your desire. He cares for you, I know, and has offered his hand and the fortune which will be, without doubt, his own. Darling, I love you, too; not as he does—calmly, selfishly—but with my whole heart and soul. I have no wealth to offer, only a heart that will guard you from want and all care more tenderly than its own life-throbs. A slight offering, dear, perhaps you may deem it; my brother can overmatch me in all but my great love for you. What I lack in wealth I will make up in devotion. Calla, tell me, do you care for me—or him?"

"Hush!" she said, softly, putting out her hand to him. "Sit down beside me; people will be attracted by your attitude and impetuous words. I want to tell you something. Before we came, mamma charged me to be polite to Gordon, but it was her anxiety for my welfare, so don't blame her, please. I obeyed her, but even before I met you in the wood I had grown just a trifle tired of him."

"And since?" eagerly.

"Since then, Max, I have loved you."

The tears rushed into his eyes. The sudden change from fear to joy, her honest avowal, and calling him Max of her own accord, were altogether more than he could bear quietly.

"My darling!" he said, pressing her soft hand gently in his own. "My pretty lily! indeed I will try to make you happy, dear child. Oh, this dreadful terrace and these horrible people!" And, smiling at her look of surprise, he added, "Because I want to kiss you, dear, and cannot, before all these Argus eyes. Forgive me if I do not appear quite sane. You see, I did not know—I was not sure you loved me. May I see your mother to-night?"

"Ah, no; wait until morning, I will tell her of my two proposals, and that I love you. She may scold me a little, but I shall cry if she does—I could cry this moment—and then she won't hold out long."

"Indeed she cannot," Max laughed, "unless her heart is stone."

Then seeing Gordon wandering about the grounds, he said, in a low tone:

"He shall not have you again this evening, for I won't budge from your side."

"I had better go in," said Calla, "for truly I am tired."

"So you are, my little lily, and I shall carry you to your room immediately."

Before she could remonstrate he had her in his arms, and was bearing her into the house. At the head of the staircase stood Mrs. Thayer, and leaving Calla in her care, he said good-night and went down.

"Have you not distinguished yourself enough for one day?" asked Gordon, with a frown.

"I have," replied Max, with an exasperating smile, as he strode out on the terrace for a smoke before retiring.

In the morning Calla came down rather early, her face flushed, her hands rather tremulous. She met Gordon in the hall, a look of inquiry upon his face.

"Mr. Redwood," she said, "you have been very kind to me during my stay here, and I have felt very kindly toward you. But recently—very recently, indeed, my heart has gone out from my keeping into the hands of another, who, I learned after you spoke to me last night, loves me, too. I thank you for the honor you would confer upon me, but even you, knowing the truth, would not have me accept it. Please be generous enough to forgive me, and be my friend still."

"Miss Thayer," he answered, a baffled look in his face, "I fancied you had better sense than to let a foolhardy plunge into the water for mere effect turn your head. But I insist upon your considering the matter further before you give your final answer. Look!" and he pointed to the terraced gardens without and the magnificent drawing-rooms within; "do you mean to say you refuse all this and *me?*"

"I do, indeed," she answered, as calmly as possible, and checking the bitter retort that sprang to her lips.

Fortunately, Mrs. Richards came down the staircase at this moment, and Max from the terrace without, so Gordon turned away. But Max managed to ask a question with his good-morning, and to receive a comforting reply, though Calla was excited and trembling. Max drew her into the library, which was quiet and cool.

"Gordon is terribly angry," she said. "We must leave to-morrow—mamma and I."

"And your foot in this condition? Calla, do quiet yourself, like a good girl," and he kissed her pretty, blushing face, as one would give a composing-draught to a nervous child.

"Do not fear my brother, dear. Though he stood aloof and would have watched uncle drown almost with composure, he is abject and positively servile whenever uncle puts his foot down, and for once I shall insist that he does. I don't ask favors of uncle, usually, but I never yet asked one and was denied. I am going to see your mamma this very moment, and uncle the next, and in three minutes precisely I shall be back to tell you the result."

Calla waited patiently, for Max did not return for the space of half an hour. As he went out in search of Mrs. Thayer, he met Gordon, who accosted him, angrily.

"Max," he said, "you will greatly oblige me if you will refrain from annoying my uncle's guests. I notice that you dog Miss Thayer's steps in a manner that is not only amazing to her, but attracts remarks."

Max turned quietly, and folded his arms while he spoke.

"Gordon," he answered, "Miss Thayer is my promised wife, and I wish you to bear in mind that for every annoying word spoken of her or to her in the future, you shall answer to me. Do you understand me?"

He evidently did understand, for though trembling with rage, he answered never a word.

Max turned away in quest of Mrs. Thayer, and encountered that lady, fortunately, alone in the drawing-room. Upon receiving her sanction and her blessing, bestowed in a rather effusive manner, and, kissing that lady's hand in a graceful manner with his thanks, he hurried away to his uncle's apartments.

Gordon, who had at once determined to trump up some charge against Max for his uncle's benefit, only waited to regain his composure, and then hastened to his uncle's presence.

He opened the door quietly, and the angry, baffled look returned as he saw Max seated by the bedside in earnest conversation.

Instead of retiring, Gordon came hastily forward to greet his uncle in unusually endearing terms; but Captain Redwood, answering quietly, said he was having a chat with Max, and would send for Gordon later; so

he could only leave the room with the best grace possible.

Max told his story quietly, never mentioning Gordon's name, except to say he believed he was also a suitor for Miss Thayer's hand. He asked—for he said he was well aware his uncle proposed to leave the bulk of his property to Gordon—that he might at once leave Redwood Terrace and enter a medical college.

He had already devoted some time to the study of medicine, and he felt that, with hard work, he might graduate in a year. He did not propose to marry until he received his diploma, but he hoped to be able to do so immediately after, if his uncle would do him the favor to keep up his present allowance until he had met with some success in his profession.

His uncle much approved and gave willing consent, and then, as the breakfast-bell rang, he said he would like to see Calla a moment alone as soon as the meal was over.

Max hastened to the library to communicate the good news, and escort Calla out to breakfast. Gordon appeared at the meal, but was remarkably quiet, pleading a headache as an excuse. Afterward Max took Calla to his uncle's room, and after ushering her into his presence, left the two together.

Captain Redwood kissed the young girl very kindly, said he was very happy to know she would be his niece, and asked how she came to prefer Max, with so little of this world's goods, to Gordon, his intended heir.

"Please do not ask me why," she said; "or let me say simply I found him, according to my own idea, the most worthy of love. And," she continued, "though I do not ask you to give Max one cent more than you have before decided upon, I do ask you to give him your love, too, for indeed he is in every way worthy of it, and I know he would prize it above all you can bestow upon him."

The old man smiled, and pressed the little hand he held in his own, and then Calla felt encouraged to say it might be pleasanter for Gordon if she and her mamma went away at once. But of this the captain would not hear a word.

There were others in the house to be considered besides Gordon, he said, and, for his own part, he did not feel like sparing the girl who had nearly crippled herself to save his life. And then, bidding her to run in and see him often, he kissed her once more and dismissed her. An interview with Gordon followed, and after, to Calla's intense relief, that young gentleman never addressed to her any but the most commonplace remarks.

Max went away to college, leaving Calla and her mother at the Terrace. They remained until all the other guests had gone, and if the captain could have had his wish, he would have kept Calla with him through the Winter. She grew to be useful to him in many ways, so that Gordon was seldom called upon to read or talk to him.

When she left at last, the old man parted with her in tears, saying that he might never see her again, and his words proved true.

The captain seemed so well the following Winter that Gordon took a holiday, spending a few weeks in the city; but during his absence his uncle was taken suddenly worse, and though he ordered that Gordon, Max and Calla should be telegraphed for, before they reached the Terrace the old man had breathed his last.

Calla came first, then Max, and Gordon last; but when he did arrive he took great airs upon himself, behaving in such a manner that Calla and Max were obliged to leave the house, only returning for the funeral, and to hear the will read, as a letter left with the captain's lawyer, to be opened immediately after his death, stated he wished them, with several others, to be present.

Accordingly, on the afternoon the will was read, the large drawing-rooms were well filled. Many of the neighbors who had scarcely been considered worthy to enter the house in the old man's lifetime were invited, and they came from sheer curiosity.

The old lawyer looked very important, the guests of the house being mostly friends from the city, appearing politely grave, the neighbors curious; Gordon, smiling and courteous, seeming to bear his bereavement lightly, and Max and Calla in quiet mourning, silent and sad.

The beginning of the will was taken up with numerous light legacies to servants, and a liberal sum was given to the boatmen who rowed out to save the old man's life at Calla's bidding.

At this Gordon frowned, and Calla, looking about her, recognized the men's faces, giving each a nod and smile. Next came Gordon's name, coupled with the light bequest of ten thousand dollars a year during his lifetime, the sum to revert to his heirs at his death. If he left neither wife nor children, the sum went to endow an asylum for the aged.

At this many looked surprised, and Gordon moved uneasily in his seat, frowning more darkly than ever.

After this, the lawyer slowly read on that Redwood Terrace, together with its furniture and all the house contained, except the personal effects of Gordon and Max, the horses, stock and farming implements pertaining to it, also the sum of ten thousand a year—here the old man paused, feeling all were on the tiptoe of expectation—were left to Miss Calla Thayer, the betrothed wife of his beloved nephew Max. Gordon sprang to his feet, and Calla began to sob, and something like a cheer went up from the assembled *bourgeoise*.

It was some moments before order was restored. Gordon declared the will a fraud, and said Miss Thayer had used her influence with his uncle for her own good; but the lawyer bade him be silent, saying he was prepared to testify that Miss Thayer had not seen Captain Redwood for a month previous to the date of the will, had never met him after, and was utterly ignorant of the fact of her name being mentioned at all. He resumed his reading, and read the final bequest the will contained, which left all the remainder of his property to his nephew Max. There was great excitement, and in the midst of it Gordon quietly left the room. Proceeding at once to his own, he gathered his effects together, helping himself liberally to his uncle's, and whatever suited his fancy that he was able to pack away.

Dispatching a servant for a cart, he had everything transferred to it, and left without so much as a Good-by to any one.

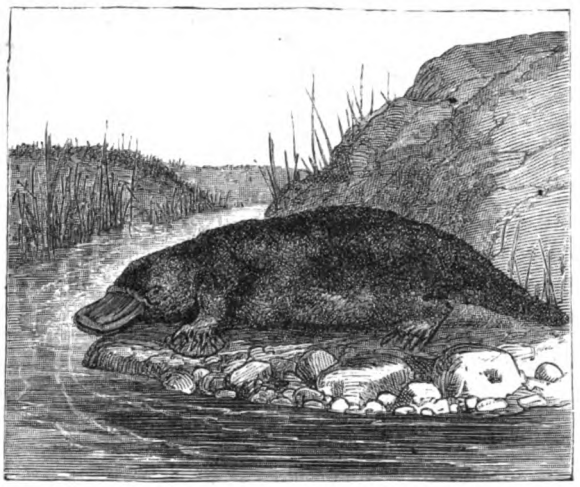
As Calla did not wish to take possession of the Terrace until she came there as a bride, Max left it in good hands, went back to college, and graduated at the close of the year.

Immediately after Calla and he were married, and then, when the old house was looking its loveliest in midsummer, they went down to live in it together.

Max practiced his profession to a certain extent in the neighborhood; but, as he seldom charged a fee, it could scarcely be called lucrative.

It was the means, however, together with Calla's manner of playing Lady Bountiful, of making the young married pair universally beloved.

Five years later Calla, seeming scarcely older, except for a certain matronly gravity and grace, was chatting upon the lower terrace with her old friend, Mrs. Richards.



PLATYPUS ENTERING THE WATER.

"Yes," she said, in answer to a remark concerning the beauty of the place, "we think it even prettier, with the new improvements, than ever before. I shall be sorry to have it in any manner seem neglected, for I love it dearly for many reasons, aside from the memory of the dear old man who gave it in my keeping. It was here I first met Max. Just in the edge of the wood he has placed a rustic seat under the tree where I sat when he shot me. I look over the sea, and can tell the very spot where he went out to save his uncle's life. It is the birthplace of my children and the place where, in my husband's pleasant companionship and under his loving care, my life glides smoothly on."

"And Gordon ?" said Mrs. Richards, after a pause.

"He still feels a trifle bitter toward us, and, having nothing now to gain or lose, is sowing his wild oats with lavish hand, I hear ; but if the day ever comes when he needs us or our help, he shall have it ; this he knows. Max says so, and Max is always right."

THE EGG-LAYING MONOTREMES.

By C. F. Holder.

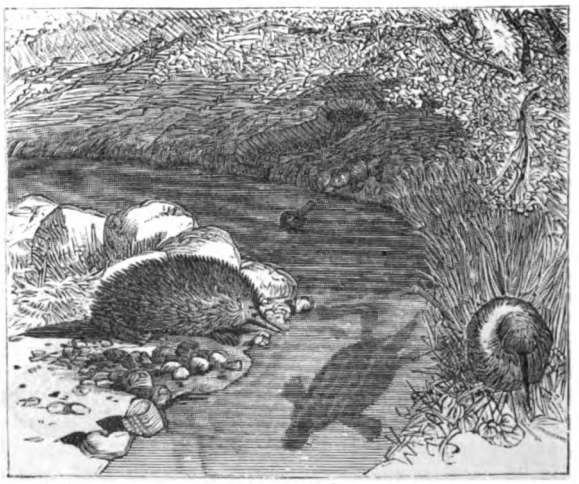
When the Europeans first found their way to the Australian region, they were chiefly surprised at the phenomenal nature of the native fauna. The animals that thronged the forests and brush were almost without exception strange and unfamiliar. Here seemed to be the home of the pouched or marsupial animals, represented in the outside world by the opossum ; but the strangest creature of all was an animal that the Europeans first heard of through the natives, and so remarkable were the accounts, that at first little credence was put in them. The Australians spoke of it as the mullingong, and said that it was both bird, fish, and mammal, combining the qualities of each, and finally, when the mullingong was captured and brought to an English naturalist, he was almost ready to concur in the opinion that the animal was a veritable missing link.

It was a fur-covered little creature with the bill of a duck, its fore feet strongly webbed for swimming, while its hind pair were without this arrangement, and evidently for digging. Upon the latter were two spurs, almost exactly like those of a bird or cock, except that they were channeled, the tube leading to a duct that presumably contained a poison. The birdlike characteristics that developed upon an examination of the anatomy of the little creature were still more marked. It was found that the oviducts, *vasa deferéntia* and *ureters* opened into the cloaca, just as in the birds. Moreover, the sternum or breast-bone was provided with a peculiar T-shaped bone, that seemed to be an entirely new feature. In short, the naturalist was so puzzled (for with all this the duckbill was a milk-giver), that he named it the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. This was a number of years ago, and to-day the little animal and its allies are just as much paradoxes as they were then, and even more so, as a recent discovery shows them to be closely related to the reptiles as well as birds, so that the Australians were not so much out of the way after all.

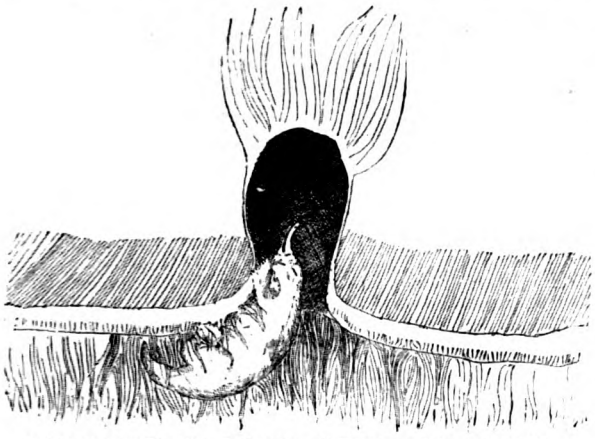
The duckbill is an inhabitant of Australia and Van Diemen's Land ; and here and in New Guinea is found an equally remarkable animal known as the echidna. It is covered with spines like the hedgehog, but has a long, slender, horny bill, very much like that of some birds, and in its anatomy it greatly resembles the duckbill, so that the two are included in a single group, the lowest of mammals, and known as the *Monotremes*.

The duckbill is very common is Southern Australia, and in the secluded ponds and streams may be seen swimming about with its little duck-like bill cutting the water, and its shining bead-like eyes on the lookout for stray insects and worms, upon which it subsists. They nest on the banks of the streams which they frequent, the burrow being commenced under water, and extended up into the bank for twenty or thirty feet, and here, high and dry, leaves and grasses are placed, and the young duckbills reared.

The echidna, on the other hand, is thoroughly a land animal—an ant-eater, having powerful claws with which to dig into the ant-hills, and a long slender tongue to obtain the lively insects. Beyond these facts, nothing has been known of the Monotremes up to the present year ; but within a few months, Professor Caldwell, the first Balfour student who has been in Australia for some time, has discovered that these animals, while milk-givers, actually lay eggs like reptiles. The facts that have led up to this discovery are extremely interesting, showing how necessary careful investigation is, and how the simplest facts can occur regularly without discovery. Many years ago, when the duckbill was first discovered, the natives told the whites that the curious animals laid eggs, but the idea was so preposterous that it was not entertained for a moment. Dr. Bennet studied them and their habits for a number of years without making the



ECHIDNA. PLATYPUS. ECHIDNA CURLED UP.



A, Mammary Gland ; *B*, Pouch ; *C*, Young Echidna as it Clings to the Pouch.

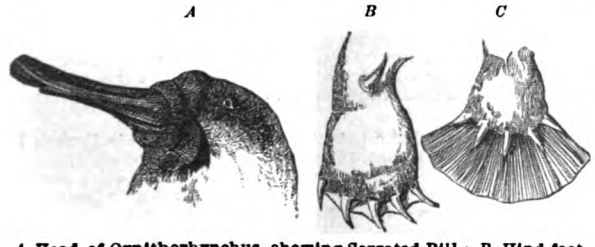
SHOWING POSITION OF THE YOUNG AS IT CLINGS TO THE POUCH.

discovery ; but finally, while the British Association was holding session at Montreal, Professor Mosely received the following telegram from an Australian scientist :

"Caldwell finds Monotremes oviparous; *ovum meroblastic*."

This settled the question that has exercised the minds of naturalists for a number of years, and Professor Owen remarks : "I can only add an expression of thankfulness for having lived to see solved, and mainly by Professor Caldwell's persevering researches, a biological problem which I have sought to determine since the date of a paper on the duckbill in 1832."

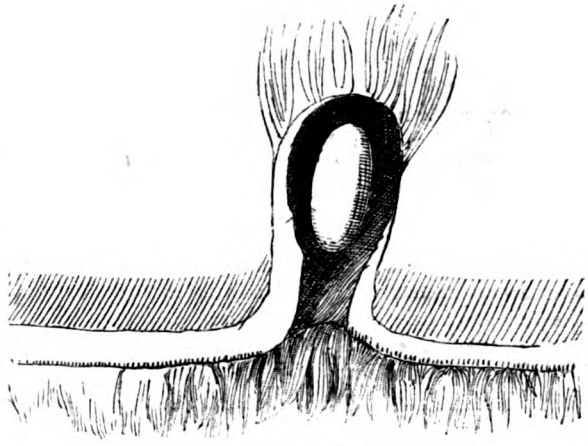
It has long been held by certain naturalists that the duckbill was oviparous, but for some reason, what now seems very fair proof of the correctness of their belief was not accepted. The principal authorities, according to Mr. Baldwin Spencer, on this mooted question, have been Home, Meckel, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and Owen, all of whom have published exhaustive memoirs on the subject. It seems, according to the above authorities, that in 1829 Geoffrey St. Hilaire laid a communication before the Royal Academy of Sciences, in Paris, entitled, "Some Considerations Regarding the Classification of the Monotremes," in which he stated his opinion that they should no longer be admitted among the mammals, nor could they be classed with the birds, reptiles or fishes, but should in his estimation form a fifth class of vertebrates. To support his views, he cited the investigations of Professor Robert E. Grant, of London, who, in a careful account, detailed the finding by a Mr. Holmes of a nest of the eggs of the duckbill. Mr. Holmes was shooting along the banks of the Hawksburgh River when he noticed a large adult duckbill leap from a sandy bank into the water. Never having seen the nest, he made an effort and found it—a small burrow, at the end of which was a rude nest of twigs and leaves, and on which he found nine eggs of a rather peculiar shape and size.



A, Head of Ornithorhynchus, showing Serrated Bill ; *B*, Hind foot with Spur, *a*, found on males only ; *C*, Webbed Fore foot.

They were oblong, spheroidal and regular, equal at both ends, and measured one and three-eighth by six-eighth inches. The color was white, and the shell transparent and evidently calcareous in its nature. In general, they resembled the eggs of some reptiles, but were unique. Of this nest of nine, four were preserved and sent to Europe, and two were placed in the Museum at Manchester, England, where, Professor Williamson informs Mr. Spencer, they were exhibited between 1835 and 1838, and labeled, "Eggs of the Duckbill Platypus." As if this was not sufficient proof, Dr. Nicholson wrote to Professor Owen, in 1865, that a workman had captured a platypus on the banks of the River Goulburn, in Victoria, and on the morning after an egg was found in its inclosure, but it was white and soft, with no calcareous covering, and in size resembled a crow's egg. As the egg was not saved, the evidence was rejected.

In Messrs. Lesson and Garnot's "Voyage de la *Coquille*" there is a statement to the effect that the natives informed the visitors that the duckbill laid eggs, and that a Mr. Murdock, superintendent of the farms at Emu Plains, said that he had seen the eggs, and that they were two in number and as large as a hen's egg. Another medical man, Dr. Weatherhead, in 1832, read an



A, Mammary Gland ; *B*, Egg in Pouch ; *C*, Pouch.

SHOWING EGG IN THE POUCH.

extract from a letter from Lieutenant Maule, in New South Wales, describing the finding of a duckbill's nest, in which were numbers of eggshells, while in a female were found a number of undeveloped eggs about the size of rifle-bullets, without, however, any hard outside shell. Another female, examined by Dr. Hill, also contained small eggs, and a native chief named Cookoogony, of the Boorak-Boorak tribe, stated that it was well known to his tribe that the animal laid two eggs very much like those of the hen. Such is some of the evidence that led certain naturalists to believe that the duckbill would in time be shown to be oviparous, and at this late day the matter is finally settled, the honors being about evenly divided between Professor Caldwell and Dr. J. W. Haecke. The latter, in September of last year, found an echidna with an egg in its mammary pouch, showing how the young were hatched ; and, finally, Caldwell says : "The embryology of the Monotremata is, up to the present time, absolutely unknown. Considering the unique structure of these animals, it was probable that a knowledge of their development would yield important results. This is the case in a greater degree than I had anticipated. Both forms are oviparous. The amount of food-yelk in the egg is very large, and consequently there

is only a partial *segmentum* (meroblastic type). The egg is laid at an age equal to a thirty-hour-old duck, and is inclosed in a strong, flexible white shell; it measures about three-fourths of an inch in the long axis, and half an inch in the short."

Caldwell finds that the duckbill produces two eggs at a birth, and that they are deposited in the rude nest at the end of the tunnel, and there hatched; but the echidna deposits only a single egg at a birth, which, as shown on page 125, is carried in one of the pair of ventral pouches, and undoubtedly hatched there by the heat of the body. The pouches are two in number, and only appear in the breeding season, which, perhaps, explains the fact that they have not been thoroughly investigated before. The mammary glands open at the bottom, and though there is no pronounced teat, as in the case of the marsupials, there is an arrangement by which the milk is forced into the mouth of the young, that undoubtedly clings to the spot until it is so large that it cannot remain wholly in the pouch; in fact, a specimen has been found in which only the head of the young was protected. The young finally cling to the hair, as do the young duckbills. Curiously enough, the young of both have the peculiar shell-breaking knob upon their bills that is found upon the bills of embryo chickens—a provision to enable them to break the shell. The result of this discovery will probably be to produce a change in classification, as it shows that the mammals are allied to the reptiles. In short, the Monotremes appear to be intermediate forms, possessing, according to Spencer, the attributes of two classes. They have, on one hand, the mammary glands, the distinctive feature of the group that includes man; while on the other, they lack "that structure whereby the typical mammal receives nourishment before birth." No more wonderful discovery has been made for many years than this, and the further particulars of Professor Caldwell's investigations will be awaited with the greatest interest by both laymen and scientists.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE muskrat has long been known to feed upon the thin-shelled mollusks (chiefly *Unio* and *Anodon*) of the streams and ponds in which it dived; more lately it has come to be considered an enemy of the fish-culturists, devastating ponds of trout, and especially of carp, where it had access. Now the charge is made that in Long Island Sound it captures in Spring the sluggish tomcods which at night approach the shore and can be caught by this quick and cunning diver. The flesh-eating habits of cellar-rats are well known; and field-mice will sometimes feed upon the carcasses of small birds and other flesh. Squirrels destroy young birds in some cases It appears, therefore, that perhaps all the rodents are occasionally carnivorous.

LIEUTENANT GREELY took careful observations of the temperature of the surface sea water at Fort Conger during the Winter of 1882. The temperature fell steadily from a mean of 29.2° in October to .29° in December, and then rose to 29.4° in June. The ebbing tide (to the north) was from 0.1° to 0.2° colder than the flowing tide, and its mean for December was 28.9°. The mean tidal establishment at Fort Conger, after two years' steady observation, was determined to be as follows: High water, 11h. 33.9m.; low water, 17h. 45.7m.

LARGE deposits of iron ore have been discovered in Cuba, the extent of which will cause the island to take rank with other countries as a source of supply of the raw material for iron-making. The fields are said to be extraordinarily rich, consisting of immense deposits on the surface, varying in thickness from ten to fifty yards, mostly in blocks of from two to twenty tons' weight. Some of these deposits are close by the sea, where it is possible to arrange for a good harbor.

BERLIN is about to try the experiment of running its street-cars by electricity, English storage-batteries being employed. On the electric railway at Brighton, England, two hundred thousand passengers were carried during the first half-year, at an expense of five cents a mile.

AMONG the drains on our forest resources, the comparatively new one of the making of wood-pulp alone uses about two million dollars worth of wood annually.

PROFESSOR WILEY, of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Chemistry, contributes to *Science* an article on butter, and tests for its purity. The percentage of water should not exceed twelve in good butter, and a legal injunction against more than ten per cent. would be wise. Salt has little, if any, preservative effect, and should be graduated in quantity to suit the taste of the consumer; two per cent. is a fair mean for the amount usually present. Much butter is now made without salt, and this kind will hold more water. If all the caseine could be washed out of butter (which is impracticable) it would keep sweet longer. Not more than one per cent. of curd should remain in butter properly prepared. Oleomargarine contains none, of course. The fat of genuine butter is heavier than that of tallow, lard, or any of the common fats used as butter adulterants, averaging about 912 specific gravity. The determination of this, and of the amount of alkali necessary to saponify butter, are among the most valuable tests of its purity. Pure butter contains a certain proportion of glycerides of fat acids (butyric, capronic, caprylic, etc.), the percentage of which in the total weight amounts to about five and a half. Tallow and lard contain, at most, only a trace of these acids; oleomargarine showing only from twenty to fifty-six per cent. The determination of the soluble acid requires much time; but it is not a difficult operation, and it is the most certain method of determining purity.

NO MONEY having at any time been appropriated by Congress for the increasing, by purchase, of the National Museum, where are stored the splendid educational collections of the United States, the Museum owes its growth, as heretofore, solely to the exertions of its officers and those of other branches of the public service, and upon the public spirit and liberality of its friends. The friends of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum ought, therefore, to feel a responsibility toward aiding in the increase of the collections and of the library. As an inducement to this, the officers of the National Museum have prepared certain forms of acknowledgment of help, which consist of formal thanks on paper; the promise of conspicuous labels bearing the names of givers of specimens or books; and publication of the receipt of gifts in the "Proceedings" and "Reports" of the Museum.

PORT HAMILTON, England's latest acquisition, is of vast importance to her as a maritime power, and in this view a geographical notice is of interest to the world in general. It is situated in Corea Strait, in the Nan-How group, thirty-eight miles from the northeast end of Quilpart Island. The anchorage is in every way suitable, though evil currents beset the neighborhood. It is sheltered by three mountainous islands, between which lies a spacious harbor, about two miles long and more than one broad, with a depth of from nine to twelve fathoms, the holding-ground being so good as to render it difficult to trip the anchor after it has been down a few days. There would be no great difficulty in making the place impregnable. The people of the islands are chiefly engaged in the cultivation of millet.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, have reported against the general introduction of water gas for illuminating purposes, since it contains as much as thirty per cent. of the dangerous carbonic oxide, whereas ordinary coal gas has only about seven per cent. In an atmosphere containing one per cent. of coal gas, dogs, cats, rabbits and pigeons were able to resist the effect of the carbonic oxide indefinitely; while in an atmosphere impregnated with an equal proportion of water gas, death from poisoning generally resulted after from five to eight hours' exposure.

A CORRESPONDENT of the United States Fish Commission, at Hampton, Va., having written that the diamond-backed terrapin was rapidly diminishing in the waters of the lower Chesapeake, and that its speedy extinction was threatened, Professor S. F. Baird replied that artificial culture of the terrapin, in its fullest sense, would be difficult, but that it would be entirely practicable to collect the young whenever they can be had, and by feeding to rear them to a suitable market size. This is already done in the neighborhood of Mobile to a profitable degree, and some persons interested in the matter are proposing similar terrapin-nurseries in Virginia.

A LONG series of experiments has recently been made to determine the relative amount of organisms in the air high up in the Swiss Alps compared with that of the valleys. From these experiments it seems perfectly proper to conclude, in general, that mountain air is much purer than the air of lower regions, and is surpassed in purity only by that over the mid-sea, which Commander Moran has shown to contain only five or six microbes to ten cubic metres.

A NEW and great improvement in the methods of supplying air for respiration to the workmen sent into the depths of harbors during engineering operations (construction of breakwaters, etc.) which must be begun under water, is that of absorption of exhaled carbonic acid gas by a basic salt, and the introduction of oxygen from under compression in small tanks carried by the diver, who is thus enabled to remain under water for considerable periods of time.

"SCIENCE" says that a patent has been taken out in France by M. Tichener for a process of making butter by electricity. It is stated that the cream being placed in a vessel of special form, a pair of electrodes are introduced, and connected to a dynamo capable of yielding a current of forty volts, whereupon, in from three to five minutes, the butter accumulates at one end of the poles in the form of little balls. It is claimed that cheese can be made by similar means.

Mr. S. B. Bernerston, United States Navy, has been traveling in Northern Corea, one of the least known regions of the globe, and has made an interesting record of his journeys, published by the Geographical Society. He found a large population, and that nearly every acre of arable ground in the hilly country was cultivated with wheat, rice and other crops. The houses became poorer in material and construction as the distance from the capital increased. They were generally together in small villages, and it was unusual to find one standing alone. They had wooden frames, and were one story in height, with roofs generally of thatch, but sometimes of tiles. The walls are made by placing a network of twigs between the beams, forming a support for a thick coating of mud. The kitchen is at a lower level than the rest of the house, the flues of the oven used for cooking passing under the floor of the rest of the house, and passing out beyond it. This arrangement provides warmth in Winter, but gives out intolerable heat in Summer, while the escaping smoke is always annoying, and causes a general prevalence of diseased eyes. In the larger houses, the rooms are arranged around a small *plazita* or court, the women's apartments being partly out of sight in the rear. Peng Yang is the largest town in the northern part of Corea, and a great commercial point, whither goods are brought from all directions; and it bids fair to be of much greater importance in future, should the river which flows past it to the sea prove as well able to be navigated as it is said to be. In the vicinity are the remains of a city founded over 2,000 years ago by Ki Tja, the "civilizer" of Corea. The people were very curious about this first Caucasian they had seen, but offered no violence or indignity.

Primroses and polyanthuses are benefited by being transplanted annually. Thus treated, the blooms become finer, and more abundant than on plants left in one position for years. It has also been found very beneficial to plant deeply, almost burying the fleshy crowns, as in bare ground these soon get exposed by drying winds. If transplanted just after blooming, they strike out fresh roots that greatly invigorate them. This is only imitating, or profiting by nature's example. The wild primroses in the woods become buried beneath fallen leaves and decaying herbage, until it is surprising what a mass of covering they are able to push up through in the Spring. If the plants are not moved, the spreading of leaf-mold over them is of the greatest value. In England, the single white primrose is found to be the most precocious and trustworthy bloomer of all the varieties.

The only American representative at the Naples Marine Laboratory of Zoölogy is Mr. C. S. Dalley, of the University of Pennsylvania. He announces the recent discovery of a method whereby jelly-fishes may be preserved after death in condition to be studied. "So extremely delicate are these complicated organisms, as to have rendered futile all efforts hitherto made for their preservation; and students have been compelled to have recourse to drawings or models for the study of their structure, in the absence of living specimens. Now, however, every museum may place upon its shelves species of Mediterranean jelly-fishes and polyps, retaining all the beauty and transparency of life." It is gratifying to know that the hard-studying inventor of the process, Signor Lo Bianco, is receiving large orders for full series of his preparations.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A young man called his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

"Did you gain anything in the lottery?" "Yes, twenty sous." How? I didn't know there were any prizes as small as that." "By not buying a ticket."

When John Smith was police-courted the other day for pounding his wife on the head, he escaped punishment on the ground that he was only banging her hair.

"When is a brick a tile?" asked Brown, Senior, of Smith, Junior. "Give it up? When it's a projectile." So saying, he threw a brickbat and broke a window.

"George, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his doorstep, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones's *step-son*, won't he?"

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

"Man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue and the greatest preservative of health.

Which was Shot?—A duel was once fought by two men named respectively Shott and Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Small Boy (beginning recitation): "'Eye hath not seen——" *Examiner:* "Stop! Wrong first time. 'Have not seen——' Go on again."

"Oh, don't propose to me here!" exclaimed a young lady, whose lover was about to pour out his avowal as they were riding by a cornfield; "the very corn has ears."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a great deal whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

A jockey, who incautiously burned his finger by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

Science tells us that after a bee has stung once it takes two minutes to recover the power to sting again. It doesn't take the stung person two seconds to get out of the way of a second sting.

A New York physician says he has a patient who has a horror of words containing the letters "ch." This horror, it is presumed, is at its height when the patient thinks of the physician's "ch" arges.

Professor: "Gentlemen will please close their books." After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that his polite command has not been obeyed, he adds, "Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."

"Mamma, this paper says there are 3,950 bands of mercy in this country. What is a band of mercy?" "An association for charitable purposes, child." "Oh, I thought it meant a brass band that didn't practice evenings."

"I'm a plumber!" answered a burglar who was discovered in a chamber in a house at midnight, and the owner turned over in bed with the remark: "Oh, I was in hopes it was a burglar, and that he might leave me something."

Do you know why you and George remind me of two shades of one color?" asked a young lady of a companion who had been engaged for a good many years. "No," was the reply. "I'll tell you, then; it's because you don't match."

Little Edith: "Mamma, did you say that we shall *all* know each other in heaven?" *Mamma:* "Yes, my child." *Little Edith:* "You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see?"

Appealing to the Artistic Instinct.—A certain small model who recently called at the house of a Royal Academician and asked for a sitting based her claim to attention on the innocent statement: "And, if you please, sir, my sister sat for the draperies of Lord Rosebery's little girl!"

"Do you allow your wife to box your ears very often, Maudlethorpe?" we asked, after his spouse had administered a couple of sharp slaps, and bounced out of the room. "Law, yes! I don't mind," returned Maudlethorpe. "Sometimes it's a regular boon; she's made me deaf for a month on several occasions, my boy."

Legal Phraseology.—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange"—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein"—the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The very general indorsement by the Medical Profession of Duffy's Malt Whisky, advertised in another page of this Magazine, is a significant fact in its favor. Absolute purity is claimed for this brand, and under the severest chemical tests not a trace of fusil oil can be discovered. As a safe stimulant and trustworthy tonic no preparation of equal merit has been found, and the unexampled sales of the Duffy Malt Whisky in all parts of the country are the most convincing demonstration of the favor with which it is regarded by the public. The company have only to maintain their present high standard of purity and excellence to command a constantly increasing patronage.

RAT-TAT-TOO!—FROM THE PAINTING BY SALLES WAGNER.

LOST BIRD.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."

BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

THE year 1885 brings to pass the fulfillment of one of the noblest ideas ever conceived, and before its close will witness, in the unvailing of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on an island in New York Harbor, an event which will attest and make real in a large degree the poet's dream of the universal brotherhood of man.

It is just twenty years since the idea was first

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD," AS IT WILL APPEAR AT BEDLOE'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

conceived which now finds its full development. In the growth and development of nations, as of individuals, certain lofty ideas, whether of literature, of philosophy, or of art, are impossible of birth or accomplishment until a certain stage of acquirement has been reached. It was fitting, therefore, that the grand idea of a statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed at the gateway of the metropolis of a land where liberty had at last found a sure and abiding resting-place, should have been conceived in a country where liberty was equally worshiped, and which has advanced among the furthest in civilization and in art. The ideal of the French nation, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité"—an ideal for whose realization the streets and boulevards of their cities have time and again run with blood, and for which countless thousands of their citizens have mourned—they have beheld accomplished, not wholly without bloodshed either, but accomplished to its fullest degree in America, one of the youngest nations of the world. Across 4,000 miles of ocean have been borne to their ears the exultant shouts of a nation of freemen; their writers have described our proud, lofty bearing, our mutual self-respect, and pointed toward America as the true haven of the oppressed. The sons of their noblest houses drew their swords and shed their blood for American independence, and with heart and hand the French have for many years past been our strongest allies. Meanwhile the United States, enjoying a period of peace, has flourished and become one of the mightiest nations upon the earth. In this the French saw the beneficent results of liberty, and cried, "Behold! where liberty reigns how prosperous and mighty is the land!" With two nations thus morally related and at peace, the time grew ripe for some noble act of mutual appreciation and regard. At last came the hour for its fulfillment, and, as ever before in the world's history, "the hour found the man, the man his hour."

It was on an evening in the Summer of 1865, the Summer following the Spring when closed the great Civil War in America, that the idea of the statue of "Liberty" was first conceived. A memorable evening it was, and one that will hereafter hold a prominent place in the annals of France and of America.

At the residence of the celebrated French *littérateur*, M. Laboulaye, now passed away, in the charming suburb of Paris, Glavigny, near Versailles, there was assembled a notable gathering of Frenchmen prominent in politics, in literature and in art. Among these was a young sculptor, M. Bartholdi, then a comparatively newcomer in the world of art, and whose future lay before him. It was at a dinner given by M. Laboulaye that these gentlemen were assembled; and the repast ended, they sought the conservatory, where, amid the curling smoke-wreaths of cigars, a desultory conversation began upon the topics of the day. Drifting from this imperceptibly, as such conversations will, the subject of international relations was broached. A guest remarked that gratitude could not exist among nations, and that the least material interest, the lightest political breath, would sunder every tie of the sort, and he added that, in the case of the United States, France could no longer count on the remembrance of the past. M. Laboulaye, the host, arose at these words and took issue warmly with the guest who uttered them.

"The American nation," he said, "had more sympathy for France than for any other European nation; and this sentiment did not bear the stamp of gratitude, but was based upon the remembrance of the community of thoughts and of struggles sustained with common aspirations." Reviewing briefly the history of the Revolutionary War and the part played by Frenchmen in that struggle, he concluded by saying: "The basis of the sentiments which are felt in the United States toward the French is indestructible, is a sentiment honorable to the Americans as to us, and if a monument were to be built in America as a memorial of its independence, I should think it very natural were it built by united effort, were it the common work of both nations."

Prophetic words, indeed! The guests sat silent as their host ceased speaking, their minds turned to other themes, and the conversation soon flowed in another channel. But the seed had been sown. It sank deep into the young sculptor Bartholdi's heart and brain, to develop in later years into the present statue of "Liberty" whose coming the United States has lately celebrated, and whose unvailing on its lofty pedestal will, as said above, unite France and America in an indissoluble band of brotherhood.

The years rolled by, and again, in 1871, the doors of M. Laboulaye's hospitable mansion at Versailles were thrown open to many of the same guests who had been present on the memorable evening described above, six years before. Among these was Bartholdi. The six years had brought a marvelous change to the country of their birth and love, and it was with sad countenances that the guests regarded each other. The fair lilies of France had been trailed in the dust, and the exultant Prussian had his foot upon her neck. Again was the subject of America's feeling toward France introduced, again was the former's gratitude assailed, and again did M. Laboulaye defend her. He expressed himself as confident that at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, then approaching, there would be a movement in America, both French and patriotic. Turning to Bartholdi, he said: "Go to America, study it, bring back your impressions. Propose to our friends over there to make with us a monument, a common work, in remembrance of the ancient friendship of France and the United States. We will take up a subscription in France. If you find a happy idea, a plan that will excite public enthusiasm, we are convinced that it will be successful on both continents, and we will do a work that will have a far-reaching moral effect."

Never was an artist before inspired by such words or intrusted with so grand a commission. Fired with the idea, which he embraced with all the ardor of his French and artistic temperament, "imbued," as he himself says, "with the thoughts of such eminent men as Laboulaye and his associates," Bartholdi started for America. No sooner had he reached the Harbor of New York than he discovered the place for the monument and the form it should assume. Listen to the glowing words in which he describes his discovery: "When, after some days of voyaging, in the pearly radiance of a beautiful morning is revealed the magnificent spectacle of those immense cities, of those rivers extending as far as the eye can reach, festooned with masts and flags; when one awakes, so to speak, in the midst of that interior sea covered with vessels, moving to and fro like a crowd upon a public place, it is thrilling. It is, indeed, the New World, which appears in its majestic expanse with the ardor of its glowing life. Was it not wholly natural that the artist was inspired by this grand spectacle? Yes, in this very place, I said, shall be raised the statue of 'Liberty,' grand as the idea which it embodies, radiant upon the two worlds. If then the fame of the accomplished work is mine, to the Americans I owe the thought and the inspiration which gave it birth. I was conscious, when I

landed in New York, that I had found the idea which my friends had hoped for."

After a long sojourn in the United States, during which he traveled everywhere, met the most prominent men in the worlds of politics, business, literature and art, and from whom he was able to gain a knowledge of the chief characteristics and feelings of the American people, Bartholdi returned home in 1874, and, as he says, "established a good understanding on which to lay the foundations of the plan of my Parisian friends." He had made a water-color sketch of the statue as it would appear if erected on Bedloe's Island, and he continues: "After becoming assured among my kindly approving friends of the impression that the plan would produce, I acquired the certainty that when we should begin in France the United States would second us, and that the draft drawn by Messieurs Laboulaye, Lafayette, Henri Martin and their friends upon American sentiments should not be protested." Again did M. Laboulaye call together the company of friends at his house, and again the subject of the statue was discussed, but not this time as a mere idea, but a probable reality. Bartholdi told them of his journey and its results, of his impressions, of the welcome he had received, of the American co-laborers secured, and presented the plan of the monument he had conceived. Henri Martin, in an official address five years later, described the impression the sculptor's enthusiastic words and conception made upon his hearers. "It was necessary," said the address, "for us to discover a thought in harmony with the object to be attained. The artist presented it to us in a form that bore the stamp of genius. He had conceived the celebration of the anniversary of Independence, applying to it a sublime phrase, which sums up the progress of modern times, 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' Bartholdi proposed to represent this great idea by a statue of colossal proportions, which would surpass all that have ever existed since the most ancient times."

The effect of Bartholdi's words upon his hearers was magical, as may be supposed. They at once organized a committee, and toward the end of the year 1874 the public was informed of the organization of the French American Union, having for its object the manufacture of the statue as a gift to the United States. In accordance with a plan previously agreed upon, the Union at once circulated subscription lists throughout France, headed with the following address:

"The Monument of Independence will be executed in common by the two peoples associated in this fraternal work, as they were of old in establishing Independence. In this way we declare by an imperishable memorial the friendship that the blood spilled by our fathers of old sealed between the two nations. It is a treaty of friendship which should be signed by all hearts which feel the love of their country. E. LABOULAYE."

A banquet in the Hotel du Louvre on November, 6th, 1875, at which were assembled representatives of French and American art, literature, politics and journalism celebrated the birth of the work. The first circular brought immediate response, and in a few months the success of the work became assured. The heart of the French people was touched. Not alone the rich, but the poor also contributed. The *ouvrier* and the *bourgeois* emptied their coins into the Union's coffers with the wealthy merchant and the moneyed aristocrat. Festivals, exhibitions and lotteries were held all over the country, and in four years the sum necessary, $350,000, was raised. The right hand of the statue was executed, was sent to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and was afterward displayed in Madison Square, in New York city.

In 1875 Bartholdi again visited America. His coming excited still greater interest, and the unvailing in Central Park, New York, of his statue of Lafayette, presented by the French Government in acknowledgment of the sympathy the city had testified for France at the time of the siege of Paris, deepened this interest in the announced far greater and grander gift of the statue of "Liberty." Meanwhile preparatory steps to receive the statue and prepare for it a suitable pedestal had been taken in this country. Upon the call of Messrs. William M. Evarts, S. D. Babcock, William H. Appleton, John Jay, W. H. Wickham and Richard Butler, a meeting was held at the Century Club, in New York, early in 1876, and a permanent committee, consisting of Messrs. William M. Evarts, Chairman, Henry F. Spaulding, Treasurer, J. V. Mumford Moore, Joseph W. Drexel, Parke Godwin, J. W. Pinchot, Frederick Potts, and Richard Butler, Secretary, was formed. It was decided that it should be called "The American Committee of the Statue of 'Liberty.'" Congress was at once memorialized, and on February 22d, 1877, voted to accept the gift of France, and set apart for the site Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, owned by the United States Government, and on which there was a fortification.

The head of the statue was executed in 1878, and shown at the Paris Universal Exposition in that year. In 1879 the last funds were raised in France, and on July 7th, 1880, the American Committee were notified by an official communication of the progress of the work and the date of its probable completion. The centennial anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, October 24th, 1881, saw the pieces of the framework and the base put in place; the statue was nearly finished in 1883, but work upon it was delayed, owing to the slow progress made in America toward the erection of the pedestal. On June 11th, 1884, President Ferry stated, at a banquet in Paris, that the French Government had followed with the liveliest interest the progress of the work, accomplished completely outside the range of its influence, and would do its part by transporting it to New York on a state vessel, under the official banner of France. On July 4th, 1884, the statue was officially delivered to the United States Minister, with appropriate ceremonies. On January 1st, 1885, after having been visited by upward of 300,000 persons, it was taken down, its pieces numbered, packed with great care, and transported to Rouen, where they were placed on board the state transport-ship *Isère*. The *Isère* sailed from Rouen on May 30th, and arrived safely in New York Harbor on June 17th, 1885.

Such is the history of the statue of "Liberty," and of the movement which gave it birth, a movement unique and unparalleled in the history of nations. Let us now consider the statue itself, as a work of art, as a work of engineering, and as a colossal monument, for it is all three. We are met at the outset by the difficulty of finding any other work with which to compare it. When a picture or a piece of statuary or sculpture of ordinary size is to be judged or criticised, the first step generally taken is to compare it with either a former one by the same artist, or with one similar in subject or execution by another hand, which has won reputation and the approval of artists and connoisseurs of its time. But in the statue of "Liberty" we find a work which has had no prototype in earlier times, or no counterpart in the present. Among the seven wonders of the ancient world was placed, perhaps, foremost, the Colossus of Rhodes. We are told that this massive figure spanned, with outstretched legs, the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, and that ships sailed easily to and fro beneath them.

PORTRAIT OF BARTHOLDI, THE SCULPTOR.

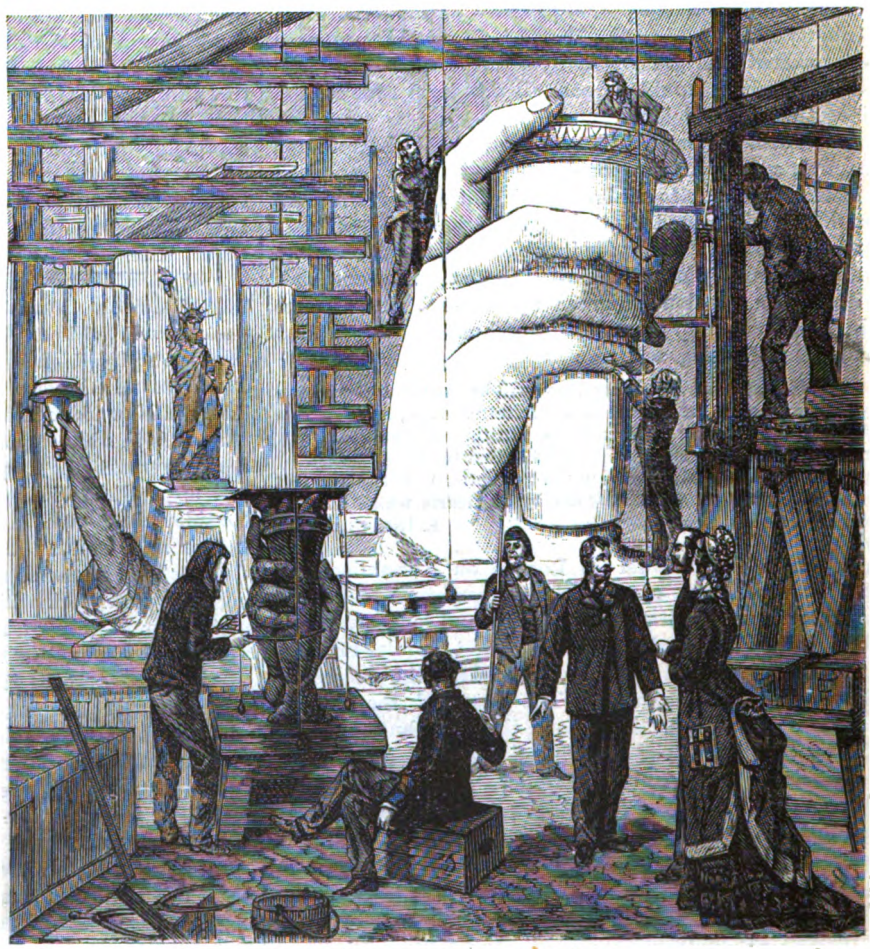
Allowing for the exaggeration which comes with time, and remembering that the ships of those days were the merest tiny barks compared to the stately vessels that now glide in and out of our harbors and over the oceans, it is yet safe to say that this far-famed Colossus, if placed alongside the present statue, would reach but a little way above her knee.

The next colossal statue in the course of history is the Jupiter Pluvius of the Protolino Villa, and then comes the well-known one of St. Charles Borromeo, on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, in Italy. This is about half the height of the statue of "Liberty," and is not in any sense a great work of art. Compare it with the present statue, and the distinction between colossal statuary and ordinary sculpture can be seen at once. The statue of St. Charles Borromeo is simply an ordinary monument enlarged. It is a reproduction in metal of a man's form and features many times multiplied. It is set in its pedestal without reference to its surroundings. It produces no emotion in the heart of a spectator, it conveys to him no sentiment, it brings to him no conception of some noble idea; in fine it fails to inspire or to elevate as a true work of art should inspire him who gazes upon it. How different with the statue of "Liberty." In form, in conception, and the idea it conveys, it moves and thrills the spectator. The poet gazing upon it sings:

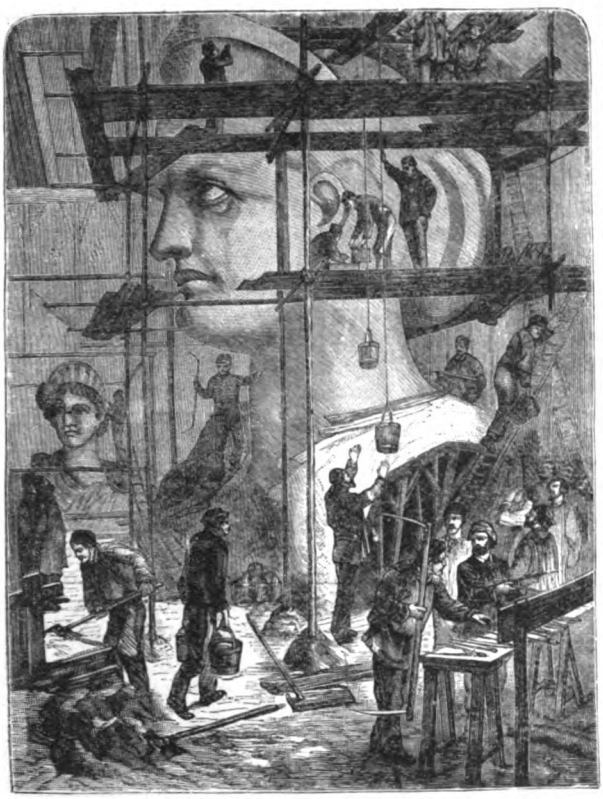
"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land—
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name,
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!' cries she,
With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.'"

Well says M. Lesbazeilles in his work on colossal statuary: "It is within its scope when it represents power, majesty, infinity. It can lay claim to that class of effects which are produced in us by the heaving of the boundless sea, the bellowing of the wind, the rolling of the thunder."

The statue of St. Charles Borromeo has, however, interest to the student of colossal statuary, because it is the first example of the use of



THE WORK ON THE STATUE COMMENCED.



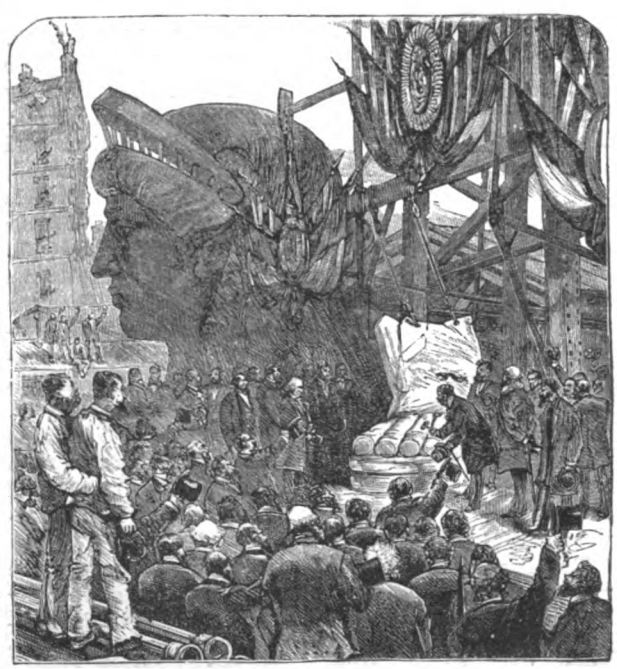
MODELING THE HEAD OF THE STATUE IN THE WORKSHOP OF MOUDINET & BECHER.

repoussé, copper mounted on iron trusses. Metal beaten out into sheets had been used earlier, but simply as a covering modeled on a solid wood or stone form. The repoussé copper of which the Borromeo statue is made was worked with the hammer both outside and inside, and is freely supported on iron beams. This gives lightness to the work, and the statue of St. Charles Borromeo has withstood the storms of two centuries.

Other colossal statues of modern times are those of "Bavaria," at Munich, one-third the height of the statue of "Liberty"; of the Virgin of Puy, a few feet higher than the last named; and the celebrated statue of "Germania," erected a few years since in the Niederwald, which would reach about to the waist of our colossal maiden. This short review of these noted works will enable us to see more clearly the difficulties under which Bartholdi labored in designing and executing the statue of "Liberty." The others have been and are all more or less unsatisfactory, chiefly because their designers did not pay sufficient attention, or were incapable of doing so, first, to the character or thought of the subject, which should be in harmony with the size of the work; second, to the suitableness of the site and the surroundings of the monument; third, to the understanding of the lines and the make-up, which in all colossal works are rendered necessary by the execution. Bartholdi himself sums it up by saying: "The immensity of form should be filled with the immensity of thought, and the spectator, at the sight of the great proportions of the work, should be impressed, before all things else, with the greatness of the idea of which these ample forms are the envelope, without being obliged to have recourse to comparative measurements in order to feel himself moved."

But the site is, after all, what determines most surely the effect of a colossal statue when erected; and let the many critics who have condemned the choice of Bedloe's Island for this purpose reflect that this point was probably the one most carefully studied by the sculptor, and know that the master-mind who designed the great work was better fitted to select the frame for his picture than those who had simply seen models of his work. Says the sculptor again: "The frame should lend itself to the subject. It may be made up or approved by architectural effects, by the flights of stairs which lead up to the statue and contribute to the monumental character, but above all a site favorable by its own nature should be sought. There is an instinct which ought to guide the artist, for he ought to turn Nature to account in such a way as to make her contribute to the aspect of the monument. The neighborhood of large masses should be avoided. The artist ought to choose his site in such a way that the lines of the ground and the coloring of the background will become his assistant in heightening the proper appearance of his work and the impression which it is to produce."

Has Bartholdi not faithfully carried out these ideas? Had the statue been placed in the Battery Park, the buildings behind, to which it would have been in close proximity, would have detracted from its effect; and equally injurious would have been the wooded hills of Staten Island, had the wishes of others prevailed who urged its erection upon the southern bluff of that island. On Bedloe's Island it stands by itself, a part of a harmonious whole, no masses near to detract from it, but framed alone by earth and sky. There is one other most important element in the construction of colossal statuary, and that is, the observance of great simplicity in the lines. The spectator should be able to tell at a glance what meaning the work is intended to convey. His eye should not be led away by the contemplation of details, but should take in at once the stupendous whole. Simplicity of the lines will give simplicity to the movement and to the gesture. This is very clearly shown in the statue of "Liberty." Its whole mass and form impress themselves immediately upon the spectator, he thinks not of the details; he only feels that the figure



MINISTER MORTON RIVETING PARTS OF THE STATUE.

conveys to him instantaneously a sense of power and of grandeur, and he bows instinctively to the idea—that idea of liberty which has led armies to battle, has wrecked thrones and overturned nations, and which to-day still stands forth as the grandest that the mind of man has yet conceived.

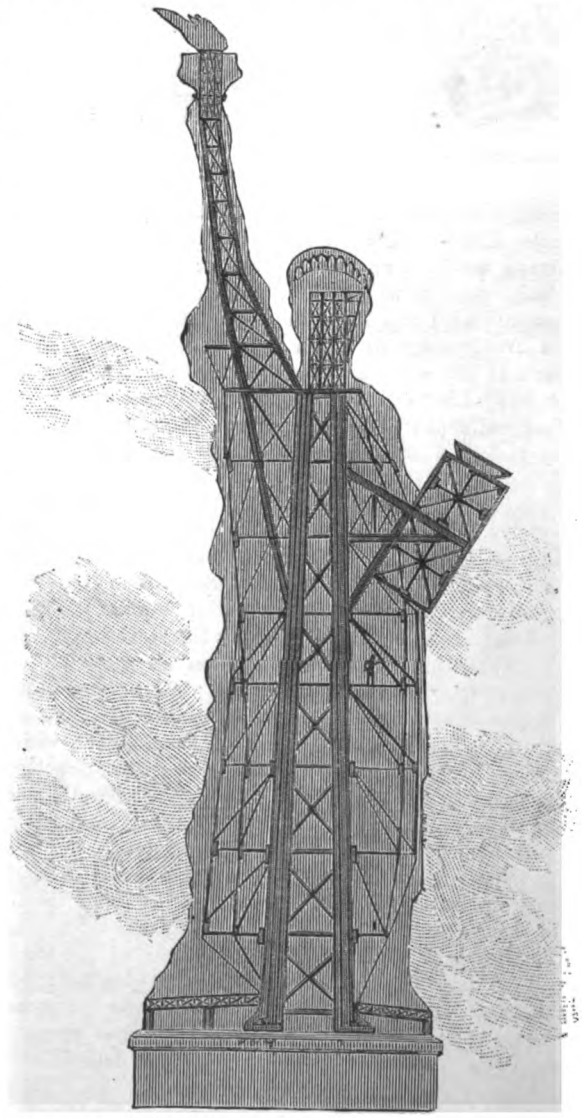
Having glanced at the essential characteristics and elements of colossal statuary, and seen how Bartholdi has conformed to them in the designing of the statue of "Liberty," we pass to a brief review of the details of its manufacture. These presented almost as great a problem as the designing of the statue in the first place, and following this, its adaptation to its surroundings. There having been no statue of the same extraordinary proportions ever erected before—or, at least, none of which there is any record extant—the planning of these details, including the choice of materials, etc., had to a great extent to be done in the dark, as it were. After much cogitation and deliberation, hammered copper was chosen as the material, it being light yet capable of great resistance, and easily subdivided so as to permit easy transportation. This point having been decided upon, a study-model, 4 feet in height, was erected. From this was modeled a statue, 6½ feet high, with the greatest care and exactitude. This statue was then reproduced four times as large by ordinary processes. A model, about 36 feet in height, was made from this. This was large enough, when placed by itself, to give some idea of the statue as a whole. This small statue was then divided into a large number of sections, to be reproduced separately, later, four times their individual size. When this last enlargement was made, changes were no longer possible, so that the greatest care had to be exercised by the sculptor in modeling the surfaces, for if mistakes were at any time made, they could not well be rectified. Four plane surfaces, surrounded by frames, arranged in numbered divisions, were placed on the floor of an immense workshop. Similar frames, corresponding in every way with the former ones, were hung from the ceiling of the shop. Large pieces of the statue were then modeled by sculptors on these frames. The sections reproduced were placed near by in frames one-fourth the size, so that they could be easily studied. The general form was first laid out with wooden beams covered with lathwork. A coating of plaster was next placed over the laths. The forms of the finished portions were then surrounded by boards, cut so as to adapt themselves to the plaster. These were placed one opposite to another, and crossed at top and bottom. The hammerers then approached, and pressed the sheets of copper into the sort of molds the boards formed by hammering with mallets. Sheets of lead were next pressed into the board forms, and the copper was again shaped upon these. Iron braces ran from point to point within the copper sheets. When the pieces were finally completed, they were fastened separately upon the iron beams of the trusswork which supports the whole statue. The core of the trusswork is formed by four great stanchions, bound together by St. Andrew's crosses. From these go out braces to support the surface of the statue. Three bolted braces run from the foot of these stanchions 26 feet into the masonry of the pedestal, and are there connected with an iron framework.

The immense amount of calculation necessary in the manufacture of these detailed portions of the statue may be imagined when it is stated that, in addition to the ordinary mechanical difficulties presented, the resisting power of the iron pieces upon the centre of gravity and upon the action of high winds had to be considered. The most tremendous hurricanes that have blown in Europe and America were taken as a basis, and from this the results were worked out. According to General Stone, the engineer of the pedestal's calculation, the entire structure should withstand a gale blowing 141 miles an hour, a force that is almost unknown, certainly in this latitude.

Thus was the statue built. It was executed in about six years, but the work met with repeated delays, and was not prosecuted continuously until within the last few months of 1884. Not alone Bartholdi, the designer and chief sculptor, but many other French sculptors of note, labored in the erection of the statue ; so eminent an engineer as M. Eiflel had entire charge of the ironwork and bracing of the figure, and the work itself was done in the house of Gaget, Gauthier & Co., of Paris.

But the statue needed a pedestal to make it complete, and this Laboulaye, Bartholdi, and his associates in the French-American Union, felt confident the United States would provide.

They have done so—or, rather, New York city has done so—after many months and years of solicitation and constant appeal, and the remainder of the sum needed was finally only raised by the energetic efforts of a newspaper, the New York *World*. But why repeat at length



THE FRAMEWORK INSIDE THE STATUE.

the history of the pedestal movement? Is it not indelibly written on the memories of my readers? It is a chapter in the history of our country to-day which Heaven grant could be sealed up for ever! Public and private apathy and selfishness, lack of patriotism, a hundred other and unworthy causes, have combined to render the securing of the Pedestal Fund what seemed, up till lately, an impossible task. The patience with which our French donors of the statue have borne with us almost passes comprehension, and should make our humiliation great.

As I stated in the opening of my article, the American Committee on the Statue of "Liberty" was first formed at the Century Club, in New York city, in 1877. Some 402 gentlemen, prominent in different sections of the country, were then or afterward elected members of the Statue of "Liberty" Committee. Mr. William M. Evarts was at that time chosen Chairman, Mr. J. W. Pinchot, Treasurer, and Mr. Richard Butler, Secretary, of this Committee, and issued an announcement to the people of the United States. A sub-committee of this general committee, consisting of William M. Evarts, the late ex-Governor Morgan, Parke Godwin, Clark Bell, and J. W. Pinchot, was charged with the duty of procuring the necessary legislation, and obtained from Congress, on the recommendation of President Hayes, the passage of a resolution providing for the acceptance of the colossal statue, and the designation of either Governor's or Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, as its site and its future maintenance as a beacon. President Hayes authorized General Sherman to select the site, and he, acting upon a suggestion from the committee, who were aware of Bartholdi's preferences, designated Bedloe's Island. This island, about a mile in circumference, lies at the western edge of the channel of the Upper New York Bay, about two miles from the Battery. It was known in the early days of New York as Love Island, and acquired its present title when it was sold by Admiral Kennedy, of the British Navy, who had occupied it as a Summer residence, to a member of the old and esteemed Bedloe family of New York. It was at one time noted for its rabbits, and the pickled oysters which were prepared there. It became the property of the United States Government early in the present century, and was considered very valuable for purposes of harbor defense. Fort Wood, whose granite sides form an admirable base for the pedestal, was partly built in 1814, and was finished in 1840. It is built in the shape of a six-pointed star, and is surrounded by a moat. The pedestal rises from its centre, and it seems as if it had been purposely built to adorn the base of its new and wonderful occupant.

The site having been selected, the committee issued to the people of the United States an address which was at first quite generously responded to.

An Executive Committee was soon formed. Mr. Richard M. Hunt was appointed Architect of the Pedestal by this committee, and to him was intrusted the design of the exterior of the pedestal. General Charles P. Stone, formerly of the United States Army, and better known by his title of Stone Pasha, bestowed upon him by the Khedive of Egypt, was appointed Engineer-in-Chief. To him fell the task of managing the interior of the statue and designing a proper foundation. His greatest problem has been to arrange with Bartholdi for the attachment of the statue to the pedestal.

As soon as the requisite funds were received the work was begun on Bedloe's Island, contracts were entered into with the lowest bidders for the removal of the buildings in the interior of the fort there, and for the construction of the concrete or béton base of the pedestal, work upon which began October 9th, 1883, and was finished May 17th, 1884. This base is one solid stone, 91 feet square at the bottom and 67 feet square at its completed height of 52 feet 10 inches, having an interior shaft 10 feet square. The material used in its structure exceeds 23,500 tons net weight.

Upon this foundation the granite-work of the pedestal has been begun, to be continued until it reaches 89 feet above the béton base. When at that height it will be ready for the colossal statue of "Liberty," which is 151 feet.

Mr. Hunt prepared an elaborate and beautiful design for the pedestal, which was accepted, but has had many modifications, and has been altered decidedly in consequence of the changes made necessarily evident as the work of building it progressed. The material of which it is built is a gray granite from Leet's Island, near New Haven, Conn.

It is estimated that of the $390,000 that will have been expended before the statue is finally placed in position, the pedestal alone will have cost $250,000, the interior bracings and structure $25,000, and the placing it in position $25,000. This will make total cost of statue, pedestal and erection about $650,000, or over half a million. The pedestal is a truncated cone, with galleries on each side supported by Ionic columns. Its height is 89 feet above low water; the height of bottom of the foundation mass above low water is 13 feet, the height of foundation mass itself 52 feet 10 inches, and the height of the statue 151 feet. The top of the torch will then be 305 feet 11 inches above low water, 21 feet higher than Trinity Church spire, and 23 feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. Some approximate idea of the size of the statue may be gained when it is stated that the forefinger is nearly 7 feet long, and is over 4 feet in circumference at the second joint. The nail measures about 9 by 6 inches, the head is 16 feet high, and the eye is nearly 2 feet wide. Three feet and over is the length of the nose; forty persons can find room inside the head, and twelve in the torch held by the hand.

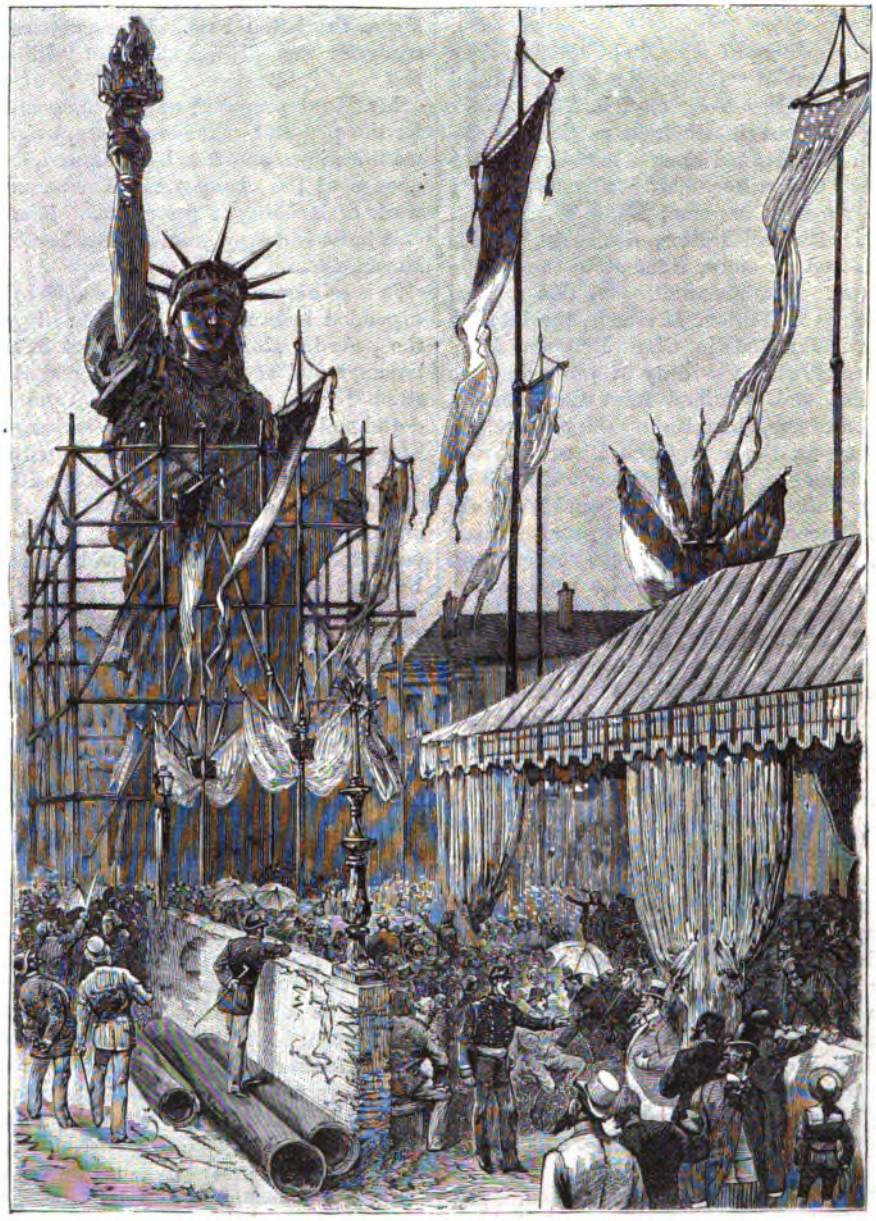
The debarkation at Rouen of the statue, the arrival of the transport *Isère* with her precious freight, the reception accorded her, are all of too recent occurrence to need retelling here. It is thought that the statue may be placed in position and unvailed during the present year. Be that as it may, it is to be hoped that eleventh-hour enthusiasm, interest and generosity may take the place of our former and long-continued apathy, and that we may prove ourselves worthy to be the custodians of so sublime a conception as that of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Long centuries past the old Dutch sailor furled
The white wings of his daring shallop, worn
By sea and storm; and saw the golden morn,
Parting the night's dark curtain, swift unvail
A wide expanse of shore, and hill and dale,
As yet untrod by man, in wildness free,
Uncultured and untamed, but soon to be
In glorious garments drest, a newborn world.
The Hendrick Hudson of the World of Art,
Bartholdi, when thine eyes did look upon
Our Bay, in this a freeman's land, so won
Through blood and fire to nobler freedom far
Than in the past, rejoiced thy patriot heart,
And Liberty's great statue lit her glowing star.

PITCH upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

ECCENTRIC BOOK-TITLES.

THE seventeenth century and part of the eighteenth, remarkable as the whole period is for its deep and powerful historical interest, is especially so in the singular style of some of the literature which it produced, both religious and political. It was quite an age of pamphlets and tracts; for, as there were no daily papers in which people could ventilate their fancied grievances, their peculiar political crotchets, or their eccentric religious opinions, the only plan was to put such ideas into print, and then publish them to an admiring and inquiring world in the form of a pamphlet or tract. These pamphlets were produced by scores, often written in language neither choice nor at all guarded; and the consequence was, as the law at that period was only too ready to pounce down upon any unlucky culprit who had given his opinion or spoken his mind a little too freely to please the petty tyrants of the Administration of the day, that many an author found himself, to his great surprise, quickly lodged within the walls of a prison, as was the case with Defoe, Bunyan, and a host of others. Long imprisonment, heavy fines, the pillory, whipping, and often far worse still, were the punishments to which political pamphleteers, who had offended, were frequently subjected during the period referred to.



FORMAL DELIVERY OF THE STATUE TO HON. L. P. MORTON, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES, JULY 4TH, 1884.

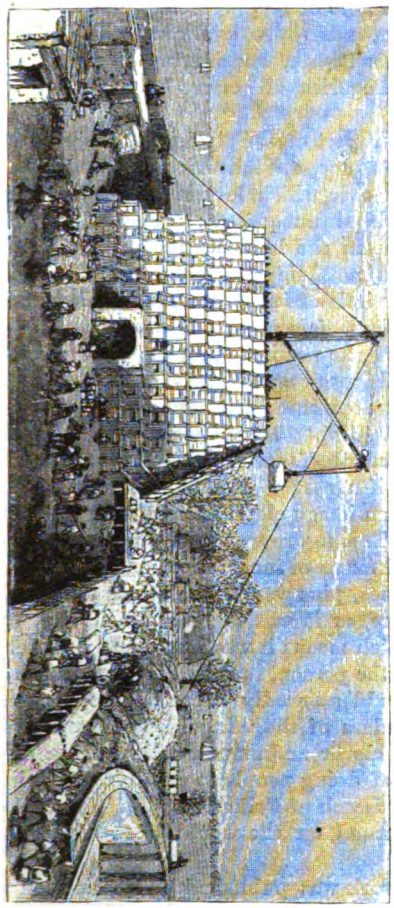
How greatly this system of writing, notwithstanding the severity of the law, was in fashion, may be gathered from the fact that King George III., in the year 1762, presented to the British Museum a most valuable collection of upward of 30,000 tracts and pamphlets, embracing an immense variety of subjects, and supposed to have been written during the seventeenth century. This collection was commenced by Charles I., under the direction of a clergyman named Thomason, and was carried about England as the Royal army marched, disguised as tables covered with canvas, and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterward Bishop of Lincoln. These curious tracts were eventually offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II., by Mearke, his stationer, and by his representatives ultimately sold to George III. The collection is bound in 2,000 volumes.

It is not so much on the *subjects* of these tracts that I desire now to speak—for that, indeed, would fill volumes—but to select for consideration a few of the extraordinarily eccentric titles which a very large number of them bear, and which, in very many cases, are calculated to excite a smile rather than inspire any feelings of reverence or respect for the real subject actually treated of, which, generally speaking, was of a religious nature. The first of these which I shall notice is dated 1626, and has the following sweetly fanciful title: "A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to smell at." The idea of the word "nosegay" applied to a set of prayers was possibly to suggest the thought of picking or selecting therefrom any one or more that might be desired—in itself a very pretty and a very happy thought, certainly.

The next one is remarkable for the unmistakable intention of the tract as set forth in its plain and witty title. In 1646 one "John Fry," a Quaker, appears to have got

into trouble of some kind, and found it necessary to publish a defense, entitled "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry." In these days he would probably have written to one or other of the daily papers a full statement of his woes and grievances, on the chance of the subject tickling the editor's fancy with the view to political capital, in which case it might, perhaps, have been inserted.

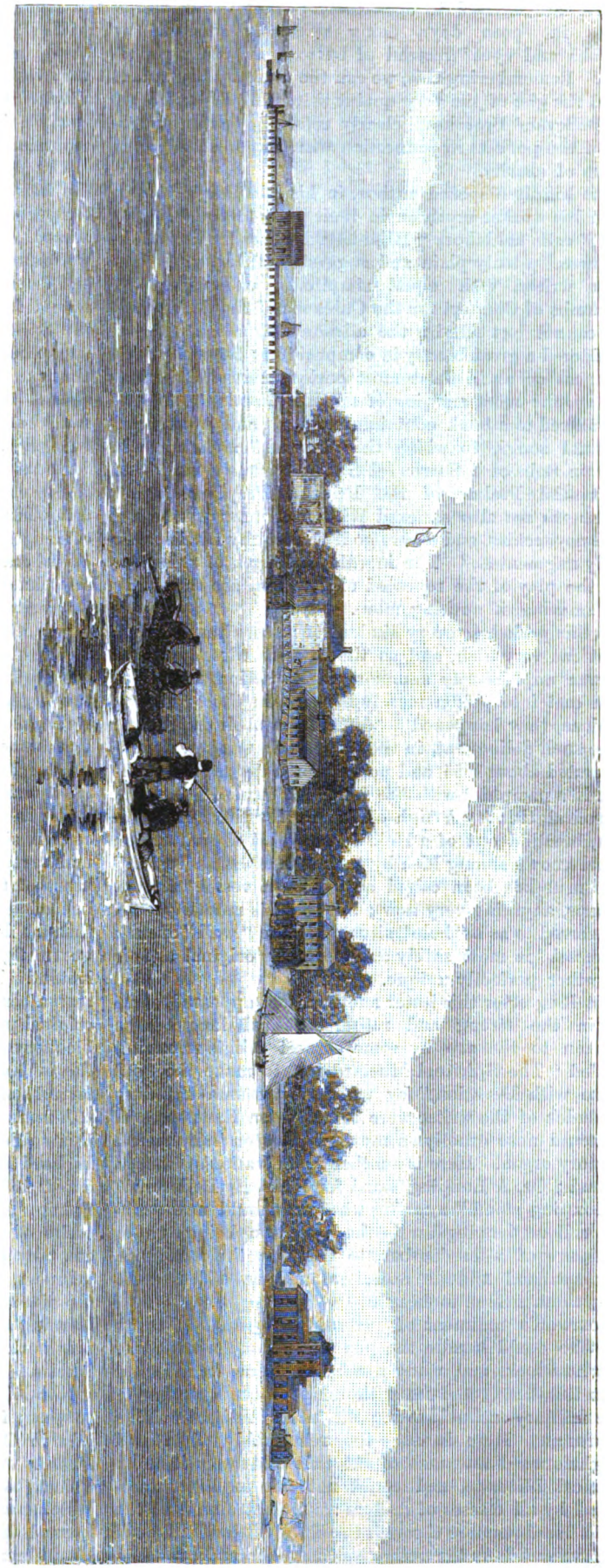
The days of the Protectorate were rather celebrated for tract-titles of the most singular and eccentric character. One, for instance, is so peculiar that it is somewhat



THE RISING PEDESTAL.

difficult to see the exact meaning of it—"The Snuffers of Divine Love!" Now, who or what was supposed to be snuffed? Was such snuffing intended with the view to the extra brightness of the imaginary candle, or to its total extinguishing?—for snuffers can be used either to increase existing light or to produce darkness. The former, perhaps, may be the idea of the ingenious writer—the heavy snuff of sin being removed by the divine snuffers, the candle of righteousness will, through divine love, burn all the more brightly. The fancy, if far-fetched, is at least most original.

Another was devoted to the cause of charity, more especially in reference to some specific religious object, in which



THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—THE SITE ON BEDLOE'S ISLAND SELECTED FOR THE STATUE.—SEE PAGE 129.

people are advised to open their pockets, such receptacles in those days being evidently secured by "hooks and eyes" instead of buttons, as with us moderns. Remembering this, we can the more readily understand the gist of the very quaint title, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," clearly referring to the fastening of the pockets in connection with the great religious virtue of charity.

One kindly-disposed author, in his laudible desire to assist his weaker brethren in their walk to the "higher path," calls his labors "High-heel'd Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," a truly plain and suggestive title; whilst another writer, with equal simplicity, calls his book "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." We cannot but admire the alliteration, at that period considered a great beauty in composition; for many such instances occur in these most curious pamphlets. But perhaps the most amazing of all this class is the following, affixed to a book containing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, to which the "Ditties" are annexed: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers godly and pithy Ditties, now newly augmented." The inordinate length of this title, and the play of the repeated alliteration, are very witty and amusing, if nothing more.

At this period, as every student of history knows, party spirit ran very high, and as the law—as already hinted at—was unpleasantly summary in its action, men were often cast into prison merely because, in their religious opinions, they happened to differ from their neighbors. Some such delinquent, in the person of a Quaker, was incarcerated about 1655, and poured forth the regrets of his soul in a pamphlet with the following most original and whimsical title: "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breath'd out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel known among Men by the name of Samuel Fish." That man has been called an "earthen vessel" is not, perhaps, anything very new; but that his mouth should be referred to as a "hole" situated in the "wall" of such a "vessel" is most surely as thoroughly original as it is altogether perfectly unique.

Not long after this latter another tract appeared, written in the strong and rather fanatical language so common to the age by some earnest religious zealot, entitled "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion," by which, I presume the fiery platitudes of the writer were to act upon the nerves of the moral nose exactly as mustard does on the physical olfactory organ. Here is another: "Salvation's Vantage Ground; Or, A Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers!" A "louping stand" meaning what we should now probably call a "leaping-bar"—the intention being, under the figure of a leaping-bar, to improve the readers in their spiritual athletic exercises, and so endeavor to bring them nearer to heaven.

Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides" contained many men who could handle the pen as well as the sword or the wheel-lock, and many a fiery vigorous tract issued about this time owed its authorship to one or other of these military enthusiasts in political and religious rights or wrongs. Here is one—the remarkably plain and straightforward language of the title addresses itself to the most illiterate, and could not fail to be comprehended by all classes of readers: "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." As the author was a soldier, and probably wrote for soldiers, he very acutely employed such terms, in naming his tract, as would be peculiarly familiar to soldiers, and therefore all the more readily understood by them; and it is quite possible that his work, from its very title, proved highly attractive. We cannot but admire the ready and suggestive wit of the gallant Puritan in so cleverly adapting himself to surrounding circumstances.

The next I shall quote is another specimen of one of the inordinately long titles of the period, plentifully interspersed with many choice specimens of alliteration, according to the fashion of the day: "A Reaping-hook well temper'd for the stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." The marvelous jumble here of reaping-hooks, biscuits, ovens, charity, chickens, sparrows, swallows, and salvation, almost takes one's breath, considering its many elaborately obscure allegories all crammed into one small title-page.

About the latter part of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, a book was published with the following amazing title, which, for unreasonable absurdity of length, is perhaps unequaled: "The Discoverie of Wytchcrafte, wherein the lewd dealings of Wytches and Wytchmongers is notablie detected; the Knaverie of Conjurers, the impietie of Inchanters, the follie of Soothsayers, the impudent falsehood of Couseners, the infidelitie of Atheysts, the pestilent practices of Pythynists, the curiositie of Figure-casters, the vanitie of Dreamers, the beggarlie Art of Alcumystrie, etc., are decyphered. By Reginald Scott, Esq." By the term "figure-casters," I presume, is meant the fanciful belief, prevailing about this period, that if a person desired another's death he must make a waxen image closely resembling the person who was to die. This figure was to be constructed under certain signs and forms of incantation, and then, at certain arranged times, pins were to be stuck through the heart of the figure, or it was to be stabbed, shot at, or beheaded; by which means it was impudently pretended that the death of the person, operated upon through this waxen figure, would assuredly occur at the very same instant. The readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" will remember a very clever and amusing illustration of this original practice of doing people to death in the inimitable story of the "Leech of Folkestone," only in this case the tables are turned on the would-be murderers with terrible effect.

A remarkable work was published, in connection with this subject, by no less a personage than the celebrated Richard Baxter—sometime Vicar of Kidderminster—and dated 1690, entitled "The Certainty of the World of Spirits, etc., fully evinced by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions, Operations, Witchcrafts, Voices, etc. By Richard Baxter." It is possibly owing to the manners, teaching, opinions, and habits of thought of the time that we find a man of such great talents and learning sitting down in sober earnest to write an elaborate work to prove the truth of such silly superstitious fancies.

Nor is Baxter the only cleric who wrote on the same subject; for we have a work by "Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty King Charles II., and F.R.S.," with this fine imposing title, "Sadducismus Triumphatus; Or, A Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions." Here, then, we have another learned divine, and an F.R.S. to boot, using his wit and his influence to assist in the propagation of a belief as foolish and puerile as it was wicked and mischievous.

The subject attracted much attention in the seventeenth century, and was evidently thought a very great deal of, not only by men in holy orders, but by laymen of learning, education, and position as well; and a book was published in 1653 by Sir R. Filmer (a judge, I believe) for the especial benefit of the "jurymen of England," in which he pretends to explain "the difference between an English and an Hebrew witch"! But I cannot close this article without special reference to a very celebrated book touching on the same subject, written by neither priest nor layman, but by a learned and *royal* author. Though possibly already well known to most of our readers, I will just refer to the title in full: "Demonologie; in the form of a Dialogue, divided into Three Books; Written by the Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.—1616." So that even his Majesty King James I., with all his Solomonic wisdom and learned pedantry, was not proof against the silly childish beliefs of the age, the very mention of which, in these enlightened days, provokes, not merely a smile of pity and contempt, but a downright honest laugh at the utter folly and credulity of our forefathers.

SOME DINNERS I HAVE EATEN.

By Edwin H. Trafton.

"My Dear Cousin—I cannot tell you how sorry we all were to hear that you had been so ill. There is only one thing for you to do—you need quiet, a good long rest, and plenty of air; still more important, while you are convalescing you require a total change from the rich food to which you are accustomed, to plain, simple country fare. All these things you will find at our home, and a warm home welcome along with them. Your room is ready and waiting for you. Telegraph us when to meet you at the station. You *must* come, and the longer you stay the better we will be pleased."

This letter was from my Illinois cousin, whose farm bordered the Mississippi. I had been having a rather lively wrestle with disease, and the doctors had come out ahead. I could not refuse so cordial and agreeable an invitation. I arrived at the prairie home about eleven o'clock in the morning, where my welcome was hearty enough to put new life into many times more of an invalid than I was.

Dinner was served a few minutes before noon, and this is the bill-of-fare that I found waiting for me on the expansive kitchen-table of that modest farmhouse:

Chicken Soup, with rice.
Roast Veal, stuffed. Roast Turkey.
Broiled Chicken. Broiled Prairie Chicken.
Boiled Mutton.
Cold Ham. Cold Corned Beef.
Potatoes, boiled and mashed.
Turnips. Parsnips. Cabbage.
Cranberry Sauce.
Apple Sauce. Currant Jelly. Pickles.
Plum Pudding.
Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Custard Pie.
Three Kinds of Cake.
Tea. Coffee. Chocolate. Milk.

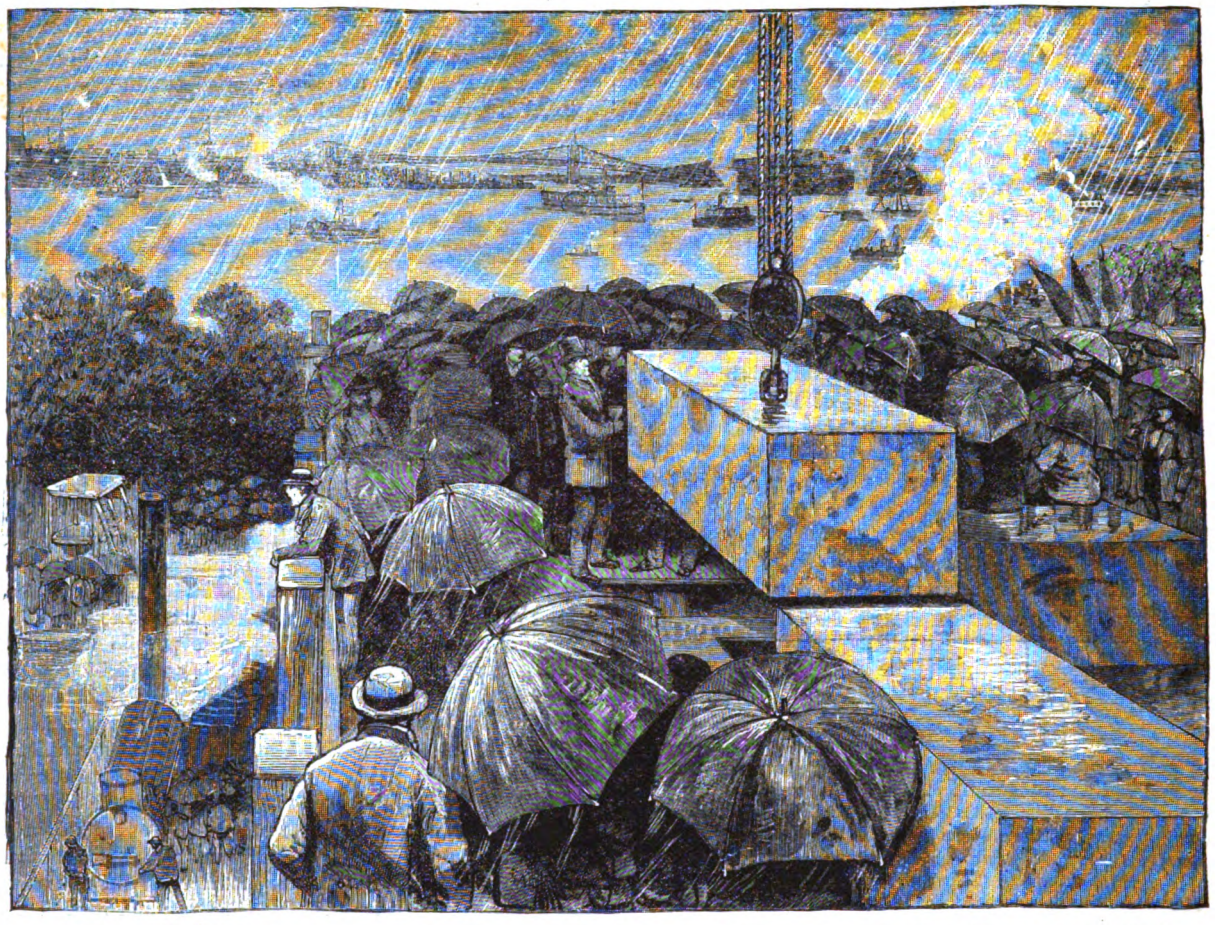
There was only one course. That is to say, this enormous lay-out was all on the table when we sat down. I do not know whether I was more appalled or amused. The "rich food" on which I had been living for the preceding month consisted mainly of tea, toast and gruel. I ventured a remark to the effect that if this was the "plain, simple country fare" on which I was to diet, it might save funeral expenses for me to return without delay to the luxuries of my city *cuisine*. To which came the solicitous response:

"I was afraid we hadn't got a single thing which you could eat. Do try and worry down something."

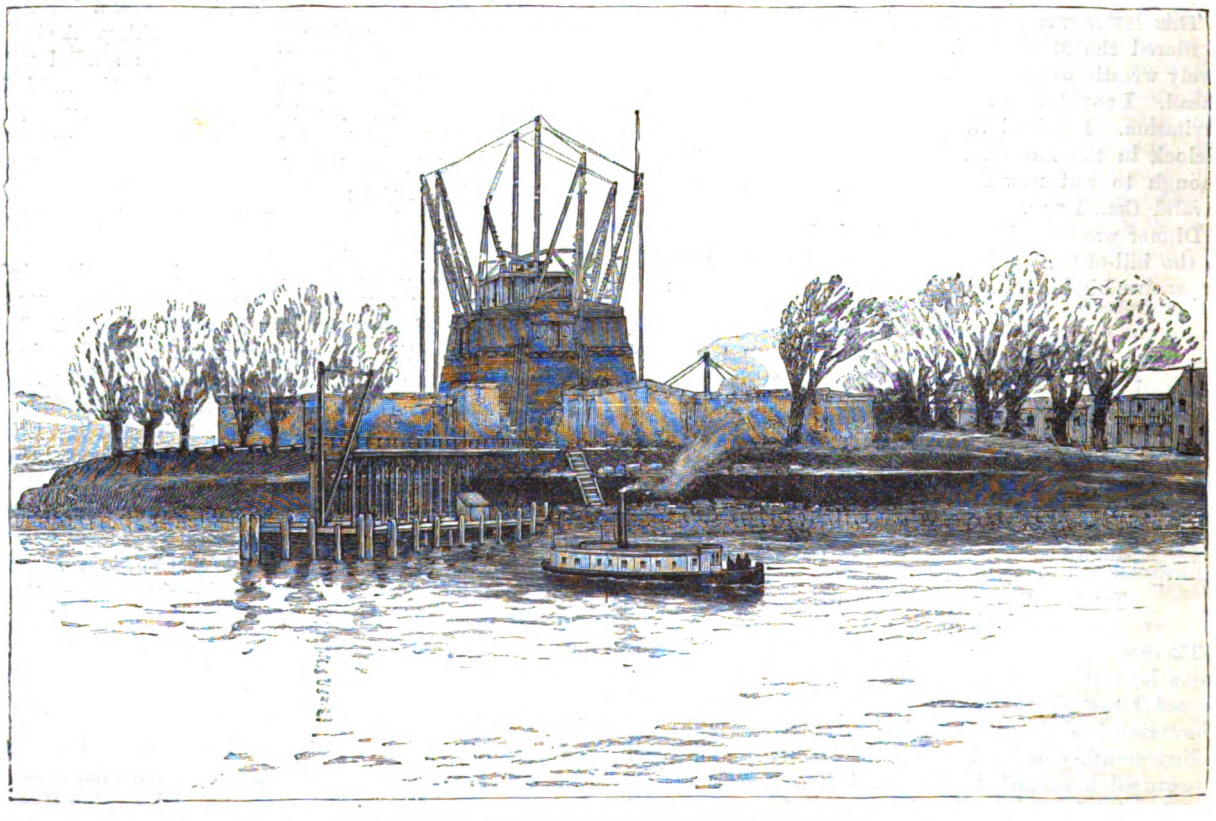
I did try, and with such excellent results, that it was with a genuine regret and an avoirdupois increased by several pounds, that a fortnight later I returned to town.

It was the Winter following the burning of Chicago that all of us who persisted in remaining to keep the ruins company were, by universal consent, known as "fire-sufferers." A large army of the more unfortunate existed on the disbursements of the Relief and Aid Society, the beneficent and wisely-managed almoner of the millions contributed by a sympathizing world. Some got along on such funds as they received from their insurance companies, and others pulled through on money sent them by friends in the East. Altogether it was a tough Winter, as Winters go, but a combination of local pride, clear grit, and an undaunted belief in the future of the city, smoothed over the rough places, and a magnificent, but thoroughly practical, philosophy carried every one through till the bravest hopes were vindicated. There was scarcely less than a touch of bravado in that Winter's high-pressure opera season, when the one little west-side theatre was crowded with people who paid eight dollars a seat to hear Wachtel sing; and I fear there was reckless display of the same spirit in a little dinner which four of us enjoyed one cold, blustering night in Ibach's restaurant. We gave our favorite restauranteur *carte blanche* to furnish forth the most elaborate *menu* within the possibilities of the establishment, and the result was a gastronomic triumph. We sat down at eight o'clock, but it was perilously near gray dawn when we sought our homes. In the interim we did not mind that the storms beat against the windows and rattled the panes, while wine flowed, the merry jest passed around, and the music of the zither, played by Ibach himself, made us forget that there ever had been such a being as the Fire Fiend, or any other disagreeable thing. A single item in our *menu* was English pheasants stuffed with chestnuts, the birds having cost $4 each in the market. The dinner was not a "swell" one, in the Delmonico, or Hotel Brunswick, or Pinard, sense, but there was plenty to eat and to drink, and the bill was exactly $30 a plate, or $120 for the quartet; not a large sum for a millionaire to pay, but quite large enough for "fire-sufferers," two of whom were newspaper-men.

Without reference to the amount of money invested, there have been many times since when the pleasures of that night have been recalled with sighs of regret. For example, during the culinary horrors of a trip I made in company with the late Colonel Delaplaine, of Wheeling, down through the wilds of West Virginia, from Clarksburg to White Sulphur Springs. West Virginia is a State possessing enormous natural resources; but its resources and its cooking are both in the same condition—they need development. One must have an iron will, a cast-iron digestion, and an empty stomach, to eat what is usually found on the table of the West Virginia farmer. Pork, in all its forms, is the principal—often only—article of diet; pork baked, pork fried, pork boiled; all the changes are rung on ham, each a trifle more intense, a trifle less palatable, than the other. Eggs are rare, and broiled chicken is a positive oasis in the Sahara of porcine abominations. Then potatoes and cornbread and coffee afford a positive relief, when attainable, but none of these are very filling. It was after a hard drive, after a meagre breakfast, over impossible—I had almost said impassable—roads, that the colonel and myself stopped



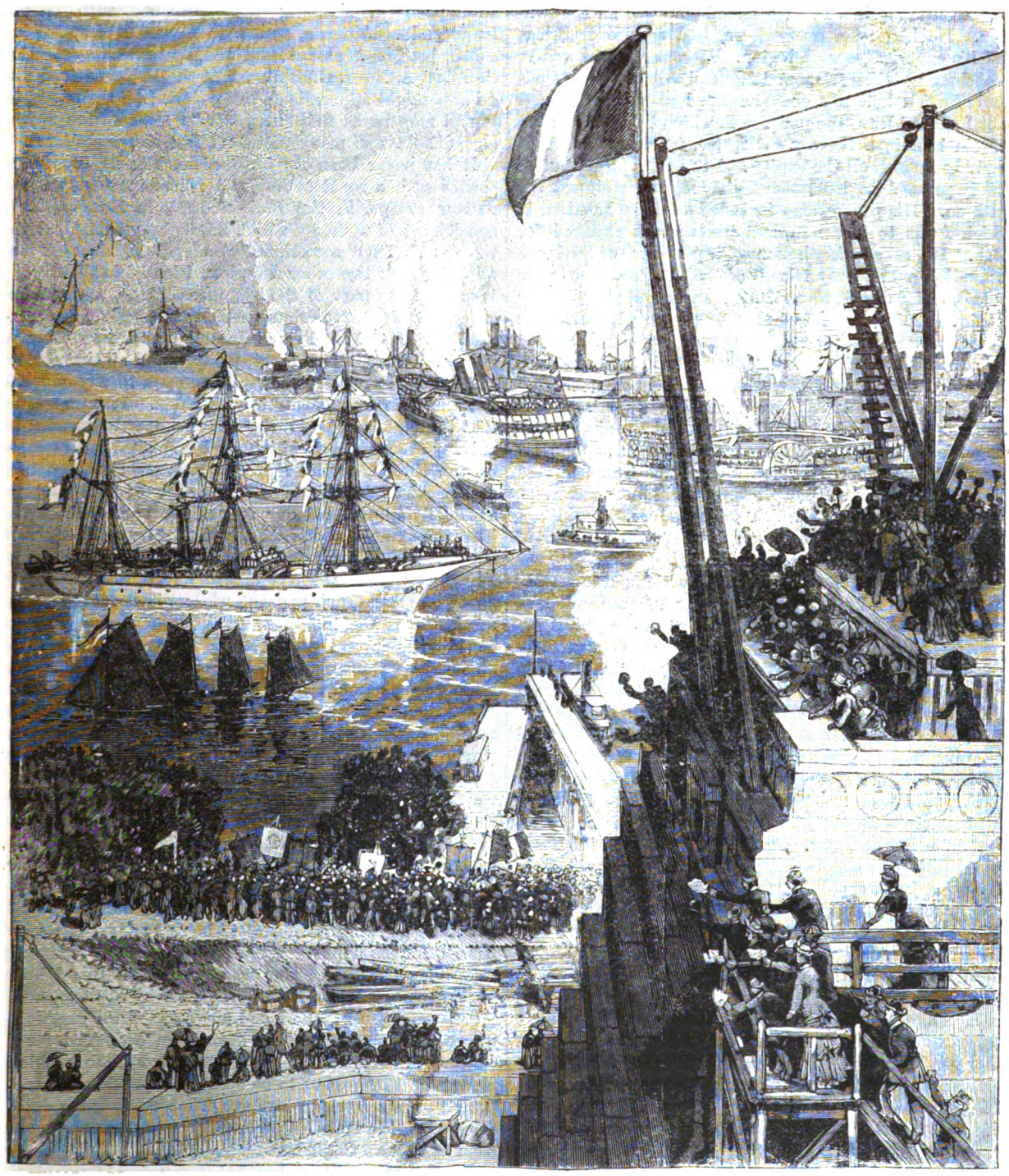
THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PEDESTAL, AUGUST 5TH, 1884.—SEE PAGE 129.



THE PEDESTAL RISING WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE FORT.

at a house for a midday meal—dinner, by force of habit, it was called. The lady of the establishment was hospitable, as all West Virginia folk are, according to their lights and to the extent of their larder, to their credit, be it said; but there was a lack of neatness in her dress and personal appearance that was far from appetizing. When the feast was ready we found it consisted of cold boiled pork, dyspeptic bread and cucumber pickles. Now these cucumbers were of extraordinary size, and had nearly gone to seed before they had been drowned in a brine of most remarkable flavor, the ingredients of which could by no possibility be identified through the sense of taste. Hungry as I was, I could not attack any part of the solid mass of fat pork, and so confined my attention to one of the seed cucumber pickles. Noticing my dainty preference for this table luxury, the hostess encouragingly remarked:

"If you like them pickles, don't be afraid of 'em, but eat all you want. *We* don't none of us eat any of 'em."



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH TRANSPORT "ISÈRE," WITH THE BARTHOLDI STATUE ON BOARD, AT THE BASE OF THE PEDESTAL.

There was one place, though, while *en route* to the Greenbrier White Sulphur, where we had vastly better luck. It bears the poetic name of Mingo Flats, but I shall recall it kindly to my dying day, for there it was that we were feasted, and enjoyed our fill of delicious brook-trout, with which the West Virginia streams are fairly alive. They were served up on an enormous

platter, and piled a foot high, laid crosswise like cord-wood. As fast as inroads were made on the mountain of speckled, pink-tinted fish, fresh relays were brought smoking hot from the frying-pan to supply their place. Mingo Flats and brook-trout are for ever linked in my memory, where they hold a sacred place that many a French *chef* has vainly sought to invade.

Once upon a time I had a friend who was an Englishman. He had been everywhere, had seen everything, and his experiences were legion. He was a clever writer, a fascinating talker, a most delightful companion. Suddenly he fell heir to a considerable legacy, and insisted that I should leave the paper with which I was connected to join him in a literary enterprise, for which he stood ready to furnish all the capital. I at first refused, but he finally pressed so hard that I yielded, and resigned my position. His programme included a trip to London, in which I was to join him, and passage was engaged for both. He asked the honor and pleasure of giving a farewell dinner to my friends the night before we were to sail, and I could do no less than accept with hearty thanks. A Broadway restaurant was selected, and in the afternoon we together made up the *menu* and selected the wines. At the appointed hour the invited guests, a dozen or fifteen in number, were promptly on hand, but my English friend was unaccountably absent. I was sure some accident had befallen him, and I sent out messenger-boys in all directions. The dinner was a depressing and gloomy occasion, and after it was over I hunted the police-stations and hospitals, but without success. I have never seen my English friend since. I did not make the trip to London, but I did have the pleasure of paying for the dinner he had ordered.

If one is in search of an appetite, with food to match, there are several places that may be recommended as fully adequate to both demands. For geographical extremes, with about 2,000 miles between, Moosehead Lake and the Rocky Mountains might be suggested. Six weeks' camping around the shores of the great inland sea of the Pine Tree State taught me that with the incense of the woods in the atmosphere, the hunger born of tramping and rowing from daydawn till nightfall, with the incidental and compensating labor of fishing and shooting, nothing can be more satisfactory to the most jaded palate than the dinner composed of the contributions from rod and gun. And if the overture of fish and the oratorio of game be supplemented by a liquid form of bottled beer, cooled air in a shady nook by sparkling brook-water, with the benediction of a fragrant pipe whose dreamy wreaths lazily loose themselves in the uprising flames of the camp-fire, then has a happy care-free mortal known the bliss of dining in a Maine camp. I might add that if there is any one thing more which could make one wish that camp-life and vacation-days might last eternally, it is to have a parson along with the other good fellows—a parson who tells good stories and who, forgetting pulpits and creeds, becomes a very priest of Nature to enthusiastic neophytes of the universal religion. All these harmonious elements were a part of my fortunate experience in never-to-be-forgotten *al fresco* dinners in the grand old woods of the Sunrise State.

Then, if one seeks the mental and physical exhilaration of high altitudes, these are to be found—I know, because I found both—in a trip to the Rockies. There one's dinner may include such epicurean luxuries as sage hens—very like quail in that they are not to be too continuously indulged in—black-tailed deer, elk, bear, antelope and other fragrant game. Occasionally a "maverick" falls a prey to the predatory purveyor, whereupon the "outfit" is excited by the announcement that there will be "buffalo-steaks" for supper—a meal that corresponds with the orthodox dinner as to lateness of hour and substantial quality. I recall many nights, after weary rides across alkali deserts and along trails lined with sage-brush, with incidental prairie-dogs, casual rattlesnakes and sporadic jack-rabbits, when a juicy antelope-steak, smoking hot, garnished with canned fruits and condiments, and a tin dipper of steaming hot coffee, produced an internal and all-pervading satisfaction that a Clover Club dinner at the Bellevue in Philadelphia might approximate but never wholly equal. The diners may be as first-class, but the dinners are not so elevated—not so many thousand feet above sea-level.

It has never been my fortune, good or ill, to dine *en famille* with a royal or imperial personage—but I had a narrow escape, in the Fall of 1872, in Russia. By a special act of courtesy which I fully appreciated at the time—and have sometimes wondered at since—I was allowed, with two other American friends, to thoroughly inspect every part of the Summer Cottage, a short distance out of St. Petersburg, which was at the time occupied by the then Prince Imperial and now Czar of Russia. As a matter of fact, palaces, and all that sort of buildings, are regular show-places, open to any one who has the time or curiosity to visit them. It is not often that the sight-seeing tourist has a chance to invade the privacy of apartments which are being lived in by people on the throne, or those presently doomed to that miserable existence. From a knowledge of that fact, we especially appreciated our run of the rooms where the heir-apparent and his wife, with their children, were supposed to enjoy their domestic seclusion. The Crown Prince was off somewhere officially reviewing a military parade, or some such pageant, while the Crown Princess, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, was, I suppose, engaged in shopping on the Rue de Nevsky. Everything about the establishment was designed for comfort, and there was not half as much style as is affected by some of New York's new rich residents. I remember I was sitting at the writing-table in the suite sacred to the occupancy of the Crown Princess, now Czarina, mentally enjoying the exquisite daintiness of her stationery, and wondering what friends and admirers had showered such a collection of ravishing paper-cutters on her, when to us suddenly entered a liveried servant in trepidation, who, with a Parisian accent that I could only envy and admire, conveyed the information that their Imperial Highnesses would presently arrive to dine. Even in our democratic simplicity, having no desire to be *de trop*, when we had been the recipients of special courtesies, we presently took our departure. Our way out led us through the dining-room, where plates were laid for only two, and I felicitated myself that we had not insisted on remaining where our presence might have been awkward for all concerned. I knew from experience how disagreeable it is for a host or hostess to be obliged to provide for unexpected guests at short notice. That evening we dined, as usual, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, just across the square from St. Isaac's Cathedral.

Popular superstition has led many simple people to suppose that the heroes who devote their lives to the newspaper business—or profession, if you please—lack the time or money, or both, to dine according to the accepted canons of good living. From ample and extended personal experience I can vouch that such is not the fact. Never in my life have I sat down to a more perfect dinner—and I have been something of a student of gastronomy in two continents—than at the

table of the then editor of a newspaper in Rochester, N. Y. Although he has since reformed and quit journalism, he was at the time in the harness, and was equally familiar with the traditions of the elder Bennett, Raymond and Greeley, and the culinary conceits of Brilliat Saverain. Combining the rare qualities of a true sportsman—who enjoys with keenest zest the pleasures of purveying in forest and stream—with those of the genuine gourmet, he is equal to all the demands of the table, whether viewed as a science or a high art, being at once hunter, *chef* and connoisseur. On a New Year's Day not very long ago he gave a dinner to a small party of "literary fellows." For elaborate simplicity, for perfect poise in the relations of each dish to all the others, for artistic completeness of piquancy only to satisfy the appetite, I venture the assertion that even the late Sam Ward, in his rarest inspirations, could have produced no *menu* to surpass it. A single item was the blue violet salad which delighted the eye only to entrance the palate. The fame of this salad has since traveled the whole country over, and I am not sure that it has not reached the *salons* of Paris. If it has, this one noble achievement will have sufficed to convince them that all Americans are not savages.

The gastronomic dude may find his highest enjoyment in ordering ortolans cooked according to his own secret formula, or an omelet of humming-bird's eggs; the New England Yankee has a platonic affection for that nightmare of indigestion known as pie, and becomes correspondingly addicted to every nostrum reputed efficacious in the cure of dyspepsia; the Baltimore gourmet registers an opinion before high heaven that there are not more cooks than can be counted on the fingers of one hand who know how to treat a terrapin—with unanimous consent including Secretary Bayard as one of these immortals; the ex-Reverend Adirondack Murray modestly confesses the belief that there is only one man possessed of sufficient genius of the proper brand to broil an oyster, and that that man is now keeping a restaurant in Montreal; the Hoboken Turtle Club asserts that it has the only genuine and soul-satisfying recipe for the concoction of a soup from the amphibious creature whose name it bears; like the conundrums relating to the Man with the Iron Mask and the authorship of the "Junius" letters, there is still a division among those competent to decide as to whether the famous Fish House punch can hold a candle to those brewed by Mr. Henry Watterson; the Ichthyophagous Club assumes the airs of a philanthropist for having introduced octopus and hell-benders to Christian palates; Philadelphia calls her Liberty Bell to witness that there is a divinity that shapes the happy fate of one who eats Delaware planked shad at Gloucester; but, whatever differences may exist as to the axiomatic truth of each or all of these propositions, there is no civilized man who will not agree that to be late in keeping a dinner engagement is a social crime of such magnitude that no adequate punishment has ever been devised or ever can be inflicted.

On the other hand, the prompt fulfillment of such obligations is one of the few experiences when one is comfortably made aware that virtue is its own reward.

It was in 1873 that I kept a dinner engagement, made at long range, which has never ceased to afford gratification in the retrospect. It was in April of the year mentioned that Mr. A. B. Pullman, of the Pullman Palace Car Company, came into the Chicago newspaper-office where I was then employed. He called to say Good-by just before starting on a trip to England, whence he was going to introduce the cars of his company.

"Where will you live while in London?" I asked.

"At the Langham," he said.

"I may be over later, and will call on you," I continued.

"I'll be glad to see you. Be sure and dine with me, will you?"

"With pleasure, but when? I don't like dinner invitations that are too general and indefinite."

"Fix your own date," replied Mr. Pullman, with a laugh.

"Six o'clock, August 1st," I responded, with the same matter-of-fact tone as though arranging to dine with him at the Tremont House that day week in Chicago.

"Mind you don't let the soup grow cold," were his last words, as I wished him *Bon voyage!*

After a tedious twelve days' passage I landed in Liverpool on the last day of July. A party of friends insisted I should remain over with them a day or two in Liverpool, get rested, and do some sightseeing.

"Impossible," I told them. "I have an engagement in London with which nothing can be allowed to interfere."

Going on to London, I reached the Langham Hotel about five o'clock of the afternoon of August first. After being assured that Mr. Pullman was stopping there, I was shown to my rooms, and made my toilet for dinner. It yet lacked fifteen minutes to six o'clock when I came down-stairs, and was informed that I would find my friend in the smoking-room. He was sitting at a table with some English gentlemen, enjoying a *tête-à-tête* over glasses of brandy-and-soda. Walking up behind him, I touched him lightly on the shoulder, and quietly asked: "Isn't it about dinner-time?"

He turned, gazed at me in a dazed sort of a way for a moment, then springing up and giving my hand an honest, old-fashioned, hearty, North American shaking, exclaimed: "Great Scot! You *did* keep it, didn't you?"

As no plausible denial suggested itself on the instant, he at once took me to the department presided over by the barmaid, whom he had successfully inducted into the mysteries of a highly ornate Yankee cocktail. On sampling the efforts of his accomplished and most charming pupil, while pledging far distant mutual friends, I felt myself so amply rewarded for having kept to a minute a dinner engagement made four months before and four thousand miles away, that the Langham *table d'hôte* dinner, which presently followed, became but a mere incident, although a thoroughly agreeable one, in the achievement.

MAJOR JOHNSON, in a recent book of travels, thus relates an ancient Hungarian custom: "When a young man wanted to 'pop' to the object of his affections, he called at the house one evening, and paid a long visit, but made no allusion to the subject nearest his heart. On going away he forgot his cloak, and the next day watched the house. If the cloak was still inside, he was the happiest of men; but were it hanging outside, he took the fact as his *congé*. This is all very well for would-be Benedicts, but if a confirmed bachelor should happen to leave his cloak by mistake, he might be let in for an action for 'breach,' or a stab from an infuriated brother."

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—VIEWING THE HARBOR FROM THE TORCH IN THE HAND OF THE STATUE.—SEE PAGE 129.

HIS QUEEN.—"HE LOOKED IN HER EYES WITH AN EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE THAT BROUGHT A MOST REAL AND UNPREMEDITATED CRY FROM HER LIPS. THEN HE SWAYED TOWARD HER, AND FELL HEAVILY AGAINST HER, WITH HIS FACE AMONG THE ROSES ON HER BREAST."

HIS QUEEN.

By Ellinor Brooks.

He was one of the few men who could sit at a piano and sing without making himself ridiculous. He had a rather nice baritone voice, on which he had spent a good deal of time and money, and being a gentleman, sang like one.

He was not very fond of such displays, but Mrs. Matthews had asked him, and there were few things that he ever refused Mrs. Matthews.

There were not many people in the parlors; almost everybody was out beside the sea under the light of a great white moon. He sang "My Queen," partly because it was the last thing he had learned and partly because it was rather a favorite of his. Not that he had any sentimental longings or ideals troubling him just then; indeed he was not a

man given to much visionary softness of any kind. He had lived through a good many tolerably severe attacks, and had acquired a comfortable cynicism regarding the tender passion. As for the rest, he was the junior member of a banking firm, and was taking his Summer vacation beside the much-sounding sea. He was making the most of his boating and fishing opportunities. The young ladies and the dancing were minor attractions to be enjoyed when he was not too tired with the day's legitimate occupations:

"She must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love!
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,
And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!"

And then he looked up and saw her.

She had just come in through the open window. The sea-wind was blowing the curtains inward and apart, and she stood between them as if she had just stepped down from an altar in some old picture. She was very young—not more than eighteen apparently—a slight girlish figure, and to his face she raised a pair of blue eyes with a cool, incurious stare in them like an unreasoning child's eyes. The next instant she bent a Clytie-like head toward the young man beside her, who stood offering her a double handful of jacqueminot roses.

Balfour did not know that it was Leopold Grace, who had none of it except in his name, and perhaps in his bank account. Possibly Miss Vaughn did not know either—anything but his name, that is.

"And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!"

She took her roses and looked back at the singer. I suppose no man ever passed unobserved under Beatrice Vaughn's eyes. A few men warranted that second look. Balfour rose as if she had called him.

"Do you know that young lady? Will you present me?"

Mrs. Matthews gave him one steadfast look, laid her hand on his arm and crossed the room with him.

He walked with his eyes fixed on Miss Vaughn, like one in a trance. He was conscious, as one who hears half-waking, that Mrs. Matthews was saying, in her unconventional fashion:

"Beatrice, my friend Mr. Balfour wishes to be presented to you. Miss Beatrice Vaughn, Harry."

The cool, salt current of air brought him the scent of her roses. The moonlight lay on her beautiful head and the white mist of her draperies. He could hear the murmur of the sea through her grave, slow voice.

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Balfour. I am always very happy to meet any friend of Mrs. Matthews," turning to that lady with a frank, sunshiny smile.

"Thank you," dryly. "Those are beautiful roses you have, my dear."

"Mr. Grace will forgive me if I share his generosity before his eyes," with a bright, upward look to that young man's face. "Are you enjoying Sea Cliff, Mr. Balfour?" eyes and fingers being busy with her flowers.

"I have not thought. I do not know——" he began, incoherently.

She stopped him with a little cry.

On the hand she stretched out to him a great drop of blood showed red against the soft palm.

"It is a thorn—if you would be so good!"

And while Balfour bent over the wounded hand, Mrs. Matthews took herself away with some irrelevant excuse. He did not know when she went.

* * * * * *

His leave of absence expired two weeks later. He asked for an extension, and the request being the first of its kind, the office—perhaps in sheer astonishment—granted it. The Vaughns left Sea Cliff three days before his time came to an end. Within twenty-four hours he was back at work again. Sea Cliff without Beatrice Vaughn was flat, stale, unprofitable.

Then he began to realize what had befallen him. He got through his day's work well enough from sheer mechanical force of habit. But all through the hot twilights, and far into the large-starred August nights, a feverish unrest drove him aimlessly about the streets. Only to see her, to hear her voice, to be conscious of her presence near him!—what he hoped or expected more than that he did not ask himself. He knew well enough that in those other days he, who was glib enough on all ordinary occasions, had sat silent and constrained, stammering of speech, unready of action. Other men had enough to say, walking, dancing, boating, as if she had been no more than any ordinary beauty.

He had brought home with him some of that fairy gold that lovers from immemorial ages have seen turn to such utter trash under the disenchanting force of time—a cluster of roses and a cobweb handkerchief.

The roses she had given him on one still, hot day when the waves swung sleepily against the shining yellow shore, and the smell of the cedars came up through the burning noon. They were together in a nook among the rocks. How it happened that she, who, was always the centre of everything, had this hour to give him alone, he had never understood. But there they were, and he was dumb as usual.

"It is a bit of lotus land," she said, out of the silence. "I shall never forget it; shall you?"

"Not if——"

"If what?" waiting for him to go on.

"If you will give me one of your roses."

And then he dared not raise his eyes to her face.

She laid a cluster softly in his hand and did not speak. She never chatted like other girls.

* * * * * *

They had been down to the shore one night to watch the phosphorescence on the water. It was very dark with the coming storm, and she lost her footing on the slippery rocks. He caught her with something of a wrench to himself, but it was only when they came into the light from the house, and he saw the dark stains on her white dress, that he knew he had wounded himself. She smiled with a slight exclamation.

"I did not know. I am very sorry about your dress," he said, humbly.

"What do I care for the dress! You are hurt. It is your wrist. Oh, Mr. Balfour, you never told me!"

She bent over his hand, wrapping her handkerchief about it with quick, careful fingers. He leaned back against the wall with his heart choking him.

"You are faint!" with anxious, innocent eyes.

"It is nothing. You were going up-stairs. Good-night!"

He lived it over again. There was not much to recall. No one could say of Beatrice Vaughn that she was lavish of even such inexpensive favors as words or smiles.

* * * * * *

September came hot and sultry. The senior partner came back one day prematurely.

"Had your vacation, Balfour?"

"I was away a month—almost six weeks."

"It hasn't done you much good, then. Take another fortnight and go home with me. Mrs. Graves will be glad to see you, and Mrs. Matthews is coming."

"Thank you," he said, wearily; "I am afraid I can't go. Gorham hasn't been away this Summer."

"Don't begin fancying yourself invaluable. You are looking awfully pulled down. Go home and get your things, and we'll catch the night-boat. He let himself be overborne. He told himself he had made a mistake before they had been half an hour on the way. He had enough of the musical temperament to make all his senses a possible torture. The sound of waves, the salt smell of the shores, aroused him to new capabilities of pain. He thought he had sounded every depth of that. He learned better in the two hours of his journey.

He had been greeted with all Mrs. Graves's motherly kindness, he had dined and had talked for half an hour with another guest who seemed to expect it, and now he sat silent and moody, wishing himself back in the city, where, at least, he had the sultry freedom of the parks and streets.

"Is your head better, dear? I was just coming up to see," Mrs. Graves said, in the hall.

"Much better, thank you. And it is so much cooler down here."

The soft, grave voice, the clear-cut, deliberate speech. The room spun round, the lights broke up in a myriad scintillations. Then he knew that he was standing dumb and awkward as of old, and she was saying, softly:

"Is my memory so much better than yours? I heard your voice and *knew*."

Then it began all over again—if, indeed, it could be said ever to have ended. For three days he lived in her presence. Mrs. Matthews came, and he hurried over his first interview with her to walk down the shore with Miss Vaughn, with whom he had already spent the morning on horseback and the afternoon on a tiny island in the harbor. That night Tom Conway came.

Conway was a big man, and handsome, with womanish, long-lashed brown eyes, and heavy black hair tumbling across his forehead. Nobody quite understood how he kept going since he had wasted the last fortune that was left him, but everybody liked the careless, generous fellow, who could never refuse a woman, and rarely a man, anything they might choose to ask.

And then, somehow, it was Conway, and not himself, who spent the long Summer days with her.

He accepted the new order of things quietly enough. He bore Conway no illwill. He never thought of struggling to regain the place that had seemed to be his. From the very first he had hoped nothing. Her presence was intoxication; out of it, life was a blank. But he accepted the blank when it came.

He had got through dinner one night creditably enough, but he found his endurance at an end there. He made letters, that came by the afternoon post, an excuse, and went to his room.

It was only a little while before Conway tapped, and then opened the door unbidden.

"About as I expected. Letters! Why didn't you say Miss Vaughn at once."

Balfour stirred restlessly.

"Don't trouble yourself to tell me to mind my own business," coolly. "I've come to tell you something of the young lady's history. You know well enough that I never gossip about women, and you'll just please to listen to what I have to say. You remember Fred Norton? She was engaged to him three years ago. She isn't the child she looks, and this was her first experience. That Winter she was in Washington. She told Fred, in that cool, soft way of hers, that she wished he was dead. There was a young Lord Somebody there, who found himself in something like your condition, I suspect. His mother took him home, and Fred is on a sheep-range in Australia.

"The next Summer she was in Europe. I don't know the filling-in of that story, but in the Winter a young Italian followed them home—a priest he was. Miss Vaughn had enlightened him in various ways, and he had broken his vows to follow her. He died before Spring. Quick consumption, they said; the climate was too much for him.

"That was such a shock to Beatrice that they took her at once to Florida. In March, George Magruder and Frank Beach fought a duel at Savannah. They had been lifelong friends, college classmates, and all that. Beach was killed. Magruder is somewhere at the ends of the earth. He can't come home. They had been up the St. John's with Miss Vaughn's party."

Balfour sat silent a minute.

"Is that all?" bitterly.

"Do you want more?"

"How about yourself?"

"I'm no catch," with an odd laugh. "I was three years ago. I'm pretty near the end of the chapter. There's only one scene more. Take my advice, *go*."

"Why not follow your own advice?"

"I'm going to morrow."

Balfour said nothing more, and Conway went away.

Balfour sat late, absolutely doing nothing, in a dreary sort of half-dream. Then, with a single sharp stroke, that told the first hour of the morning, his door opened again. And again it was Conway.

There was a strange, gray shadow on his handsome face.

"I am going," he said. "And remember that *she* sent me. Good-by, old friend."

He held out his hand. Balfour wrung it mutely, and so the other went.

Two days more. In them Miss Vaughn made no effort to recall Balfour. If she had he would have gone. There was no voice like hers, no eyes like hers. He never questioned Conway's stories. True or untrue, it did not matter. He was at her mercy, helpless, knowing his madness; but she did not call him and he did not go.

On that second afternoon Mrs. Matthews met him with a scared face.

"Conway is dead," she said, without preface.

He had played high, it seemed, that night after leaving them, and a losing game from the beginning. Stake after stake had gone. At the last his very last dollar, it proved. He rose in his place, and with some bitter jest against himself and his fate, blew out his brains where he stood.

"Remember *she* sent me." The words sounded almost audibly in his ears. He went out in a blind, dazed way, and Mrs. Matthews thought him shocked and bewildered by the story he had just heard.

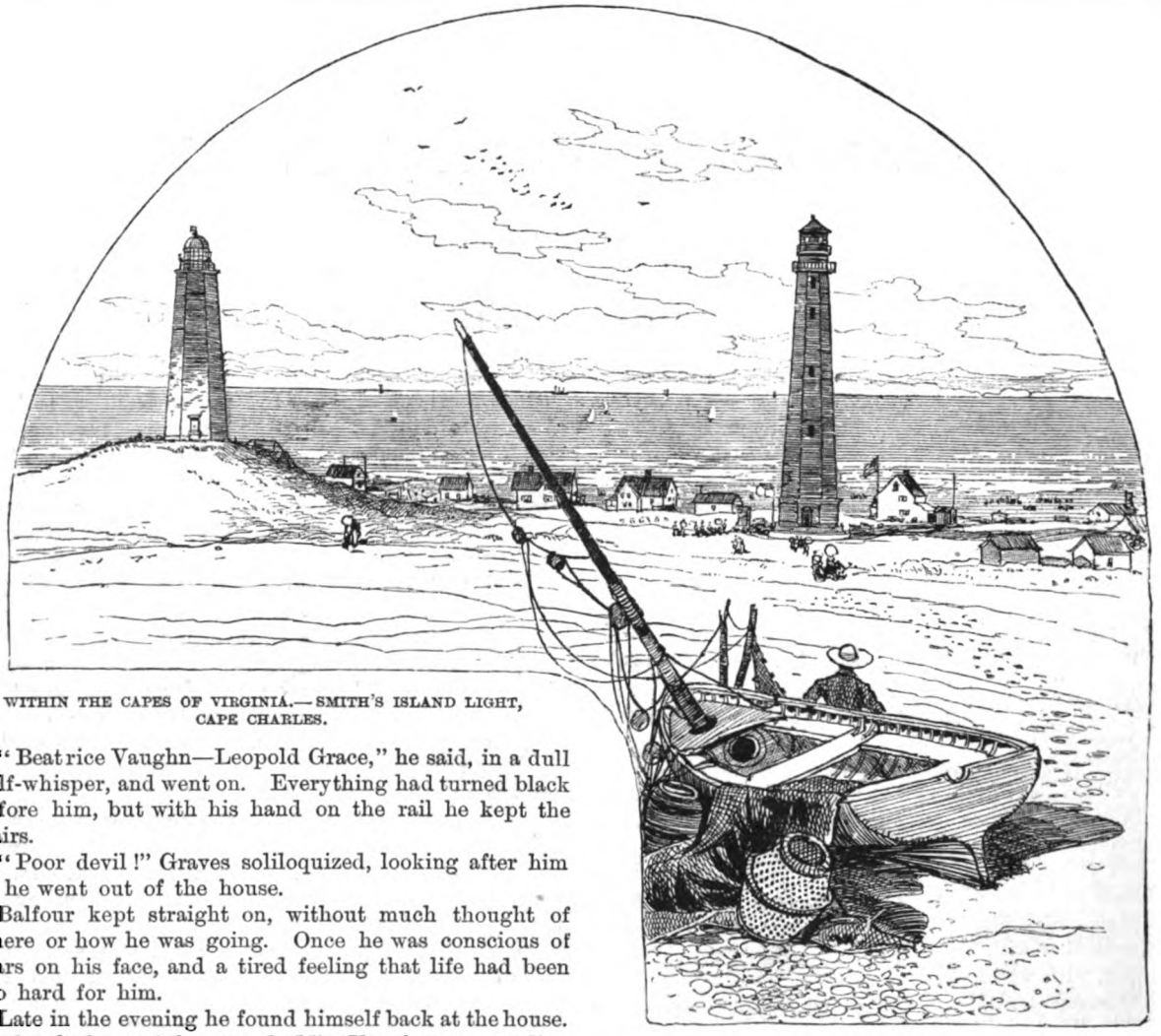
Going down the stairs, Fred Graves came from his room and called to him.

"Did you know," he said, "Leopold Grace has just come?"

"Is he a friend of yours? I did not know."

"Friend of mine! The little wretch! Circumstances are peculiar. Beatrice Vaughn has accepted him within two days, and he has come up to look over his purchase, I suppose."

Graves did not look at him while he was telling him.



WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.—SMITH'S ISLAND LIGHT, CAPE CHARLES.

"Beatrice Vaughn—Leopold Grace," he said, in a dull half-whisper, and went on. Everything had turned black before him, but with his hand on the rail he kept the stairs.

"Poor devil!" Graves soliloquized, looking after him as he went out of the house.

Balfour kept straight on, without much thought of where or how he was going. Once he was conscious of tears on his face, and a tired feeling that life had been too hard for him.

Late in the evening he found himself back at the house. In the shadows of the veranda Miss Vaughn was standing alone. He could not approach her then, and shrank back into the darkness. It was only a minute before Leopold Grace came out. Even in the dimness Balfour could see that his step was not quite steady, and his voice, when he spoke, was thick, and louder than it need have been.

"Give me a kiss, Trix," Leopold Grace said. "You haven't paid for your diamonds yet."

Later still, remembering that he would be missed and waited for, Balfour entered the hall. Miss Vaughn met him almost at the threshold. Some purplish gray haze of drapery wrapped her, a bunch of blood-red roses burned on her breast. She came straight toward him, laying her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Balfour," in her sweet, sudden fashion, "I have been waiting for you. I want to ask of you an odd favor. I want you to sing for me. I have not heard you since the night I met you."

He turned toward the parlor, where a piano stood.

"Now?" he said.

She looked a little surprised at his manner.

"If you please. I have thought of it so much to-day."

He struck a few chords aimlessly.

"Will you sing the song you sang that night—'My Queen'?" watching him closely, under her lowered lids.

She was planning for a little scene at the end of it. She had not heard of Conway's death. Perhaps it would not have mattered much if she had.

He complied without a word. All through he sang with mechanical composure and precision. She began to wonder if she were to be cheated of the little triumph she had sketched. She rose and stood near him; the white, interlocked fingers, blazing with Grace's diamonds, lay against the dark wood of the instrument; her eyes were brilliant with excitement, a rose-flush had gathered on her usually pale cheeks.

"And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!"

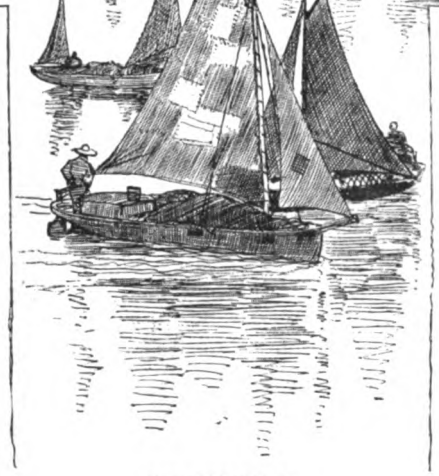
The last chord died out in an inarticulate wail. He turned and looked in her eyes with an expression on his face that brought a most real and unpremeditated cry from her lips. Then he swayed toward her, and fell heavily against her with his face among the roses on her breast.

She had her little scene, after all. He was quite dead when they came. It was heart-disease, they said.

WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

The Capes of Virginia are objects well-known to navigators, though they occupied a more prominent place in the chronicles of voyages to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than they do at present. The southern headland is Cape Henry. It is a point of sand-hills, thinly clad with wire-grass, and bordered in the



NEWPORT NEWS.

rear by tall scrub-pines, beyond which projects a low spit of sand which constitutes the northernmost point of an almost perfectly straight and extraordinarily hard ocean-strand, lying upon a clay substratum, and therefore resisting unflinchingly the never-ceasing blows of the Atlantic.

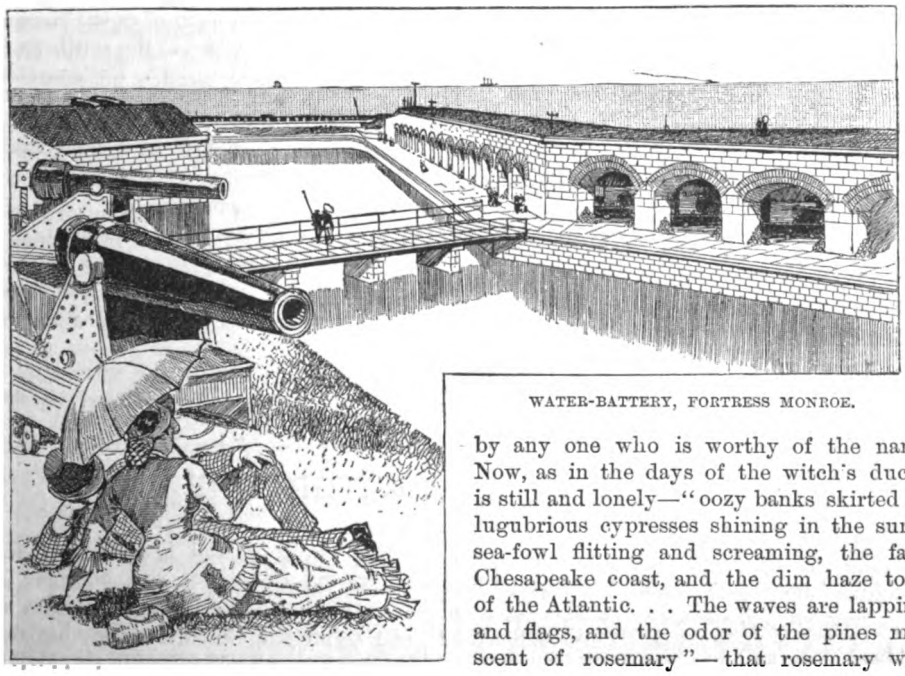
Upon the most prominent headland at the point stands a lofty lighthouse bearing a fixed white light visible to a great distance. The next light south of it is that at Hatteras, while the next harbor fit for commerce is no nearer than Wilmington, N. C.

Cape Henry stands at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, twelve miles in width. Beyond the entrance, northward, the land begins again in a number of marshy or sandy islets, which gradually coalesce into a solid shore-line stretching straight northward to Delaware. This point is called Cape Charles, and upon the outermost islet the Government has built a beacon, whose light is exhibited in flashes, and is called "Smith's Island Light."

Having passed within, between Capes Henry and Charles, the "Virginia Capes," the navigator finds himself entering upon an immense area of water, whose shape is vague and shores only partly visible. Attractive in the highest degree to the first voyagers and colonists, this magnificent inclosure of water and its contiguous lands have been the delight of generations since, and the scene of some of the most remarkable episodes in the history of North America.

Just in the rear of Cape Henry the shore bends inward, and is penetrated by the arms of Lynhaven Bay, which was formed by the inroads of the Chesapeake through a canal cut by a gentleman, many decades ago, to facilitate exit from the lagoon into which a sluggish stream poured its narrow waters. "The little channel became an inlet half a mile wide, which would float a ship; and the waters of the bay . . . . rolled steadily inland, encroached more and more, undermined what they did not overflow, and one of the results was the destruction of an ancient church on the west shore. The edifice, beaten by the waters, slowly crumbled, at last fell and was completely submerged. The old tombstones, with their coats-of-arms and curious inscriptions, went with the rest; and bathers near the spot still occasionally touch them with their feet, and are able to read the names by the sense of touch."

In history this spot is most noted as the scene of the testing of Virginia's only "witch"— the shy and gentle Grace Sherwood, of whom Professor John Esten Cooke has recently written, and the name Witch Duck still remains there as the monument of this frightful manifestation of ignorance and superstition. At present Lynhaven Bay is noted for its oysters— those largest and finest and most delicious of the delicate mollusks, whose noble forms are never degraded to cooking, or insulted with vinegar and pepper-sauce by any one who is worthy of the name "civilized." Now, as in the days of the witch's ducking, the scene is still and lonely—"oozy banks skirted with pines and lugubrious cypresses shining in the sun, white-winged sea-fowl flitting and screaming, the far lines of the Chesapeake coast, and the dim haze toward the shore of the Atlantic. . . The waves are lapping in the grass and flags, and the odor of the pines mingles with the scent of rosemary"— that rosemary which now runs



WATER-BATTERY, FORTRESS MONROE.

wild over the whole of Princess Anne, and which, they said, Grace Sherwood had brought in an eggshell, that time she sailed across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, in this frailest of ships, and so proved her witchcraft.

This region was among the very first whereon Europeans took an abiding foothold, the earliest traces of civilization going even to Sir Walter Raleigh's adventures. But before this can be understood, the map of this locality must be before the reader's mind.

Turning sharply westward at Cape Henry, the coast strikes almost straight westward for a dozen miles, terminating in a sandpit curving like a bent forefinger around Willoughby's Bay and Mason's Creek. Three miles further inland is Sewall's Point (named after one of the earliest settlers), where the coast-line turns directly southward, forming the right or eastern bank of the broad tidal estuary called Elizabeth River, after Raleigh's gracious sovereign.

The irregular western shore of Elizabeth River falls away westward from Craney Island to the swampy entrance of the Nansemond River, a broad, sluggish inlet, beyond which it trends northward with more firmness as the southern bank of the James. The James, at its mouth, measured from Pig Point to Newport News, is between three and four miles wide, nor is this width much reduced for many miles above. Its northern bank is formed by that body of land lying between the York and the James called the Peninsula of Virginia, the southernmost extension of which is the point called Newport News, whence the shore strikes northeastward to Old Point Comfort, outside of which begins the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, which is divided from the Atlantic by the "Eastern Shore," or Accomack, the southern extremity of which is Cape Charles and its outlying islands. Old Point Comfort and Willoughby's Sandspit are less than three miles apart. The expanse of water inside them, including the bight between Old Point and Newport News and the mouth of the Elizabeth River, is called Hampton Roads. A glance at any good map will make this description perfectly intelligible.

Six or seven miles southward of Sewall's Point, and about four above its mouth as marked by Craney Island, the Elizabeth suddenly forks into the Eastern and Southern "branches." At this river-head lies Norfolk, one of the liveliest and most interesting cities in the South. Within its own proper limits live something like 25,000 people; but nearly 25,000 more are grouped in the immediate vicinity, under the roofs of Portsmouth, Beverly and other neighboring towns, connected by bridges or ferries with the central city, which some day, no doubt, will annex them all, with the probable exception of Portsmouth.

Norfolk from the very start—and it was one of the first of the colonial settlements—was a seaport and a commercial town. We find that ships were built there as early as 1680, and that by 1736 the town was thought worthy of civic incorporation. The increase and prosperity were steady until the time of the Revolution, and both were due to its geographical position.

The War of the Revolution found her in possession of the British, represented by the fleet of the Governor, Lord Dunmore, who bombarded the town and abused his power over the citizens. Nearly every house was destroyed, and the picturesque old Church of St. Paul is to-day the only relic surviving this eclipse, bearing its title to the distinction in the cannon-ball which still sticks in its wall.

Immediately upon the coming of peace, people returned to the ruined port, and business recovered itself with so great rapidity that in a short time it far exceeded any previous experience.

At that time the mass of population was on the seaboard, and its inland extension had nowhere gone far beyond the navigable parts of the James, York, Potomac and some smaller rivers. The transportation of merchandise and farm-products, as well as travel, was almost wholly by water, and no place could think of importance, commercially, unless accessible by boats. In Hampton Roads all seagoing vessels to Virginia and Maryland met; and there, also, were obliged to pass a large part of the small craft whose errands lay between the river and bay ports. This nearness to the point of greatest traffic was the advantage Norfolk possessed in her location, enhanced by the deep and capacious harbor afforded by the mouth of Elizabeth River before her doors. She was the first port for incoming ships and the last for those outward bound, while she was the most easily accessible landing-place in the commerce of the James River district, which, a century ago, was altogether the most important part of the Southern Colonies. Besides this, Norfolk was the nearest buying and selling point for a large area of plantations in the Carolinas. An effort to increase the inland patronage was among the first things to which Norfolk merchants bent their energies at the close of the Revolution. But between them and the Carolina planters intervened a belt of flooded woodland, early called "Dismal Swamps." The only feasible way to traverse this barrier was by digging a canal—an undertaking so prodigious, that, although begun in 1787, it was not completed until 1828. A few years later a second canal, also running from the Southern branch of the Elizabeth River, and connecting the inland sounds of North Carolina with Chesapeake waters, was opened; and both have conferred incalculable benefits upon the city.

The geographical position, the climate, the accessibility of lumber, the nearness to the iron-producing regions of Central Virginia, which then were the foremost in the country, and the excellent anchorages near by, early recommended this point as suitable for a Government Navy Yard, and soon after the Revolution one was begun opposite Norfolk, which now has a granite drydock costing a million dollars, and other equipments in proportion, for the building and repairing of the largest ships.

Though usually spoken of as the Norfolk Navy Yard, it is really in Portsmouth—at the southern extremity of the city formerly called Gosport. Portsmouth is an old town, and figured largely in the Revolutionary War. There, in 1775, Lord Dunmore, driven from the capital of Virginia at Williamsburg, established his headquarters; and five years later the traitor Arnold was in command at the same place. Portsmouth is now a city of over 12,000 inhabitants, the terminus of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railway, and a town having large commercial interests, betokened by the dense array of vessels always to be seen along its deeply-berthed wharves, and the constant activity of small steam-craft.

Down below the Navy Yard is the United States Marine Hospital, standing breezily amid a grove of pines, and environed by beautifully cultivated grounds. It is a large, old-fashioned building, with a pillared portico in Greek style, and forms a park for Portsmouth not only, but is a favorite resort for Norfolk people on Summer evenings.

Under the combined influences alluded to, Norfolk early became the home and business headquarters of many wealthy and prominent families, who erected for themselves stately homes along the harbor front, and took advantage of the warm seashore climate to surround their

houses with gardens and greenhouses, whose luxurious growth made the city famous for its beauty.

Keeping pace with the growth of the Union, Norfolk advanced steadily, until it again became a war centre, and the desolation of the Civil struggle of '61 fell upon its business and pleasures. Though peaceably taken by the Federals after its abandonment by the Confederate forces, it was long under military subjection, its citizens were absent and its energies were paralyzed. When peace came the Norfolk merchants returned again to take up the march of progress, for to commerce they still looked for success, but under new methods. Thus it happens that the leading features of Norfolk enterprise now have been developed since the close of the Civil War.

Her first care was to reopen railway communication with the interior. There had been a road to Petersburg, and this was now rebuilt, and after a time was consolidated with western isolated lines, until there was formed a continuous railway extending across the greatest width of the State, through Petersburg, Lynchburg, and Wytheville to Bristol, whence it was connected with roads westward and southward. A continuous revenue is thus operated with one idea, if not under a single management, from the cotton, corn, and beef producing regions of the west and southwest, to the advantageous seaport of Norfolk.

In addition to these far-away staple products, the line transports local productions of great commercial value: the marbles of East Tennessee; the ore and manufactured iron, zinc and copper of Southwestern Virginia; the coal of the great Pocahontas district in the Alleghanies; the tobacco, sumac, grain, and other products of Southern Virginia; and the peanuts and lumber of the tidewater region.

Of this whole list, the two most important items are *cotton* and *coal*.

Twenty years ago not a particle of cotton came to Norfolk, and to Colonel William Lamb belongs the credit of organizing this business. His first venture was a misfortune which nearly ruined him; but Colonel Lamb tried again, and this time met with great success. There is no need to trace the steps. Imitators, always ready to profit by another's advance, repeated his ventures, and in 1873 Norfolk was third among the cotton-exporting cities of the Union (surpassed only by New Orleans and Savannah), and second in point of shipments to Europe. This could never have come about had not the railways done all in their power to further its growth, especially by granting through bills of lading to foreign destinations.

Now, cotton, amounting to about half a million bales annually, is gathered at Norfolk, by steamboats and railways, from Virginia and the Carolinas not only, but from Tennessee, Kentucky and the wide area tributary to Memphis. The most improved and powerful steam compressors have been erected, and ships are laden daily beside them for British and other European ports.

The principal cotton-dealing firms in England have resident agents, who buy for them direct in Norfolk, at the Cotton Exchange, which is so intimately connected with the Exchanges in New York, Savannah, New Orleans, Memphis and Liverpool, that reports are received every few minutes. Four-fifths of all the cotton handled comes over the Norfolk and Western Railway.

Of coal, that road necessarily brings all that is derived from the great mountain fields in Tazewell County. A branch railway brings this coal (and much coke) down to the main line at the crossing of New River, near Dublin, Va., and thence it is hauled about 275 miles to Norfolk. This coal has proved especially valuable for steam-making, and has come to be in great demand by ocean steamships. To receive and deliver properly the immense quantities mined and sold, a slight promontory, just below old Fort Norfolk (a picturesque relic of the War of 1812, which forms a prominent feature in harbor scenery), and four miles northeast of the city, was selected as offering a suitable situation for building coal piers. This became the property of a subsidiary corporation, known as the Lambert's Point Terminal Company, which connected the city and railway terminus with the new property by a railroad, constructed the first of a series of enormous piers, half a mile in length, to the end of which the coal-cars may be run, and where shutes and pockets are arranged, and laid out a village in the neighborhood.

To this convenient port, only ten miles within the Capes, vessels of the heaviest draft come for cargoes of coal, or to fill their bunkers. The pier has very recently been completed, but already the indications are that the first year's trade will amount to half a million tons. Very soon additional piers will be built, and Lambert's Point become a shipping-place for other kinds of ocean-bound freight; while the speedy erection of a huge grain-elevator is promised. All of this will result in great benefit to Norfolk, and indicates the energy and business-like enterprise and wealth of her citizens.

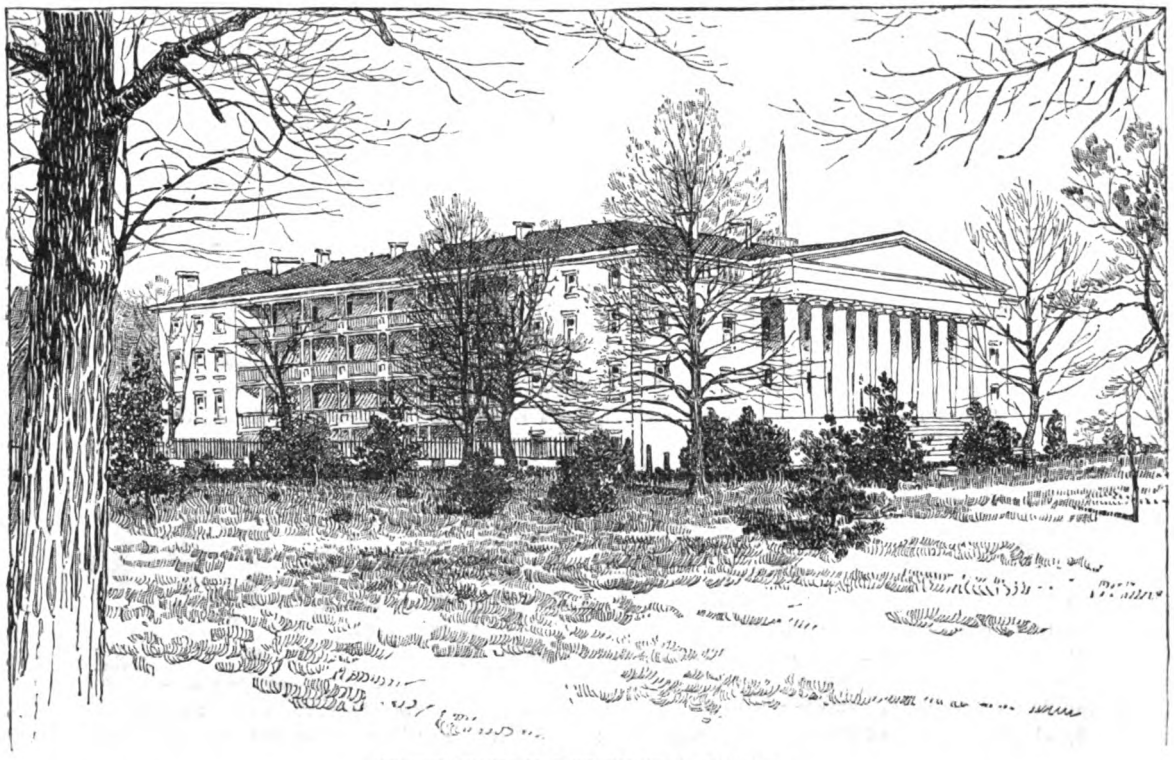
The country about Norfolk is low and flat, and the soil sandy, and in many places sterile. Between the city and the ocean is a great stretch of pine-woods and scrub-oaks, elevated only a little way above tide-water and intersected by many swamps. At one time there was considerable farming carried on, but the principal crop was tobacco, and that exhausted the land.

A narrow-gauge railway now runs through this district, twenty miles due east to the shore at Virginia Beach, and from it not a single flourishing farm is visible, though many small clearings and some old and dilapidated plantation-houses are to be seen. In one of these latter-mentioned, Lord Dunmore lived for a time when he was conducting the British attack.

Virginia Beach is a part of that seacoast which stretches so firm and straight from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras. The sand is white and hard, the rollers of the open ocean come in with the whole impetus of their long career, and, with ceaseless roaring and a magnificent fury of onset, charge up the sloping strand to be broken and swept back baffled and spent. Upon the beach there is now a new and handsome hotel, which offers not only a Summer residence for those who wish to stay some time by the seaside, but daily receives large excursion parties who lunch and dance under the shelter of its spacious pavilion, and go bathing by the hundred in its surf. Many of the excursionists come from distant interior districts.

Nearer, older, more modest, and perhaps more beloved by the citizens of Norfolk, is Ocean Beach—a hotel and dancing-hall on the beach of Lynhaven Bay, only ten miles from the city, and connected by a narrow-guage road, which in the Summer runs almost hourly trains.

Near to the city, and upon all sides, but especially southward, lie the "truck-farms," for the raising of early fruit and market vegetables, which form so important a resource to the country people of that neighborhood. It would be too long a story to attempt here anything like a description of these vast gardens, which were described and illustrated a few years ago by the Rev. E. P. Row, in his book on "Small Fruits." Some very large farms, owned by wealthy proprietors, are managed on a great

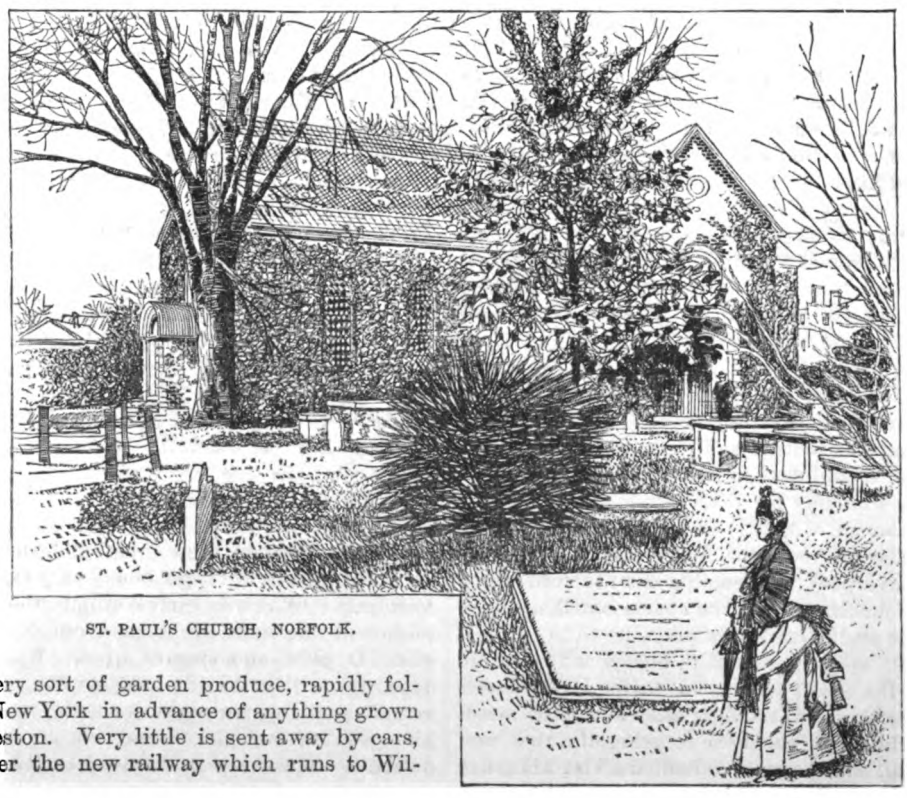


UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, NORFOLK.

scale and with elaborate machinery, but many small cultivators add their minor contributions to the general outgo, which amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars annually.

This is more advantageous than even that amount of money would seem to imply, because it comes at the end of Winter, during the agriculturist's "off season," and provides him with money to pay the Winter grocery bills, and the like, which otherwise he would have no opportunity of getting. This money, too, is all derived from Northern consumers, and hence is a clear addition to the wealth of the community.

The truck season begins in February, and the first thing ready for market is kale. Tomatoes, strawberries, and every sort of garden produce, rapidly follow, reaching New York in advance of anything grown north of Charleston. Very little is sent away by cars, though hereafter the new railway which runs to Wilmington along the "Eastern Shore" is expected to carry a great deal to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania points. Maryland and Northern Virginia are supplied by boats to Washington and Baltimore. To New York, enormous quantities of early produce are carried inside of twenty hours by the steamers of the Old Dominion Company, who have built their later boats with a covered 'tween decks, especially designed for this trade. The coolness and quiet of the ocean trip is especially favorable to the transportation of this perishable material. To New England (Providence and Boston) run the Merchants' and Miners' line of steamships, which also carry great quantities of fruit and vegetables. The scenes on the wharves at Norfolk, when the negro 'longshoremen are hastily loading "truck" in the early

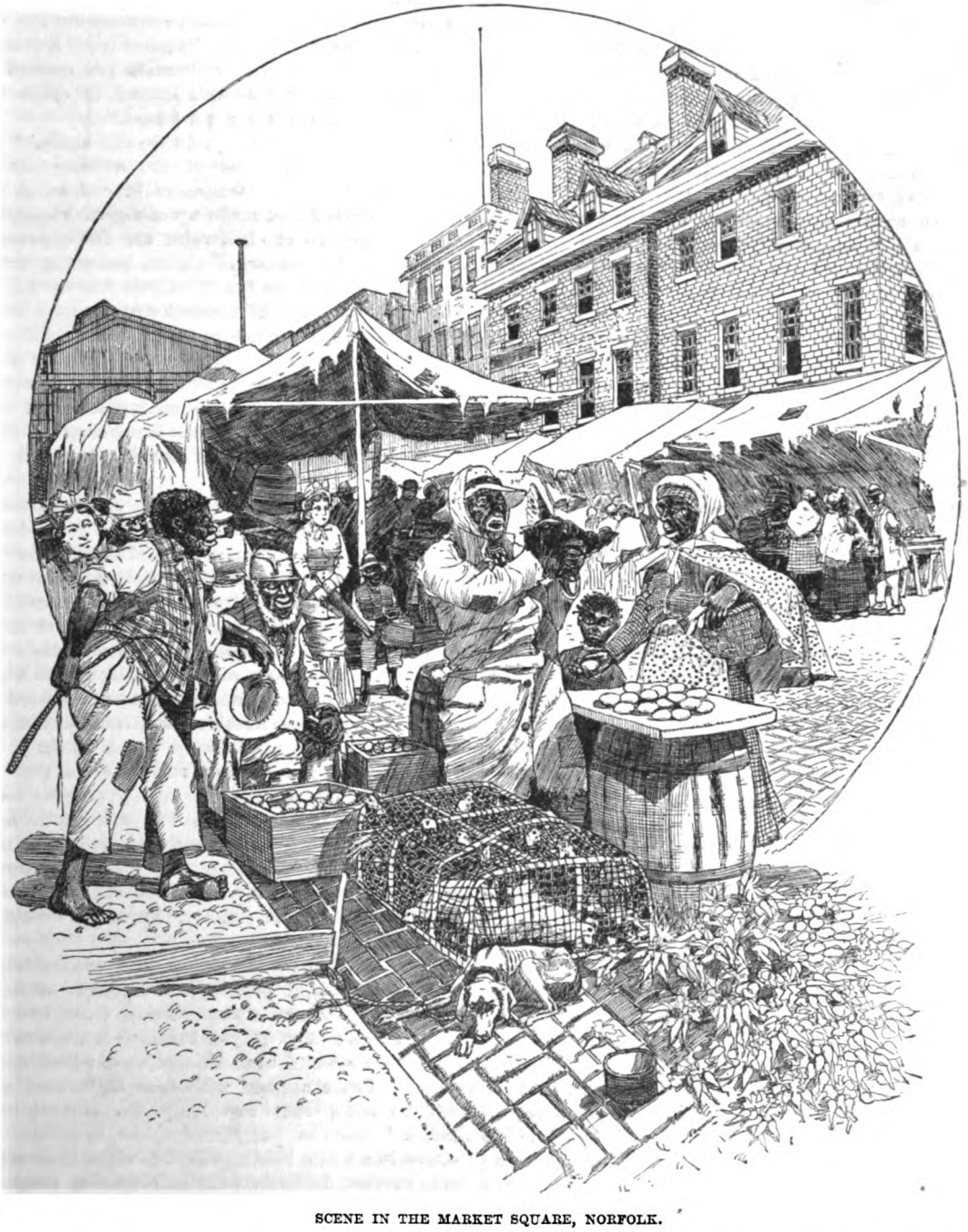


ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK.

daylight, are extremely exciting and picturesque; scarcely more so, however, than the daily market, where the countrymen and shore people bring their fish and produce for sale under sheds and awnings like those of the famous French market at New Orleans.

Another crop of great importance to the farmers in this southeastern corner of Virginia and the adjacent parts of North Carolina, is the peanut. Before the late war the peanut was grown only to a small extent in certain districts of North Carolina and Tennessee, and there was little outside trade in it. Since then, however, a great demand has sprung up, and trial showed that they could be cultivated with great success all along the Lower James River Valley, as well as in the districts I have mentioned. The farmers embraced the idea so generally, that now four-fifths of all the peanuts raised are Virginian, and the crop has come to amount to half a million bushels annually.

The peanut is adapted to light, dry and somewhat sandy soil, and requires considerable attention in cultivation. The plant is a soft-stemmed vine, and resembles the sweet-potato. At frequent intervals upon the creeping stems little branches shoot downward into the ground, and upon these, just underneath the surface, grow the "nuts," or "goobers," as they are called in the Carolinas. When, in early Autumn, they are ready to be gathered, the vines are turned out of the ground by a peculiar plow, and stacked up to dry in the sun, care being taken that they do not get wet; or, at least, do not remain so. In a fortnight or so, the vines are cured, and the peanuts are picked and put in bags holding two bushels. The vines are sometimes fed to the hogs, but



SCENE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, NORFOLK.

generally are saved for manure, in which capacity, mixed with phosphates, they serve an excellent purpose.

Though the peanuts are now fit to eat, they must be prepared for market. The farmers therefore sell them to the owners of factories in Petersburg, Weldon and elsewhere, but mainly in Norfolk, who first sort them, according to size, into three grades. These grades are then placed separately in large cylinders, operated by machinery, where they are brushed and polished by rolling and shaking against one another; then are picked over a second time, and finally are packed for market. Several large factories, with expensive machinery, exist in Norfolk. They control the peanut market, and give employment to some hundreds of people, mainly colored girls. American peanuts are used almost wholly as a delicacy, to eat. The French and African peanuts, on the other hand, are mainly ground and pressed for the extraction of an oil which serves in making "olive" oil and for various other preparations.

Norfolk is noted quite as widely for its sea delicacies as those its land produces. Nowhere can one get a more varied or inspiring fish dinner; while the oysters of the neighborhood are not only of superior excellence, but so numerous that their catching, cultivation or preparation for market affords occupation to a large class of people. The low, sedgy shores of the whole south side of the waters we are circling about are particularly favorable to oyster-growth, and develop that bivalve in its highest excellence when aided by human cultivation. Lynhaven Bay asserts that she raises the very best oysters in the United States—a pardonable egotism, for they are quite good enough to be best. Each of the little creeks—Mason's, Tanner's, and the rest—have given brand-names of wide celebrity to oysters. In the mouth of the Nansemond, and all up and down the James for many miles, the river is paved with great areas of oyster-growth, to which planters resort from far and near to gather the small "seed" oysters which they sow upon their inshore beds and "cultivate" for market. Great quantities of this seed are used not only by the planters on both sides of the Chesapeake, but many shiploads are each year sold from the Lower James River to go to Northern oyster-grounds.

Every one who goes to Norfolk will at least *wish* to spend a day in the Dismal Swamp, the attraction of which to most of the world has been conveyed through the deep poetic romance of Tom Moore's famous poem. It is possible to take a trip on one of the small canal-steamers and so see much of the Swamp and many other interesting things; but this is a somewhat tedious experience, and a better way is to devote a day to a canoe-trip.

To do this one goes, upon the Norfolk and Western Railway out to Jericho Run, and there hires a negro to paddle him in his cypress canoe as far as he cares to go. By starting fairly early in the morning, it is possible to reach Lake Drummond and return by eight or nine in the evening.

The Swamp is oval in shape, and fifteen to twenty miles in breadth. It is simply a great area of submerged woodland, lying over a low ridge, which in the centre reaches a height of twenty-four feet above tide-level, whence the water flows in all directions. "That the Swamp never becomes dry," the writer has explained elsewhere, "is due to the fact that it is like a huge sponge, which receives the inflow of a wide range of highlands westward of it. Amid the mazes of rank vegetation, the morasses of reeds and fern-tussocks, and the porous peat-beds which underlie all the juniper tracts (excellent peat for fuel), the water cannot work its way out. All that is needful is to open channels of exit—main outlets and lateral ditches—in order to drain the Swamp completely and effectively. The land recovered would be of the highest possible richness; great rice-fields would be created, with facilities for irrigation, and grazing meadows of the best kind. At the same time the larger outlets would furnish canals for the better transportation of lumber now inaccessible."

It is probable that this will be done for the northern half of the Swamp very shortly; but until it is systematically accomplished, the lumbermen are careful to keep the two or three canals well locked, in order to retain enough water for boating purposes.

"This introduces," to quote myself again, "the principal industry and value of the Swamp—its lumber. Nearly the whole 150,000 acres embraced, is, or was, covered by a dense forest made up of a great variety of trees. Of these, the two of chief value are the cypress and the juniper, or white cedar; both are becoming scarce, and the latter is now to be found only in remote and inaccessible districts. . . . The scarcity of juniper is due not only to the steady ax, but to great fires in the past, which, in addition to burning the trees, devoured the roots, peaty soil, and logs buried underneath to the depth of several feet. Cavities thus made filled with water and became 'burnt holes.' It has been asserted that Lake Drummond occupies such a burning, but this is a mistake."

The Jericho Run Canal, by which you enter the Swamp in your canoe-voyage, runs southward from the Nansemond River to Lake Drummond. It was cut seventy-five years ago, and was originally fifteen feet in width, but now has been contracted by the encroachments of vegetation and soil, until, in many places, there is scarcely room to squeeze through. The water, black with the stain of juniper, seems of vast depth, but is really shallow. A small quantity of it, held to the light, looks like weak tea; but it is tasteless, and not only wholesome, but reputed to be medicinally beneficial in a high degree. Portsmouth is now receiving its public water supply from this source.

At one side is a towpath, but walking is no longer feasible, the firm land having sunk into a tangled and peaty mass of vegetation, rotting logs, tussocks of grass or fern, and the woven roots of dense bushes, furnishing the only semblance of solidity. Ferns are especially rank and plentiful.

"Behind the water-touching flags, reeds and ferns," I once wrote, "stand bushes and saplings of bay maple, poplar, pawpaw, and a dozen other trees, overrun with smilax and a narrow-leaved brier, which weave them together into a continuous thicket, save when stretches of open fernbrake appear, with here and there a charred stub, to show that fire long ago cleared away the thicket."

Once in a while landings occur, where men are loading long, narrow flatboats with railway-ties, cooper's stuff, and short cypress logs, which have been brought down upon tramways. "In the old days corduroy roads traversed the Swamp, but now these rude tramways have taken their place, and all the lumber is boated out along this or some other canal."

Approaching Lake Drummond, you have to force your way through a sort of tunnel formed by tall reeds and bushes, and then, in more open water, paddle delightfully for a mile or two through a grove of stately but almost useless gum-trees. The lake is a great oval expanse of gray water, subject to lively squalls, and sur-

rounded everywhere by half-flooded forest, which leaves no break visible.

These are some hints as to the scenery and interest of the Great Dismal Swamp. Its natural history, its legendary lore, its fascinating picturesqueness, all remain open to exploration, and are well worthy the time and trouble it takes to get at them. There are few days I remember with greater pleasure than the one I spent canoeing in the Dismal Swamp.

Let us now cross the James River. The harbor of Norfolk opens into Hampton Roads, a splendid sheet of water, safe from any gales that can blow, large and deep enough to float the greatest navy that could be gathered there. One nearly always may see at least one war-ship there, while its blue expanse is ever dotted with the black hulks of ocean-going freight-steamers, the smaller vessels of the New York lines, and the trim steamboats that ply between Norfolk and the score or more of ports on Chesapeake Bay, or on the Potomac, York and James Rivers. Here anchor sailing-ships, also, or make their way slowly portward across its bosom ; while in suitable, weather whole fleets of oyster-sloops simulate a yacht-race as they troop back and forth between the James River dredging-grounds and their homes. In this varied and active commerce borne upon its surface, in the play of light and shade upon its brilliant waters, and in the very charming mirage-effects that transform its shores, Hampton Roads excels in beauty any inland sea along our Atlantic coast.

The most prominent place on Hampton Roads just now is the new railway terminus and harbor of Newport News, seven miles above Old Point.

This place is properly Newport's News. In 1607, so the history reads, the colonists at Jamestown were nearly dead with famine and illness and privation. They believed themselves abandoned, and had resolved to attempt to return to England, or do some other desperate thing. Taking their little vessel, they descended the James, but here at the mouth they found an English vessel, under Captain Newport, anchored off the point of land on the northern shore, who told them that other ships, with John Smith's company and plentiful supplies, were close behind. The colonists landed, and with the newcomers held rejoicings, since which the point has been known as that where "Newport's news" was received. The name, "Point Comfort," was given in equally romantic fashion, and on the same occasion.

Ever since that time the land along this shore of the river and Roads has been under cultivation, but the place amounted to nothing more civilized. The Peninsula was the home of the cocked-hat gentry of Spotswood and Dinwiddie's days, and their capital was at Williamsburg, only a few miles north of us. During the Civil War, Newport News became the point of debarkation and encampment for a part of McClellan's army of 1862. Later, Butler re-fortified it, and relics of the earthworks which guarded the shore, firing futile volleys at the *Merrimac* when she came out to sink the *Cumberland*, and of other "forts" that protected the great camps, remain as grim reminders of the great struggle. But when the army left Newport News, the place relapsed into former loneliness.

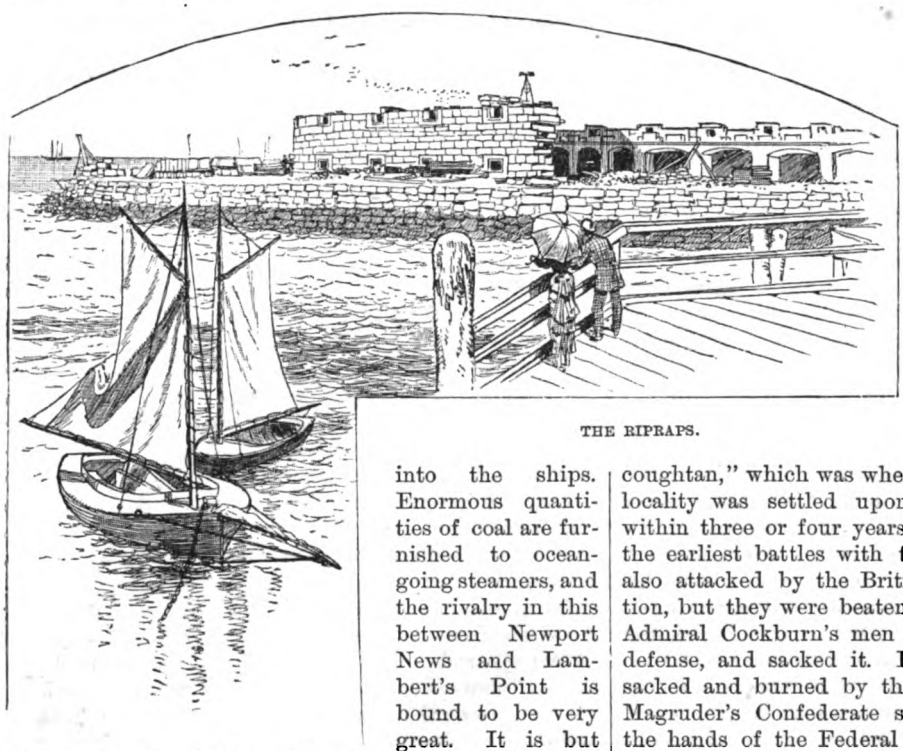
In 1882, however, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, seeking a better sea terminus than that afforded by its wharves at Richmond, laid its tracks down the Peninsula, and came to the shore at Newport News. Twenty-five hundred men encamped there in tents, shanties and dugouts, and a seaport sprang into being under the magic wand of the capitalist. The many tracks of a railway terminus were laid, two great piers were built, and enormous coal-wharves extended to deep water, warehouses, depots, offices and stores were erected ; finally a grain-elevator, as big as the biggest, reared its huge shape in the air, and became a landmark for many miles around. I doubt whether in that flat country there is an object, natural or artificial, as tall as that elevator, within a hundred miles—nearer, in fact, than the hills of the Blue Ridge !

Meanwhile a company of capitalists had bought all the land in neighborhood, and a good deal more, and at Newport News had laid out a town sufficient for 50,000 people. Of grading, indeed, there was little to do. The river is bordered by bluffs some fifty feet in height, at the top of which the country stretches back as level as possible. Streets were marked out and named, however, and a good many houses built. The golden opportunity of securing the workmen who were employed in construction as settlers, by selling them small lots at small prices, was let slip, on the theory that this course would keep away a better—by which was meant a more wealthy—class of people.

Apparently the Old Dominion Land Company gave itself needless concern, for few persons of any class have appeared as intending citizens of the new town except those employed in some way about the railway, the elevator or the wharves, numbering several hundred. With the gradual enlargement of business, this population will slowly increase ; but I do not see how much addition to it can be anticipated, unless manufacturing enterprises are started there. That this may be done is very likely, for in many respects the position is exceedingly advantageous for that purpose.

The rule under such circumstances would be—a miserable tavern, the headquarters of the loungers of the community, and good for little else ; but in this respect Newport News is a remarkable exception. The visitor can here meet something better than the surroundings would promise. The Warwick Hotel stands imposingly upon its bluffs overlooking the river and Hampton Roads. It is built of brick, well heated and furnished, and affords the traveler some comfort. It is not intended, however, that its support shall be derived from local sources alone, for the *Warwick* advertises itself as a tourist resort, and in the early Spring months is crowded with guests who are seeking to escape from the rigors of the North ; and in Summer by Southern people who delight in its coolness. It stands in a miniature park, close to the river, where boating, bathing and fishing can be easily enjoyed ; it has attached an amusement-hall and bowling-alley in separate buildings which are each exquisite studies in architecture and decoration, and it overlooks one of the most charming water-pictures to be seen along our whole coast.

The width of the James at Newport News is about three miles, yet only one hundred yards from shore the depth is sufficient for vessels of 2,000 tons burden, since the deepest channel lies close to the northern bank. The heaviest ships afloat, therefore, can come to the freight wharves and coaling-shutes without danger. An enormous shipping business is done accordingly. Besides the daily steamers of the Old Dominion Company between New York and various Chesapeake ports, the Brazilian line, once in three weeks, and various local steamboats, from one to half a dozen ocean freight-steamers, and many sailing-vessels are constantly loading and unloading here. The foreign traffic, however, is almost wholly in the export of grain, and the newest and most elaborate machinery is used by the elevator-owners for loading it

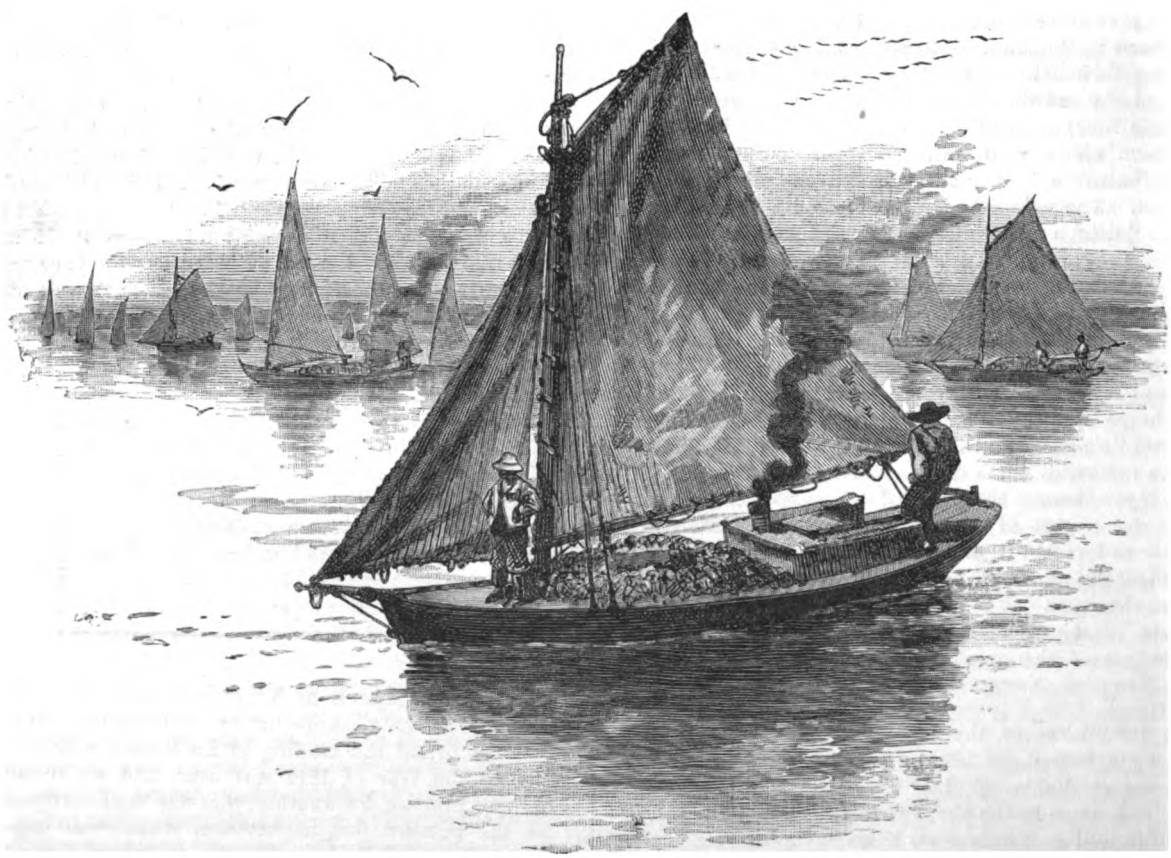


THE RIPRAPS.

into the ships. Enormous quantities of coal are furnished to ocean-going steamers, and the rivalry in this between Newport News and Lambert's Point is bound to be very great. It is but fifteen miles from each of these new ports to the open sea, while New York is twenty, Boston fifty, Philadelphia one hundred, and Baltimore one hundred and sixty miles inland.

Seven miles south of Newport News lies the ancient borough and village of Hampton, which is now the most flourishing of the older villages of the tide-water part of the State. The earliest history of Virginia centres there, and the town possesses some extremely interesting relics of early days.

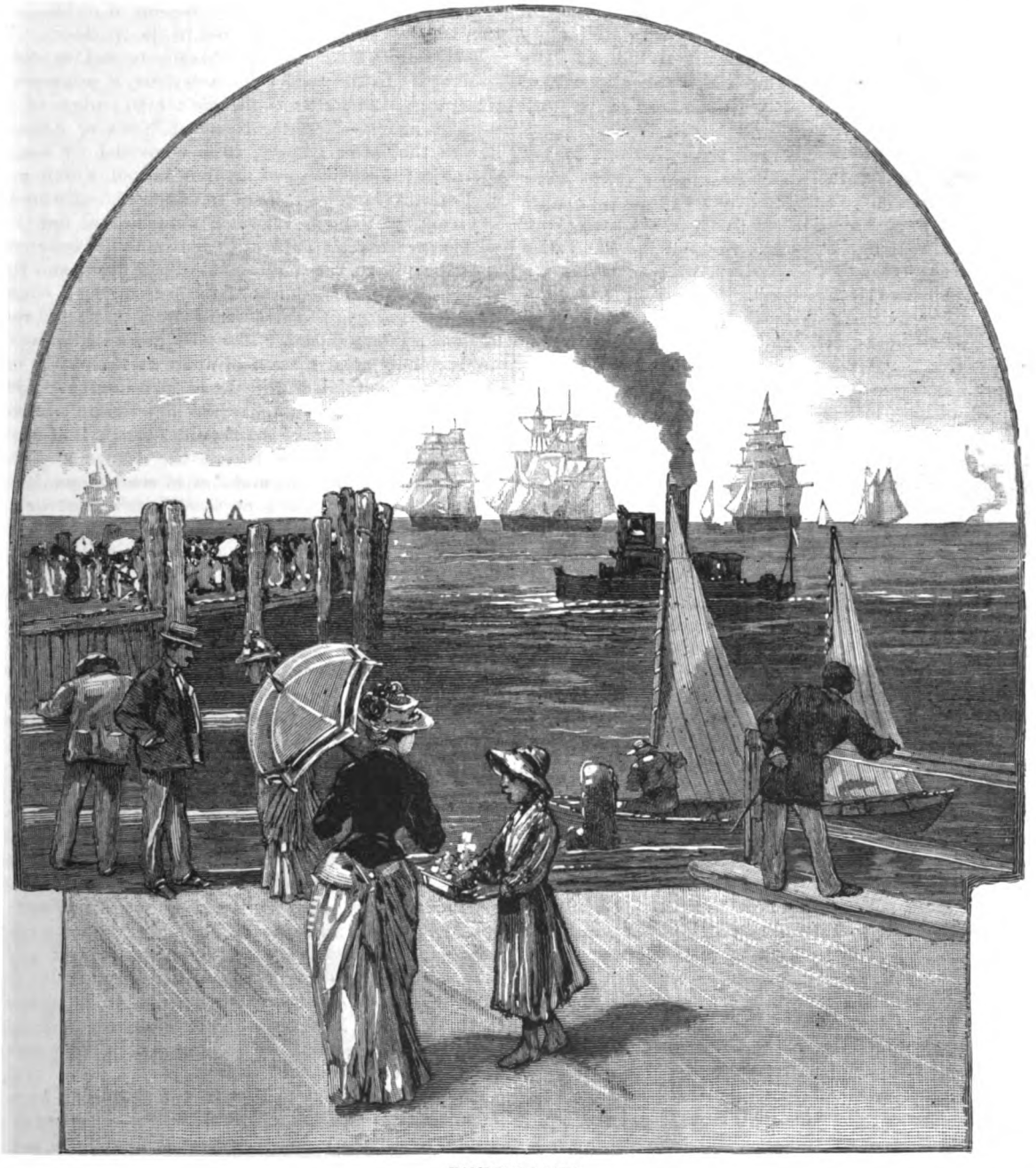
When, in 1607, John Smith and the colonists, having landed at Newport News, were seeking a site for a town, they were met by five natives, who invited them to their town, "Kecoughtan," which was where Hampton now stands. The locality was settled upon by some of the colonists within three or four years, and here was fought one of the earliest battles with the red men. The town was also attacked by the British forces during the Revolution, but they were beaten off. Subsequently, however, Admiral Cockburn's men entered the town, despite its defense, and sacked it. In 1862 it was a second time sacked and burned by the inhabitants and by General Magruder's Confederate soldiers. It quickly fell into the hands of the Federal forces, however, and became a starting-point for McClellan. When Grant began his campaigns against Richmond, Hampton was again occupied, and here General Butler established the great rendezvous camp for refugee slaves, which were there first declared to be "contraband of war."



OYSTER-BOATS BECALMED.

Since that time the town has prospered beyond the average of Virginian villages. It becomes annually the residence of many invalid visitors, owing to the salubrity of its climate ; has oyster-planting and fishing interests, and some manufacturing. In addition to this, the Government maintains there one of the largest and most interesting of its Soldiers' Homes, and also the Hampton Institute—a school for colored pupils and for Indians. Both of these institutions contribute greatly to the prosperity, as well as to the public interest, of the town.

Hampton, at the head of Hampton River—a diminutive tidal inlet—stands nearly at the end of what may be called the mainland of the Peninsula. The very end is three miles below, and consists of a narrow sandspit, which Smith and Newport named Point Comfort, in appreciation of their quiet anchorage beside it in 1607. When the next headland above was distinguished as New Point Comfort, this naturally became "Old," and nowadays the Comfort is left off and "Old Point" is the ordinary name. The colonists, who lived in constant fear of foes both by land and sea, saw at once the defensive advantage of its position, as commanding the James River, and built a stockade there. The very site, no doubt, of this early defense had been forgotten by the time when, 150 years later, the British were awaiting Washington's attack at Yorktown, and the Count de Grasse was again throwing up fortifications at Point Comfort to aid the landing of his French allies.



HAMPTON ROADS.

After the War of 1812 was over, and we thought it time to prepare for another, this was the locality chosen for the greatest fort in America, which was begun in 1819 and named Fortress Monroe, in honor of the President.

This third fort at Old Point has thus far escaped the

contact of war. It overlooked, during the late rebellion, the naval battles in which the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* revolutionized naval tactics; it served as a storehouse for supplies and ordnance to the Federal troops before Richmond, and became a prison for captured Confederates, among whom was Jefferson Davis. But I think no hostile shell ever dropped into its wide parade-ground or beautiful quarters, and no round shot or hurtling projectile ever marred the fair exterior of its mighty walls.

Fortress Monroe is of irregular shape, with many salient angles, and covers half or more of the little peninsula upon which it was built, and which is now to all intents and purposes an island, since the narrow neck of sand has been cut through and a narrow bridge takes its place. To this is soon to be added an extension of the railway from Hampton.

The level parade-ground, several acres in extent, takes up the main part of the area within the massive walls whose grassy ramparts form the favorite promenade of all visitors; but at one side, in the midst of a grand grove of wide-spreading live oaks, are grouped the handsome houses of the officers of the garrison, whose gardens are models of horticultural display. Several of the casements in this part of the fort are inclosed and furnished as offices, storehouses, etc. But most of them are open, and contain cannon, ready to do their duty should occasion arise. It requires over 400 guns to complete the full armament of this fortress.

"Beyond the officers' quarters a sloping roadway leads to the inner and highest rampart, where heavy guns stand on silent guard. Outside and beyond the wide moat are the outworks (the water battery) along the sea-front. In each arched and open casemate lurks a "dog of war," in the shape of a ten, twelve or fifteen inch gun. At the extreme left, upon a raised parapet, are the great cannon used in the artillery practice. A mile and a half out across the dancing waters floats the small white target. It is a most inspiriting sight to watch the curving flight of the heavy projectile and its *ricochet* along the waters beyond the target marked by huge columns of snow-white water thrown high in air."

The artillery practice to which Mr. F. H. Taylor refers in the paragraph just quoted, is a part of the instruction of the School of Artillery of the United States Army which is carried on at Fortress Monroe, and forms a sort of post-graduate course, after West Point, in this most scientific branch of the service. About fifty officers, all young men, are in attendance, and undergo a three years' course of study, which is by no means confined wholly to gunnery and the mathematics of projectiles, but embraces instruction in many lines of scientific theory and practice.

It would be possible to write a whole article—and an entertaining one, too—about this magnificent fortress, whose interest and beauty it is impossible to describe in a few words.

The whole area of Old Point is a Government reservation, and under military control. Guards are stationed with due formality on the steamboat-wharves and bridges, as well as at the sallyport. An artillery park, surrounded by a fence made of muskets, incloses many workshops, around which lie rows of sleeping cannon and pyramids of round shot and empty shells. Other shops and storehouses of equipments take up a considerable space, while there is a pretty village of those whose duties or privileges require or enable them to live close to the fort. Room is left, however, between the ramparts and the water for a hotel—one of the greatest in size, and most lavish in adornment in the United States—the renowned Hygeia. Here piazzas are estimated by the mile, mirrors and stained-glass by the square rod, and carpets by the acre. Everything is upon a large scale—even to mine host. A thousand guests can be luxuriously lodged in its labyrinth of rooms, and the elegance, conveniences, manners and expenses of "swell" New York belong to its daily routine.

Two prominent influences have united to make this one of the most popular watering-places in the world, and one which in America is equaled only by Saratoga and Newport in the number of persons of public reputation who are annually to be met in its corridors. These two attracting influences are its climate and its social advantages. In the former characteristic, it possesses little if any superiority over the whole region embraced in the present article—Norfolk, Newport News or Accomack; but in the latter respect, it is unrivaled by reason of the adjacent garrison and artillery school, which gathers at Fortress Monroe a large number of cultivated and leisurely gentlemen, together with not a few ladies, whose greatest pleasure is to be found in benevolently contributing to the amusement of the mass, and the enjoyment of a selected few of the guests, by a course of flirtation and social enterprise as systematic and regular as their military duties. The steadiness of the weather, produced by great masses of water on three sides of Old Point, is proverbial, and in the highest degree enjoyable; but it is exceeded in unchangeability by the persistence and perpetual glory of the shoulder-straps that irradiate the parlors and reading-rooms, the dinner and dance, whether it be sunny out-of-doors where the gentle waves curl on the white beach at the piazza's foot, or shady and the water is hissing with hurried foam. Long live Old Point, and Fortress Monroe and the Hygeia; and Phœbus—long live he!

Just across the channel, perhaps a mile away, and on the line which separates Hampton Roads from the outer bay, a round fort rises out of the water, as though built up from the bottom. This appearance tells the exact fact. It is Fort Wool, and its foundation is the Ripraps, a shoal, upon which, many years ago, the Government engineers dumped a million dollars worth of stone, and formed a small island, reared just above the waves. Upon this secure and expensive foundation a fortification was begun, which was intended to be the counterpart of Fortress Monroe, except in size, and to command the entrance to James River. It was never completed, and never will be. Its walls would crumble under improved gunnery; and its ordnance (what is left of it) could make no effect in reply upon a modern ironclad. Its total garrison is one caretaker, and its sole service is to stand as a picturesque relic of an outgrown system of coast-defense. As a matter of truth, Fortress Monroe is little better, considered as a work of defense against such navies as Europe might send to our unprotected shores.

Chesapeake Bay is so broad here, that even from the lofty ramparts of the fort, or the lantern of the lighthouse beside the water battery, the eye can scarcely see the faint line of the lowlying Eastern Shore. I spell it with capital letters, because that is the name given in a general way to the whole peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic. The lower end alone concerns us, and that used to be called Accomack. It is a level, sandy, pine-grown region, indented by numerous tidal entries, and pitted with swamps. The lower end is broken, by connecting channels, into islands large and small; the largest of which is Goodwin's, and the outermost one a sandy barrier called Smith's, which bears the lighthouse.

A mile within this is Cape Charles, at the terminus of the mainland. The people are chiefly fishermen and oystermen, with some small-fruit farmers. Ten miles above Cape Charles is an inlet called Cherrystone, famous for its oysters, natural and planted. Sportsmen resort to the tidal inlets and low shores in the ducking season, and find excellent sport with wild-fowl and beach-birds; while sea-fishing in the offing is a source of perpetual profit and amusement.

Latterly a railway has been extended down there from Wilmington, Del., ending at a wharf near the Cherrystone Lighthouse, where a new town has been built, called Cape Charles City. This is the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railway, and is connected with Norfolk and Old Point by a steam-ferry. This new road shortens by a large proportion the transportation distance between the Lower Chesapeake ports and Northern cities, and is likely to prove of great benefit to the oystermen, fruit-growers and various local industries on the Eastern Shore.

Thus we have made the complete round of Hampton Roads, from Cape Henry through Norfolk, Suffolk, Warwick, Hampton and Accomack back to the sea at Cape Charles. It has been too rapid a run—too casual a survey; but it hints at the wealth of scenery, history, science, health and pleasure which awaits the student who cares to investigate.

WOODLAND MEMORIES.

By F. B. Doveton.

When with some witching one we have wandered
Dreamily through the dim forest aisles,
O'er Love's vagaries have lightly pondered,
Sunned our soul in her sweetest smiles;
Felt the soft touch of her fairy fingers,
Tenderly toyed with some truant tress,
'Mid the green vistas a spell still lingers,
Woven, ah, me! by her loveliness!

Yon mossy bank where the wildrose blushes
Into a dainty delicious bloom,
Swept by the spray of the stream that gushes
Under the alder's grateful gloom;
Yon swaying hawthorns, whose snows, wind-shaken,
Silently flutter down leafy ways,
Soul-stirring dreams of the dead past waken,
Wreathed with a garland of golden days!

A RUSTY COAT.

By Florence Kirk.

"'We fail; but screw up our courage to the sticking-place, and we will not fail.' I had a strong inclination to raise my eyes and look the speaker full in the face when he said that, but I wouldn't. No, Cynthia, I did not; but do you suppose he knew all about me, and quoted that intentionally? We were at dinner when he brought it in during his conversation with papa; and he looked straight at me. I know, for I could see out of the corners of my eyes," and the black duckling of the Havens brood glances wistfully at her sister.

The odd one of the family was a girl, Elizabeth by name, and unfortunate by fate.

Fourteen-year-old Cynthia, who was valiantly kept down in very short frocks by Bell and Lou, was the sympathetic confidant and chief consoler of this family failure.

"Who said it, Bess? I had such a headache I could not go down to dinner; and then, do you know, Lou went and sewed a tuck in my dress. The *idea*, because I am short she wants to make me out only twelve," with a contemptuous wrinkle of the pug nose.

"Heaven only knows who he is, Cynth. Mamma says he is only an ordinary man in threadbare clothes, but they are not quite that. His coat is a trifle shiny around the seams," she says, "but I thought it looked as though it might have cost enough when new."

"When it came out of the Ark," suggested Cynthia.

"But why should he say *we fail?*"

"Oh, I'll bet a box of caramels, Bess, that I know. *He* has failed, too."

"What?"

"Why, he is like you, maybe. Never did anything right in his life. That's it, depend upon it. That is why his clothes shine, you know—unlucky. He is young, isn't he?" with a knowing look at Bess.

"Well, I think he is not old."

"Came in on another train yesterday, when we reached Quebec, and had a rusty-looking hand-satchel?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I saw him, I did. That is it, Bess; you can make up your mind that he failed at college to get through his examination for a diploma just as you did, and that he has not succeeded in a single attempt since."

"Oh, Cynthia, do you believe it? Do you suppose he knows what it is to be a wallflower, and then be snubbed for being quiet and still? I have been out to just five balls since I have been old enough to go."

"A good number, Bess, for the length of time," nods Cynthia.

"Yes; but I go and set down and *stay* down. There is where the pinch is. No one comes and talks and laughs with me, and is so anxious to take me here and there. Every one has made up his mind that Bess Havens is a failure at home and in society."

"It's a shame, and not your fault, I am sure!" exclaims Cynthia. "But I would *screw up* my courage, as this unfortunate man said. I should be more independent, Bess. There is one thing I am going to do—that is, not to stay shut up in these rooms a second longer. I don't care if we are in a public-house, I am going out. Isn't it cold, though? Won't you rip out that tuck I spoke of while I am gone, Bessie?"

And muffling herself up like a Mother Bunch, Miss Cynthia scampers away down-stairs, out on the high, icy steps, where she falls, bounces up like a rubber image, and is caught by some one who saves her from tumbling the rest of the way down.

"Oh, *you!*" looking up in astonishment at the "rusty" individual she has just been discussing.

"*I*, yes"—with an amused smile. "Do you know me?"

"No, I don't know you," shaking her head, dubiously, and giving a furtive glance at the "shiny coat."

"And you have never heard about Thank you?" he inquires, soberly.

"I forgot it. Bess always talks to me for being so heedless, but I do believe I shall never remember. I have started for that pond over there, do you see? I am going to have a *slide*. My skates are packed up in some trunk, I don't know where. Will you come?" with an indifferent look at him, as though it was a favor to be invited.

"Yes, I will go, because I do not think a little girl like you should go alone."

"But *I* can take care of myself. I'm not timid and shrinking like Bessie."

"Who is this *Bessie?*"

"She is my sister. The one that no one likes or

WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.—VIRGINIA BEACH HOTEL.
SEE PAGE 148.

dislikes, you know. She can't sing nor play, and she doesn't speak a word of French like other young ladies, but she can paint a little—just a little. I suppose you know what it is to have every one disapprove of you?" looking compassionately at her companion.

He laughs heartily.

"So you have been reading me, have you?" he says, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, I know how bad Bessie feels because she isn't different, and I should think it would be very much worse for a man."

"What?"

"To be a failure, as Bess calls it."

Again he astonishes Cynthia with an incomprehensible burst of laughter, but quickly sobers down to the normal state that a depressed being is expected to be in.

Her eyes wander to the suit of clothes, and he understands in a moment.

"I guess I will not venture on the ice to-day," she says. "It doesn't look very smooth. If you don't mind, we will go back."

And when she reaches her room again she rushes in with glowing cheeks and a triumphant air. Bell and Lou and mamma are there, much to her disappointment.

While the enemy is in camp she vainly tries to catch Bessie's eye. At last, behind Bell's chair she succeeds in her mysterious motions toward the bedroom-door, for she is just dying to tell Bessie. Once inside that secluded room, with the door shut, he whispers:

"I have seen him, Bess—I have talked with him—and he is perfectly nice. I am so sorry for him, too. He does not seem quite so—so retiring as you do. Maybe he does not care so much. I told him about you."

"About *me?*" cries Bess, with amazement.

"I mentioned you as my sister," answers Cynthia, cautiously. "I think he is a gentleman, but probably just so unlucky that he does not succeed in making a good living. One of those jack-of-all-trades, as papa says, and master of none. It is dreadful, Bess; but just like you, if you were a man."

"He is a presuming person who cannot be made to understand his position," declared Mrs. Havens, alluding to this hotel guest, whom she has failed to annihilate.

"He is certainly no gentleman," sniffs Bell.

"A decided gentleman," declares Bess, astonishing the family by speaking her opinion for once in her life. And Lou, with her black, multi-curled bangs, looks patronizingly at foolish Elizabeth.

"Of course he is!" chimes in Cynthia. "Why, when that awkward waiter spilled the cup of coffee on Bessie's dress, didn't he do splendidly, though!"

"Cynthia!" with a reproving look from mamma. "Whoever this man is, he is too common for even my youngest daughter to make friends with."

"Yes, mamma," she answered, demurrely. "Come, Bess, bring your book down in the parlor. There is no one in it at this hour, and I must have a play on the piano once more. I would not mind what they say, Bess," whispers Cynthia, as soon as they are out of hearing. "You ought to feel sympathy for this, Mr. Edwards. I had to ask him what is name is. It was not very lady-like, I know; but he did not mind," she says, pushing open the parlor-door and leading the way.

"Oh!"—it is a long-drawn breath from her.

Bessie pauses, half inclined not to follow.

There is that man in his same much-traveled attire. He is buried in a newspaper, and sitting there as much at ease as a more fortunate individual might have done; so absorbed that he does not even look up, she is sure, and she advances to a far corner and opens her book.

But this man whom mamma and "the girls" have weighed and found wanting, inasmuch as there is not the least glimmer of glittering wealth to balance him, and whom Bess thinks a good deal about, does look over his paper far more than at the printed columns. He looks there only when the brown head is raised, and the soft gray eyes glance shyly at him; then, repressing a smile, he reads stolidly on.

A RUSTY COAT.—"HE WHEELS THE LITTLE DRUMMER AROUND ON THE PIANO-STOOL, AND FROWNS DOWN AT HER. 'WHO TAUGHT YOU TO MURDER MUSIC LIKE THAT?'"—SEE PAGE 159.

Crash! bang! bang! Cynthia has commenced her musical thrumming and pounding.

The newspaper rattles and rattles. The "rusty" coated man, exasperated beyond endurance, rises hastily and wheels the little drummer around on the piano-stool, and frowns down at her.

"Who taught you to murder music like that?"

"Why, Professor Ulberti!" exclaimed Cynthia, a little nettled. "He taught Bessie, too, until she could play most as good as I; but she wouldn't."

"She is sensible," with a glance at the face, growing rosy-tinted over the prosy book. "Look here, let me take your music," and this common man plays as Cynthia, at least, has seldom heard one.

"Beautiful!" she cries, when he has finished. "Bessie, come here—wasn't it splendid?"

"Suppose we go to Miss Bessie," says the presumptuous being, taking Cynthia by the hand and half frightening Bess by sitting down very near her.

And yet it is no effort at all to converse with him. He has a way of extracting the thoughts and opinions and wishes from somewhat reticent Bessie, until she is actually talking as freely and unrestrainedly as she can with Cynthia. It is so nice, too, to be appreciated and listened to, as though she was worth hearing.

He is just a man, and none but "a real gentlemanly man," but she unconsciously likes him.

The pretty rounded cheeks blush under his glance, and he seems well pleased that they should.

But the young confidant has a new theory to unfold, namely, "that Mr. Edwards must be a poor music-professor," and the heart-full of pity increases and expands.

Liking deepens to loving.

One night Bessie waits in their own room for Cynthia. The wide-awake daughter has coaxed her father to stay with him in that very same parlor. Mamma thinks it is absurd to be so public; but then Cynthia is only a child.

"Nine o'clock. Why doesn't she come?" murmurs Bess, stifling a yawn. "I do hear her at last," and the next moment the excited girl rushes into the room, and throwing herself down by a chair, bursts into an angry flood of tears.

"Oh, Bess, he is *married!*" she cries, between the sobs.

He! Bessie knows who, and her heart beats twice as fast as she murmurs:

"Who said so, Cynthia?"

"Mr. Edwards said so himself, Bess, and I heard him with my own *ears*. He told a gentleman that he had been in Quebec some years ago, and that his wife liked it here immensely. Oh, it's a shame, a burning *shame*, when we had liked him so, and I thought——" But whatever that thought was it remained unspoken. "I came right out of the room as fast as I could. I would not stay to hear another word. But it's outrageous, for I know—well, I know what I'll do"—drying her eyes and wiping the big tear from the tip of her turned-up nose.

Said Bessie: "Never mind, Cynthia, dear; it is only what we should have expected—*only*——"

"Yes, it is just your luck, Bess. They have all condemned him but you, and I did hope you would like him so much. You did"—looking up at the averted face—"you *did*, Bessie, and he treated you just as though he thought all the world of you, too. It is your luck all over. It was just so in those old times. You would start all right, and study enough to kill you. When the end came some one else carried off the prizes, and you, all worn out, were pushed down among the know-nothings. Here is the end of this, and I am *so* disappointed."

Bessie had a stanch comforter in Cynthia, but that could not unmarry the one she had been foolish enough to like so well, who, if appearances were to be believed, had given her all he possessed worth having—his affections. And now she could trust nothing and no one.

What difference could it make, she thought, if this man, whom she knew so little of, had a wife?

But it did make a vast difference. He was so nice, and understood the quiet nature as no else did.

"I shall be guarded hereafter—very, very guarded. But I cannot quite believe it; yet, there can be no mistake."

They were out skating, Bessie and Cynthia. It was a firm, glassy surface of ice, dotted over with graceful, willowy-formed young ladies, light-hearted men and gayly-dressed children—a place where buoyancy and hilarity were contagious. Red cheeks and animation without resorting to powder, or any other stimulant than the crisp, clear, bracing air.

"Glorious!" cries Cynthia, stopping to take a deep inhalation. "Oh, don't go so fast—do wait for me!"

But Bessie, waving her hand at her, darts away at breakneck speed.

She does not rival the other gliding, bright-faced young ladies. There is nothing to particularly attract any one's attention. She is simply Bessie, who has no better opinion of herself than the family and society—who has no expectations other than to be found fault with or ignored. The gray eyes have wept over it, mamma has scolded about it. She cannot comprehend how *she* has such a daughter. "She is so quiet"—and *so sweet*, might have been added.

The free, open air is not the atmosphere of a four-walled drawing-room. She feels exempt from scrutinizing eyes, and goes on turning corners and curves, curves and corners, and how did it happen?

There is a sudden jar, a chattering of the white teeth. The pretty sealskin turban is lying some distance away, and on the ice is a familiar bundle of navy-blue cloth and soft blue fur, from which looks Bessie's familiar face. A moment later and some one bends over her.

"Are you hurt?" inquires an anxious voice, while the speaker gently assists her to stand.

"It is Mr. Edwards. Oh, dear!" thinks Bessie, blushing. "No, thank you, I am not injured, glancing up at the searching eyes, then down at the treacherous feet.

"But you will skate no more this day," he says, audaciously kneeling and unfastening the skates before she can utter a word of remonstrance. "I was afraid you would fall when you came up here."

"You saw me?"

"Yes; I thought my dear friend would need me and I came"—looking down earnestly at her.

And she is so angry, so indignant. This man with a wife to address her so!

"Will you do me the favor, Mr. Edwards, to look for my sister and tell her that I am going now?" she answers, coldly, and with a flash of the indignation that is filling the outraged heart.

He looks up in astonishment. It is so unusual and unlike her. But there is no need to go for Cynthia. She is there, feeling deeply for "poor Bess! I shall just give him a good *hit*," she thinks, hastening to them. "You didn't break any bones, Bessie, did you?" with a nod of recognition to the offending scoundrel. "Splendid ice, Mr. Edwards. Ever on it, before?"

"No."

"Did not your *wife* care for skating when you were here?"

It is a moment of breathless expectation to Bessie, and one of evident hesitancy on his part. There is a quick change in his face, and a slight flush as he answered, looking far off.

"No, my wife did not care for such pleasures."

It was too much for Bess.

From his own lips he acknowledges it. With an abrupt "Good-evening!" not stopping to question whether the afternoon had lengthened into the twilight of evening or not, how quickly and fast does she walk away, with Cynthia running after her.

"You did it beautifully, Bess," she whispers. "It is good enough for him. I'll bet he is taken down a little, for he is standing still just where we left him—the mean *wretch!*"

And some hours afterward Cynthia could have told of a soft, gray-eyed individual who wept over this same "scoundrel"; could have related how startled the sister was when she bounced in the next morning with the intelligence that Mr. Edwards and his little hand-satchel had left, and it was her firm conviction that the satchel in question contained all the musical equipments the poor professor possessed, though he did not in the least look like such a being.

"He has actually gone, Bess, for I saw him leave—gone home to his poor wife, I suppose, who does not dream how he flirts when he is away."

"Cynthia—Cynthia, you are unjust!"

* * * * * *

Several weeks elapsed—monotonous ones to Bessie. They were at lunch one day, when Mr. Havens spoke of going on business a number of miles out of town.

"I think I shall drive out."

"And take us with you, papa," cries ever-ready Cynthia. "Sleighing—oh, sleighing, girls! Bell and Bess and——"

"*I* shall not go," interposes Lou.

"Then three of us, papa."

And three went, though the clouds did look dark and leaden and cold.

It was a pleasant ride going, but one or two bold flakes beat against their faces when they turned homeward.

It was dusk of a cold Winter's evening, fast closing into the darkness of night, when the snowflakes burst through their sombre prison, and came "silently tumbling down." Little and large, fast and faster they fell, until the small sleighful were coated with the white covering.

Everywhere lay the thick mantle of snow, and still the storm continued.

Mr. Havens halted, a doubt entering his mind.

"This is a new road to me, but I think, girls, that we came the right-hand turn"—pointing to one of those perplexing "corners" where several roads cross.

"That was it, I am sure," answers Bell.

"I think it was the one on the left," speaks up Bessie.

"Bess is always wrong," replies Bell, petulantly. "Papa, hasten on. It is getting so dark."

"Yes; it storms so, I cannot see an inch before my face!" exclaims Cynthia.

"I think I will venture it. I am quite certain I am right"—and Mr. Havens urges on the tired horses.

It is a treacherous step, a sleigh suddenly upset and broken, and the Havens girls are floundering in the deep snow.

No one hurt, but there is no using the sleigh to get home in. There they stand, shaking the flakes from their recently snow-covered garments, and vainly looking around them. It is a situation anything but cheering, for there is not a house in sight.

"What is that, papa?" cries Bess. "Sleigh-bells—listen!"

"Oh, I hope so!" murmurs Cynthia. "I am almost frozen!"

Far off sounded the jingling of bells. Nearer and nearer—would it never reach them? And what if they should not come that way at all? Breathlessly peering into the storm, they wait.

They *are* coming. Slowly but surely some one is approaching.

"Ho! there!" calls out a voice. "An accident?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havens. "Are you going to Quebec?"

"Near there," is the reply.

"Any place for ladies?"

"Yes."

"Let me go first," murmurs Bell; and Cynthia being next, follows her.

"I have not more than room for these two," says the man, looking dolefully down at shrinking, shivering Bess. "But I will tell you, sir, if you can let your horses carry you, there is some one coming behind me that will take that lady."

Some one! Yes, other bells come tinkling through the storm. It is a handsome span of horses and an elegant, luxurious sleigh. A liveried driver and a well-wrapped form reclining on the back seat.

The others have gone on, and Mr. Havens stands holding his horses a little way in advance, waiting to see the last young lady safely disposed of.

It is only Bess, standing in the deep snow by the roadside, shrinking and trembling.

"Oh, dear!" murmurs the girl. "I must ask to ride."

The driver stops, and Bess speaks in a low, rather piteous, voice:

"May I ride, please? We have met with an accident, and——"

The robes on the back seat are pushed aside, and a muffled form bends forward and lifts up cold Bessie, nestles her down close beside him among the pile of furs and wraps the warm robes around her.

A man's voice bids the driver go on. A voice—where has she heard it?

Papa is satisfied, and mounting his horses, advances.

Bessie has stood so long in the storm, how can she help shivering and feeling a little awe of this silent, commanding aristocrat.

"If I could only stop shaking," she thinks.

The stranger thinks so, too, perhaps, for he reaches over and draws the wraps more closely around her.

"Oh, thanks, I am very comfortable; but I was so cold and I got so tired."

"Did you?"—pityingly, and one arm is placed protectingly around her.

"*Sir!*"—indignantly.

"My dear Bessie"—very tenderly he speaks it, and his face bends down suspiciously near the small mouth.

Soon after a man's hearty laugh rings out from behind the tall driver, and then the low voice of Bessie:

"*Mr. Edwards!*"

"My name is Ned, my sweet little girl."

"I shall never, never forgive you for treating me so. You forget your *wife*," answers a distressed little voice from among the thick robes.

"I forget nothing, and you will forgive and like me, even *love* me, like the whole-hearted darling that you are."

"Did some one take Bess?" asks Cynthia of the gentleman with whom they are riding.

"If you mean the other lady we left, yes. It was Sir Edward Wellington's turnout, and Sir Edward Wellington himself, I think. He comes over from England occasionally to see to a rich estate here. But here we are at last, notwithstanding this heavy fall of snow. Do not stop to thank me. Go in immediately by the fire."

"Come in here," call Mrs. Havens and Lou, who are anxiously waiting for them in the parlor. "We were so frightened about you. Why, where is Bessie?"

"We heard them coming behind us. She actually rode with a rich nobleman, mamma. I might have waited, and let her take my place," adds Bell, regretfully, as the door is pushed open by a well-muffled gentleman—*muffled* in rich habiliments, and behind him, her head reaching just a trifle above the broad shoulders, is smiling Bessie.

"And she?" questions Cynthia.

"Died a few hours after the marriage."

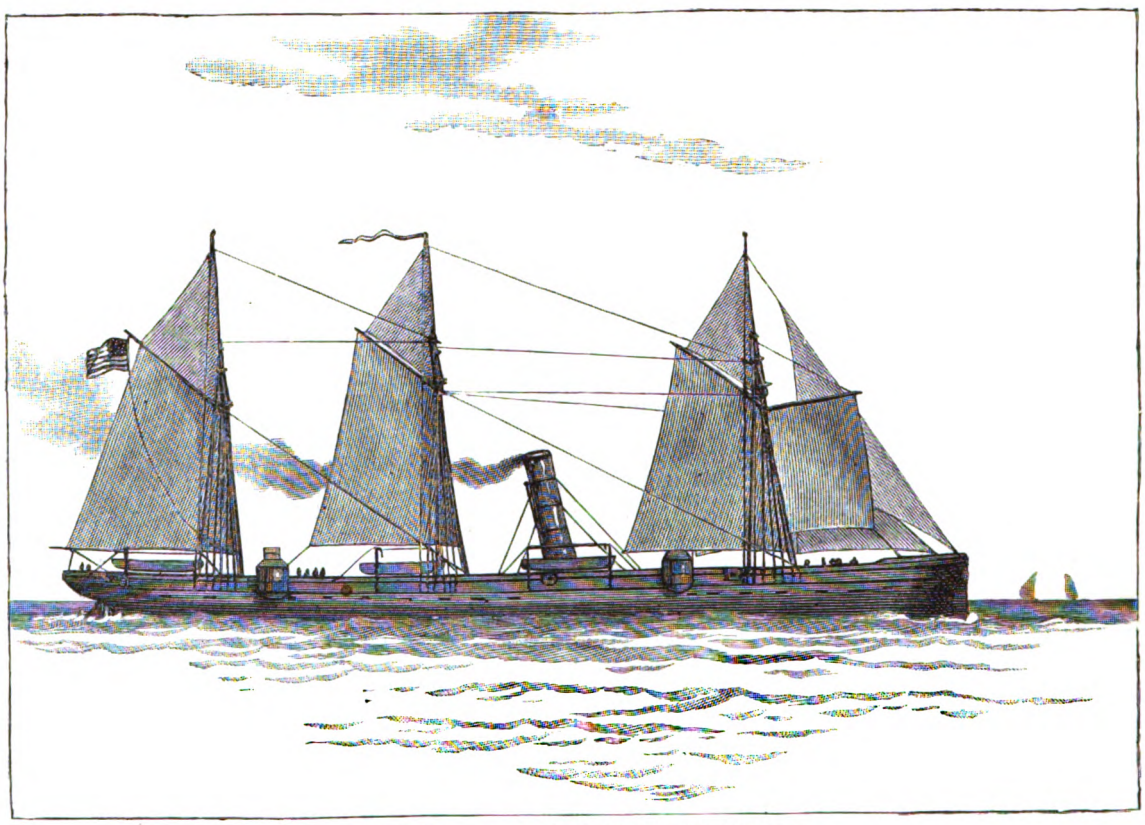
"Oh, he is a splendid success after all—isn't he, Bess? And you, too. But I will not get my box of caramels, will I?" a little dejectedly.

But she did, and that, too, from her brother Ned, who, months later, took his happy bride home across the sea.

"Who would have thought that it would have been Bessie's face to be so lucky," remarks mamma, looking at her older daughters.

Bell and Lou sigh.

"But in just one year's time I shall go over and see them. Only one year," chimes in Cynthia, unfolding the white paper from the last sweet morsel of confectionery, and demolishing it with a soft, lingering smack.



THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."

"Who, what! That is not the rusty individual we snubbed so?" murmurs Lou, inaudibly.

"It can't be. It *must* be Sir Edward Wellington!" exclaimed Cynthia, and it was.

"But Bessie," whispers the young sister, when they were again in that room where they have scolded and cried, and are now laughing over Ned, "what is the mystery of that wife?"

"It was when he was here before," she answers, smoothing back the hair from the eager face of the girl who kneels beside her. "A lady, an old friend of his, was very ill, and her property was left so that at her death it would revert to her husband, or, if unmarried, would go to a person whom she abhorred. When she was too ill to ever hope to recover, she asked Ned to marry her. Not that she loved him, or he her, but solely that her property might be his, her friend's, instead of another's. She urged him, insisted upon it, grew worse when he refused, and finally, at the urgent request of both her physician and near friends, to gratify her he did so."

OUR NEW STEEL CRUISERS, AND THEIR USES.

By Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. N.

Many persons in the United States, intelligent, and well-informed upon most questions of national importance, fail fully to understand the necessity for maintaining a war-navy in time of peace. All are vaguely aware that in the event of war with a foreign maritime power our great coast-cities, and the merchant-ships carrying our flag abroad upon the ocean, would need some sort of protection; only a few realize that the purely peace-duties of naval vessels are scarcely less onerous and important than those of actual war, and still fewer of our citizens have anything like a just conception of the low plane to which the *matériel* of our naval service has fallen.

The war-duties of a navy are well understood. They are, beyond all question, *to guard the coast of its country, and to protect its ocean commerce.* "That "a navy cannot be built in a day" is an axiom that was borne in mind by

our forefathers when they introduced into the Constitution of the United States a clause declaring that, while Congress shall have the authority to *raise* armies for national defense, it shall have power "to provide and *maintain* a navy."

But, "in time of peace," Americans as a nation are little inclined to "prepare for war." It is easy to see why this should be so. Our people mean no ill toward any other nation of the globe; we are slow to take national offense, even where national offense is obviously intended, and our Government is ever ready to make all honorable concessions in matters of dispute.

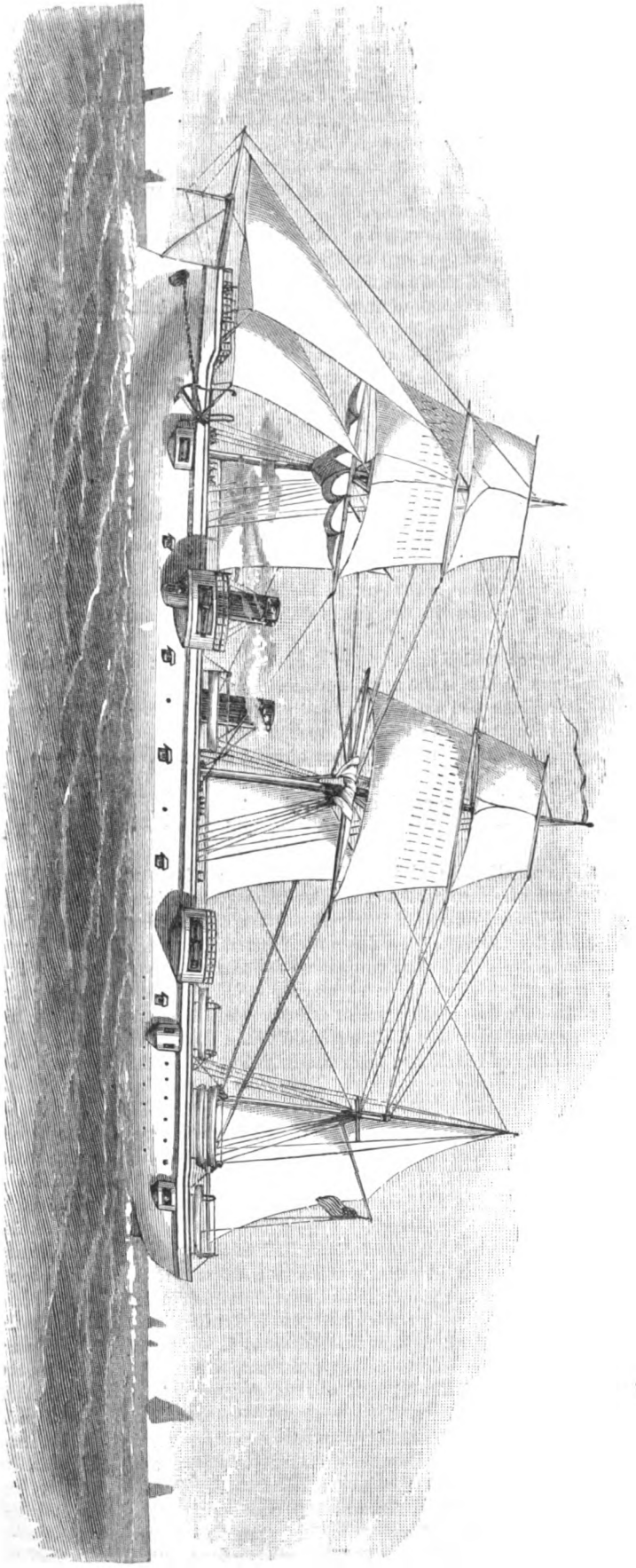
Relying, too, upon our apparent distance from Europe, and upon the enormous power that would be wielded by our fifty-seven millions of people, we fear no invasion of our territory by a foreign enemy.

But, may not this imagined security be a delusion? *Are* we remote from Europe, or from a possible enemy, in these days when steamships cross the Atlantic in a week? English soil extends all along our northern boundary; Spain, in the great Island of Cuba, and France, in Martinique, possess bases for military operations and supplies dangerously near our southern coast.

The natural condition of most countries is a state of peace, but war must be regarded as at any time possible. Until human nature changes, wars at regular intervals will occur; and the United States already has enjoyed a long term of tranquillity. Should we become again involved in war, the chances are strongly in favor of it being with some foreign nation. Do the great masses of our people realize the stern fact that in such an emergency we would be unable to defend ourselves against even a fourth-rate power?

If all the forts and ships belonging to the United States were to discharge their batteries simultaneously and at short range upon a single vessel like the Italian ironclad *Duilio*, it would probably cause no more damage to the ship or her crew than would a Summer shower of hail to the iron dome of our national Capitol.

Within a few days, or, at most, within a few weeks, after the declaration of hostilities, long before any adequate preparations for defense could be made, any one of half a dozen countries of Europe, or of South America, could send to our Atlantic coast one or more powerful ironclads. Such ships, armed as they would be, with guns of enormous power and range, could approach in almost perfect security near enough to throw their shot and shells into the heart of New York city. Against such



THE UNITED STATES NEW STEEL CRUISER "CHICAGO."

ships we would be practically helpless; and whether New York, Boston, and all our coast cities in succession, were laid waste would be a question left entirely to the tender mercies of an enemy. Again, for example, what is to prevent a fleet of English gunboats entering by way of the Welland Canal the great lakes of the North and bombarding Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and Milwaukee?

But all this pre-supposes a state of war. "What are the actual duties of a navy in time of peace?" is a question one may hear often asked.

They have been enumerated as follows:

1. To form a *nucleus* for the expansion of our naval power for national defense in time of war.

2. To guard the *honor* of our flag, and command the respect of other nations in times of peace.

3. To maintain a *school* for the training and discipline of officers and men, and thus provide for the efficient expansion of our *personnel* in time of war.

4. To further the interests of *civilization* and *commerce*, by affording protection or relief to American citizens domiciled under unstable governments, or in semi-civilized countries.

5. To *investigate the complaints* of our citizens, whose interests are abroad, against alleged injustice on the part of distant civilized nations.

6. To *aid or succor*, whenever possible, the distressed people of any nation, in the interests of humanity and courtesy.

7. To *observe* and *keep informed* of the progress of other nations in the science of warfare.

8. To facilitate the *scientific investigation* of subjects connected with maritime and national interests, and to execute surveys of obscure harbors abroad and on our own coasts.

9. To assist in suppressing *internal riot.*

10. To enforce the *laws of neutrality*, and *to prevent piracy.*"

No one can dispute the vital importance of these duties. And when we realize the utter inadequacy of the navy of the United States in its present state to perform them, both for the want of ships and of guns, too much interest cannot attach to any project which tends to correct this dangerous condition of affairs.

"Recognizing the pressing need for appropriate vessels for the service," the late Honorable William H. Hunt, when Secretary of the Navy, took the initial steps in the right direction.

He organized, in June, 1881, a "Naval Advisory Board," composed of fifteen officers, noted for their advanced ideas and professional abilities, who were to decide upon the *number*, *size* and *type* of ships that should be built.

Rear-admiral John Rodgers (since deceased) was appointed President of the Board.

Those who have not had specially called to their attention the vast changes in naval warfare—in ships and in guns—that have been constantly and rapidly taking place of late years, can scarcely appreciate the difficulties and importance of the work required of this Board. If naval superiority depended alone upon seamanship and the personal bravery and devotion of sailors, no navy of the world could justly claim a higher state of efficiency than our own. But, unfortunately for our country, maritime supremacy is now more a question of ships and of guns than of men and old-time nautical skill. In the fighting days of *Old Ironsides* and her sister ships, the American Navy possessed no superior upon the ocean. Again, at the close of the Civil War—thanks to that greatest of naval engineers, Captain John Ericsson—our navy once more stood at the head of the war-fleets of the world. But the deplorable effects of our naval policy, or want of policy, since the war, were apparent. Such immense strides had been made in naval architecture and ordnance by other countries, that the Advisory Board found our present wooden ships utterly worthless as a means of national defense, and entirely inadequate to meet even the necessities of peace.

After four months of investigation and deliberation, the Board decided that, in order to place the service upon a respectable footing, as compared with other countries, and to enable it to properly perform its manifold duties, there would have to be constructed vessels of at least three different types. In their report they recommended the building of *thirty-eight* fast cruisers of various sizes; *five ironclad rams; eight torpedo-gunboats*, and *twenty small torpedo-boats* of the greatest attainable speed.

The recommendation of the Board was incorporated in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy to the President, and embodied by the latter in his Message to Congress.

A Bill was subsequently introduced in the House of Representatives "authorizing the construction of *six* of the cruisers asked for by the Board, *one* ram, and *eight* fast torpedo-boats." But it failed to receive the required vote.

In November, 1882, a new Advisory Board, consisting of seven members, was created, with Rear-admiral R. W. Shufeldt as president.

Congress had passed, in the preceding session, a Bill appropriating $1,300,000, to commence the construction of four vessels. They were to consist of three cruisers—one of 4,500 tons and two of 3,000 tons displacement each—and one dispatch-boat of about 1,500 tons. The passage of the appropriation and the organization of this new Board gave origin to the "steel cruisers," now nearly completed—the *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta* and *Dolphin*.

The Board prepared the general design of each of these vessels, decided that they should be built of steel, and determined upon the character of their armament and internal arrangements. It was found to be for the best interests of the Government to build the proposed cruisers in the yards of private shipbuilders; and the Secretary, in May, 1883, advertised for proposals for their construction. The offer of Mr. John Roach, of Chester, Pa., proved to be the lowest and most advantageous to the Government, and he was accordingly awarded the contract, at a total price of $2,440,000.

A glance at the accompanying illustrations will give an accurate idea of the appearance of the new ships when finished.

The *Chicago* is an unarmored steam-cruiser, 325 feet long, 48 feet wide, built entirely of steel, and is expected to make at least 15 knots per hour.

The armament will be carried upon two decks. The battery of the upper, or spar, deck will consist of four eight-inch steel breech-loading rifled cannon, each weighing about fourteen tons, mounted in unarmored, projecting half-turrets, and firing a charge of powder weighing 125 pounds. The weight of the shell, or cored shot, will be 250 pounds, with an approximate range of eight miles. On the second deck will be mounted six six-inch steel rifles in broadside, firing a charge of fifty pounds of powder and a projectile of 100 pounds weight, with a range of six miles. Arrangements will be made and ports cut for mounting in each broadside two additional six-inch rifles, in case it be found desirable. A six-inch gun will also be mounted on this deck in recessed

ports on each bow, and a five-inch in similar ports on each quarter.

Six Hotchkiss revolving cannon will be pivoted in bullet-proof towers on the upper deck, so arranged as to sweep the entire circle within their range. These are each capable of firing from sixty to eighty explosive steel shells per minute, weighing from one to four pounds, and at a distance of a mile can pierce the sides of any unarmored ship afloat.

The *Chicago* will be divided by transverse bulkheads into ten water-tight compartments. The four middle compartments inclose the engines and boilers, over which will be placed a steel curved deck 1½ inch in thickness, and between the machinery and the ship's side is a space of nine feet filled with coal. Space forbids more than a glance at the motive power of the ship. It will consist of two pairs of double-cylinder compound engines, forty-five and seventy-eight inches in diameter, with a stroke of fifty-two inches. The ship will have two screw propellers, thus securing unusual facility in turning, and will be furnished with all the modern improvements in naval construction, and will be rigged as a bark, with two-thirds sail-power. The complement of men will be 300.

The *Boston* and *Atlanta* will be exactly alike in every particular. They are 276 feet long, 42 feet in width, and will be capable of maintaining a speed of 13 knots per hour.

In their internal arrangements, below the upper deck the *Boston* and *Atlanta* will be very similar to the *Chicago*, but their general appearance and disposition of their batteries are quite different.

In this latter matter the Board departed from all previous ideas of marine construction. Instead of exposing the guns on the upper deck, mounted in broadside, as is ordinarily the case with vessels of the class of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, their batteries are inclosed by a central superstructure rising above the bow and stern. "Outside the forward port angle and after starboard angle of the superstructure an eight-inch rifled gun will be mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of two-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from 40° abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side." The other eight-inch gun will be similarly mounted in the diagonally opposite corner. Six six-inch rifles are within the superstructure—four mounted in broadside and one in each of the unoccupied angles. There will be eight revolving cannon mounted in armored towers on the upper deck, one at each of the angles of the superstructure, and one between each two of the broadside guns.

Like the *Chicago*, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* are divided into water-tight compartments, and the section inclosing the machinery and boilers is protected overhead by a steel deck, and, on the sides, by a coal-armor about 8 feet thick at the water-line. The vessels will be propelled by a single screw, actuated by a compound back-acting engine of 3,500 horse-power, and their coal-carrying capacity will be great enough to admit of crossing the Atlantic at full speed, or the Pacific at the rate of 10 knots per hour. They will have two-thirds sail-power, the "rig" being that of a brig, and will each carry 230 men.

The *Dolphin* is intended for a dispatch-vessel, being built with the object of maintaining a high rate of speed for a period of several days, and hence the general design of the vessel does not greatly differ from that of an ordinary merchant steamer. The length will be 256 feet, with a width of 32 feet, and the crew will consist of 80 men. One six-inch rifle and four Hotchkiss revolving cannon will be mounted on the upper deck, the latter in fixed bullet-proof towers. The motive power is a two-cylinder compound engine, with a single screw propeller.

The guns for the new vessels are now in process of construction at the Washington Navy Yard.

Although, as we have said, the United States possesses no ordnance now ready for use that would be effective in conflict with the ironclads of an enemy, it by no means follows that we are unable to produce good guns.

Americans have always been noted for their inventive genius and mechanical skill. When it was decided that the cruisers were to be built, the Government at once turned its attention to the subject of their armament, and the result has been the production of American breech-loading steel rifles, which, size for size, equal the guns turned out by the most famous gun-factories of Europe.

TO LOVE.

By E. G. Charlesworth.

A streak of reddening light on fallen leaves,
The parting word from a descending sun,
Seems motion in my heart to have begun
Of some long-dead, forgotten thing which grieves;
Some long-lost, early hope which prematurely died,
I bid a swift-increasing tear depart,
Half-wishful, too, from sight the past to hide;
Soon twilight's growth slow blends all shapes in one—
Inns, abbey,* river, daylight, disappear;
That dead thing sinks which in me seemed to move.
Love, thou art changed, yet still thy name is Love;
Shines nearer heaven, now, thy latter sun,
The lost looks in its light scarce worth a tear.

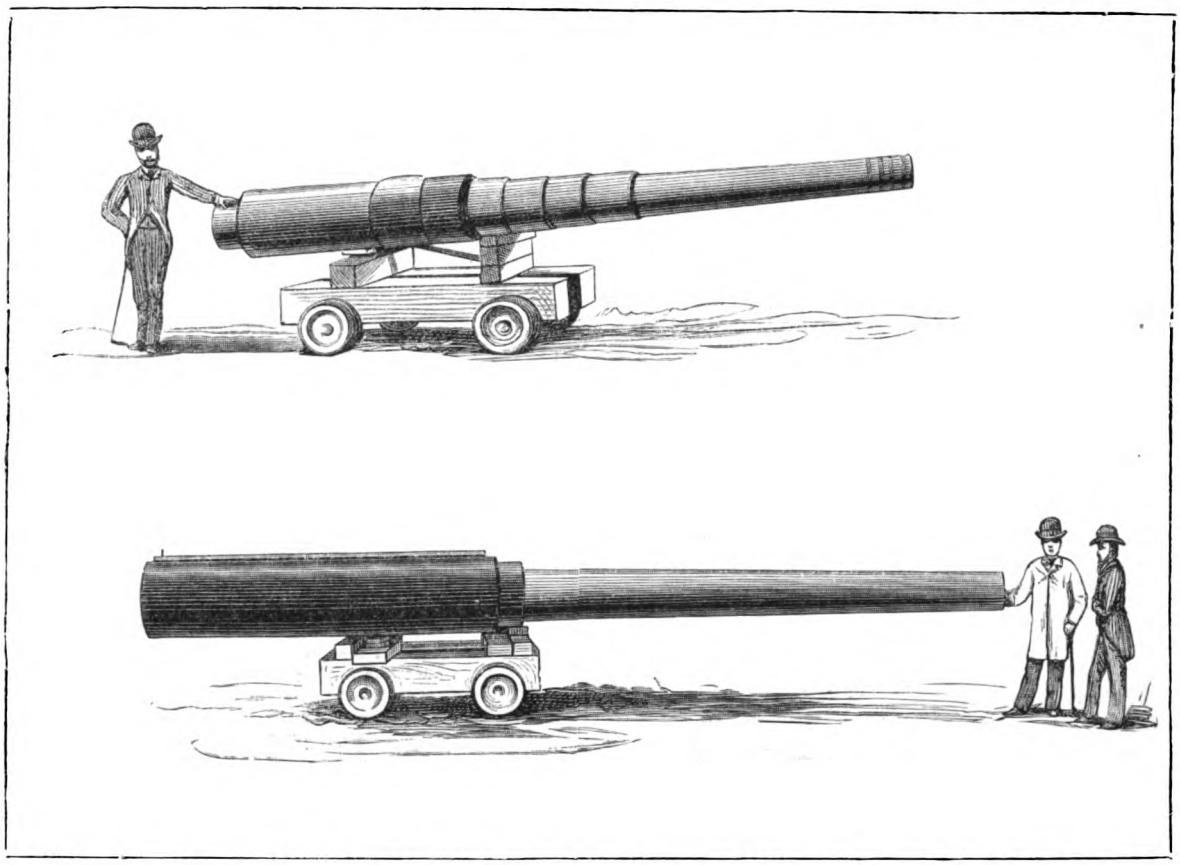
WILD HORSES.

The wild horses of America, both North and South, are descended from those imported by the first Spanish settlers on the continent. Having enjoyed freedom for generations, they are exceedingly wild, and fly from the sight of man; but, being fine animals and very hardy, they are much sought after, and, when caught, soon become docile. These wild horses are found in Mexico and the southern of the United States, as well as in Chili, Peru, the vast plains of Paraguay and Patagonia, the reputed land of giants.

In Chili the wild horses are captured and broken in the following manner:

"A party of four or five horsemen, with about twenty dogs, were seen formed in an extended crescent, driving with shouts the wild horses toward the river. All were armed with the lasso, which was swinging over their heads to be in readiness to entrap the first that attempted to break though the gradually contracting segment; the dogs serving with the riders to head the horses in. They continued to advance, when suddenly a horse with furious speed broke the line, passing near one of the horsemen, and for a moment it was thought he had escaped; the next he was jerked round with a force that seemed sufficient to have broken his neck, the horseman having, the moment the lasso was thrown, turned round, and braced himself for the shock. The captured horse now began to rear and plunge furiously to effect his escape. After becoming somewhat worn out, he was suffered to run, and again suddenly checked. This was repeated several times, when another plan was adopted. The dogs

* Bolton Abbey.



OUR NEW STEEL CRUISERS, AND THEIR USES.— 6-INCH GUN AND 8-INCH GUN FOR NEW STZEL CRUISERS.— SEE PAGE 164.

were set on him, and off he went at full run in the direction of another horseman, who threw the lasso to entangle his legs, and precipitate him to the ground. The dogs again roused him, when he again started, and was in like manner brought to a stand ; after several trials he became completely exhausted and subdued, when he stood perfectly still, and allowed his captors to lay hands upon him. The shouts of the men, the barking of the dogs, and the scampering of the horses, made the whole scene quite exciting."

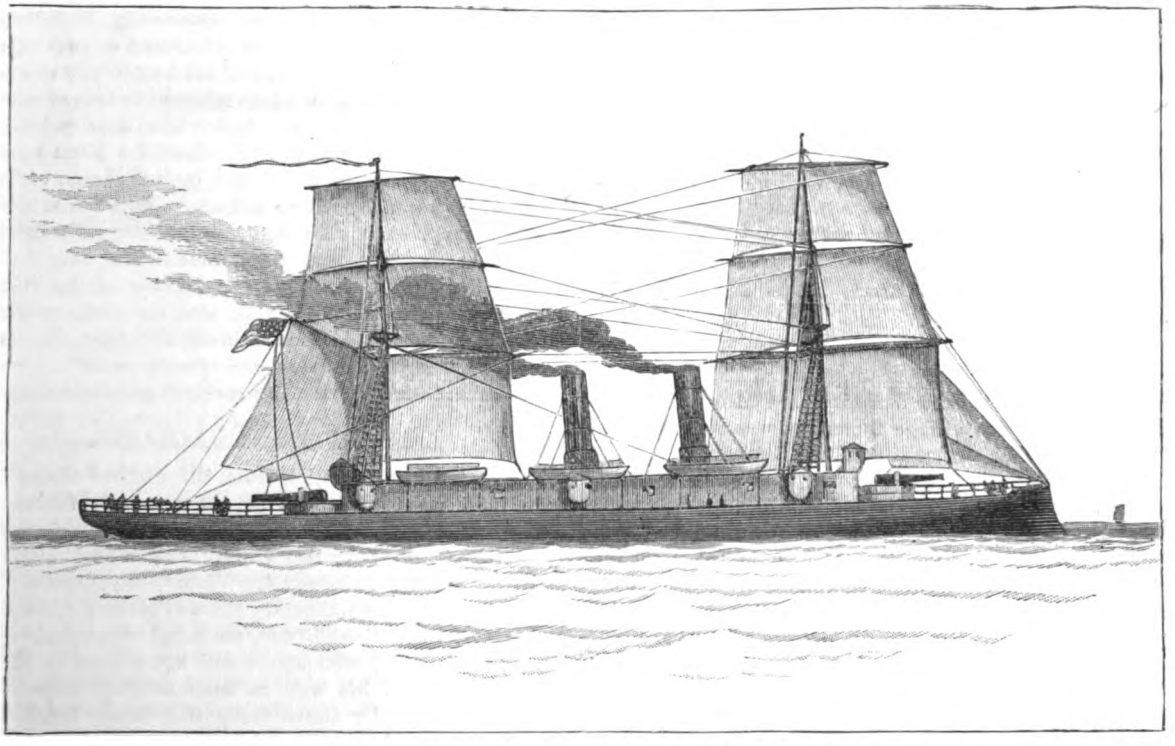
The following account is given by Mr. Darwin of the method of horse-breaking used by the Gauchos of Chili and adjoining countries of South America :

"A troop of young horses is driven into the corral, or large inclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Guacho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt, and, as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lasso so as to catch both the fore legs ; instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and, whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front ; he then hitches the lasso, so that the three legs are bound together ; then, sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle without a bit to the lower jaw ; this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eyeholes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong fastened by a slip-knot, the lasso which bound the three legs together being then loosened ; the horse then rises with difficulty. The Gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater), he holds the animal's head whilst the other puts on the horse-cloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. During this operation the horse, from dread and astonishment at being thus bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can scarcely breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance ; and at the moment he throws his leg over the animal's back he pulls the slip-knot, and the beast is free. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop ; when quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free."

The Patagonian Indians pride themselves on their horsemanship, and, generally speaking, believe themselves the finest equestrians and horse-breakers in the world ; and they are very good ones. But occasionally a stranger gets among them, and shows them that the art of riding is not confined to their country. Captain Chaworth Musters, R.N., spent a considerable time among the Patagonians, and being a first-class horseman, volunteered to break one of their horses. His account is this :

"Conde's stepfather, generally known as Paliki, had a three-year-old iron gray, a very fine animal, tied up ready to be mounted for the first time. Paliki entered our toldo (tent) to borrow my girth, and chaffed me, asking

me if I would venture to 'domar' (break) him. Orkeke (the chief with whom Mr. Musters lived) seconded the proposal, and having stripped off mantle and boots, I proceeded to take the lasso and reins, and mount. The instant he felt the unwonted incumbrance he bucked. jumped for several yards, finally jumping into the middle of the brook, and nearly losing his footing. I spurred him out, and once on the bank he commenced to whirl round and round like a teetotum. At last I got his head straight, and after a few more buck-jumps, he went off at racing speed, urged by whip and spur. After a stretching gallop of three miles, I rode him quietly back, now and again turning him to accustom him to the bridle-thong, but not venturing to feel his mouth, and then brought him up to the toldo amidst the shouts of the spectators. Orkeke expressed great surprise, and wanted to know where I learned to 'domar'; and the gratified owner insisted on presenting me with a piece of tobacco."



THE UNITED STATES NEW STEEL CRUISER "BOSTON."

A very rough kind of discipline was that to which the Hon. C. A. Murray subjected an unbroken horse on the North American prairies:

"My companion V——'s Pawnee horse was brought up to him by an Indian leading it with a strong lariat; but as soon as he approached, the animal snorted, reared, kicked, and showed every sign of spite and anger. If V—— came near it in front, it would run at him with its teeth; and if behind, lashed the air with a pair of very active heels. Not being a practiced horseman, V—— could not creep behind the animal and spring on it, or perform any similar equestrian manœuvre; and I, having already mounted my roan, could see that the Indians were beginning to make signs to each other, and to laugh at our predicament. Knowing how dangerous it is among these people to allow yourself to be a subject of ridicule, I told V—— to ride my horse, and I would see what I could make of his wild beast. Accordingly, I took my cudgel in my hand, and walked toward him in front, telling the Indian by signs to hold on to the lariat. As I approached, he snuffed and snorted as he had done to V——; and when he thought I was near enough, jumped forward to seize me with his teeth; but I saluted him with a heavy blow on the head with my cudgel, and, finding that it checked him, I repeated the application. He appeared stunned and stupefied for a moment, so I jumped on him, and telling the Indian to let go, gave the word to march. For the first few minutes I continued to belabor my unruly steed with the cudgel, and accompanied every blow with a loud rough ejaculation, in order that he might learn to know my voice. Before I had long treated his ribs to the same wholesome discipline that his head had undergone he appeared to be quite humbled and docile, so I rode quietly on with the party; and whenever he showed symptoms of resuming his pranks, I had only to call to him in the same tone as before, and he returned to a sense of duty."

SILVER, AND ITS PRODUCTION.

SILVER mainly belongs to the American Continent, and here only to the great mountain-chain known in its southern portion as the Andes. In Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia it is not now, and apparently has not for ages, been found in any quantity likely to affect the market. What were the sources which in the days of Solomon made this metal "as stones" at Jerusalem, and "of no account," we cannot say. Certain it is the silver mines of the Eastern Hemisphere had, during the Christian era been very sparingly productive. Hence the supplies that flowed in from Mexico and Peru, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V., gave an impulse to commerce similar to that which in our time followed upon the opening up of the Californian and Australian gold deposits.

Chili since 1835 has yielded silver to the value of more than $300,000,000, chiefly from the three districts of Arqueros, Chanarcillo and Tres Puntas. All these three

are substantially abandoned from exhaustion. Caracoles, on the frontiers of Bolivia, is not in a flourishing condition. The Peruvian mines of Potosi and Cerro del Pasco are nearly exhausted.

In Mexico, and in certain sections of the United States, such as Nevada, Montana, Colorado and Utah, much silver occurs. Bnt in Mexico the most productive deposits have, during the three centuries of Spanish rule, been discovered and ransacked.

It is sometimes contended that the system of extracting the precious metal from its ores, as followed by the Spanish-American population, is very imperfect. This is a mistake. Humboldt, himself a pupil of the great Freiberg Mining School, came, after a very close investigation, to a different conclusion. European capitalists who have thought that, by the introduction of Cornish miners and Saxon smelters, they could open up a new epoch of prosperity, have repeatedly had to smart for their rashness.

One especially unpleasant fact remains: if the wages and other outlay in each mining district in South America are compared with the quantity of fine silver realized, a loss of about fifty per cent. is perceptible! Thus the Spanish-American republics are being impoverished by this ruinous industry.

The world's annual yield of silver cannot be rated as higher than $50,000,000 annually, with no definite prospect of its increase.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, THE FARMER'S BOY.

Really a farmer's boy had been Robert Bloomfield, a scion of an humble family, among whom, however, some degree of culture had been hereditary. Old Isaac Bloomfield, of Ousden, the village factotum, was the ancestor of Robert the poet and Charles the bishop, the once well-known Bishop of London; but the mother of the poet, who kept the village-school at Honington, seems to have supplied the element of poetic fire. The father of Robert died when the latter was an infant, and his mother married again, so that, at eleven years of age, he went to Mr. Austin, of Sapiston, whose wife was Robert's aunt, as farmer's boy. Small of his age, he was scarcely likely to make a living by his hands, thought Farmer Austin, and so his mother, in distress, appealed to his elder brothers, who were at work in London, to help her with the boy. Said George, the eldest brother, "Send him to me, mother, and I'll make a shoemaker of him."

And so the mother and the boy traveled up to London together by stage, and Robert was left with his brother, with many commendations as to his careful bringing up — easier to be given than carried out, for George then lived in a light attic at No. 7 Fisher's Court, Coleman Street, with two turn-up bedsteads in it, and five men at work; and Robert became handy man to the workshop — fetched the men's dinners, and whatever else they might want. The potboy came every day to know what porter was wanted, and brought the newspaper with him, which it was now Robert's task to read to the rest. On Sunday there were walks abroad, and discursive visits to places of worship here and there. One Sunday the brothers visited a chapel in the old Jewry, and were much impressed with the style and diction of the preacher—a Dissenting divine, who discoursed in the style of the *Rambler*, with dignified and tragic action. And George could not help thinking that his brother took a start from this time, for Robert began to con over the *London Magazine*, which the elder brother took in, and specially the "Poets' Corner," and thought he would try his hand. And so his verses got into the "poets' corners" of country newspapers, and were cut out, and handed about, and much admired by the shoemakers.

All this time Robert had been at work, discrediting the old adage, and sticking to his last, even when tagging rhymes and verses; and he was now able to earn his bread, when a sudden storm arose in his trade, as between lawful and unlawful journeymen. Robert was in the latter category, having never served a regular apprenticeship, and, meek and uncombative, he bent before the storm, and went back to Suffolk, once more to his old master, as an enlarged edition of the farmer's boy. And now the vivid but limited impressions of boyhood were strengthened by more fully conscious observation. The sweet pastoral calm of his native county, its gently-swelling hills, and softly-flowing streams—all this spoke strongly to his newly-awakened sense.

And when Robert went back to London, to make himself a lawful journeyman by apprenticeship, he felt that, lawfully or unlawfully, he had become a journeyman poet, and thus was conceived and set to fructify the germ of "The Farmer's Boy," while in other ways he was nothing but a working shoemaker. And while he stitched and thrummed the numbers grew. When the poem was finished, a local Mæcenas was found in the person of Capel Lofft, of Troston, by whose means "The Farmer's Boy" soon appeared—a small quarto volume, elegantly printed, with wide margins, and illustrated with cuts by the inimitable Bewick. Happy the possessor of the original edition, with its charming vignettes, and who possesses the calm and equable temper duly to enjoy the quiet, pastoral spirit of the poem!

INSECT BENEFACTORS.

There are insects which from the earliest times have been held up to young and old alike, in fables and stories, as examples of a persistent industry, well worthy of imitation: the busy bee which "improves the shining hour" by storing up honey for Winter consumption; the restless ant with its imaginary store of grain; the spider, inspirer of the gallant Bruce, an architect undaunted by temporary failure, who again and again renews the intricate meshes of his web as soon as they may be destroyed. These, by the lessons they thus teach, may well be held to be indirect benefactors to their human superiors, who destroy the bees wholesale to rob them of the honey when stored, level the ant-tumps with the ground as eyesores and impediments to mowing, and pursue the cobwebs in every nook and cranny with the far-reaching Turk's head. Direct benefits also are conferred on us by these self-same little examples: the bee supplies us with its sweet honey to please our palates and soothe our sore throats, and wax, useful for polishing our floors and many other purposes; the ant contributes formic acid to the world of medicine; the spider, not to take into account his persecution of the tiresome and dirty housefly, supplies in his web an excellent styptic which will often stop the most obstinate bleeding. There are Milton's "million of spinning worms, that in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk," whose treasures, enjoyed alone for thousands of years by the celestial Chinese and natives of India, have since gradually extended to the heathen West, until Cook Mary Jane is no longer genteel unless she can rustle up the area-steps on Sundays in her silk gown, a luxury which a Roman emperor is recorded to have been un-

able to afford his empress. The ideas of the ancients upon the subject of the origin of silk were rather vague, some supposing it to be the entrails of a spider, which, fattened for years upon paste, at length burst, bringing forth its silken treasure; others that it was spinned by a hideous horned grub in hard nests of clay—ideas which were not dispelled till the sixth century, when the first silkworms reached Constantinople, introduced and cultivated, like many other benefits, by the wandering monks. From thence they were soon imported into Italy, which for a long period remained the headquarters of the European silk trade, until Henry IV. of France, seeing that mulberry-trees were as plentiful in his southern provinces as in Italy, introduced silkworm-culture with great success. Kirby mentions the following interesting extract from the *Courier de Lyon*, 1840, as showing the extraordinary quantity of silk there annually consumed at that period: "Raw silk annually consumed there, one million of kilogrammes, equal to 2,205,714 lbs. English, on which the waste in manufacturing is 5 per cent. As four cocoons produce one graine (grain) of silk, four thousand millions of cocoons are annually consumed, making the number of caterpillars reared (including the average allowance for caterpillars dying, bad cocoons, and those kept for eggs), 4,292,400,000. The length of the silk of one cocoon averages 500 metres (1,526 ft. English), so that the length of the total quantity of silk spun at Lyons is about 6,000,000,000,000 (or six and a half billions of English feet, equal to fourteen times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, or 5,494 times the radius of the moon's orbit, or 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, or 200,000 times the circumference of the moon." What should we do without the cynips, a fly which, attacking the leaves of an old oak of Asia Minor (*Quercus infectoria*) with its ovipositor, causes an unnatural growth to rise upon their surface, a nidus for its eggs and larvæ, the gallnut essential in the manufacture of ink? In England they have several species of cynips which in the same way pierce the outer skins of twigs or leaves in order to deposit their eggs, together with some peculiar secretion which causes the abnormal growth which forms the nursery of their young; the oak apples on the twigs and the small galls on the leaves of oaks, the mossy red Bedeguar galls on the stem of the wild dog-rose, the leavy clusters on the dyer's broom, and many others. The ink galls of the Levant are more valuable; and consequently, if possible, gathered before the larvæ have escaped, like the boy in the nursery tale, by gnawing their way out of their edible prisons, leaving them to turn a paler color and be much less esteemed in the market. We have authentic records that a blood-red dye was obtained by the Phœnicians long before the time of Moses, by the ancient Greeks and by the Romans, from an aphis-like insect, feeding upon a small kind of oak, from which it took the name of *Coccus ilicis*, a first cousin to the *Coccus cacti*, which has in more recent times quite taken its relation's place as a popular dye under the better-known title of cochineal. This insect feeds upon a species of prickly fig-tree, growing chiefly in Mexico, where very large plantations are made of it, for the sole purpose of cultivating the coccus, which is reared and carefully tended upon its tender shoots. At harvest-time the cultivators sweep, with soft squirrels' tails, the branches of their scarlet inhabitants, which are then, having been well sun-dried or baked in an oven, sent off to the dyer's in the shape of tiny red grains, to produce splendid colors in all kinds of fabrics, rich and plain. or to be made into the familiar essence of the housekeeper which gives the startling red tops to molds of blanc-mange and changes the luscious stewed pear from an ugly brown to a pleasing red—an effect which, in childhood, I believed to be produced by boiling, in the same way that the boiled lobster dons his hunting pink. Another aphis, the lac insect, inhabiting a species of fig in India, gives out from its body, as it sucks, a clear, glutinous substance not unlike the honey-dew produced by the English aphides, the milch-cows of the ants. This substance, collected, strained, and run out into thin, transparent plates, is the shellac so much used in making varnishes, sealing-wax, japanning, etc. Mixed with naphtha, it forms a cheap and nasty varnish, easily made by boys, for laying on the bindings of fishing-rods or the heads of home-made fishing-flies. Pharmacy is indebted to two beetles for a blistering agent which it could ill dispense with, the *Cantharis vesicatoria* and *Mylabris cichorii*. The former insect, more commonly known as the Spanish fly, from its being first introduced from Spain, provides the drug cantharides, much used in blistering, and also administered internally as a diuretic. The man whose hairdresser gives him timely warning that "the hair is getting rather thin upon the crown, sir," applies a mild blistering in the form of cantharides pomade, and is generally rewarded with a thicker growth at the expense of a good deal less pain than a man I once knew, who, fearing approaching baldness, shaved the top of his head and applied Stevens's famous ointment for horses. He nearly went mad, but the hair grew. There were times when insects formed the chief part in doctors' recipes; the wood-louse as an aperient, a ladybird for colic, earwigs for nervous affections; and when exhaustive accounts were written of the anti-odontologians, a certain insect cure for toothache; but these I must not now include in my list, nor must I write of the delicate flavor of the high-scented goat caterpillar, the roasted palm grub, and the fried grasshopper, lest the fastidious eaters of the raw oyster and scavenging crab should turn up their noses, not relishing such fare as the elves had at their feast with the

> "Unctuous dew-laps of a snail,
> The broke heart of a nightingale
> O'ercome in music."

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE MARCH.

A Sketch of Army Life.

In May, 1862, Shields's Division was making an easy march from the Shenandoah Valley to join McDowell in the proposed co-operation of that command with McClellan's right in the lines before Richmond. Sunday morning came, bright and pleasant, but after a stormy night. The rain had left the roads in a bad condition wherever they crossed through low ground.

As some of the artillery had stalled, details were made from each infantry regiment and sent back to help pull the guns out of the mire, and the column was halted. Twelve-pounder Napoleon guns weighed more than twelve pounds apiece, it may be well to say for the benefit of the civilian reader, so that it was the work of two hours or more to get the batteries on dry ground again. Meanwhile, the infantry regiments in advance stacked arms by the roadside, and the men scattered about to amuse themselves as they liked; writing letters home, reading, chatting, playing cards, sleeping.

Suddenly there was a bugle-call at the head of our regiment which more than astonished us. We were as

familiar with most of the calls as we fancied we were with ourselves. But this call, though we recollected having heard it before, perplexed us. It could not be, and yet it certainly was "church-call"—a call with a pious twang to it, as all old soldiers remember. That settled it; the chief bugler must be drunk.

Church-call, in accordance with our American respect for religious liberty, was the only bugle-sound that did not exact obedience. It was understood to be an "invitation," not a command. But for very curiosity's sake, if from no worthier motive, many crowded up to the head of the regiment.

THE LUNGE.

Church-call it really was, and was meant to be. The colonel was there, jauntily sitting his mettlesome steed, slapping his bootlegs good-humoredly with his riding-whip, and beaming all over his not religious countenance with delight at what seemed to him a brilliant idea. He had determined to improve the then unusual concurrence of several things, a fine Sunday, a dry piece of ground, and the presence of the chaplain, and, accordingly, he had made the bugler sound the call for divine service.

Army life is generally not conducive to devoutness of spirit, and the twelve months of intimate mixture of religiously reared youngsters with rapscallions who had never known a conscience, had pretty nearly dissolved whatever religious sentiments any of the men had brought with them into the service. Nevertheless, a good-sized crowd flocked up around the chaplain, who opened with prayer and then gave out a hymn. A few soldiers, and only a very few, joined in the singing, under the lead of the chaplain's not very musical tones. But their voices were weak, and their zeal was sadly unlike that which used to burst out at the prayer-meetings that were of daily occurrence when the regiment was first brought together in the camp of instruction in Ohio.

The colonel was evidently pained and disgusted with the half-hearted performance of those who stood about with a stolid expression of features, barely-open mouths, and giving no sound for men with such chests and lungs as theirs were. He would nudge one man with the butt of his whip, as a hint to be more earnest, and he would scowl at another, his horse even prancing impatiently against the sluggards.

"Sing out, man!" the colonel muttered to one, and he repeated the words in a harsher and still harsher key to another and another. For he was all the while growing more indignant at the want of unction in these men whom he knew to be intelligent and enterprising on a skirmish line, and capable of heroic determination in a charge.

His hints became stronger, and—the truth must be told, for it is history—his language, too, began to be more than forcible, even from a military man carefully trained at West Point, for such an occasion. He was distinctly heard to exclaim: "D—— it! why don't you sing?" when the chaplain and his congregation, and perhaps the well-meaning colonel himself, were relieved by the galloping up of an aid with orders from the general to take arms and move on.

T. F. GALWEY.

THE LUNGE.

THIS delicious-flavored fish belongs to the Salmonidæ, as testified by his name, *Salmo namaycush*. The latter termination was given it by the Indians, with whom it furnished a staple food-product. It differs from the brook-trout in many ways—the shape of its head, its forked tail, and absence of colored spots in particular, and in habits and food it is entirely unique. The latter lives to a very great extent in Summer on larvæ, grubs and flies, which the lunge rejects with scorn, and seeks the quivering flesh of smaller shad, waiters, minnows, and other fish.

The flesh when cooked resembles that of the salmon, and is certainly equal to it in flavor, especially when cooked, as all fish should be, fresh from its native depths. European epicures should not expect that fish transported from the shores of the Caspian Sea and fiords of Norway for their Lucullian banquets would be as delicious as they would under other circumstances.

The lunge varies from two to fifty pounds. One nearly this weight was captured at Georgeville, on Memphremagog Lake, and sent to Boston, and the gentleman who caught it told me he hooked and played another, a day or two later, on the same pond, that was from seventy to eighty pounds. He said it was quite gray in color, and toothless, but being alone in the boat and a stiff breeze blowing, he lost it.

Fish attain to a great age, especially the Carp family. Some of those in the parks of Paris, France, have brass rings attached to them proving their age to be over two hundred and fifty years. These are quite tame, and eat out of one's hand.

The lunge, or namaycush, is found in the lakes of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Province of Quebec and New Brunswick, the local name being "laker."

Did you ever spend a Winter in these semi-Arctic regions? If not, you have no idea of the feelings that welcome the coming Spring. Looking out, some warm noon in April, you notice great rents and gashes in the white robe that so long and so drearily has covered the further hills. The bluebird twitters on a leafless spray, and the evening sky is crossed with long, wavy lines of wild fowl coming north to breed. Then comes the question, When will the ice go out? For ice does not, as you would suppose, *melt* away, but after it becomes thoroughly water-soaked and honey-combed it sinks, and of course the displacement causes a corresponding rise of water.

HOOK FOR LUNGE-FISHING.

Immediately this takes place, the lunge, leaving their deep-water haunts, come for two or three weeks near the

surface, and bite with the voracity of a bluefish at any shining troll they espy. A jolly breeze dancing over blue waters crowned with piny islands and girt by hemlock-covered mountains, a good boat and genial companion, and all the sport desirable may be obtained; but see that your rod is strong and not too pliable, your line at least two hundred feet long, and your troll securely fastened on wire or strong gimp. Any large showy troll will answer the purpose. After June the lunge quietly sinks to a depth of eighty and one hundred feet, where he is only caught with live bait. In this case your boat must be securely anchored, and your hand-line lightly held in one hand, while you turn the pages of a pleasant book, or sketch, or take note of Nature's pages:

> "Touched by a light which hath no name,
> A glory all unsung,
> Aloft on sky and mountain wall
> Are God's great pictures hung."

Of all the lovely nooks where lunge are found, none can exceed the beauty of Willoughby Lake, Vt. This deep-blue lake, one thousand feet deep, a mile wide, and six miles long, nestling between mountain walls covered with pine and birch and maple (and within easy ride of New York or Boston), affords all that nature can give or art desire.

The French "habitants" who follow lunge-fishing for business take most fish through the ice, whereon they erect shanties warmed with stoves, and patiently wait the luck which always attends the persevering. It is to be regretted that the introduction of yellow-banded perch has seriously affected the lunge product, as the latter, eating the small perch, are killed by the sharp, prickly dorsal fin of the latter. The lunge, as before stated, will not take a fly, and the only real sport to be obtained with him must be by a troll; for a limited time, consequently, from the angler's point of view, he is not as desirable fishing as his smaller but more attainable cousin, the brook-trout. In the spawning season, when officers are sent by the Canadian Government to Georgeville, Province of Quebec, to see that the law is not violated by catching fish then unfit for food, it is a wonderful sight to see the shallow sandbars perfectly covered with these magnificent fellows, weighing from five to fifty pounds; and twining among them may be seen the sinuous bodies of gigantic eels greedily devouring the spawn.

A BOATLOAD OF VRAIC.

VRAIC OR VARECH GATHERING.

THE great thing for the Jersey gardener is to have his produce in the London market as early as possible, and in this he has to compete with the South of Europe, so that he is not always successful. A ready communication with England is, however, very much in his favor. The general mode of manuring the ground is by the use of a particular seaweed, locally termed *Vraic*. The oldest existing records prove it to have been used and greatly

esteemed from time immemorial; and so highly is it now prized and sought after, that its growth is protected by the laws of the island, which only permit its being cut from the rocks at one particular season of the year on the western, and at two different periods on the eastern, coast, where it is found in the greatest quantities. Even the vraic which is thrown upon the beach is the subject of regulations, being portioned out amongst the proprietors and occupiers of land according to the extent of their respective estates. It is used in different ways; being either spread fresh upon the ground, and dug or plowed in at once, or first allowed to decompose upon the surface; or else, having been burnt to ashes, it is in that state used as a manure, particularly when grain is to follow. In any state, and used in any manner, it is highly beneficial to the soil and seems to restore its strength, however exhausted from repeated crops, by its unctuous and saline properties; but the ashes are a more lasting manure than the fresh weed; and the poor, after burning it as fuel, for which purpose they dry it in the sun, are able to obtain in exchange for eight measures of these ashes one measure of wheat. To every soil, whether light or heavy, the vraic is applied and found serviceable; and though neither lime nor chalk are found in the island, the want of them is not felt by the farmer. It is estimated that 30,000 loads of vraic seaweed are annually put upon the land. The cutting is made twice a year; first, in February; and second, in July; and must be terminated by law before the end of August. The poor have the first cutting, and that they carry in their arms. The first day of cutting is kept as a grand festival, and after the termination of the day's work, the inhabitants come together at the various gardens to drink cider and have a merry dance. The burning and melting of the ashes of the seaweed for manufacture into barilla or soda ash is altogether neglected in Jersey, as the ash is more valuable for manure than for any other purpose. On the Chaussey Island, belonging to France, near Granville, barilla is still manufactured to a small extent, as there is no call for its use on the rocky island.

THE HORSESHOE SUPERSTITION.

The origin of the horseshoe superstition has never been satisfactorily explained. Among the theories offered, that contained in the following is among the possibilities: The horseshoe of old was held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from it being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horseshoe bears to the rays of glory, which, in ancient pictures, were made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity, acquired through passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoe which the animal wore had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly the horse was led into the smithy, the door was closed and barred, the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

The proud pomp of the Midsummer is here:
With daisy blooms the meadow lands are white,
And over them the birds chant their delight,
And the blue, listening heavens bend to hear.

Within the lily's painted cup the bee
Swings drowsily, and dreams about the rose
He loved in June, and how her leaves repose
Where none can find them save the winds and he.

The trees are heavy with their wealth of green;
And under them the waiting maidens walk
And fill the idle hours with girlish talk
Of such a knight as never girl has seen—

How he is noble, good, and princely tall,
And one day he will come, from his far place,
And read the blushes in his true love's face,
And she will rise and follow at his call:

And then I see a little, painted boat
With white sails set to seek the Summer sea,
And in that boat two lovers, young and free,
With favoring winds, 'neath smiling skies afloat.

And all the proud Midsummer's pomp is come,
And all the joy of flower, and bird, and bee,
And all the deeper joy, when he and she,
Their hearts' Midsummer found, with bliss are dumb.

GWENDOLEN'S BURGLARS.

By Frances B. Currie.

"But, papa, would you have me marry for money?"

The speaker was a lady of twenty-two who addressed a worried-looking gentleman of sixty years.

She was his only daughter—his only child, in fact, and he would have been justified had he considered few men deserving of her.

She was very pretty. She had a pliant, graceful figure; a perfectly colorless face, excepting for the vivid red in her lips; eyes hazel, and black brows, and hair bright as sunlight.

"I would *not* have you marry for money," her father said. "That would be a degrading contract. Allan Prescott has something besides his money to recommend him. Still, his pecuniary advantages are not to be despised. I wish to see you comfortably established in life, for my affairs are in such bad condition that I fear I cannot long support you."

"If you simply desire me to be supported, I might maintain myself. I can play the piano; I can keep house; I can paint on china and make a pudding. Surely I can find my vocation!"

She spoke lightly, but her words irritated her father.

"You have said something like that before, Gwendolen, and you mean it, in spite of your trifling tone. Why don't you say frankly that you would be a music-teacher, a housekeeper, a dauber on china or a cook, rather than marry Prescott? That is undoubtedly what you mean."

"If you prefer me to say such disagreeable things, I will do so, papa."

Her father took her by the shoulders, while an expression on his face indicated that he would like to shake her. She remained standing, her black brows drawn into a sharp little point above her nose, and with a decidedly bored expression about her red, sarcastic lips.

"Now meet the question fairly. Will you marry Allan Prescott or not?"

"I should think it would be soon enough to answer

when he asks me," she said, inconsequently. "Would you have me emulate Elizabeth Baxter, who refused her lover 'afore he axed her'?"

"He has told me of his intention to ask you to be his wife, and I would know what answer you will make. Oh, Gwendolen, can you not see that you have worried me to death? My business affairs are reaching a crisis, and before the end comes I want to see you safely cared for. If Prescott was unworthy of you, I would tell you to paint pottery for a living rather than be his wife; but he is a gentleman, a man of honor, and he is fond of you. What more can you desire? Confide in me, my dear! What answer will you make?"

She drew away from him.

"Don't ask me, papa. I really don't know what I *shall* say."

Mr. Thayer seated himself with the air of a man whose patience was exhausted.

"Go away!" he said, crossly. "I can never get a straightforward answer from you. I want to be alone."

She started to go—a little resentful flush raising in her cheeks—then hesitated, came back, knelt beside his mute figure, and placed her cool little hands upon his head.

"Dear papa, if you will know that I mean no disrespect to you I will tell you all I feel regarding this proposal."

He made no answer, but encircled her with his arm.

"When you told me this morning that Mr. Prescott had spoken to you, you were displeased because I did not accede at once to his proposal. You said he was honorable and agreeable, and that he had money. You and I have been so constantly together since mamma died that I had believed you would be reluctant to lose me, and yet you seemed very willing to give me up. Your business required ready money, you said, and if you had not the expense of keeping a home for me you might save enough for your purpose. I know your trouble, and I want to help you. But would you want me to marry if we were not in straitened circumstances? Suppose Mr. Prescott was poor; would you still wish me to be his wife?"

Her father withdrew his arm from her waist.

"Let us be candid with ourselves and with each other, papa. I cannot marry for a mercenary motive."

"Very well," he interrupted, almost roughly; "let us have no more words about it. You are willing to see me bankrupt and disgraced. I might have expected as much from one with your sentimentalities."

Her answer startled him.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet, "I would rather see you a wretched pauper in the street than know that my father, whom I had honored, had sold his daughter to keep up the business."

She was going haughtily out of the room, when he stopped her.

"It is as well that you should know the details of the case," he said. "I will not be alone in my pauperism, for when I fall, a score of my creditors will sink with me. They will say I have robbed them, though God knows nothing has been further from my intention. My house is already mortgaged for more than it is worth, and I am absolutely without resource."

She put her arms about his neck now, and drew his tired head against her bosom.

"Will you not consider this proposal, Gwendolen? Allan will be here to-night, and will want his answer.

"Yes," she said, slowly; "I will consider it."

* * * * * * *

Gwendolen had cause to be proud of Allan Prescott's love. He was a man of exceptional attainments, and, better still, a man of perfect honor.

He was ten years older than she, had a spirited and handsome face, a tall, active figure, and a breadth of chest and firmness of muscles which spoke eloquently of his strength.

He and Gwendolen's father were both manufacturers, and though the former did not know it, his success in his commercial career had added many lines in Mr. Thayer's careworn face. Mr. Prescott, having so much more capital, had been able to supply retailers with goods much faster than Mr. Thayer, and had unwittingly gained many of the latter's customers.

Mr. Thayer believed it would be useless to struggle against such competition, and was in despair, when Allan came proposing to marry Gwendolen. If only the girl would yield, here was an easy adjustment of all difficulties. These two men, once related, could not remain rivals, but must unite their interests.

It was Saturday when our story opens, and Mr. Prescott was expected at the Thayer mansion, there to remain until Monday. Being quite incapable of taking any advantage of his host, he had acquainted Mr. Thayer with his intention of addressing Gwendolen with a proposal of marriage.

She was lovely that evening. Even her father noticed that she looked remarkably well. As soon as he could do so gracefully, he left her alone with her lover.

He went to the library and sat there an hour. He wondered what was being said behind the closed drawing-room doors. What answer would Gwendolen make? She had been standing beside a centre-table when he left the room, with the strong light of the chandelier shining full upon her face, but he had not been able to judge from her expression what was in her mind. How cool, how self-possessed, how almost scornful she looked in that glaring light. She had known perfectly well why he was leaving her alone with Allan. Had she mentally blamed or thanked him for his absence?"

The time dragged on. It would have been difficult to judge who was the most anxious to know her answer—the young, hopeful lover within the closed doors, or the tired old man who waited without.

The drawing-room doors opened at last, and footsteps approached the library.

"When you are ready to retire," Gwendolen was saying, "James will show you to the south room. You will prefer it to the guest's chamber, into which the sun can never shine. Good-night."

Then she ran up-stairs.

Mr. Thayer arose to his feet.

"Well," he said, extending his hand as Prescott entered the library; "has she given her consent?"

Allan took the offered hand and answered, huskily:

"She has refused me. If I had been a poor man," he continued, at length, "I might have had a chance of winning her. She realizes that she would better her financial condition by marrying me, and she will not accept me with that thought in her mind. She has been most candid with me, and I have never loved and admired her more than I have to-night. She has told me of your difficulties, and how my manufactories are hurting yours. If you like, we will talk over your affairs, and see if, together, we can pull you out of the troubles into which you have fallen."

Very late that night Mr. Thayer tapped at Gwendolen's door.

"I saw your light, and knew you must be awake," he said. "I want to tell you that my affairs will be all right,

after all. I am very sorry you disappointed Prescott, Gwendolen. Still, you know your own heart best. He has proposed that he and I shall unite our business interests, and after this the firm name will be Prescott & Thayer. If it was all right between you two, I would be happier to-night than I have been in twenty years. By-the-way, I sent James to bed an hour ago, and did not remember to ask him what room Prescott was to occupy. He said he believed you mentioned it was on the south side of the house. Being in doubt about it, I put him into the guest's chamber. Good-night, my dear. You should have been asleep long hours ago."

He went away, and Gwendolen turned her light down very low, and seated herself at the open window.

So Allan had taken her father into partnership with him. She had told him of their embarrassing circumstances because she believed he would be considerate of his weaker competitor; but she had not hoped for such generosity as this.

She had told him frankly that she liked him, but had never thought of him as a lover until that day.

MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 174.

Coming, as his proposal did, together with her sudden knowledge of her poverty, she had been unable to separate them in her thoughts; and she would not do him the injustice nor herself the dishonor of promising to marry him while she could weigh any mercenary considerations.

She sat a long time, thinking of what had passed between them. Now that she had refused him, he would probably come there no more, and, singularly, the thought gave her pain.

She was still sitting in the darkness, when she was surprised by hearing footsteps in the corridor. Every one in the house should have retired long before, and yet she was certain she heard subdued voices close to her door. What did it all mean? Who could be going stealthily through the halls at two o'clock in the morning? The house was large, and her room was far from her father's or the guest's chamber.

She suddenly felt a sickening sense of fear and helplessness.

Were there burglars in the house? The thought set her heart beating so wildly that she was sure it must betray her. She was not a timid woman, but had never encountered any danger great enough to test her courage.

She listened. After all, she might have been mistaken. She could hear nothing now. Doubtless the sounds which had frightened her had been conjured by her overwrought imagination; she had been excited by the events of the day — by her father's misfortunes, by Mr. Prescott's proposal, and by the disappointment and pain she had unwillingly given him.

All these occurrences had made her nervous, and induced her present unreasonable state of fear. She was calling herself a coward, when she discovered a light shining through the crack above her door-sill.

She crept across the room and listened intently, with her face pressed close to the door. There were several men outside—how many she could not learn; but even in the tumult of her excitement she managed to hear some of their conversation. They had stopped close beside her door.

GWENDOLEN'S BURGLARS.—"SHE FOUND THAT, BY HOLDING HER HANDS HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD, SHE COULD REACH THE BURNER. SHE DETERMINED TO BURN THE CORDS FROM HER WRISTS."—SEE PAGE 174.

"Which is his room ?" one man asked.

"Hush !" said a second. "Not that one—don't turn the knob !—that's Miss Thayer's bedroom. His is in the lower hall. She told me he was to sleep in the south chamber."

"We'll go to his first," said a third. "They say he carries a bag of money with him every Saturday night. Be careful with that lantern, and keep quiet ! If he wakes, he'll be a tough customer to deal with."

A sharp click followed, which startled Gwendolen almost into a shriek. Some one had cocked a revolver.

"I think that will quiet him," one of the men remarked.

Gwendolen stood with her hands pressed to her heart, trying to restrain its tumultuous beating.

She had recognized the second speaker to be her father's butler, and with a woman's quick intuition had understood the whole situation of affairs. These men were burglars, and the butler, either by choice or compulsion, was their accomplice.

He had been told that Mr. Prescott was to occupy the south chamber, and had not known of the exchange made in that gentleman's quarters through Mr. Thayer's mistake. He was therefore conducting his burglar companions to the south room, where they expected to rob Allan Prescott. Not finding him there, the butler would immediately suppose he was in the guest's chamber, where they would find him.

What chance had one man, unconscious of danger and doubtless asleep—what possible chance could he have against three armed and desperate ruffians ?

These thoughts flashed through her mind while the burglars went stealthily down the corridor. She had not made a sound, for it would have been worse than useless for her to call for help. In that remote part of the house no one would hear her, excepting the burglars themselves, and she shuddered while she thought that they might so effectually silence her that she would never utter another sound.

She was not a coward, and she suddenly determined to risk her life to save Allan Prescott from these outlaws.

The guest's chamber was in a wing of the house opposite from the south room, and she would attempt to reach Mr. Prescott's door and warn him of his danger before the burglars returned. It would be a perilous experiment. They might have some one stationed in the corridor, or she might, by a misstep in the dark, betray her intention. Should they discover her, they might make short work of her. Still she would risk the danger for the man who had befriended her father.

Knowing that she must act quickly, she summoned all her courage and unlocked the door. When it opened it creaked raspingly upon its hinges. She listened. Had it betrayed her ? Instead of retreating, the footsteps now advanced.

She tried to close and lock her door, alive now to her own danger, but she was too late. Three masked men were in her room, stifling the cries which broke from her white lips, and binding her hands and feet with cords which cut cruelly into her delicate flesh.

It was all done so quickly that she had scarcely realized what happened. A lantern had been thrust into her face, blinding her so that she could not see her assailants. They had told her that if she uttered a cry, or attempted to escape, they would send her into eternity.

They had not covered her mouth, knowing, doubtless that, even if she had dared to cry for help, she could not be heard. They bound her to the chair into which they had roughly thrust her, and left her alone.

She could only remember that she had failed to save her lover from these men, who were in search of his money, and who would have it if they stained their hands with his blood to obtain it.

She remained, perforce, where they had left her, sick and dizzy with pain and fright, when she suddenly saw a chance of escape. She attempted an experiment from which another woman would have shrunk as fearfully as from the burglars.

The gas-jet was just above her head, and the light burned very low, as she had left it when she sat by the window. She found that, by holding her hands high above her head, she could reach the burner.

She determined to burn the cords from her wrists !

It was a daring feat, but she accomplished it, moaning with pain, but clinching her teeth when the fire licked her tender flesh, and bearing her suffering like a stanch little martyr at the stake.

When her hands were free it was a comparatively easy matter to remove the other bindings, and she stood released.

The burglars had left the door open, so she had one difficulty less to encounter. She was thankful that her dress was of wool, and did not rustle when she moved.

She slipped noiselessly into the hall, which was now dark, since the thieves had taken their lantern with them.

In spite of her excitement, she could hear them returning. They had found the south room empty, and were on their way to the guest's chamber.

There was no time for caution now. They were close behind her, and she must run—run for her life and save Allan Prescott !

She rushed through the dark corridor, hearing a frightful oath which followed her, and knowing their footsteps were in hot pursuit. The door of the guest's chamber was before her. Unless they fired and shot her, she would reach it in time.

* * * * * *

Mr. Prescott had been very restless that night. Gwendolen's refusal had bitterly disappointed him.

He reproached himself for having been so precipitate in his proposal.

"Why did I not wait ?" he asked himself. "Why was I such an insane fool as to suppose she had understood my regard for her ? She has been very honest with me. Another woman, in her circumstances, would have married me off-hand to escape from her difficulties. Gwendolen said that she liked me, but she chose poverty and hard work rather than pretend that her liking was anything warmer than it is. Perhaps I might have won her if I had been less impatient to test her feeling for me. Now all is lost."

He did not undress nor attempt to sleep. He sat moodily watching a foolish moth fluttering about the light. He was still busy with his gloomy thoughts when some one tried his door. It was locked, and the person without beat violently against it, calling him by name.

"There are burglars in the house ! They are coming to your room ! Oh, wake—do wake at once !"

He opened the door, and Miss Thayer almost fell into the room.

"Ring the bell !" she implored, "and try to wake the servants. Have you nothing with which to defend yourself ? The butler is in league with the thieves."

He rang the bell and rushed into the hall.

In a little while he returned and found her white as ashes.

"Too late !" he said. "They heard you at my door

and ran away. We have the butler, however, and will probably catch the others. When did you see them first?" Then seeing the burns and livid marks where the cords had cut into her wrists, he gave a cry. "You have been hurt! Tell me what has happened!"

They went to the library where she told him all, while he dressed her wrists as tenderly as a woman could have done.

"And you did all this for me, Gwendolen?" he said, when she had finished. "How can I thank you for all you have done to-night?"

"You have done more for me to-night than *I* for you. You have saved my father's good name. How can I thank *you?*"

"I could not help trying to serve your father, for he is my friend, and I love his daughter."

"And I could not help trying to serve you," she said, hesitatingly, "because you are my friend. And I love *you*, Allan."

He started to catch her in his arms, but drew back, the glad look dying out of his eyes.

"You do not mean that, Gwendolen. You have had a terrible strain on your nerves to-night, and you feel happy and at rest because the danger is past. Perhaps my presence gives you pleasure because it increases your feeling of safety. I do not hope for more, nor will I remember words spoken in your present state of mind."

She rested her injured wrists upon his arms, and spoke more hesitatingly than before:

"You have reason to doubt me—reason to disbelieve me—since I have not known my own mind. But hear me now. To-night, when you spoke to me in the drawing-room, I did not know my heart. I believed I had only a warm friendship for you, and that I had more anxiety about papa's affairs than affection for you. I meant to be honest with you, for I thought too much of you to deceive you, even for my father's sake."

"Do not deceive yourself this time, Gwendolen?" he cried. "I cannot bear a second disappointment."

She continued, a little more firmly and courageously:

"After I went to my room I began to see matters differently. Papa came and told me his troubles were at an end, and I knew we could live here just as we had always done, the only difference being that you would not come to see me. That difference made me very wretched. I began to know that if you had been poor, and dishonored, as papa came to so near being, I would have shared your fate rather than remain here without seeing you. And then the danger came to you, and I *knew* that if you were killed I should die. Papa's troubles did not influence me then. I put my arms into that flame to save you, because I——"

He had her in a close embrace long before this.

"Go on," he whispered. "Let me drink my fill of this sweet confession. Because I——"

"Because I love you, Allan."

* * * * * *

Mr. Thayer came down late to breakfast. Having been relieved of his heaviest cares, he had slept sounder than usual, and had heard none of the disturbance caused by the burglars.

He was much astonished when he learned what had happened.

"I telegraphed for a detective," Prescott told him, "and he came immediately. I was fortunate enough to secure the butler, and had him locked in his own pantry until morning. When he was arrested he told who is accomplices were, and the detective says he will have them within twenty-four hours. They ran away empty-handed; but, sir, had it not been for your daughter's bravery, they might have succeeded in carrying away considerable plunder."

"You and Gwen look remarkably cheerful for persons who have passed such a night of horror," Mr. Thayer remarked. "But come, Allan, let us discuss our new partnership."

"Not yet," Allan said, encircling Gwendolen with his arm. "Last night a second partnership was agreed upon in your library, and all it lacks now is your sanction."

Mr. Thayer stared in bewilderment; but there was no mistaking the meaning of Gwendolen's blushes.

"What!" he said. "Has she changed her mind?"

"Oh, no! I only made the mistake of insisting upon having my answer five hours before it was ready for me."

PREHISTORIC STRUCTURES.

CAPTAIN L. U. HERENDEEN, of San Francisco, communicates the following notes on prehistoric structures in Micronesia to *Science:* A few years ago I visited Ponapé Island, in the Pacific, in E. longitude 158° 22′, and N. latitude 6° 50′. The island is surrounded by a reef, with a broad ship-channel between it and the island. At places in the reef there were natural breaks, that served as entrances to the harbors. In these ship-channels there were a number of islands, many of which were surrounded by a wall of stone five or six feet high; and on these islands there stood a great many low houses, built of the same kind of stone as the walls about them. These structures seem to have been used as temples and forts. The singular feature of these islands is that the walls are a foot or more below the water. When they were built they were evidently above the water, and connected with the mainland; but they have gradually sunk until the sea has risen a foot or more around them. The natives on the islands do not know when these works were built; it is so far back in the past, that they have even no tradition of the structures. Yet the work shows signs of great skill, and certainly prove that whoever built them knew thoroughly how to transport and lift heavy blocks of stone. Up in the mountains of the island there is a quarry of the same kind of stone that was used in building the wall about the islands; and in that quarry to-day there are great blocks of stone that have been hewn out, ready for transportation. The natives have no tradition touching the quarry—who hewed the stone, when it was done, or why the work ceased. They are in greater ignorance of the great phenomena that are going on about them than the white man who touches on their island for a few hours for water. There is no doubt in my mind that the island was once inhabited by an intelligent race of people, who built the temples and forts of heavy masonry on the high bluffs of the shores of the island, and that, as the land gradually subsided, these bluffs became islands.

PARTERRES.

TO SECURE perfectly harmonious contrast in a parterre it is best to plant one of the three primary colors—scarlet, blue, or yellow—next to another, or, if a perfect primary is not at hand, to take the complementary color formed, by compounding the other two, green being complementary color to red, orange to blue, and purple to yellow. Many persons indeed say that two primaries form too violent a contrast, and recommend that the

TUNING UP.— FROM A WATER-COLOR BY JOHNSON.

complementary should be employed in preference—for instance, red must be contrasted with blue or yellow, or else with green, but not with purple or orange, because red enters into the composition of both these colors. In default of any of these colors, white or some neutral-tinted flowers may be employed. In the same way blue flowers should be contrasted with either red, yellow, or orange, but not with purple or green, because blue enters into the composition of both colors; also with yellow you must contrast blue, red, or purple, but not green or orange. There are many neutral colors, as red-brown, or olive-brown, or pale-lavender, or even light-pink, which will form sufficient contrast to the others. White is very useful for placing between flowers of a brilliant hue which harmonize badly. Very bright colors, however, should always be used sparingly, and never placed in large masses, because the eye is wearied by too much positive coloring.

It is a very great mistake to plant a clump of dark, funereal-looking evergreens in the centre of a bed of bright-scarlet pelargoniums, bright-yellow dahlias, or white candytuft, as a strong contrast, and to make the whole look cheerful; so far from having this effect, it imparts a harsh, disagreeable appearance to the entire group. Masses of dark-green should never be contrasted immediately with brighter colors. If they are softened by degrees with neutral tints, or even by pale-yellow or white flowers, the group blends insensibly into the surrounding landscape, in place of standing out in violent contrast from the rest.

WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By Amelia E. Barr.

In the year of our Lord, 1702, when Anne ascended the throne, the pleasure-seeking, gossip-loving society of London was in full pursuit after every kind of novelty

MISS CHUDLEIGH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

CATHARINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

and excitement. The gaming-tables at White's, the chocolate and coffee houses, the lotteries and clubs were crowded. Duncan Campbell, the deaf-and-dumb fortune-teller, held levees at which people of the highest rank assisted. Wits were discussing Addison and laughing over Swift's caustic satires. Congreve and Wycherly filled the theatres, and there was a rumor afloat of a permanent Italian opera.

In the eighteenth century we enter into the presence of women whose ghosts are still understood to hold the brevet rank of Queens of Beauty and Wit. The Court of George I. was completely under the influence of women. Bolingbroke secured his return from exile through the Duchess of Kendal. Carteret relied upon the Countess of Platen. Chesterfield intrigued against Newcastle with the Duchess of Yarmouth, and even Pitt secured his position in the Cabinet through the influence of the same lady.

One of the most erratic of its early stars of fashion was Miss Chudleigh, afterward Duchess of Kingston. Her father, Colonel Chudleigh, died while she was an infant, and her mother was very slenderly dowered. But the Earl of Bath took a lively interest in the beautiful girl, and obtained her the position of a maid-of-honor, a position she held, through good and evil report, until she became Duchess of Kingston; for she bewitched, in spite of their better judgment, every one who came within her influence.

While very young a promise of marriage passed between her and the Duke of Hamilton, but during his absence on the Continent her aunt induced her to marry the Hon. Augustus Hervey, grandson of the Earl of Bristol. The marriage was, of course, kept a secret, and she tried —not always successfully—to laugh and brave off the rumors which were whispered about her. "Do you know, my lord," she said to Chesterfield, "the world insists I have twin sons?" "Does it?" replied the witty nobleman. "I make a point of believing only half of what the world says." She had married Mr. Hervey out of pique, believing the Duke of Hamilton false to her, and she soon bitterly repented the step. Then she tore the entry of her marriage from the church register,

though afterward—when her husband was likely to become Earl of Bristol—she replaced it. Her dress and manners soon began to exhibit an indelicacy so reckless, that Chesterfield wondered what arts she used to obtain toleration. Horace Walpole, describing her at a masquerade, says: "Miss Chudleigh was *Iphigenia*, but so naked, you would have taken her for *Andromeda*"; and referring to the same occasion, Mrs. Montagu writes: "Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable. The maids-of-honor (not of maids the strictest at that time) were so offended, they would not speak to her"; and it was doubtless on this occasion that her too indulgent mistress gave her cutting and dignified reproof by throwing her own vail over her.

Harassed by her unhappy position and the importunities of numerous lovers, she went abroad, and was received with almost royal pomp by the King of Prussia and the Electress of Saxony. Yet her favor at the English Court was undiminished on her return, and the wisest statesmen marveled at the arts and fascinations which could command her such a reception in Dresden and make her life connived at in London. Her husband was now Earl of Bristol, but she had infatuated the Duke of Kingston, and he, being anxious to marry her, applied to Bristol to aid their views. The despised husband seems to have readily consented, and when she applied to the ecclesiastical court in a suit of jactitation of marriage, the Earl of Bristol—as it had been agreed he should do—failed in substantiating his claim, and his wife was declared "a spinster free to marry." Immediately afterward she became Duchess of Kingston, the wedding being one of great pomp, and the King and Queen wearing their favors on the occasion.

Five years afterward the Duke died, bequeathing to her every rood of his immense unentailed estates and every guinea of his personal property. The heirs at once sought for proofs of her first marriage, and, in consequence, she was summoned to appear in Westminster Hall on a charge of bigamy. The scene is thus described by Mrs. Hannah More, who was visiting Garrick at the time: "Garrick would have me take his ticket and go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, a sight of which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or a trial by peers can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! Yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment—which, however, was very ill-observed—the Gentleman of the Black Rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and expression were pointed to the last degree. He made her grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. . . . The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamored. . . . I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." As to her acting, Mrs. More did not certainly judge fairly, for Garrick said that at her trial "she so much outacted him that it was time for him to leave the stage."

In a subsequent letter Mrs. More says: "I have the great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess of Kingston, was this very afternoon *undignified* and *un-Duchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half so much against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it, as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." The description is doubtless a truthful one, but has a very unwomanly spice of ill-nature in it. Her persecutors also entirely failed in their chief object—the restitution of the property—for the Duke had so worded the bequest that it was hers under any title, she being called in it "my dearest wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey." "Did you ever," asks Horace Walpole, "hear of a duchess inscribed in a will, as a harlot is indicted at the old Bailey?"

Her last exploit was a visit to the Court of Russia, whither she went *en princesse*, sending magnificent gifts before her. The Empress appointed a palace for her residence, and received her in a royal manner. During her residence there she purchased an estate near St. Petersburg worth £12,000. Then she returned to France, where also she had great possessions, but receiving some news that displeased her, she fell into a violent passion and broke a blood-vessel. Against all orders she persisted in rising. "My heart feels oddly; I will have a glass of Madeira." It was brought her; she drank it, and pronounced herself "charmingly indeed"—but in a few minutes she was dead.

The world knew all her faults; her excellences were not so well known. Yet she was splendidly generous in nature, and unostentatiously charitable. She remembered favors gratefully, and was capable not only of forgiving but of assisting a fallen foe. She was a woman of great courage, never traveled without pistols, and never feared to use them, if necessary. Her whole life and character, indeed, was a romance, and if fully written would doubtless be condemned as too improbable a fiction.

Contemporary with the Duchess of Kingston was Prior's

"Kitty, beautiful and young,"

Duchess of Queensberry, and not seldom called "the mad Duchess." Eccentricity was her delight, and Lady Bolingbroke gave her the title of "La Singularité," a name which greatly pleased her. She was, however, a good wife and a good woman and a most sincere friend. To the poet Gay she was as constant a patron as her husband; and was, indeed, forbidden Court because of her exertions in his behalf after the prohibition of "The Beggars' Opera."

Prior's description of her is not only very characteristic, but was also at one time very popular. In it he tells us how "Kitty, beautiful and young," pleaded for permission to go into the world and try her fortune, and how, having prevailed, "Kitty, at heart's desire,

"Obtained the chariot for a day
And set the world on fire."

Half a century after Prior wrote, Horace Walpole said:

"The Duchess of Queensberry is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect that she was a goddess in Prior's days. I could not help adding these lines to his description of "Kitty, beautiful and young":

"'To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Will for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age.'"

Walpole's impromptu brought a reply in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Kitty is made to account for Walpole's admiration thus:

"'Guess why,' she cried, 'his praise I share
With Roman and with Greek?
Such connoisseurs admire the rare
And prize the true antique.'"

Walpole has spoken of being at her balls; at one of them she gave him a characteristic reproof for having retired with Lord Lorn and George Selwyn to a snug little room for a comfortable, selfish chat. She sent a servant at once to take the door off the hinges. The gentlemen understood the hint, and returned to the hall and the dancers.

She does not seem to have been a favorite with Walpole, for he records her wild pranks with that gusto which ill-nature frequently gives to his pen. Thus, he describes a quarrel between her and the Duchess of Richmond, whose daughter, Lady Caroline, had recently eloped. "She sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball. Her mother, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word '*she could not determine.*' She sent again, and received the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, '*Too great a trust.*' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke." But in spite of Horace Walpole's disapproval, she retained not only her beauty and vivacity, but also her popularity, until she was very old; and, with her stately figure and milk-white locks, was one of the most remarkable-looking women in the train of George III.'s young queen.

Few women, in point of wit, rivaled her, except Lady Townshend, who was one of the cleverest and handsomest beauties of that day. Woe to those who fell under the displeasure or tongue of Dorothy, Lady Townshend. In Walpole's letters her name never appears but to herald some stinging shaft or bitter repartee. With head erect, flowing robes and flashing eyes, she defied criticism. Her eyes, especially, had the basilisk power of "looking a fellow-creature down." She did not live with her husband, and we may imagine her look as she counted up the remedies for the sorrows of women: "Such a medicine, so many; such a doctor, so many; but the greatest number find relief from the sudden death of their husbands." In the famous political crisis, when one side was for Mr. Pelham, and others for Lord Carteret, and none for Lord Bute, Lady Townshend added to the mortification of the latter the crowning sting of scorn by the galling reply which she made to his complaint of "having a pain in his side": "Oh, that can't be; you have no side!" It was Greek against Greek when she encountered Horace Walpole. He says of her at one time, when the town was very empty: "So my Lady Townshend is obliged to lie *off* people now"; and later, when she had been very ill: "Lady Townshend has been dying, and *took* prayers, but she is recovered now, even of her repentance." And Lady Townshend summed Horace Walpole up in six stinging words—"*Horace Walpole is spirits of hartshorn.*"

Another beauty of the Court of George II. was Mary Lepel. She had lived much abroad, and in France acquired that piquancy of manner which, grafted upon English propriety, made her almost irresistible. All the talents of the day were enlisted in her praise. Pope and Gay celebrated her. Walpole praised her. Voltaire eulogized her, and Lords Chesterfield and Bath united their powers in a ballad in her honor, of which one verse will be sufficient for the taste of our time:

"Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle
As when Hervey, the handsome, was wedded
To the beautiful Mary Lepel."

For it was Lord John Hervey, the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that became the husband of this celebrated beauty.

The surpassing loveliness of "those goddesses, the Gunnings," has become historical; nor is there any other modern instance of mere physical beauty exciting so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by these two portionless Irish gentlewomen. Their names were Maria and Elizabeth; and Maria, the eldest, was only in her nineteenth year when they appeared at Court. Under date of June 18th, 1751, Horace Walpole writes to his friend, Sir Horace Mann: "You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Misses Gunning are twenty times more the subject of conversation. . . . These are two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared to be the handsomest women alive. . . . They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them, they are generally driven away." Though portionless, they were of good birth, their father being John Gunning, of Castle Coote; their mother, Bridget, a daughter of the sixth Viscount Mayo. Maria, the elder, married Lord Coventry, and the present earl is the great-grandson of this beautiful countess. Four months after her marriage she went to Paris, but, according to Walpole's gossiping chronicles, she scarcely made as much sensation there. Her genius was not equal to her beauty, and every day she said some new *sproposito*. Her lord, too, seems to have been, in his own way, still more silly and prejudiced. He spoke no more French than was sufficient to show his ill-breeding. He was jealous and over-scrupulous. When the Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called Lady Coventry's coach, my lord replied: "*Vous aver fort bien fait.*" When pressed to stay for a grand *fête* at St. Cloud he excused himself, "because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester"; and he compelled his lady to send for a fan back which she had given to the Maréchale de Lowendahl, because "he had given it to her before their marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach." She was wild, arch, *espiègle*, but she certainly wanted tact and discernment, as the following anecdote shows: George II., at the close of his long life, was talking to her one day on the dullness of the town, regretting that, for her sake, there had been no masquerades. "Oh! as for sights," said the thoughtless beauty, "I am quite satisfied with them. There is only one which I am eager to see, and that is a coronation."

She lived but a very few years to enjoy the triumphs of her charms, dying when only twenty-seven, from the use of white lead as a cosmetic. Horace Walpole thus records the event, October. 1760: "The charming Countess

MARY LEPEL (LADY HERVEY).

is dead at last. The quantity of paint she used is said to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which caused her death." And this was the end of a loveliness so eminent that her shoemaker in Worcester got two guineas and a half for showing a shoe he was making for her, charging a penny a head. Mason wrote an elegy on her death, which, in spite of many faults, is one of the finest in the language. The following description of her is from it:

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the Orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form a transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurped the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

Elizabeth Gunning came to London with her sister, and was married three weeks before her to James, Duke of Hamilton. This affair greatly exercised that charming gossip, Walpole, who thus writes of it to Sir Horace Mann: "The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the elder, virtuously with regard to her honor, not very honorably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton—the very reverse of the Earl—hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the Spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end—that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of £300 each. He soon lost a thousand. I could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress, why he played at all." It is scarcely likely the selfish old bachelor could conceive of such a passion as the Duke's—a passion which led him two nights afterward to insist on being married at once, though he had neither ring nor license, and could not get the clergyman sent for to perform the ceremony without them. However, he found one more accommodating, and the pair were actually married at Mayfair Chapel, with the ring of a bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after midnight.

The interest and curiosity aroused by the beauty of the sisters was increased by their splendid alliances, and when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at Court the noble crowd was so great that they clambered on tables and chairs to look at her. There were mobs at the doors of houses to see them get into their chairs, and when it was known they were going to a certain theatre, it was necessary to be very early there, in order to get a seat; and Horace Walpole says that 700 people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, in order to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise next morning.

But the free, gay Irish girl must surely have found life very tedious in the Duke's Scotch home; for Hamilton was the quintessence of Scotch pride, and in his castle he and his duchess always walked before their company, even in to dinner. They sat together at the upper end of the table, ate out of the same plate, and drank to nobody beneath the rank of an earl. "Is it not a wonder," asks Walpole, "how they get anybody, either above or below that rank, to dine with them at all?" Scarcely six years after their marriage the Duke died, and the following year she married Colonel John Campbell, afterward the Duke of Argyle, thus uniting the two great houses of Hamilton and Campbell. Eighteen years afterward she

MARIA, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY (MISS GUNNING).

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON (MISS GUNNING).

was made Baroness Hamilton in her own right, and lady of the bedchamber to the young Queen Charlotte, consort of George III. Thus the unportioned daughter of an Irish gentleman became the wife of two great dukes, and the mother of four; for by her first husband she was the mother of the seventh and eighth Dukes of Hamilton, and by her second husband, of the sixth and seventh Dukes of Argyle. She died on the 20th of December, 1790, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

A contemporary beauty, and by many considered far more fair, because far more intelligent, was the Lady Sarah Lenox, afterward Lady Sarah Bunbury, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. She was celebrated not only for her surpassing loveliness, but also for having been the first love of George III. "It is well known," says Wraxhall, "that before his marriage he distinguished by his partiality Lady Sarah Lenox, then one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom, and in her seventeenth year. Edward IV. or Henry VIII., in his situation, would have married her and placed her on the throne; Charles II. would have endeavored to seduce her. But the King subdued his passion by the strength of his principles and his sense of public duty." It was probably rather weakness of will than strength of principle or public devotion which actuated King George in this matter; for he certainly summoned a Privy Council to consider this very subject. This council gave their decided verdict against the King marrying a subject, and the King submitted. What the lady's feelings were we may guess; the Duke of Richmond never forgave the slight. The depth of the King's grief and regret was sincere and long. Many years afterward, when witnessing a performance of Mrs. Pope, who closely resembled his lost first love, he was heard to murmur in a tone of sorrowful abstraction, "She is like Lady Sarah, still!" Walpole says, of all the beauties at the royal wedding "she was by far the chief angel!" and again, in speaking of her performance of the part of *Jane Shore* in some private theatricals at Holland House, he says: "When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was ever half so lovely and expressing." She died at the age of eighty-two, as late on in our century as 1826, the last surviving great-grand-daughter of Charles II.

The lovely Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was ten years younger than Lady Bunbury. It is not easy, looking at her portrait, to convey any just idea at this day of the fascination she exercised over her contemporaries; for her personal charms were her least ones; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regular features and faultless forms—it lay in the grace of her deportment and the charm of her society. Her hair had a tinge of red and was very lovely, but her face, if it had not been illumined by her mind, would have been a very ordinary one. She is particularly famous for the personal exertions she made in favor of Charles Fox, during the great contested election for Westminster in 1784. During the canvass she visited the abodes of the humblest electors, dazzled and enslaved them by her many fascinations, and even carried the poorest mechanics in her carriage to the hustings; nor can there be any doubt

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

of the fact that she purchased with a kiss the vote of a stubborn butcher. It was during the excitement of these scenes that the well-known compliment was paid her by an Irish laborer, who, gazing with admiration on her beautiful face, exclaimed, "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" She seems to have been as bewitching to women as to men, for Miss Berry gives her this charming eulogium: "Every eye followed her, every heart beat at her approach. Selfishness forgot itself in her presence, and avarice became liberal under her influence." She died in 1786, at the early age of forty-nine years.

Many lovely and noble women, standing in the front rank with others, almost equally lovely, exerted a powerful influence over their century; yet that influence was small, compared with the intellectual ascendency exercised by the circle of *esprits forts* which first gathered in the salons of Elizabeth Montagu. This lady was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, and in her youth was almost a pupil of the celebrated skeptic, Conyers Middleton. She had not a very peaceful home, for her brother's unbridled wit and her father's sarcasm needed often the intervention of the mother (called on that account "the Speaker"), in order to maintain a decent calm.

At fourteen years of age she was a correspondent of the great Duchess of Portland, the female Mecænas of her day—a lady of deserving fame, not only for her splendid collections of vertu and her gift of the Harleian manuscripts to the British Museum, but because, among the patrons of literature and art of her day, she, above all others, understood that high breeding which is not only free from pride but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

At twenty-one, the young Yorkshire girl, who thought "Solomon wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation, and was very willing to take the vexation, if allowed the previous vanity," married the very dull and respectable Mr. Montagu—a gentleman whose soul was devoted to mathematics; so she, who "doted on a pink *negligé* trimmed *fort galament*," was pinned to the society of problems and decimal fractions. After the death of her only child, however, her character appears in a far loftier view. Her house in Portman Square became the centre of wits, poets, statesmen, churchmen and women eminent for culture and wit. There might be seen the stately and learned Elizabeth Carter, the witty Lady Townshend, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, Dr. Beattie, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, etc., and among them old Admiral Boscawen, who looked on and laughed, and in his bluff sailor way called them a party of "Blue Stockings," because full dress was not required there.

In her youth Mrs. Montagu had been a skeptic, but in maturer years she lost that revolting attribute of the *esprit fort*, and became an earnest and practical Christian. Probably this was the reason she had such a warm friendship for Lord Lyttleton, for he also had known and escaped the perils of religious doubt. His "History of Henry II." is a standard work, and often quoted by Hallam; but his "Dialogues of the Dead" ("Dead Dialogues" Horace Walpole calls them) are forgotten. Dr. Johnson's life of him was unfair and malignant, and Mrs. Montagu quarreled with Johnson for it. One morning she met the learned savage at Mrs. Thrale's; he had just been bullying Mr. Pepys into a quarrel about the same thing; but, in order to please Mrs. Thrale, he tried to conciliate Mrs. Montagu. But Mrs. Montagu was very haughty, and Johnson sat watching her like a setter, longing for the attack. Dr. Beattie says he was jealous of Mrs. Montagu's wit, which is scarcely probable, and even his rudeness was manageable; it was always disarmed by the sweet disposition of Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Montagu's most intimate friend.

Like Mrs. Montagu, she had been in youth devoted to pleasure; had written to a friend "for all the trumpery tinsel things, for all the gold and silver lace, she could rummage up," yet afterward she became eminent not only for her learning, but for her piety. Her attainments in Latin and Greek were extraordinary, and Dr. Johnson once said of some celebrated scholar, "He understands Greek better than any one I have ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter." Besides being a fine classical scholar, she spoke fluently French, Italian, Spanish and German, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the name of "Eliza." Her piety, if stilted, was deep and earnest, and she heads the great band of modern female saints, an honor more frequently given to Hannah More, for on her fell most obviously the mantle of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Mrs. More's residence was near Bristol, and her chief visiting place in London was at Garrick's; for Garrick interested himself greatly in the production of her tragedies, "Percy" and the "Fatal Falsehood"; and doubtless their great success was due, in some measure, to his care and influence. But when in London she frequently visited Mrs. Montagu, and there she met Dr. Johnson, who, after listening to the way in which she and her sisters lived, exclaimed, "What! Five women living happily together! I will come and see you! God bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses!" And on another occasion, when he met her with Mrs. Carter and Fanny Burney, he said, in his positive way, "Three such women are not to be found in the world."

Few women have written so much or spent such busy lives as Hannah More. She was made a member of the French Academy in 1784, and the next year, retiring to her hermitage near Bristol, she devoted the rest of her days to the advancement of great moral works. She was of immense service to Wilberforce in his anti-slavery movement, and to her efforts Sunday-schools owe more than to any other single individual. In a tract comprising a good part of a county she soon had 500 children in training. Her tracts for Sunday-schools and the poor had an unprecedented and amazing sale, more than 2,000,000 being sold in the first year.

With Hannah More the mind naturally associates Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone's educational works have now been superseded, but they were highly valued in her own day, and in 1776 she was personally complimented on them by the King and Queen. On the contrary, Mrs. Barbauld's writings will always be young and fresh. Her "Hymns of Praise" are, in their distinctive style, the most exquisite prose in the language, and only inferior to those of Holy Writ. What an enduring charm there is in the following one, a charm existing in every page she wrote: "The Winter is over and gone; the birds come out on the trees; the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen; the green leaves sprout, and on every hill and in every green field they offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise. The snowdrops and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground; when the Spring cometh they say, 'Here we are!' The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year, and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the Winter months. Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves. Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind. They all speak of Him who made them; they all tell us He is good."

Mrs. Barbauld suggests Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Inchbald Mrs. Siddons. The two families were very intimate, and at one time lived together. Both were then poor and unknown. Mrs. Siddons had been rejected at Drury Lane, and the "Simple Story" of Mrs. Inchbald lay in her desk, its great fame unknown and unsuspected. Mrs. Siddons occupied herself in the most severe household duties, while John Kemble—who was then studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood—sat reading in a corner. No woman was ever more of a queen in private life, whatever humble duty claimed her attention; she moved as if scarcely deigning to touch the earth; her air, her manner and her grand beauty, were as remarkable when ironing her husband's shirts as when portraying tragic royalty on the stage. In the troubles of her early life, the triumphs of her maturity, and in her long decline and seclusion, her character and genius were not only remarkable, but also free from reproach. The noble form lodged a soul that avoided even the appearance of evil.

Very different from these women was the lovely and every way unfortunate Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin, the first agitator of the question of "Woman's Rights." No woman, with the exception of Madame de Stäel, made so great an impression on the public mind, and her errors alone have caused her to be forgotten much sooner than her powerful mind and fine sensibility deserved. Her new and startling doctrines were seized with an avidity scarcely credible at this day, and her famous book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," was the theme of the most universal praise and abuse. Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," was one of her familiar acquaintances; but their intercourse was an argument, their views neither on this subject or any other coinciding. In these arguments Paine either lost his temper or became sulky, and the female champion won an easy victory. Until her marriage with Mr. Godwin, she was the friend of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Inchbald, but they, with the majority of her admirers, declined to sanction this union; for she had married, some years before, an American called Imlay, to whom she had been a most devoted and serviceable wife. The man, however, took advantage of the fact that the marriage was only a civil one, performed in Paris, and deserted her. Then she married Mr. Godwin, but this act placed her in a position no charity could explain away. Death, however, soon covered her faults with a pitiful oblivion. She left an infant daughter, a few hours old, who afterward became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

As clever and independent a woman, though not nearly so amiable as Mary Woolstoncraft, was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her character is a peculiar and not a lovely one; but we must remember that she was born in a circle and at a time that thought "a youth of frolics and an age of cards" sufficient for woman's happiness; and also that she had no mother and only a very careless and imprudent father. "It was my fate," she says, "to be much with the wits—my father was acquainted with all of them." Every one knows the license given to the wits of that day; and the clever, vivacious girl, associating familiarly with them, learned much of their coarseness. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and, if a careless father, he was at least a proud one. When she was but a child he proposed her as his toast at the Kit-cat Club, and had her brought to the club to be introduced to its members. She was accepted by acclamation, and passed from the arms of one poet and statesman to another. Her picture was painted for the rooms, her name engraved on a drinking-glass and enrolled in the books as a standing toast.

But her alleged remarks, even at nineteen years of age, fall unpleasantly upon the ear. She "despises the impertinences of dress," and "looks upon the world with contempt." Hence we are not surprised that she says, forty-seven years later: "I have passed a long life, and may say with truth I have endeavored to purchase friends. Accident has put it in my power to confer great benefits, yet I never met with any return, nor, indeed, with any true affection but from dear Lady Oxford, who owed me nothing." And again: "The little good I do is scattered with a sparing hand against my inclination; but I know now the necessity of managing the hopes of others as the only links that bind attachment, or even secure us from injury."

Her marriage with Mr. Wortley, the grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, was one of very decided inclination on her part; and when he was sent as British Ambassador to the Porte, Lady Mary went with him. To this journey we owe her "Letters from the East," one of the noblest contributions to English literature that ever proceeded from a woman's pen, not only for their charming style, but for their graphic pictures of an unknown life, and for their historical accuracy. Her return to England was hailed with delight by the Court and by every fashionable and literary circle in London. Then she fixed her residence at Twickenham, and there cemented that friendship with Pope whose rupture was trumpeted to the world and futurity in the bitterest satire and invective. Pope lost no opportunity of wounding her, and how he could sting, no one need be told. Lady Mary, not unjustly, called him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." But her retorts made even Pope writhe, though in their galling spleen and spite she loses all her womanly dignity and modesty.

The reason of this famous quarrel is no better understood than is her real motive for voluntarily leaving her husband, children and home, and spending twenty years of her life alone in foreign lands. The plea of advantage to her health may be true, but few women would care to purchase health by the rupture of every social and domestic tie. She left England in 1739, and traveled for some time in Italy. Horace Walpole saw her in Florence in 1740, and his account of her is not attractive: "Her dress, her avarice and her impudence must amaze any one who never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face, swelled violently on one side, is partly covered with a plaster and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney." But even in youth she was careless of dress. Pope speaks of *her diamonds and her dirty smock;* and there are frequent contemporary allusions to her want of personal delicacy and cleanliness. Twenty years after Horace Walpole saw her in Florence; he met her again in London, and says: "I think her avarice, dirt and vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. I went last night to visit her. I give you my honor the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head she had an old black laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair"; and the rest of his description may be spared. Certainly the fall is great enough from the toast of the Kit-cat Club and the beauty in

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MRS. MONTAGU.—SEE PAGE 181.

Oriental costume who for some time reigned supreme in the highest circles of London.

Abroad it was her custom to take possession of some deserted palace and employ herself in her gardens and vineyards. She raised poultry and silkworms, and rented out the right to fish in her streams—upon the whole, turned her pennies as carefully as if she had been dependent on her profits. Still she was undoubtedly a woman of masculine ability and of wonderful clearness of intellect, and she secured an honorable place in the graver records of her country as the introducer of the first known alleviator of the fearful plague of smallpox. She had the courage not only to test inoculation on her only son, but also to brave the vituperations with which she was consequently assailed, and to persevere in her efforts until she succeeded in establishing the practice. She died in England, having returned there after the death of her husband, August, 1762, and is buried in Lichfield Cathedral.

Many other women, whose names are still familiar, illuminated this century, of which it may at least be said that it unfolded the germs from which the England of 1700 grew into the England of to-day. How charming must have been that Fanny Burney, whose friends—Charles Fox and Horace Walpole among them—sent a round-robin to her father, begging him to recall his daughter from the Court to the literary world, gathering at Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Thrale's! How fascinating those Misses Berry whom Horace Walpole adored and to whom he left little Strawberry Hill! not to speak of Joanna Baillie and the clever, brilliant ladies who formed the "elect" of the society that gathered round the pious Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

The first half of the eighteenth century has a bad name among us; reformers heap abuse upon it politically, moralists condemn its coarse vices, and Churchmen almost blot it from their calendar. It is universally voted an unspiritual, materialistic and unideal age, an age of animal enjoyments; and Mr. Thackeray bids us notice how *fat* people were under its influence. But during the latter half of it there was a great change in its spirit. We hear no more of such doings as went on while Miss Chudleigh was one of the maids-of-honor. Literature became purer; Tom Jones and Clarissa Harlowe became impossibilities; Wesley elevated the religious atmosphere; Johnson, Cowper and the women who gathered around Mrs. Montagu purified the intellectual one. For, taking them as a whole, the women of this circle had no littleness, nor had they the perversity and daring of modern *esprits forts;* and while their minds were masculine, their manners were womanly and domestic. It will be long, indeed, before the "Blues" will have a queen like Elizabeth Montagu; and if they had, where shall we find such subjects as thronged at her bidding to Portman Square?

SINGULARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

SEUTONIUS said that, during the Winter, Augustus would wear four tunics beneath a thick toga; to these were added a shirt and a woolen undergarment; his limbs, also, were as carefully protected. In Summer he would sleep with both doors and windows open, and frequently under the peristyle of his palace, where jets of fresh water refreshed the air, and where, moreover, was posted a slave whose duty it was to fan him. He could not endure the sun—not even the Winter sun—and he never walked abroad without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1670, says the Abbé Arnauld, in his "Memoirs," "was the slave of his health. I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eye constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always five or six in his hand, according to the different degrees of heat or cold."

The Abbé de St. Marbin, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his manias, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by-the-way, was always awry and disheveled, so that his

MRS. SIDDONS.

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face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks, underneath which was built a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of heat he might require. This bed had a very small opening, through which the Abbé used to creep when he retired at night.

Fourier, the learned French mathematician, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheumatism, and with a constant sensation of cold ; he suffered dreadfully whenever exposed to an atmosphere lower than twenty degrees Reaumur. A servant followed him everywhere with a mantle, in readiness for any sudden change of temperature. During the latter years of his life, exhausted by an asthma from which he had been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself, for the purposes of writing and speaking to his friends, inclosed in a species of box, which permitted no deviation of the body, and left at liberty only his head and hands.

Donatello, the Florentine sculptor, who died in 1466, among other singularities, had the habit of keeping his money in a basket which hung from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this basket his workmen and friends used to dip at discretion.

Beethoven had two imperious habits by which he was constantly swayed—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment ere he would discover some fault in it, and commence looking out for another. Every day, after dinner, despite rain, wind, hail or snow, he would issue forth on foot, and take a long and fatiguing walk.

Shelley, the poet, took great pleasure in making paper boats and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. When all waste-paper was used up, covers of letters were next used, then letters of little value, and then the flyleaves of any volume he happened to have with him. It is said that once, when on the north bank of the Serpentine River, he found himself without materials for indulging in his favorite amusement, he having exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a banknote for fifty pounds. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted the note into the form of a boat, with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it dexterously to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with more anxiety than usual. The northeast wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturous owner had awaited its arrival with patient solicitude.

Socrates did not blush to play with children ; Tycho Brahe diverted himself by polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles ; D'Audilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees. Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits ; Politian, in singing airs to his lute. When Petavius was employed in his "Dogmata Theologica," a work of extreme erudition, his great recreation was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over the chairs and tables ; Dean Swift exercised himself by running up and down the steps of the deanery, and even in his latter days, when his constitution was almost broken down, he was, according to Dr. Johnson, on his legs about ten hours of the day.

HOW LETTERS ARE LOST.

"CERTAIN letters which ought to have reached a bookseller in a country town, not having been received, it was concluded," says the author of "The Royal Mail," "after inquiry, that they had been duly delivered, but had subsequently been withdrawn from under the street-door, which was furnished with a slit to receive letters, but without a box to retain them. During subsequent

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

alterations in the shop, however, when it was necessary to remove the flooring under the window, the discovery was made of thirty-one letters, six post-cards, and three newspapers, which had been carried thither by rats!

"The corners of the letters, etc., bearing the stamps, were nibbled away, leaving no doubt that the gum upon the labels was the inducement to the theft. Several letters contained checks and money-orders. But rats are old enemies to letters, as is known in the Post Office; for in the olden times, when sailing-ships were in use as mail-packets, sad complaints were made of the havoc caused by 'ratts' to the mails conveyed in these ships. Nor are the rats the only dumb creatures which have shown a 'literary turn,' in getting possession of letters.

"A few years ago, a postman was going his rounds delivering some letters in Kelvedon, in Essex, England, carrying a registered letter in his hand, ready to deliver it at the next house, when a tame raven—a worthy compeer, if not a contemporary, of the Jackdaw of Rheims—suddenly started down, snatched it from his grasp, and flew off with it. The bewildered postman could only watch the bird while it made a circuit over the town, which it did before alighting; and so soon as it got to a suitable place, it set to work to analyze the composition of the missive by tearing the letter to pieces. The fragments were shortly afterward collected and put together, when it was found that part of them were the remains of a check for £30, which was afterward renewed when the singular affair was known."

ALEXANDER II.

THE following anecdotes of the late Emperor of Russia are taken from Mr. Hare's "Studies in Russia":

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Empress, but also the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the Empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no!" said the Empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening."

When the poor man was told this he felt as if his last hour had come, and the Emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand staterooms, one after another, without seeing any one, till at last he arrived at a small, commonplace room, at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the Empress, the Emperor, and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come, that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

Then the poor man humbly prostrated himself at the Emperor's feet.

"Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier; only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel indeed to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the *Empress* the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself." And the Empress asked him.

When he had finished she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

A nobleman had entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor, and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt that they must have reached Siberia, and, in the utmost anguish, he perceived that the carriage stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and . . . . he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time; but the fright quite cured him.

Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, the man who was able, by his individual act, to benefit a greater number of the human race than any one who ever lived, met with a more frightful end than any of his predecessors; but the sympathy and grief of Christendom followed him to the grave, in which he lies with the hair of his morganatic wife, Princess Dolgorouky, cut off after his death, upon his breast. His sarcophagus is covered with a pall, inscribed simply, "His Imperial Majesty Alexander II."

ARCHIBALD FORBES AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

MANY of our readers are doubtless aware that Mr. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war-correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Russo-Turkish war, was at one time a private trooper in the English Army. He says, in "Interviewed by an Emperor":

"The Emperor (of Russia), who was quite alone, received me with great courtesy, shaking hands and paying me a compliment on the speed with which I had traveled. It was about the worst period of ill-fortune to the Russian arms, and the harassment of anxiety and mischance were plainly telling on his Majesty's physical condition. He carried himself with rounded shoulders; he was haggard, gaunt and worn; his voice quivered with nervousness, and was fitfully interrupted by the asthma that affected him.

"A few months later, when Plevna had fallen, and that tardy success which revolutionized the situation, I saw his Majesty in St. Petersburg—a veritable Emperor, upright in figure, proud of gait, arrayed in a splendid uniform, and his bosom covered with decorations. Around the stately man a glittering court and suite thronged with enthusiastically respectful homage. The dazzling splendor of the Winter Palace formed the setting of the sumptuous picture; and as I gazed on the magnificent scene I could scarcely realize that the central figure of it, in the pomp of his Imperial state, was of a verity the self-same man in whose presence I had stood in the squalid Bulgarian hovel—the same worn, anxious, wistful man who, with spasmodic utterance and the expression in his eye of a hunted deer, had asked me breathless questions as to the episodes and issues of the fighting.

"The Schipka Pass had been in the Russian possession for quite a month, and it was not unreasonable to assume that a sketch of the position there was, as a matter of course, in the Imperial Cabinet. I asked for the plan, since with its help my task of explanation would be greatly simplified.

"But it seemed there was no such document; and I ventured to say that I could get along much more satisfactorily if I had a sheet of paper on which to jot down some rough explanatory outlines.

"The Emperor said at once, 'Ignatieff, go and fetch paper and pencil.'"

"Ignatieff went, and there remained the Emperor and myself alone together standing opposite each other, with a little green baize table between us. The thought that drifted across my mind as we stood looking into each other's faces was, Emperor as he was, no consideration that the world could offer would tempt me to change places with a man so oppressed by ills. And I noticed, or thought that I noticed, what flicker of thought darted into a corner of his mind.

"As we stood, he listening to me talking, there came in his face for a fleeting moment a strange, troubled expression, which seemed to reveal the sudden thought—'What a chance for this man to kill me!' It was a mere quick shadow, and had passed away ere Ignatieff came bustling back with a sheet of foolscap, on which I rapidly outlined the positions, explaining the details as I proceeded. . . . 'Mr. Forbes,' said he—he spoke in English—'you have been a soldier?'

"'Yes, your Majesty,' was my reply.

"'In the Artillery or Engineers, doubtless?'

"'No, sir,' said I; 'in the cavalry of the line.'

"The Emperor said, 'I had not known that your cavalry officers are for the most part conversant with military draftmanship?' I replied that I had served the army not as an officer, but as a private trooper; I know not whether thus conveying to his Majesty the impression that the honest British dragoon is habitually skilled in plan-making. When at length I was permitted to take my leave, the Emperor addressed to me some words which gave me a natural glow of great pleasure. . . 'Mr. Forbes,' said the 'Czar, 'I have had reported to me the example which you showed when with our forces on the sad day before Plevna in succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the state, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, by offering you the Order of the Stanislaus with the 'crossed swords,' a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery.'"

THE BALLAD OF "CHEVY-CHASE."

THIS ballad, the finest and most remarkable of all the old heroic ballads, has commanded alike the admiration of the illiterate and the learned. As Bishop Percy observes, "Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood and the favorite of our riper years."

Ben Jonson envied its author, and Sir Philip Sidney confessed how his own soul was moved by its vigorous strains. The old manuscript of it bears the name of Richard Sheale as the author, but in all probability he was only the reciter of it—an assumption strengthened by the manifest inferiority of other work associated with his name when compared with this ballad.

With regard to the incidents celebrated, Bishop Percy considers the poem may have been written to commemorate a defiant expedition of one of the lords of the Marches upon the domain of another. "It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honor, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of 'The Hunting o' the Cheviat.' Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish Border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or Lord Warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavor to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad, for these are evidently borrowed from the battle of Otterbourn, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it."

NORWEGIAN HEADDRESSES.

THE most common headdress of the Norwegian women consists of a simple kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled, folded over the head, and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead, so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner, which hangs down behind, shows the embroidered pattern and protects the neck and the back of the head. In the neighborhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate headdresses are seen. The patterns are various, but they are all more or less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board. Both the kerchief and the red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, over a white blouse, and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder-straps. Still more characteristic and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen province, and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country are still preserved, though in other parts they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilization. These crowns are very elaborate and, on the whole, uncomfortable-looking erections. They are profusely decorated with inexpensive gems; but, tawdry as they often are, they are sacredly preserved as heirlooms, and are very proudly shown by their possessors to their children and grandchildren as titles of honor, if not to nobility.

THE OLD CONVENTS OF CAIRO.

AFTER driving through the ruins and dust-heaps, with here and there a fine garden among them belonging to some rich inhabitant, I at length stopped before an open space, with a sort of narrow lane or street leading from nowhere to nowhere, apparently! But the driver told me to descend, and my Bible-woman, who had been there before, guided me down the narrow, dark passage. We then turned out of it down another, darker and narrower still, and I stepped into a pool of mud, not being able to see my way (it had been watered on account of the heat). Scrambling out of this, I found myself on some broken and very dirty stone steps. A ray of early sunshine (for it was only seven o'clock) penetrated the gloom of the high walls, and showed a door standing wide open. No locks, no trim, formal portress—only a ragged boy, who, being asked if this was St. George's Convent, replied by pointing before him, and we entered straightway into a sort of court, partly open to the sky, partly roofed over, a very rude kitchen on one side, and two or three little dens for water-jars, etc. A staircase open to the sky led up to a

terrace on which the cells all opened. Divided from this court by a screen of very fine though rather dilapidated, carved trellis-work, was the chief apartment, whose only furniture were an ancient dimity-covered divan, and a mat on which four or five women were seated, one with a book, another repairing a priestly garment of violet silk, garb, that of the Egyptian peasant women, the only difference being that it was all black, instead of being, as with the *secular* females, partly or entirely dark blue. A vail of thin black muslin was on the head, the throat bare and without jewels; otherwise there was nothing in any way distinctive, save a cross at the side. Most were

and the Abbess, who is simply called *Raysa*, or head (feminine of *Rays*), was smoking a cigar and caressing a pretty little child playing about her knees—the daughter, she said, of the servant of the convent. These were the nuns; one or two more were in the kitchen, and a few in their cells. There were only ten in all besides the *Raysa*. All were dressed in a very simple but convenient middle-aged women, and three or four were widows. Whether they can leave, if very anxious to do so, I do not know; but from what I can learn, I imagine, if really desirous to return to her family, and they to receive her, that a nun might obtain permission, but that they do not like to leave, either from being content or because it would be looked on as a great disgrace.

GLORIOUS IDLESSE.—BY VOUQUIN.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART II.—JOHN BRAYNOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN BRAYNOR'S Scrap-book lies open before me as I write.

It is not a very large book. The pages are small. There are not as many leaves as many pretentious volumes of scissored selections contain. I shall copy some things from his volume—not all there is there, small though the volume is—but some of it. I shall copy the first clipping it contains, cut from the Pleanton *Post*, of August —, 1860, and the last one in it, cut from the issue of the same journal for August —, 1880. Not all that lies between, but some of it, I shall write down for you.

There is a portrait of John Braynor hanging on the wall opposite me. It is not mine. A man who loved him, despite all the unloveliness that there was in him to dim the better parts of his nature and obscure the good, has lent it to me for the few months that I shall need it while writing the history of his life, and the lives of those so closely connected with his.

I can almost fancy I see him, as I raise my eyes to look upon the painted representation of him which has made *him* immortal, and which promises to help do as much for the young artist who left so much of the souls of the pictured and the picturer on the glowing canvas. There is the face, thin and old before its time; there is the scanty white hair which speaks of more than Time's swift feet; there is a sorrow in the eyes, patience on the lips, courage everywhere, and a hint of hope that I trust he knows now was sure and certain.

But we must turn to the Scrap-book.

Did you ever keep a scrap-book? Did you ever know any one who did? The question may seem a strange one. But let me tell you that I doubt if you ever saw or ever will see a book like the one John Braynor kept.

I can imagine him now, old and gray while still the lying years say he is young, sitting lonely in his library, working at the self-imposed task which was the penance

of his life; I can imagine him going away from it, for a little time—only an hour or two—to look for peace in spring-time on the gusty hills, only to creep back to the work of his life, unhappier than ever before. Spring, with his Scrap-book; Summer, with his scissors and paste; Autumn, with the huge pile of papers, including every daily published in New York city, to be read with feverish expectancy and fear—every day; Winter, with the volume growing, growing, growing, ever growing, which was the history of that which had followed the deed he had done.

"Keeping a scrap-book," do you lightly say? Kind reader, mock him not. You little know the awful nature of his task. Words cannot picture it. You little know of the prayers he said as he cut and clipped. You have little conception of the tears which fell upon the pages, leaving them blurred and blotted which had once been white. God pity him, say I. God pity any one who makes the record of his life as this man made his.

Steadfast was he in his toil, early and late, sometimes finding nothing to add to his volume for weeks; then finding much each day, for many days together. I hope no one of you will ever read the newspaper as John Braynor did, at least not for twenty long years, as he had to do—or, at least, did.

Sometimes he went away, for a day or two, to visit the grave of the dead woman he had loved. Many were the evenings he spent, cloudless evenings and stormy ones as well, Summer and Winter alike, by the resting-place of her for whose sake he had done the most grievous sin of his whole life, the one who had loved him, betrayed him, loved him again, and who, "after life's fitful fever," *slept well*, the name of "Annette Dellerton" on the great white stone at her head.

Many were the tender smiles he lavished on the flowers that grew above her breast when Summer was in the land. Many, too, were the bitter tears which fell on the sere leaves of autumn-time as they drifted back and forth over her silent heart. There were bitter sobs, breaking across his lips, to mingle with the frosty blasts of Winter. Then, sometimes, it was by her grave he found the prayerful hopes he dared to have—even *he*—when spring-time brought the green leaves and bright flowers again, sweet symbols of the resurrection.

But after each visit he went back to his task again, reading all the papers which had accumulated, giving it a time and attention which would have driven many another man to despair. It may be that John Braynor hoped to keep his reason and find his pardon through the work he did.

There is little need that I should specify the sources from which the following clippings, copied by me from John Braynor's Scrap-book, originally came. The Pleanton *Post* on the one hand, and the various dailies of New York on the other, are responsible for most of them. I shall give particulars only when it is necessary.

In August, 1860:

"DIED.—In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, Mrs. Ward Dellerton, formerly Miss Annette Braynor, of this place. Mrs. Dellerton was taken to the City of New York for burial. Mr. Dellerton took his infant child to his home in that place. Mrs. Dellerton has resided in this village constantly since her marriage, but the business of her husband has kept him in New York much of the time. Their marriage, which took place about a year since, was strictly private. We understand that only the immediate relatives knew of it until the time of her unfortunate and unexpected death. Mr. John Braynor, our estimable fellow-citizen, and a cousin of the deceased, arrived home from Europe just too late to see her alive. Mr. Dellerton has the sympathy of the entire community in his bereavement."

John Braynor put that in first. He wrote no comment on it. Would you have been as brave as he?

In August, 1860:

"BORN.—In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, to Ward Dellerton, of New York, a son, Mortimer Montgomery Dellerton."

"In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, to Mr. and Mrs. James Ampstead, a son, John Braynor Ampstead."

In September, 1860:

"Our readers will remember that the good name of Mr. Ward Dellerton, of this city, was unpleasantly connected, about a month since, with a scandal which his friends had much difficulty in tracing to its source. A young woman, dying in some little town in the interior of New England, claimed to be his wife. We believe she had previously borne a good name. The worst usually *have had* good characters.

"Mr. Dellerton was at that time engaged to a lady of wealth and position in a suburban town, and his wedding-day was not a week away. He and his friends claimed that the story which the young woman in Yankeedom told was either instigated by some unsuccessful rival for the hand of the lady to whom he was engaged, or was a straightout attempt to extort blackmail. It is not necessary for us to say to those who have ever known Mr. Ward Dellerton that the attack upon his character was a failure. His well-known honor and integrity would have been enough to make his simple denial sufficient to any one who had ever had the pleasure of his acquaintance; but his pride prompted him to rest satisfied with nothing short of absolute acquittal in the eyes of all those among whom he lives; attempted blackmail, in the case of a gentleman like Mr. Dellerton, was simply ridiculous.

"He promptly visited New England. He utterly confounded his enemies. Several of them were glad enough to confess, on condition of being allowed to go free from the criminal prosecution which was promised them if they persisted in the course they had undertaken. One man, Martin Glugg by name, proved particularly obstinate, and is now in prison.

"Mr. Dellerton had no difficulty in convincing his intended bride of his entire innocence of all evil, and they were quietly married at her home at the time which had been previously determined upon. Fashionable society here has lost the pleasure of being in attendance upon a great wedding, such as had been planned, but will be none the less anxious to welcome home the happy pair when they return from their trip to Europe, on which they are now absent.

"Our readers may be assured of the entire accuracy of the statements we have made, as we have received our information from a disinterested gentleman of the highest character for precision and veracity, and one who has been, moreover, an intimate friend of Mr. Dellerton for years."

In September, 1860:

"Mortimer M. Dellerton, son of the unfortunate widow of Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, late of California, is dangerously ill with diphtheria. Friends of Mr. Ward Dellerton will remember the death of Mrs. Dellerton at the time of the birth of her child. Mr. Dellerton had long been estranged from his brother, who had been for many years a resident of California, but hastened to make the last hours of his sister-in-law as comfortable as possible. Her death took place, as will be remembered, at some little town in New England, where she was spending the first Summer of her widowhood. She was buried with the family of Dellertons, in Greenwood, and her son will, if he lives, be formally adopted by his uncle.

"The absence of Mr. Dellerton in Europe, on his bridal tour, makes the illness of the child very sad indeed. His uncle, it seems, has developed an intense affection for him. It is believed he will come home as soon as news of the illness of the little one reaches him.

"We have to thank an intimate friend of the family for the information we have presented."

The memory of Annette was not the only thing to take John Braynor to New York. The item last given took him there by the first train. Had he sent an innocent little child to death? Must it be? Could it be? Would God permit it?

He could not go into the house. He found it closed against him. But he wandered, without food or drink or

sleep, for long days at a time, in sight of the door, halting the physician whenever he came out, and begging him for news.

One day the child was better, and John Braynor spent five minutes in a restaurant, eating like a famished man. The next day the child was better still, and he crept away at night to catch a few hours of the sleep which he felt he must have or die. The next day the child was worse, and John Braynor went without food, went without drink, went without sleep, and walked wearily round and round the block in which the Dellerton mansion was situated for the whole twenty-four hours. The day after, the child was still worse, and he dragged one foot after the other in his patient, persistent vigil, dying, almost, for food; losing consciousness for a moment, sometimes, with the sleep which he could not fight off. The next day there was a consultation of physicians; money was doing all it could in paying skill, skill was doing all it could in manful fight against the powers of death. And Braynor felt that he could have cast his fortune and his life into the balance in the baby's favor, had that been possible, crying: "Take all—all—but save me from being this boy's murderer!"

In the morning the doctors met, at noon they separated. "There is no hope, the child must die before the close of the day," they said. And Braynor crept away, feeling that the crime of Cain was on his soul, turning his face toward the docks and wharves of the East River.

"Would life be possible after that?" he moaned, as he hurried on.

"Will they ever know my fate?" he groaned, as he stood by the side of the treacherous flood which has been the grave of so much of love and hope and honor, alas! during all the sad and wicked years since *the city* has been *the great city*.

Then he fell down among the boxes and bales which were scattered about, and the sharp-eyed policemen happened to be all somewhere else, and a couple of strong-armed laborers chanced to know the difference between drunkenness and despair, and knew which one was likely to bring the afflicted one down to where they worked, ready for the radical cure of all life's ills which a self-imposed dash into the black waters is likely to be. These two brawny fellows had never studied medicine; they knew nothing of the pathology of minds; they had no more ability, in an educational direction, than enough to enable them to vote, and you know that is not much, even in New York. But they had humanity, pity, and good common sense. They drew the sleeping man into a more sheltered place; they helped him into a more comfortable position; they drew a coarse, heavy, dirty canvas up over him to his chin; then they left him alone.

So he got sleep, blessed sleep; so he saved his reason and his life; so he turned away from the tempting river with the coward's rest it could proffer, when the morning was driving the last faint stars out of sight, and went up to the street where Ward Dellerton had his house.

Which is the better, certainty or uncertainty, the worse that can be true or the suspense that leaves hope possible? The child he had stolen from the blacksmith's home in Pleanton; the child who had been condemned to a life, long or short, good or bad, with Ward Dellerton, was dead—or was not. Why did John Braynor hesitate? Why did he wait, half a dozen blocks away, hoping and doubting? Nothing he could do would alter the truth, whatever the truth might be; the child whose future he had dared become responsible for, not yet two months ago, was dead—or was not.

He saw the carriage of the physician who had been regular in his attendance upon the sufferer come up the street. "There is hope then," he whispered to himself, and crept into a doorway on the shady side of the street, too happy in his hopefulness to dare ask how much hope there might be.

But the carriage went by the house, with never a pause nor a turn toward that side of the street, and he felt as though his aching brain would die.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he cried. "And I was fool enough to think there might be hope."

Then he shouted after the doctor, and ran until the carriage was out of sight, and stood in the middle of the street and wept when he found the man he so longed to question was gone—gone—gone. In fact, he ran the risk of being arrested as drunk and disorderly, which would have been one-half just and true—for he was not drunk—only the keen-eyed policemen were all somewhere else just then.

He got courage to go up the street as far as Ward Dellerton's house after a time. I pity the man who has to carry such a look on his face as he did. Let a detective, or a good criminal lawyer, have met John Braynor just in front of that mansion that morning, and let some one have said, "There is death in there," and *this* would have happened. No questions as to "Who?" "When?" "Why?" or "How?" The other man would have looked Braynor in the eyes for one moment, then his hand would have fallen on his shoulder; "*Thou art the man*," the other would have said. Do you know, I think that the half-crazed man would have bowed his head, only to say *I am*."

He stopped opposite the house. He gave it a sidelong glance. He started, as though in amazement, and looked squarely at it. He drew his hand across his eyes, sadly and slowly and wearily, as though his sight had cheated him, and it was his duty, not his pleasure, to see aright. Then his form straightened a little, though his limbs seemed strangely weak and shaky, and he staggered up the steps and let his faltering hands feel, carefully as he could make them do, at everything which might have held what he so feared to find.

There was no crape on the door—no crape, thank God.

Then the doctor's carriage came back; it stopped before the house; the doctor himself got leisurely out and walked slowly up the steps.

"What—what can you tell me?" gasped John.

"It is all right; we were mistaken. There would never have been any danger at all, you understand, had it not been for the extreme youth of the patient. Happily, skill and good nursing have conquered. There is no danger now. The child will surely live."

Then the doctor went in.

And John reeled down the steps, while the whole street seemed to roll in great waves, and the very sun and sky to turn black before his eyes.

But he knew that to fall in the street meant the hospital; and he knew that the hospital meant time, at least, and possibly danger, for he was surely terribly ill. But he could not afford the time to be sick; he could not run the risk of being dosed for what did not ail him; least of all would it do for him to let another have the chance to learn what manner of disorder it was which had laid its hands upon him.

Will won. Stern resolution prevailed. One or two men looked curiously at him, a lady quickened her steps to get out of his way, and a policeman wondered all that day whether he had quite done his duty in doing nothing; and may be wondering yet, perhaps, if age and political change have not had their wicked way with him. The sun got bright, the sky got clear, the street got level

again, and the lamp-posts assumed a peculiar position, with no serpentine waves running up and down them, threatening to snap the lamps off!

John hurried away to get food. He went to a hotel and secured a room, in which he slept all day. Then he went home—home to his Scrap-book.

Think you of all the fearful ills to which infant flesh is heir, and calculate the many journeys which John Braynor made to New York, most of them to find cases less alarming than the one I have recorded; one or two, at least, to find them much worse.

Chapter X.

I return to the Scrap-book.

In November, 1861 (from a morning paper):

"The divorce suit of Dellerton *vs.* Dellerton has just been concluded. This paper has respected the privacy which the chief parties to it have evidently wished to preserve regarding it, and has not printed a word of comment upon it. Now, however, with the decree granted to Mrs. Dellerton, it may not be amiss to give a plain and unvarnished statement of facts.

"No reader of this paper will fail to remember the ugly stories which were in circulation regarding Mr. Ward Dellerton, about fifteen months ago. At that time he was suddenly called away to meet the consequences of his wrongdoing toward a most estimable young lady, whose family is one of the oldest and best known in New England. She died before he had reached her side, if he intended to meet her at all, leaving an infant child to the tender mercies of this insufferable scoundrel. Her cousin, a gentleman of the highest character and most unsullied honor, brought forward such undoubted proofs of her marriage that even the base villain who had meant to let the disgrace of his denial follow his cowardly desertion was forced to admit the truth and do such tardy justice as can be done the dead.

"Mr. Ward Dellerton came home, bringing his dead wife and his living child. He told a heartless lie, as unique in its picturesque impossibility as anything which ever graced the pages of a 'Gulliver' or a 'Munchausen.' A brother of his, of whom nobody had ever before heard, had conveniently died in California (name of town or city not given), some time within a year; this lady, so this poltroon asserted, was his brother's widow. He buried her with the Dellerton name above her, *because he had to.* But he called her his sister-in-law, instead of his wife, and brought his own child home as his nephew.

"This gentleman (!) was engaged to the lady who has since suffered so at his hands, and who has just received her freedom from the Court. He went to her with his lying tale. He sent his friends to her. He bought up affidavits to bolster his (so-called) character, paying fabulous prices for them. His arts prevailed. One day, Ward Dellerton buried his wife; the next day he was on the ocean with his bride, bound for Europe.

"The recent Mrs. Dellerton had a large amount of property when she married. Some hundreds of thousands of dollars of her money went to pay the debts of Mr. Dellerton, whose affairs were hopelessly involved, and who must have sold all his property within a month or two but for his success in deceiving the wealthy woman who listened to his falsehoods. A large amount more was squandered in the most reckless way, or lost in investments of the most foolish character, and the remainder was all in the legal possession of Mr. Dellerton.

"Mr. Dellerton began a systematic course of cruelty and abuse soon after the marriage. This was borne by the patient and long-suffering woman until it became her duty to rebel. The charge against Dellerton was for cruel and inhuman treatment, but the facts we have related came out in the course of the trial. Mrs. Dellerton is allowed to resume her maiden name, while retaining the title which proclaims her a married lady; she is given the custody of her child; and she gets an amount of money which is nearly equal to one-tenth of what her estate was a year and a half ago. On the whole, we congratulate the lady; she is lucky to have escaped with her life. It is believed by many that Mr. Dellerton has concealed some of the property which is really a part of the estate of the divorced lady. Investigations of the suspected frauds will be made at once.

"We can assure our readers that the account above given is not only true, but very mild indeed, all things considered. We have the facts from the lady herself, who has so fortunately escaped from her living death."

(From an evening paper of the same date as the above):

"The Dellerton *vs.* Dellerton divorce conspiracy has reached an inglorious ending, through the aid of purchased perjury and judicial imbecility. Mrs. Dellerton undoubtedly married the gentleman who has suffered so much at her hands and the hands of her friends, solely for his money. We congratulate her on her success in obtaining a liberal share, but we warn her, and all the vampire crew who are backing her, that they must be satisfied. Any further attempt to extort blackmail will not only result in failure, but may subject the cowardly conspirators to imprisonment as well.

"A disreputable morning paper contained a tissue of untruths relating to the case, this morning. The only truth contained in their long article was the mere fact that Mrs. Dellerton has secured a divorce; it is a fact that she has. Mr. Dellerton has put the matter in the hands of his lawyers, directing them to bring suit against the ——— at once for $50,000 damages for criminal libel."

(From the next issue of the morning paper):

"We learned last evening from the columns of a journal which sometimes speaks the truth—by accident, perhaps—that we had injured the character of Mr. Ward Dellerton to the extent of $50,000. We were naturally amazed at such a statement, supposing that the entire character of the gentleman in question would be regarded as dear if quoted at a fiftieth of that figure. We at once sent a reporter out to investigate. He called at the residence of Mr. Dellerton, only to be informed that that gentleman was absent. He called upon Mr. Dellerton's lawyers next. These gentlemen were at first inclined to be reticent, but finally consented to make the following statements:

"1. That Mr. Dellerton had ordered them to bring suit as had been stated.

"2. That he had countermanded his orders later.

"3. That Mr. Dellerton had left the city.

"4. That they couldn't [wouldn't?] say where he had gone.

"We assert again the truth of what we said yesterday morning regarding Mr. Dellerton. If he desires notoriety in any greater degree, let him come home and bring suit; if it is money he wishes, he had better keep his own [his late wife's?] instead of trying for ours."

(From the next issue of the evening paper):

"Mr. Ward Dellerton has magnanimously decided not to press his libel suit against the almost bankrupt and wholly unreliable concern which so meanly attacked him yesterday and this morning.

"Mr. Dellerton left the city last evening on business. He will doubtless print a full denial of the infamous charges made against him, when he returns. We shall offer him the use of the columns of this paper for that purpose as soon as we can learn his present address."

In June, 1870:

"Great excitement prevailed in this village yesterday over the narrow escape of the little son of Mr. Ampstead from death. It seems that the lad had been in the river, with other boys of about his own age, so frequently as to make the idea of any danger seem absurd to his parents. Yesterday, however, he ventured beyond his depth, and only the prompt assistance of Mr. Braynor, who chanced to be walking in the vicinity, saved him. He was unconscious when rescued, and remained so for nearly a half-hour.

"To-day the little fellow is quite well again, although a little nervous and weak, and has had numerous calls from his schoolmates, with whom he is a universal favorite, as well as from many of our citizens who have admired his manliness and integrity.

"Mr. Braynor, after whom the boy was named, sent a handsome pony to the lad to-day, with a note suggesting that he take his pleasure on dry land hereafter.

"The other boys of the village are wondering whether they dare risking the means by which little Johnny Ampstead got his pony."

In June, 1870:

"A half-dozen boys, the oldest not yet ten years old, were arrested on the street yesterday for drunkenness. They were severely reprimanded this morning, and then allowed to depart.

"Is it not time that men of wealth and position began to assume that control over their children which was common a score of years ago? Mr. Ward Dellerton has an elegant home, with plenty of money and all that wealth can buy; but his son was one of this gang of young rascals."

A WHISPER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SCHWENINGER.

In October, 1876 :

"Every one in Pleanton will be glad to know that our brightest and best boy is meeting with so much of honor and success. John B. Ampstead, who was the best scholar in the highest class in our own school during the past year, has recently been admitted to Harvard College. For so young a fellow, his progress has been wonderful, and we learn that his standing on the entrance examination was remarkably high.

"Mr. John Braynor has taken a deep interest in the welfare of this worthy young namesake of his, and will, it is understood, meet all the expenses of his college course. It is not generally known, however, that Mr. Braynor has given time as well as money, and personal attention as well as good will, to young Ampstead. The fact is that Ampstead has studied privately at the house of Mr. Braynor during every vacation for three years, and has had the use of the library there, and the daily assistance of his good friend during school terms. We congratulate Mr. Braynor on his discriminating generosity, and predict an enviable future for young Ampstead."

In October, 1876 :

"Mortimer M. Dellerton, a product of the modern system of parental training, which gives the control of children to hired nurses and governesses in order that the fathers may be in Wall Street—or in worse places—was arrested to-day for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He made a savage resistance, and the policeman who took him was quite severely bruised about the face and head. Dellerton gets sixty days in which to meditate on his folly."

In July, 1880 :

"The name of John Braynor Ampstead occupies a place of honor among the graduates from Harvard College at the recent commencement. Mr. Ampstead will study law in the office of one of the foremost firms of lawyers in the City of New York."

In August, 1880 :

"A most dastardly attempt at parricide was made last evening at the residence of Ward Dellerton, Esq., of this city. Friends of the family have long been aware that the relations existing between this gentleman and his son were not of a harmonious character, but none had guessed that such an outcome was possible as events have proved.

"The facts of the murderous assault, as nearly as they can be gathered from the statements of the frightened and excited servants, are as follows :

"Mr. Dellerton came home from his business (whatever that may be) at about half-past six o'clock. He was considerably intoxicated, though no more so than on many former occasions, and was in a furious temper about something. So enraged was he, that he found fault with his servants without cause—so they allege, and even threatened one of them with personal violence. Asked to say when he desired dinner served, and whether he wished to wait for his son or not, he angrily exclaimed that he wished no dinner, and that he hoped his son would never pass the threshold of his house again until he was brought home dead. He then went to his library, where he spent the evening, ordering a decanter of brandy sent to him soon after going into that room.

"Mortimer Dellerton came home about half-past ten o'clock. The man who let him in (for he was without his usual latch-key for some reason) is certain, not only that the young gentleman was not drunk, but that he showed no signs of having been drinking at all.

"Young Dellerton went at once to the library, and various ones of the servants whose duties called them past that room will swear that there was loud and angry talking between the father and son during the next hour. One or two, indeed, are able to give fragmentary sentences which show that the two men were desperate, each endeavoring to force the other to think as he did.

"At about half-past eleven there was a suspicious stillness, long enough to be remarked by several of the servants, though the exact length of time cannot be definitely stated ; estimates vary from fifteen seconds to five minutes.

"At the close of that interval of silence there were one or two angry sentences from each of the two men, their voices almost frenzied in pitch and intensity.

"Then there were two pistol-shots in quick succession, and then silence again.

"The servants tried the library-door. Mortimer had found no difficulty in going in an hour before, but they found it locked. After a little hesitation, lasting a half-minute or so, the door was broken open and they went in.

"Mortimer Dellerton stood in the middle of the room, his left hand resting on a table which stood there, while he held a revolver in his right. The other man was lying in the most distant corner of the room, entirely senseless and motionless, while the blood was running from a wound in his head.

"The injured man, supposed at first to be dead, was carried to his room by a part of the servants, while others disarmed the dazed and unresisting young man and called for the police.

"Medical help was speedily summoned, and the condition of Mr. Dellerton carefully examined into. It seems that only one shot struck him, although two were fired, but that it was undoubtedly intended to kill. Mr. Mortimer Dellerton is famous as a pistol-shot at the shooting-galleries and among the sporting men of the city, and certainly shot with his best skill and murderous intent. The ball, however, went a little to one side, and, instead of penetrating the skull, glanced off. The physicians say that the shock to the brain of Mr. Dellerton has been very severe, and that he is likely to die from the effects of it, but that there is a bare possibility of his recovery. Up to the time of our going to press he had not regained consciousness, and the latest reports are that he is rapidly sinking. The life he has led has been one of wild excess and dissipation, so even his warmest friends admit, and has had many most exciting episodes in it, well calculated to injure his nervous force. The probabilities are decidedly against him.

"Mr. Mortimer Dellerton was removed to a place of confinement at once. As soon as the news of the tragical occurrence was received at this office a reporter was sent to obtain such information as might be possible from the young man himself. To our regret, our reporter was denied admission to the cell of the accused. He was fortunate enough, however, to find some of the authorities willing to converse on the all-absorbing topic. We give the result of his investigations :

"It seems that Mr. Mortimer Dellerton has refused to make any statement whatever to the officers, other than to assert with the greatest earnestness that he shot his father in self-defense. The officers say that he has not been drinking, and that he manifests no indications of insanity or unusual excitement. Told that the injuries to his victim were likely to prove fatal, he made no answer, but the experienced men who were watching him believed that his actions and looks indicated satisfaction with that probability, rather than a hope for recovery.

"Mortimer Dellerton has a large acquaintance with a class of young men who always have plenty of money, and who, whatever their faults may be, have a habit of standing by a friend who is in trouble. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that an application will be made for bail, and that security in any amount will be offered. Should the results be as sad as now seems likely, there is no doubt that Mortimer Dellerton will be furnished with the means of making a most vigorous defense."

Chapter XI.

There is only one scrap in John Braynor's book of a later date than the one last given—another hand than his placed that one last record of his work there. We will read it by-and-by. Let us follow him, for a little, as he goes out from his door after the last cutting he ever made had been placed in his book.

When John Braynor walked from his house to his stable the heats of an August noontime lay all along the dusty roads and scorching fields. It was such a day as this, long, long ago, that Mart Glugg had gone away to cool his hot heart and frenzied brain by the side of the stream in the hills; it was such an afternoon as this promised to be that John Braynor had followed him, lured by the false logic of a maddened human will beating vainly against the providence of God—vainly, unless it added sin to its wicked wish.

"Long, long ago," he said to himself, running his thin, nervous fingers through his scanty gray hair; "how long? My God, *how* long? Twenty—twenty—it is twenty years ago this very day."

Then he saddled his black horse, Prince, and having mounted, rode rapidly away. He was anxious for the shade of the trees upon the hills; he longed for the passages between the steep slopes where the ferns grew rich

and rank, and where the shadows lay sleeping all day long, though the sun beat and buffeted the less fortunate verdure of tree and hill to a hot brown hue, not a hundred yards away. He must go to the stream? He must look upon its waters again. He must hear the music of its flow. Innocent, he could not go; but humble and hopeful—hopeful—could he be hopeful? Dared he be hopeful? What hope was there for him, when the one who had been condemned by his act to a lifetime at Ward Dellerton's side, and under Ward Dellerton's influence, lay behind an iron door, stone-walls close about him, waiting until they could know whether he was a murderer—or whether he had only meant to be one? Hope? It was a mockery for him to think of hope!

But he must be alone. He must be with nature. The hot glare from the dusty street seemed to blind him. The white walls of the Pleanton homes were a pain to his eyes. He must go away for a little, though he came back to the horror of his life and the anguish of companionship with himself, when the night should come—the night which would remind him of another night twenty years ago, whose memory he could never blot out—a night which he would gladly have given anything, everything, to have had back again to live over. God help him! God help us all! Repentance and remorse cannot do all things; they can undo *nothing!*

He rode up the street. Many nodded pleasantly to him. Several spoke kindly. John Braynor was an honored man in Pleanton, an honored man and a loved one. He smiled and bowed in return to the salutations which came to him, and all the time his soul lay on a very rack of pain; outcast, criminal, despised, he could have borne it better; every smile was like a coal of fire, every nod was a stinging goad.

He had not been up into the hills to that far-away spot where he had found Mart Glugg, not since the evil day he had followed him there. But to-day he would go. To-day he would follow the track which had known neither his step nor Mart Glugg's for a third of a lifetime.

It was hard for John Braynor to go. It is hard for any and all of us to do many things which we will not leave undone, though we unrebukedly might do so. Every turn in the path brought back the past to him; but he had no hope, no future; the past was all he had to live upon; so why should he not go?

It was late when he reached the place where he had found Mart Glugg. He was scarcely sure that it was the place. The tree on whose root the fisherman had sat had fallen into the stream, and slowly rotted away to an ugly and unlovely shapelessness, which told little of the time when it had stretched up its long fingers to the Spring sunshine, or caught the dashing rains of Summer among its thirsty leaves.

The fallen trunk on which Mart Glugg had crossed the stream was gone long ago. The bank had fallen in here, the flowing waters had cut a new channel there; something had partly closed the outlet to this basin-like place, and noisome plants had invaded the sluggish stream; the fish had forsaken their old-time haunts here; a greenish scum festered and scalded in the Summer heat on the dead waters. And John Braynor *looked* at the water, and *thought* of his lost life!

The finger of time and the iconoclastic hands of change had been everywhere. Only one thing remained which was of the past, unchanged and seemingly changeless. It was a bottle. Down in the noisome water, there it lay, just as it had fallen when the resolute hand of a man who had forsworn its enticements for ever had cast it from him. *He* had sworn vengeance, and the bottle would have meant much to him, could his eyes have looked upon it, instead of gazing—if alive, not dead long years ago—at the walls of stone which shut in *his* sin and shame and sorrow. And this man—this man whose unseeing eyes looked at the bottle in the depths and had no thought of the sad tale it told—this man had sworn to bring good to pass; good, and not evil. Each had chosen much the same road to their goal, though; much the same road.

Had their journeys been widely unlike?

It was almost dark when Braynor turned his horse's head toward home. Eager as he had been to see once more the spot where he had found Glugg, he was much more anxious to be away from the horrible place, and home again.

The stars were beginning to find their places in the stately march of night when John was fairly free from the thick woods, and could look about him from the hills as he rode up and down their rugged sides at a sharp gallop.

Down along the horizon there were signs of a coming Summer tempest, just as there had been twenty years ago. The wind blew moist in his face, and a drop or two of rain fell upon John Braynor's cheek. The drifting clouds shut out some of the great stars, and hid the moon from time to time.

On he dashed, urging his horse to greater efforts.

On, trying to keep pace with the thoughts he could not help but think.

On, to no future he could hope for; on, to no future he could think of; on, with a strange fear lying cold about his heart that somehow there was no to-morrow for him—not in this world. Do you believe in what are called presentiments? I—— But no matter.

On, with the horror of the hills behind.

On, with the misery of home before him.

On, on, on! There be too many men and women, alas! whose hearts keep step with John Braynor. May they find all the peace, and all the sweet content, and——

Wait a moment. I cannot write that yet.

John Braynor came in sight of home. The lights of the village shone out at him across the night. He struck his horse, not a heavy blow, nor an angry one, but one calculated to bring him to a yet higher speed.

Some timid animal, startled by the thunderous tramp of flying hoofs, darted across the road. The horse sprang to one side, rearing high in the air, and then rushed down the road like the wind.

And John Braynor knew, in one instant, how much his presentiment had meant, and why his thoughts had groped vainly for an earthly to-morrow beyond his to-night.

Down he went. Down with his head and shoulders upon the cruel rocks. Down, but his foot held in the stirrup. Down, but not free. A prisoner in this mad race, though he could feel the bones of his ankle break asunder, and the sinews and tendons tear away.

On, while he thought of what he had left undone, little as he might have done if he would.

On, while he wondered whether life would be spared to him until he could do a little in the way of attempted reparation for a deadly wrong.

On, while he could feel the bones in his arms, in his legs, and in his body, crack and crumble.

On, knowing that his head was crushed and broken, and his face cut and bruised out of all shape.

On, while the wild wind grew fiercer.

On, while the night grew darker.

On, with the rain falling upon his quivering lips.

On, until he could no longer see the bright lights of Pleanton shining at him through the dark.

On, but with no brighter lights than those of Pleanton's homes falling in upon him from across a darker night than the one through which he was going to his death. It was a terrible way this, in which Fate was writing "Finis" across his life.

Down a narrow lane; up to a stable-door; then the mad beast stood still in the storm, and only shivered and shook from the nervousness of his fright.

But the burden he had dragged neither moved nor moaned. He heard nothing, he felt nothing, he saw nothing.

John Braynor had come home. Was there ever a more terrible home-coming?

* * * * * *

There was not a place in him which was not the seat of the most horrible agony when John Braynor came back to consciousness again. He could not move a limb, he could not draw a full breath, he could not turn his head upon the pillow. But he knew that he was in his own room, upon his own bed, and that Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Pilleo, his lifelong friends, were with him.

He heard the clock strike. It was twelve.

Outside, in a room not very far away, there was a hushed hum of many voices. He knew what it meant. Pleanton's people loved him. They had gathered there to help, to hope, to—he said it softly to himself, but tried to say it bravely—to mourn.

The lamp was turned low. There were strange shadows upon the wall and in the corners. He saw that Mrs. Johnson was weeping. There were tears, too, upon the doctor's cheeks.

He spoke to his old friend, recognizing his own hopelessness in his pathetic question. Not "Shall I live?" Not "May I recover?"

"Doctor," he gasped, "how—how long?"

The doctor understood him.

"Until morning, possibly," he answered.

The tired eyelids closed over the eyes, shutting in, out of sight of his friends, much of the pain which they felt was mental, rather than physical, as they looked down upon him.

There were many minutes so. Then the dying man looked up again.

"Barcase!" he said, in a whisper. "Is Barcase here?"

The doctor nodded to Mrs. Johnson, and she went out of the room. In a half-minute she returned with the man for whom John Braynor had asked, Mr. Seth Barcase, the only lawyer of Pleanton.

"Give me some stimulant," whispered Braynor to the doctor.

The doctor shook his head.

"It will do no good. It will only shorten your life. It will only burn out your powers the quicker."

"How long can I live with it?"

"Possibly three hours; perhaps only two."

"And without it?"

"Six or eight hours, I hope."

"Give it to me," said Braynor, slowly, and with a terrible earnestness and emphasis; "give it to me. While I live I must be strong and quiet. What if it does burn out my life in a few hours less than I might otherwise live? I shall all the quicker find rest—rest—rest."

"Let him have it," said Barcase.

Braynor thanked the lawyer with a look.

The doctor stepped to a table, turned out something from a bottle which stood there, something stronger than mere liquor would have been, I doubt not, and came back to the bedside.

The way in which he placed his hands under Braynor's shoulders, and the tenderness with which he lifted him spoke eloquently of that loyal love which is more than mere professional care and anxiety ever have been or ever will be.

He gave Braynor the draught he had brought. The effect was wonderful. To one who had no knowledge of medicine, there might have come hope as he saw the strength which flashed up into the eyes of the sufferer, and noted the deeper breath which he took. But to one who knew—to one whose business of life it had been to stand where death's near presence was—to Dr. Pilleo, it meant that whatever there was to be done must be done quickly. He had thrown more fuel upon the fire of life, for his friend—his dying friend—John Braynor; but the added fuel did not mean that the fire would last longer. Alas! no; it not mean that. It meant a brisker and a brighter blaze for a little, with the coldness and blackness of death all the sooner.

"I suppose my mind is all right?" asked Braynor, with a quiet vigor, which said much for the virtue of the potion the doctor had given him.

Dr. Pilleo passed his cool hand over the aching head of his friend with a dainty, caressing tenderness.

"Your mind *is* all right," he said, with firmness; "though it is almost a miracle that it is so. Indeed, with your head crushed and broken as it is, with your limbs shattered as they are, I—I——"

"You might save me?" queried Braynor.

The doctor bowed.

"But——" began Braynor.

The doctor touched the chest of the sufferer.

"There is damage here which is beyond me," he said; "damage which is beyond all human skill. Oh, John Braynor, John Braynor! my dear, dear friend! why could it not have been me instead of you? Why might not my old and useless life have gone out instead of yours—yours, so young compared with mine; so useful, so lovely, so good."

He burst into tears, and stooping over, he kissed the man for whom he so mourned.

But Braynor only closed his eyes and groaned. It was not physical pain which overmastered him. He would have welcomed the rack and the thumbscrew, if he could only have blotted out one night from his life and from that of two others. He remembered the child he had stolen from Mrs. Ampstead's side, an innocent babe then, with all the possibilities of a true and honored—though it should be humble—life. And now, now, was he the murderer of Ward Dellerton—he, John Braynor—by the hand of another? And was he the murderer of the soul of one who bore the name of Mortimer Dellerton? Was he? Was he? He groaned aloud again most bitterly, and when the grayhaired clergyman whom he had known and loved his whole life long entered the room, and stepped softly to the bedside, he turned his head as far aside as his powers permitted, and the hot tears rolled down over his torn cheeks.

But the dying man had work to do, work which must be done, and he brought his will to his help. He shut back the crowding tears at their sources, to weep them in his silent grave, perhaps, and turned his eyes toward Barcase.

"I must make my will," he said; "and you must write it for me. Remember, all, that the doctor says my mind is clear and strong."

"We will," said they all.

A BACCHANTE.

Chapter XII.

"Give me more of the stimulant," said Braynor.

The doctor looked doubtingly at the lawyer.

The lawyer nodded his head emphatically.

The doctor obeyed Braynor's request. He turned more fuel upon life's flame, already shaking and quivering under the icy breath of Death.

"Open my desk," said Braynor to Barcase.

Barcase did so.

"Look for a large envelope directed to 'John Braynor Ampstead.'"

"I have found it."

"Seal it, please."

Mr. Barcase complied with the request.

"I desire you to take charge of that, in accordance with a provision I wish written in my will. Please get writing-materials, and draw the table near my bed."

The lawyer speedily did so.

"I am ready," he said.

"Put it all into the necessary legal language," said Braynor; "do it thoroughly and exactly, but be quick about it. I shall say what I wish done; you must write it as it should be, to be beyond doubt."

"I will. I am ready. State your wishes."

"Give to my namesake, John Braynor Ampstead, all my houses, lands, bank and railroad stock, books, papers, furniture, and so forth, together with all the personal effects which I do not give away to friends before my death."

The lawyer wrote for some time. At length he looked up from his work.

"It is done," he said; "what next?"

"I leave to my friend and legal adviser, Seth Barcase, a sealed package, in trust for my namesake, John Braynor Ampstead, to whom it is addressed. The trustee, Seth Barcase, is to deliver the same to John Braynor Ampstead, only when two conditions have been complied with."

"Wait a little," said the lawyer, writing rapidly for a minute or two; "now let me hear the conditions, or let me write one at a time, if you please?"

"I suppose I may give my reasons for imposing the conditions, as well as the conditions themselves?"

"You mean to have them written in the will?"

"Yes."

"Certainly it can be done, if you wish it. I am ready to go on."

"Because the sealed package contains that which demands the logical and kindly consideration of a trained mind, I direct that it shall not be delivered to John Braynor Ampstead until he shall have been regularly admitted to the Bar."

"Very well. It is so written," said the lawyer, after a little.

"Because the package contains that which no heart can interpret with justice unless it has felt the divine power of love, I direct that it shall be given to John Braynor Ampstead only when he shall be happily married to the woman of his choice."

The lawyer's pen ran rapidly over the paper for a little time. Then he raised his head.

"These are strange conditions," he said, "but they are legal enough, and you have a right to make them. They are written. Now what is to be done if the conditions fail?"

The suffering man lay in silence for a minute or two, his eyes closed. It may be that the near approach of death sharpens the intellect; and that to those who are sinking away from earth and the limitations of earth life, it is given to judge more wisely of the future needs of those who are to be left behind than can be done when the grossness of a strong and vigorous body shuts the soul in and hampers it—standing, a wall which cannot be passed until it falls to dust, between the spirit and its wisest activities. It may be that to John Braynor, and to others like him, lying on the boundaries of another world, wisdom undreamed before is given.

I only say *it may be.* Since stolid Science, watching by the beds of the dying, has done no more than doubt, I can but doubt too; since Science has never asserted that such a thing *cannot be true,* I am not quite sure that *it can be and is!*

John Braynor had not thought that the conditions he had imposed might never be complied with. The pain upon his lips seemed to deepen as he lay there and thought of the possibility that his intent might fail. There was that in his sealed package which young Ampstead must know; and he must bring his legal knowledge to the contemplation of it, or the legal knowledge of some other man to whom it would be necessary for him to go for aid, and John Braynor shrank from having another man, not Ampstead's friend—and his, called in to share his secret. And then, since his love for Annette was his plea and apology, he must have the aid of an equal love in the heart of the one who was to read his confession when he was dead and gone. And yet—John Braynor Ampstead living, he had a right to know the truth. He dead, perhaps the world had a right to know it too. Of Ward Dellerton and his so-called son he could not think; it seemed as though they had passed beyond his power to set them right. To his despairing thought Ward Dellerton was dying, and when he thought of Mortimer he thought of the gallows too, as though there were no future for him without it.

"Come," said the lawyer; "come, my dear old friend, every moment is precious. What shall I write next?"

The fire of life was burning low. The darkness men call death was drifting very near.

"More!—more!" moaned Braynor, turning his wistful eyes toward the bottle.

"Give it to him," said the lawyer.

The doctor shook his head.

"It is almost murder to do it," he said, plaintively.

"But he must have it, or die unsatisfied. Give it to him. Do it, or I will. Shall I?"

And Barcase rose to his feet.

"No! no! no!" said the doctor, in little spasmodic jerks of sound.

Then, once more, he kindled the flame to brightness again.

"Thank you," said Braynor.

The doctor turned aside his head with a stifled groan. Braynor had thanked the lawyer, not him.

"And now," said the lawyer.

"Write that when John Braynor Ampstead dies, if he does while either condition remains unsatisfied, that the package is to be burned unopened.

"It is so written."

"And that when Seth Barcase dies, if he dies before John Braynor Ampstead, his heirs are to burn the package at once."

"But that is not wise," said the lawyer; "let there be another trustee. My death should not make so much difference as it would if it should precede your young friend's admission to the Bar, or his marriage, with this condition in your will. Leave the matter for another's hand."

"No," said Braynor; "it shall be as I have said. It is in the hands of God. It were better for me—better—better——"

"More!—more!" cried the lawyer, eagerly; "don't you see he is going?"

He pointed toward the bottle.

The doctor did his bidding. The flickering, fading life flashed up again.

"Have your way. It is written. What next?" said Barcase.

"From my money deposited in bank all debts and my funeral expenses are to be paid."

"Yes."

"Then the sum of nine hundred dollars, with legal interest from the date of his arrest in this village till the time when he calls for it, is to be paid to Mr. Martin Glugg."

The lawyer raised his head and shot a sharp look of inquiry at the doctor.

"Go on," cried the latter, "and for the sake of Heaven, hurry! I will answer for his mind. But he is going—going fast."

The lawyer wrote swiftly.

"Give to Mrs. Johnson, my friend and housekeeper, the sum of two thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"To Dr. Pilleo the sum of one thousand dollars."

"Well."

"To Seth Barcase five hundred dollars."

"It is done."

"And to John Braynor Ampstead all the rest of the money in bank to my credit."

"It is so written. Is that all?"

"It is all."

They raised him up tenderly. They held him strongly in their loving arms, as though they could never, never let him go. They put the pen in his weak and faltering hand. The paper was held before him. He signed it. Dr. Pilleo and the clergyman witnessed the document. Then they laid him down upon the bed again.

For a minute or two they thought him dead, and the sign of pain which lay upon his ashen lips was terrible to look upon. There was more in it than the awful manner of his death could account for. The three men and the one woman who had known and loved him so long looked at each in amazement.

"What can the package be?" said one.

"What is this secret?" whispered another.

Then, slowly and tremulously his eyes opened again.

"My—my gold-headed cane," he whispered; "will you—you—dear doctor—take it and use it always?"

The doctor bowed in tearful silence.

"And you—you——"

His voice failed him, but he beckoned Mrs. Johnson nearer, and she stooped to hear the faint whisper in which were spoken the words he said.

She shook her head.

"Why?—why?" he gasped, trying vainly to raise himself in bed.

She stooped near him and gave him her answer.

"When?—when? For God's sake tell me when!" he cried. His voice had suddenly gained strength; the last effort of life is often a great one.

She stooped again, and told him.

"Thank God!—thank God!" he whispered.

And Mrs. Johnson looked at him in speechless wonder, while the others looked at her for an explanation *she* could not give.

But Dr. Pilleo believed he could explain. When death has actually invaded the body; when some of the tissues are really lifeless; when decay has begun to pull down the temple in which the soul has lived; then pain drops away from the being it can no longer warn nor aid, and delirium may let fall the curtain over the mind which is withdrawing from the failing brain. All of which is logical and scientific, and, in a purely medical way, highly satisfactory to all the good old Pilleos who call one guess a hypothesis, two guesses a theory, and three a law.

John Braynor's eyes opened once more. Once more he started up, and this time he raised himself to a half-sitting posture. A spasmodic tremor shook his arms; one could not but see that he tried to extend his hands. A look of rapture transformed his suffering face. His whole being seemed full of a sacred joy. He looked beyond and above the heads of those with him; beyond and above anything in this world of sorrow—you may believe if you will.

"Annette! Annette!" he whispered, "I loved you so; I loved you so. And I tried to deal by your boy as—as well as I might. And I—I——"

That was all.

He sank back upon the pillows, seeming to fall further down into their depths than he had before. There was the gray of death upon his face, so unmistakable now that one could but wonder how they could have thought him dead before.

"And he failed, God help him!" said Dr. Pilleo.

"And he failed," said the clergyman.

And the lawyer echoed their decision. "He failed," he said.

They were thinking, one and all, of Mortimer Dellerton, possibly warned and watched over by the dead man before them, but waiting in a cell for time to tell whether he was as guilty as he had intended. No wonder they said "He failed," kind though they meant to be; friends, and no better thing than that to say of him—"*He failed!*"

They did not think of young Ampstead. How could they? They did not know of the evil deed John Braynor had done. Had they known, their charity and love might have kept them silent, but they would have thought the same then as now, and his monument in the memory of each would have borne that saddest of all epitaphs—"He failed!"

"A strange fancy, his thinking he saw Annette again," said Barcase, the practical.

"A beautiful one," said the clergyman, musingly, wondering whether he had best say more.

"And a true one, *I* think," stoutly asserted Mrs. Johnson, unmindful of just the ground she might find her belief had placed her upon.

The good doctor shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. I presume he could have told the names of all the muscles concerned in his complex action, and give a very interesting and scientific discussion of the way in which they were set in motion. And——

No, kind reader, don't skip this. I only said the doctor might have done it. *I* cannot.

He could have explained, doubtless, how a sudden congestion in the brain of the dying man might account for what he would have called an illusion. For good old Dr. Pilleo was scientific—very.

I venerate Science—modest and doubting Science. It is always modest to say, "I don't know"; the statement often has the merit of being true. Science knows the scalpel and the balance and the chemical reagent so well, that it sometimes forgets that it doesn't know much else, or that there is anything else to learn.

A clot of blood in his brain might have given John Braynor his dying vision of the loved and lost Annette.

What did? Was it that? These are the unanswered questions—and the unanswerable ones.

Science don't know; Dr. Pilleo didn't know; I don't know; nor do you.

God knows!

On the changing face of the dead, with its dark and purple wounds, growing darker still, there was something very like a smile of peace and content; a strange look to turn for ever toward the sky, if they had rightly said of him, "He failed."

Some one stepped to the window and raised the curtain. The sunlight stole in. Day had come again.

* * * * * *

"DIED.—On the — day of August, 1880, at his home in Pleanton, John Braynor, in the fifty-seventh year of his age."

That is the last entry in John Braynor's Scrap-book.

As every footfall changes the centre of gravity of the earth, be it by ever so little, and helps or hinders in their courses the viewless orbs on creation's furthest boundary, so the influence of every life, no matter how humble—good or bad—shall go on for ever. We cannot follow John Braynor; his spirit went away that August morning on that mysterious journey which we all must take, chartless and pilotless, blind voyagers on an unknown sea. We cannot follow him.

We cannot trace out all the results of his life and his influence, but in some lives, in some degree, we may follow the shadow which his existence cast, and see how much of good or evil, happiness or sorrow, grew out of the legacy to the future, which his life was.

PART THIRD.

THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a hot evening in New York city, such an evening as follows on the heels of an August day, year after year and year after year; an evening when the well-to-do found it pleasant to take cars or boat and find their way to some place where they could breathe a little air which came from oceanward; an evening when the poor crept into their miserable quarters, with the palaces of trade and fashion shutting out their sight from the sky and their hopes from Heaven, to wait for the angel of slumber to find his way down the noisome lanes, reeking with the possibilities of plague and contagion, between the high-reaching walls of blistering brick and scorching stone, to lay upon their eyes—even on theirs—the best blessing which God's love has given to us all, the good and bad alike, the blessing of forgetfulness.

An August night in the great city; the thunder of the traffic which will never quite cease until the world watches the sun go down for the last time, and looks for the furnace-flames along the horizon's edge to usher in the beginning of the end, had lessened a little in the intensity of its long-drawn, hollow, eternal roar.

Night, and industry was going home. Night, and sin was beginning to flood the streets. Night—hot, damp, wretched, desperate night.

New Yorkers might have been divided into three great classes that evening. Those who *could* leave the great city, and *would*, were scattered along all the beaches which were within railroad reach, or to which boats could carry them; Long Branch and Coney Island, and many, many other places, each had its share. There were the wives and daughters of bankers and brokers there; the families of men whose words were law in Wall Street; and they were, many of them at least, so equally lavish of their money and their smiles, that one would have fancied that the men in town would have worried about it. Possibly they found worry nearer at hand.

There were those who *could* leave the city, but who *wouldn't*. Some of them had very sober faces as they bent over the piles of gold they counted, or found some novel way in which to make their books balance—wondering the while how it would be done to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after, and whether that last venture in stocks would be like all the rest, and how long an original system of bookkeeping was likely to be a success. Some of them, I regret to say (though I am happy at being able to write that there were many more who were quite above the dangers of financial temptation), were exceedingly likely to find themselves in the third class, by-and-by; in which event their wives and daughters would find it necessary to be more economical—in money.

There were those in New York who *couldn't* leave. The poor, God help them; the sick; the criminals—that is, those of them who had been caught—and kept.

Ward Dellerton couldn't go down to the seashore that night, though he had wealth and friends. He would never go again; a very quiet and dignified doctor had said so, and no one disputed him. He would go out of the city again, only when he went never to return; went to Greenwood; and went silent and white of face. It was just at the twilight hour when the physician had called last, and the lamps were already lighted in the streets and in the houses when he went away. "He will not live the night out," he had said. "I shall call again in a couple of hours, unless I am sent for. Send word at once, if there is any change."

They turned the gas low down in the room where the dying man lay. He rolled his head restlessly from side to side, and seemed to stare at wall and at ceiling by turns. But his eyes had no meaning in them; they had not even the delirium of fever, which grants hope to-day for to-morrow's change shining in them. He had not said a word, nor made a sign with eyes or fingers that could be interpreted as rational, since they found him in his library. There had never been a look of recognition or a gleam of intelligence in his eyes since he was shot down. The doctor had said that there probably never would be. From his quarrel with the one whom John Braynor had given him to be as his son he would doubtless go straight to his grave; and no one would ever be able to tell just what had happened in the library—unless Mortimer Dellerton and his lawyers could be relied upon to tell the truth.

Did I say that Ward Dellerton couldn't leave the great city? I was wrong. Pale and gaunt and speechless, motionless but for the restless and never-ceasing rolling of his head from side to side, he lay upon his richly furnished bed, with the hot air of the night moving lightly about him. Going—going—going! Going out from the world as well as from the mighty city! Going, going fast—very fast!

But Mr. Mortimer Dellerton *couldn't go!* There are judges in America brave enough to refuse bail from Murder's hand; there are guards and jailers who cannot be bought nor bribed; there are prison-doors, even in the city of Tweed and his memory, which open *in* much easier than they open *out*.

His friends had tried every device they could think of, and still Mr. Mortimer was on the wrong—or the *right* (it all depends on the point of view, you know)—side of a

WHAT DOES POLLY WANT?— FROM A PAINTING BY JULIUS MANTE.

certain iron door which opened into a very small stone room.

Habeas corpus? Oh, yes. But those who had the young man in custody showed good authority and excellent reasons. Offers of bail? Certainly. Bail to any amount. But the officers understood the matter altogether too well to be taken in by so shallow a trick as that; they didn't want the money; they did want the man; *so they kept him.* The friends of the young assassin even tried the effect of "influence"; that mysterious and intangible being whose family name is "Influence," and whose Christian (or *un*-Christian) appellation is "Political." When the case was beyond the power of P. I., the great and—and—well, the great anyway—it looked very hopeless indeed. It is safe to say that the alleged son of his father was in to stay.

But prison-doors always open, if one waits long enough. *When* is an important consideration.

So is *Why!* There's a certain ugly-looking structure which spoils the effect of the finest landscape background, when it stands in front of the opened door of a long-kept prisoner, as he is solemnly led out. Young Dellerton's friends meant to keep such a shock as that from his sensitive soul, so they had called in the services of Bluff & Bragg; not the striking mental characteristics which those two words seem to symbolize—I believe I've already indicated the fact that they had been used, and not used sparingly. Bluff & Bragg—Mr. Bernard Bluff and Mr. Bertrand Bragg—were two of the best lawyers in New York. With his case in their hands, his future was not quite so certain as was that of Mr. Ward Dellerton with his in the hands of the doctor. We may venture to leave the young man for a time, however; he will scarcely be got away before we are back.

There was another man in whom we shall find ourselves interested, that I find it difficult to classify. He turned into a restaurant in a dirty and unfashionable street, and ate a hearty meal, not leisurely but nervously, not as though at ease, but with a sort of wolfish ferocity. He seemed like one who knew he needed the strength which food alone could give, and scorned the weakness he found in himself, while he grudged every moment which he must give to satisfying his hunger. He paid his bill, showing quite a little store of money as he did so; he was surely a man who could have left the city if he had wished to do so.

He was certainly not a man who would not willingly have gone, for he glared at the walls as he passed them, and scowled at the filthy streets and gutters, and at the still dirtier children who swarmed there. He seemed to loathe the city, to hate the piles of brick and stone and mortar, to despise all those who passed him as he walked rapidly up-town.

But this man had actually come to New York that day. He had not been in the city an hour when he paused for the meal he felt he must have. He had deliberately plunged into this furnace-like August night. Undoubtedly he had some good reason for coming, or believed he had.

I cannot tell you where he came from. I do not know the name of the town. I am not sure of the State, even. I cannot tell you how many times he had changed cars; nor how many miles he had passed over on some slow, slow steamer; nor do I know how many hours he had been jolted and jarred in some still slower and clumsier vehicle. I only know that he had journeyed for days, pausing only when he must, going without comfort, going without sleep, doing with but scanty and hurried meals. I only know that he had had the pole-star in the heavens before him every night; and the eagerness of his purpose drawing him toward New York every day. Judge his earnestness by his self-sacrifice! He was there at last.

He asked a policeman a question. The officer stared at him. A policeman is supposed to know a great deal, and to be able and ready to answer many questions, but when it comes to requiring one to be a complete directory of a city like New York, it is really asking too much. No wonder he stared at the man. Besides, the man was one who looked as though in an interview with an officer he would be likely to be the questioned rather than the questioner.

It took him some minutes to find out how much the dignified guardian of the peace didn't know. Then he hurried away with greater speed than before. It wasn't that he knew that in this world minutes are precious, and that loiterers are likely to be late. He was impatient; that was all; and he had been so very, very patient—for so very, very long. Did you ever see how quickly a coiled spring regains its former shape when the repressive force of years is removed? Long waiting teaches no lesson of slowness to the molecules of the steel; the spring, if still a spring and not a broken and a useless thing, is quick and ready. Neither years nor suffering had broken this man.

He went into a hotel. The clerk knew less, if possible, than the policeman had. And yet he asked for one who had money, some fame, a little influence; one whose name had been on every lip only a short time before. We remember but a little time; we only half know what we believe we know fully.

He found a directory in some mercantile establishment, and got permission to examine it. He was not handy in such a search, and his work took him longer than one would have believed it could. But at last he found the information he sought; he knew where to go.

Out into the street again, then, out and away; swift as the surging tides of humanity on every sidewalk would let him be; rapid as the eddying whirls of men and women at the street-corners left possible; quick as though he knew the need of speed, instead of being driven only by the fever at his heart and the fire in his brain; out and away.

He lost his way once or twice, and lost time by it of course. But there is an end to all search, if one will but follow long enough. It was not very late, the clocks were only striking midnight, when he stood on the steps of a very aristocratic-looking mansion in a very good part of the city, and waited a moment to get his breath and to rehearse again the remarks he had prepared for the consideration of the servant who should meet him at the threshold. He looked about him with an air of critical approval that had something so sarcastic and wicked in it, that he seemed to realize the fact himself. He drew his face into a smile which might have been catalogued as "calculated to deceive any but an expert," and laid his hand upon the bellknob.

He paused and read the name upon the doorplate, anxious to make no mistakes.

The name was, "Ward Dellerton."

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

By W. A. Croffut.

My wandering soul is satisfied ;
I rest where blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

The sky of Summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers flow between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

I know the tale the red man sung—
How when this northern land was young
And by a smiling heaven o'erhung,

Its beauty stirred the archfiend's ire,
Till, burning with insane desire,
He smote it with a shaft of fire,

And shattered it to fragments. "See !"
He cried, with diabolic glee,
"The paradise that mocked at me !

"'Tis sunk beneath the wave ! No trace
Reminds me of its native grace
And witchery of loveliness."

But Time repairs the wreck of old,
And vails, with touches manifold,
The shining shards with green and gold.

The sad wounds hide in tender moss,
The ferns and lichens creep across,
And every ragged scar emboss.

The pine its coronal uprears,
And banished beauty reappears
'Neath the caresses of the years.

The fairyland again has grown ;
The Huron god has found a throne,
And Manitou reclaims his own.

And so the Summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite chair,
Flings music on the mellow air,

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the Island Lake.

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides ;
The muskallonge in covert hides,
And pickerel flash their gleaming sides,

And purple vines the naiads wore,
A tiptoe on the liquid floor,
Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

The shadow of the waves I see,
Whose silver meshes seem to be
The love web of Penelope.

It shimmers on the yellow sands,
And while beneath the weaver's hands
It creeps abroad in throbbing strands.

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden weft.

So, day by day, I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

I have always loved fine horses. I always shall. Fickle man though I be, I shall always be true to my first love.

My earliest recollection is connected with a very pretty feat in horsemanship ; a feat which I realize came near putting it out of my power to tell my story to you—out of my power to have any to tell. My story came very near being "continued in the next"—*world*, that day.

I remember the glorious October afternoon ; I can see the long sweep of level road ; I can see again the horse, the carriage, the hired man who held me in his arms. I remember, with all a child's love for nice things, the clove-scented breath which swept my face.

We raced for a crossing, and won. The pilot of the locomotive missed us by half a foot. I laughed, and applauded the act of the man who had taken our two lives in his hands. I loved the horse who helped us through the exciting episode. I thought the scolding that my father gave John was unkind and unjust. I have only parental love and care to thank for the fact that I was not with John, a month later, when he raced for a crossing—and lost. I cried a little, for I was a tender-hearted child, when they carefully raised his body from beneath the shapeless mass that had been a handsome carriage an hour before.

But I sometimes feared that not half my tears were for the man. We weep for the worthiest, you know, and the horse made a brilliant failure—failure though it was. I always loved a horse. I always shall.

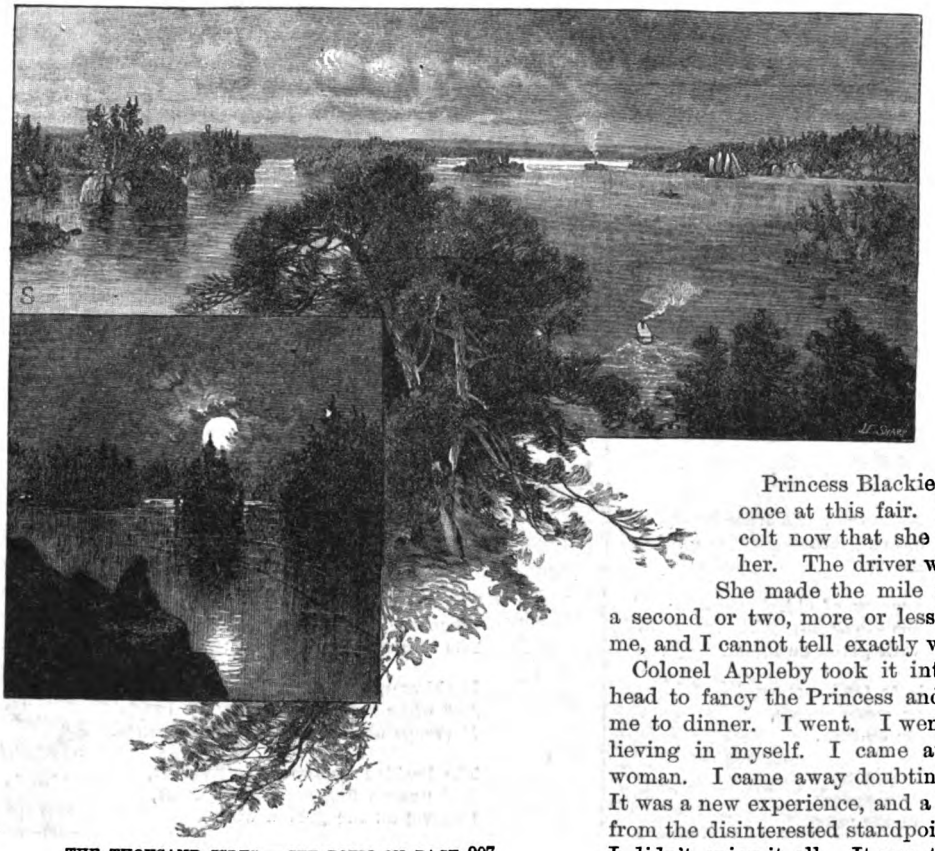
I love my wife, too. She is the best woman I ever knew, and the wisest. Goodness and wisdom in a woman are like gentleness in a horse ; something that the owner-er-er—I mean the *husband* in the case of the woman, of course—may safely insist he is sure of. Beauty is different. Beauty is like speed—something to believe in and bet on. I think my wife is the most beautiful woman I ever knew. But *I* never wagered a dollar in my life, enthusiastic horseman though I am.

A man with a passion of any sort in his mind is a man to whom another passion comes with difficulty. I've gone out of my way time and again, in my younger days, to meet fair ladies, and they've been flattered at the admiration they read in my glances. Poor foolish little equestriennes ! My admiration was all for the horses they rode : I scarcely looked at the women. So it must have been a dainty face, a shapely form, a true soul, which won a place in my heart and life.

Let me not speak lightly. I love the woman whose eyes look tenderly into mine, as truly as man ever loved his wife. My purpose to-day is to tell you how I won her.

I was riding one Autumn day, several years ago, among the hills of Vermont. I had had business in the vicinity, and having finished it, was taking a few days of leisure and pleasure before going West again. I turned a sharp curve in the road, and met the landlord of the country hotel where I was staying for a little time.

"I say, Foster," said he, "you ought to ride out here



THE THOUSAND ISLES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

five miles and see Clark's horses. He's got some good stock."

"Anything fast?" I asked.

The landlord laughed.

"Scarcely. Fast horses are rather at a discount hereabouts. He's plenty of heavy workhorses; handsome animals, too. Will you go out?"

I shook my head.

"It isn't worth my while," I said. "I don't care how many pounds a horse can pull. My interest in him depends on how long it takes him to do a mile."

"Come to think of it," said the man, reflectively, "I think he has one beast with some racing blood in her. An awkward-looking colt, going on two years old, I think. The mother died here. Was owned by some one in Kentucky, unless I am mistaken. The colt's too ugly and awkward ever to be fast, though."

"Clark has tried her, I suppose?" I asked, a little interested.

"No, I think not. She's young yet, you see; and besides, Clark wouldn't think it right to rider faster than a dog-trot."

We talked a few minutes longer, then I rode out to Clark's. I took a fancy to the awkward colt—Princess Blackie, as the Clark children called her. I bought the animal before I left. I sent her home to my farm in Illinois. (Now *don't* get impatient, gentle reader; I am coming to the woman after a little, only give me time).

It was at a country fair that I first met Colonel Appleby. The gentleman served with distinction during the recent misunderstanding between the North and South. I have never been able to discover with certainty which side he was on, nor where he gained the laurels he is said to have won. One informant told me his most famous achievement was a certain rapid ride *into Washington* early in the war; another, that his most gallant act was a hurried ride *out of* Atalanta much later. I don't know. No one knows, probably; unless it is the colonel himself. I usually settle any vexed question in that way, when my wife cannot help me to a solution of it. Even Colonel Appleby's daughter doesn't know which side had the benefit of her father's bravery and wisdom and discretion.

Princess Blackie was driven over the track once at this fair. She wasn't the awkward colt now that she had been when I bought her. The driver was told not to crowd her. She made the mile in about three minutes; a second or two, more or less, made little difference to me, and I cannot tell exactly what her time was.

Colonel Appleby took it into his pseudo-aristocratic head to fancy the Princess and her action. He invited me to dinner. I went. I went a free man. I went believing in myself. I came away a slave—a slave to a woman. I came away doubting myself and my future. It was a new experience, and a decidedly interesting one from the disinterested standpoint of a psychologist. Yet I didn't enjoy it all. It was too serious a thing, falling in love at first sight, to allow me to apply the theory of probabilities to the problems the future presented. One would have a deep personal interest in being hanged—for instance, which he would scarcely overlook for the mere scientific sake of the experience.

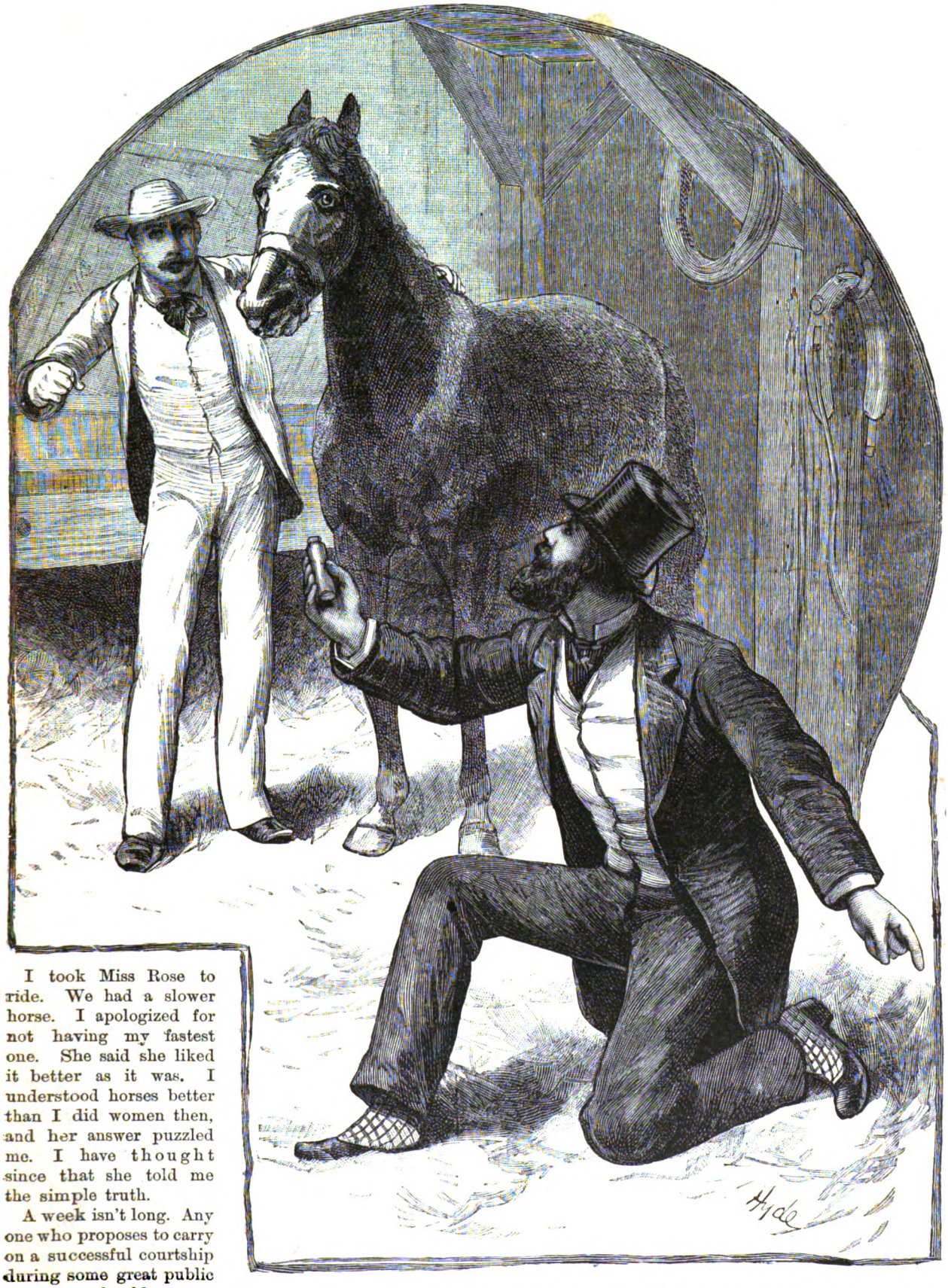
Should I succeed, or should I not? It meant everything to me, everything. I had certainly fallen deeply in love with Rose Appleby. I must face my future. It was inevitably marriage or misery. (No, single reader, not *both.*)

There was the colonel! I had grown suddenly afraid of him. I had talked easily enough, despite his ponderous dignity, when the subject was Princess Blackie; but his daughter was quite another matter. I didn't know then what I know now—that the colonel was an unmitigated humbug. I never breathed that fact to my secret self until after the marriage breakfast. I've never said it to my wife yet; for she's a woman, you see, after all, and I suppose I never shall. But it will ease my mind, even at this late day, to record the fact. He was an un-mit-i-ga-ted humbug! There, I feel better.

But I was afraid of him then, desperately afraid. He was so big. Miss Rose was so little. His eyes were so black. Hers were so blue. Was it a paradox that I was afraid of them both? I was. But I mentally vowed to mention my love to her first. I didn't know, then, that that is the usual modern way; I shouldn't have let custom weigh in the matter, though. I only knew I could escape from *her*, if the answer shouldn't be favorable.

I had the colonel and his daughter come to dine with me at my hotel. Then I dined with them again. Really the fates seemed propitious.

I took the colonel to ride. We rode behind Princess Blackie. He enjoyed it. His pleasure was my happiness.



I took Miss Rose to ride. We had a slower horse. I apologized for not having my fastest one. She said she liked it better as it was. I understood horses better than I did women then, and her answer puzzled me. I have thought since that she told me the simple truth.

A week isn't long. Any one who proposes to carry on a successful courtship during some great public gathering should remember that fact. I would, in a general way, recommend the New Orleans

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—"I THREW MY ARMS ABOUT THE NECK OF THE NOBLE ANIMAL. THE DOCTOR HAD BEEN LOOKING EAGERLY ABOUT. HE PICKED UP A BOTTLE. HE TESTED THE CONTENTS BY SMELL FIRST. THEN HE TASTED. 'SHE HAS BEEN POISONED!' HE SAID. I CHOKED DOWN A SOB."—SEE PAGE 207.

Exposition rather than a country fair. Though, after all, lightning is as likely to strike two, perhaps, when they are together, as only one.

Saturday came. Sunday or Monday I was to go away. It was my last chance. I fancy I understand a little how a culprit feels when the jury goes out to deliberate on his case.

There was a terrible difference between my case and his, though; the fact that my case hadn't gone to the jury yet. It must that very day.

I went to the boarding-house where the colonel was staying, just after dinner. I asked Miss Rose to ride with me. I had a handsome pair of horses and an elegant carriage. I meant everything to be in my favor. Everything was. She went.

What a glorious day! I shall never forget the trees, rich with the glorious coloring of Autumn. I shall never forget the sunny depths of the sky, nor the hazy distances along the level fields. But the golden hair that almost swept my shoulder nearly drove me mad with delight, and the sunny depths of her blue eyes were more than sky or heaven. Suppose I should lose her? Suppose I should fail? Life would be a wreck, wouldn't it? I thought of the time when John took me over the track ahead of the express train. I held my breath. I must make "a race for a crossing" that afternoon, holding the reins myself. Heaven help me! If I failed I felt I should never smile again.

How could she smile, when she held a man's future at her disposal? Did she know? She must. Had I not shown her in a thousand ways? How could she smile unless——

I almost sobbed for joy at the thought of what might be; at the belief that her smile was to be my beacon-light for evermore.

"That's a fine pair of horses," said I.

"Yes," she replied.

"Look how steadily they work together. If one stumbles, the other takes the entire burden for a moment. It is the way to work—the way to live—two together," said I.

"Yes."

"For human beings as well as horses? Don't you think so?"

I cast a quick glance at her. She was looking down.

"I—I don't know," she said, very softly; "perhaps it is so."

"I stumble sometimes. Sometimes I find life hard and unpleasant. But I think—I am sure—I could help and comfort too. My love would make the work sweet. Do you think—will you say—can you—well, do you agree with me?"

It was awkward work, and I fear I blundered and stammered. It was hot. The perspiration stood on my forehead in great drops. She was looking away over the fields. There was a long silence. I began to fear that she was angry.

At last she spoke.

"Do you mean that—that—that you want me to be your wife?" she asked, timidly, and with a warm blush.

"Why, I said so," I responded; "or thought I did!"

She smiled; a smile that was partly due to amusement at first, but which deepened into something sweeter and more blessed; a smile which has been my happiness ever since.

"Thank you," she said, "I will."

Her head sank upon my shoulder. My arm found its way about her. How fair the dying day as we drove home!

I was thankful this time that there were faster horses than those I drove, and not entirely because I dreaded meeting the colonel; partly that, possibly.

The colonel stood on the steps when we arrived. Rose hurried by him into the house. How big he looked. How my heart beat! I tried to speak; tried twice and failed; my breathing-apparatus seemed to be out of order.

The old gentleman came timidly down the steps. He looked nervously over his shoulder. He held up his finger warningly. He coughed, in a dignified way, once or twice. *His* breathing seemed a difficult matter. He looked and acted fully as embarrassed as I felt.

"Mr. Foster," he said, in a low tone, laying his hand on my arm, "the—er—the fact is, I've been disappointed in some—er—er—investments. And—in a word—can you lend me a hundred dollars?"

I got a refreshing breath clear to the bottom of my lungs. Could I? Couldn't I? I reached for my pocket-book with alacrity.

"Colonel Appleby, I want to marry your daughter. Will you let me?" I stammered.

"Eh? What? Bless my soul! So you love the little girl, do you? Well, well. By-the-way, suppose you make it a hundred and fifty."

"Yes," as I handed him the amount last named.

"Thank you, my boy; I'll pay you in a day or two. And the girl? Take her, with her father's blessing."

There are times when it makes a man flush with shame to be sordid. I gave the colonel the money willingly. It may be mean and unmanly to complain, everything considered. I cannot help thinking, though, that he got his ideas of "a day or two" from a religio-geological source. He hasn't paid me yet. I shall take it as an illustration of the fact that this is a world of disappointments, if he does.

I left next day, with many vows of constancy on both sides. Rose and I were to exchange letters every day. The colonel was bluff and cordial. It seemed as though my day would have no cloud.

The cloud came, though. A young man came up. He greeted the colonel and Rose with the air of an old friend. The former introduced him to me as "Mr. Fovalle—Fred Fovalle."

"A very dear friend of mine," said the colonel.

"I think of the colonel as almost a father to me," said Mr. Fovalle.

Almost a father, indeed! I felt a sharp twinge of that divine misery, jealousy. I'm not going to write the remark I made mentally regarding Mr. Fovalle, for I expect this will be printed, and it wouldn't look well in print.

Looking back as I drove away, I could see Fovalle standing between Rose and her father. Confound him! Why need he stand so far away from the colonel?

* * * * * *

"Come down at once. I've cried all the time for twenty-four hours. I don't know as you'll get this, but I'll never forgive you if you don't come. I've had to bribe my maid in order to send it at all.

"Papa says I must marry Fovalle. I never will. He says I must not marry you. And of course I cannot disobey him. Come down and reason with him. I think he owes Fovalle money."

The above isn't what you'd call a model love-letter, is it? It isn't like the ones I got every day for nearly a month. Then I had two days of wretchedness, because no letters came. I told myself that any news would be welcome after her long silence of forty-eight hours. Think of forty-eight hours! And in answer to my wild

prayer for some news, some word—something—I got that!

Cheering, wasn't it? Calculated to bring sleep to my tired brain? I can laugh now, you see. Let those laugh who win.

She would never marry Fovalle, though her father commanded it; she wouldn't marry me because she wouldn't disobey her father. It looked to me as though there was a fallacy somewhere in the ideas she had regarding parental power and a daughter's obedience. But I didn't expect to move her from that decision. It was quite on a par with the resolves for which the good and pure have suffered martyrdom in heroic silence, time and again, time and again. Why have great minds ever wasted time and energy in building up systems of logic? Alas, why?

"Think he owes Fovalle money!" I groaned aloud. Not for the money he owed me. Not that. But because I feared he owed Fovalle more. Because I feared Fovalle had the longer arm of the golden lever which could alone move Appleby.

What could I do? I could kill Fovalle, perhaps, but that wasn't quite in accordance with the customs and laws of the land. What *could* I do? Oh, yes! "Come down and reason with him." Why, certainly! Reason with him! I had as soon reason with a royal Bengal tiger.

I went down. Things were in bad enough shape, certainly, but there were some pleasant facts among the rest. I saw Rose without difficulty, that was one. She wouldn't see Fovalle at all, that was another. I found the colonel meek and spiritless, that was a third.

I had an interview with the old gentleman.

"You owe Fovalle money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"It's hard to say.

"For what?"

"Wagers on races."

"They cannot be collected, can they?"

"But, sir," he said, with a sudden assumption of the old dignity, "my honor is at stake."

His honor! And he would pay such a debt with his daughter's hand! His honor, indeed! Ethics, like logic, seems to be a subject in which the supply exceeds the demand.

"I presume you would rather your daughter were my wife than Fovalle's?"

"She says she likes you better."

"Is that all? Is there no reason in the relative characters of the two men?"

"I am not sure that there is."

I've never liked the colonel since he said that. If Lee or Sherman, as the case might have been, had only caught him *out of* Washington or *in* Atlanta (again as the case might have been), he would have gotten his deserts, most likely. And it's a pity it didn't happen so. Only——

I should never have met Rose if the colonel hadn't invited me to dinner. Prompt and vigorous and unvarying justice to the evil would be pretty hard on the good, sometimes.

"Do you owe Fovalle anything won lately?"

"Yes. That is, I shall. It is November now; late in November. We have warm days and bright skies yet, but we may have snow any day. And I bet him that a mile would be trotted in a certain time before Winter. I shall lose. In fact, I have lost already."

"How much did you bet?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

He drew up his head proudly. He rolled the numbers grandly over his tongue. The magnitude of the wager, which this penniless adventurer could pay in only one wicked way, seemed a glory, not a shame, to him. I thought of John's pride when he raced for the crossing. Better for me, perhaps, had I been with him when he failed. And yet, this man sitting before me was such a one again; if he wrecked his daughter's life and mine he would do it right royally.

"What was the time?"

He leaned across the table and answered this question in a whisper. And well he might; the time he mentioned has never yet been beaten, *save once!* You never read of such a speed, except as a possibility, until now.

"But suppose you were to win? Would the twenty thousand dollars offset what else you owe him?"

I asked the question eagerly. Drowning men catch at straws, you know. I saw a straw.

"Win? Yes, if I could win!" he exclaimed.

Then his head fell forward upon his breast and he groaned. Hope is almost a cruelty when it is thrust in beside a reasonable despair. But from that moment I pitied him. He loved his daughter, after all; loved in a weak and selfish way, perhaps, but he had a heart.

I sat in silence for a moment. Then I said the despairing thing in my mind:

"Princess Blackie shall try it, anyway."

The old man shook his head. I went away and left him.

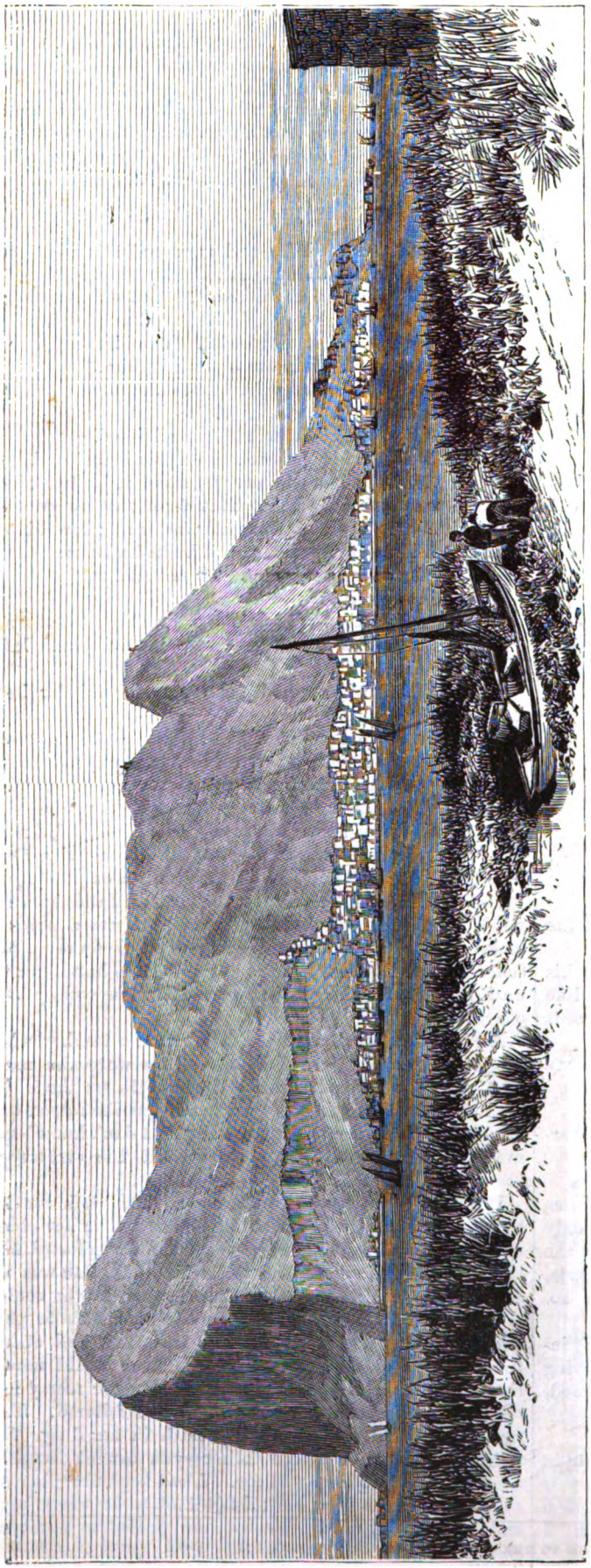
That night I telegraphed for my mare and for her driver.

She arrived two days later. I arranged to have a trial on the track the next day but one. My plan was a little irregular, considered from a sporting standpoint. It was to have some three or four gentlemen of undoubted honesty witness and time the race. If I failed, I did not care to have an immense throng see the failure; should I win, the statements of these men, given on oath, should prove it. I did not advertise the matter, I did not say much of the almost hopeless attempt I was about to make. Without taking particular pains to keep my wild scheme from Fovalle, I did not care to have him know it until it was over, and the bet decided in one way or the other.

A physician, two lawyers, a hotel-man, a teacher who taught well and drove well, too—these were the men who, with the colonel and myself, were to see the trial. To none of them, except the colonel, was the reason for the extraordinary trial of speed known. I don't know how much they suspected. My driver and the stableboy knew all.

It was an almost perfect afternoon. The track was in excellent order. The Princess had done well in her exercise that morning. To-morrow was the day selected for the final trial, the day when the Princess Blackie was to be driven one mile in just as short a time as she could possibly trot it in, the day when two men were to put one despairing chance against a thousand, and stake their futures on a race. For, while Rose would never marry Fovalle, she had said she would never marry me without her father's consent. She never faltered. She meant it. She would live by her faith in her duty. So failure meant ruin to her father—you cannot imagine what it meant to Rose and me. I had kept the plan of the race a secret from her; I felt that to be wisest and and kindest, in view of what the probable outcome would be.

It was, I said, the day before the race. I was going



THE ROCK AND TOWN OF GIBRALTAR, AS SEEN FROM ALGECIRAS.—SEE PAGE 214.

along the principal street in the town, trying to walk away my nervousness.

I turned a corner. Two men were entering a saloon. The one in front walked steadily and firmly. I knew him at once, although his back was toward me. It was Fred Fovalle. The other man staggered. He could not get in at the door. He reeled and fell into the gutter, too drunk to rise again. I saw his face as he fell. He was the man who was to drive my horse to-morrow!

The ground seemed to rock beneath my feet. I looked about in agony. Oh, for some friend to help me!

I saw a friend. The physician of whom I have spoken was passing. I called to him. He paused. I sprang into his carriage.

"To the race-track! To the stables!" I gasped.

Then I fainted. The hope of humanity for the future lies in the fact that there are men who can obey orders without asking "*Why?*"

The doctor was such a man. The track and stables were a mile and a half from town, and when the fresh air revived me we were half-way there; the doctor, moreover, was getting a very creditable degree of speed out of the ancient animal he drove.

It was only when I was quite myself again that he asked his "Why?" He doubtless had a professional interest in knowing whether it was killing or curing that would be expected of him when he arrived at his destination.

A dozen rods before we reached the stable we passed the stable-boy. He could stand yet. But he had been given much liquor.

The stable-door was open. I groaned when I saw it. I had never known how strong my hopes had been until I saw them about to be swept away.

I sprang from the carriage. I entered the stable. My revulsion of feeling on seeing the Princess alive and strong was so great that I almost fainted again. I threw my arms about the neck of the noble animal. I expect the sympathetic respect of all well-meaning people when I confess that I shed tears.

My happiness was not to last long.

The doctor had been looking eagerly about. He picked up a bottle. He tested the contents by smell first. Then he tasted.

"She has been poisoned," he said.

"Seriously?"

"Fatally!"

I choked down a sob.

"How long will she live?" I asked.

"Until midnight, possibly; not longer.

"Can nothing be done?"

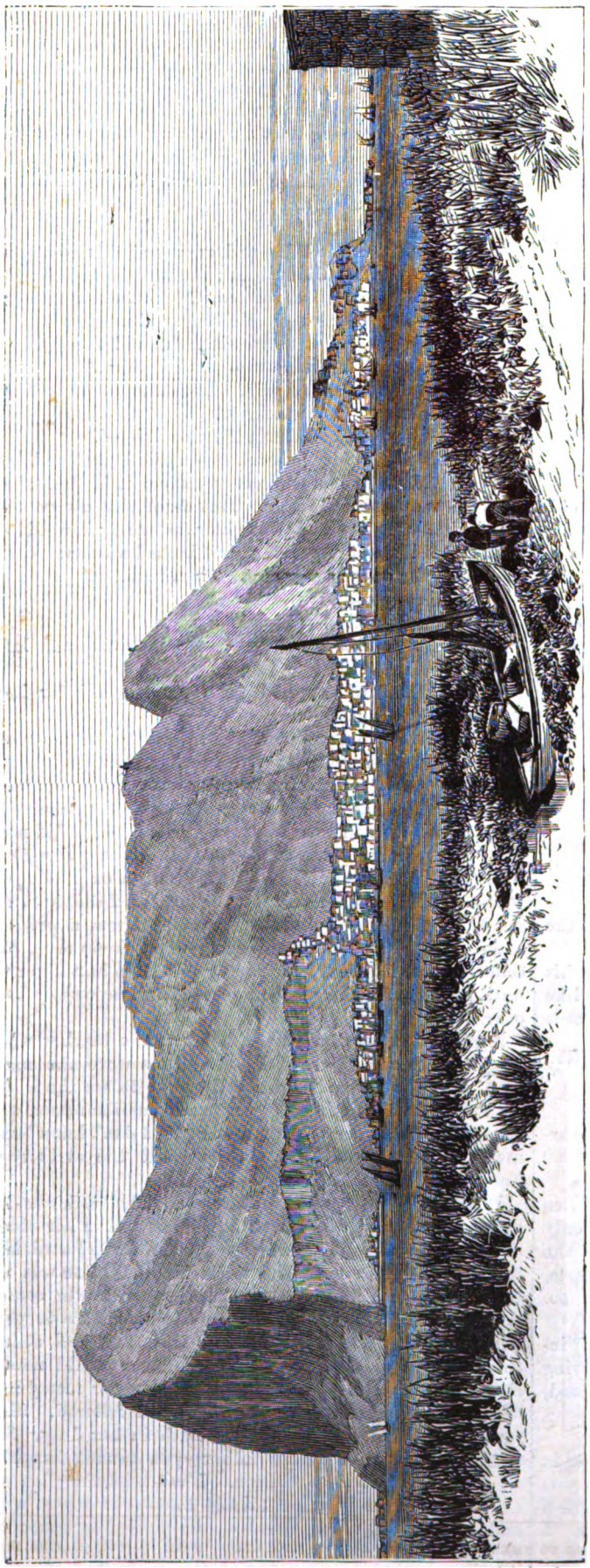
"Nothing. Exercise in the open air might prolong her life. But she is beyond the reach of medicine."

I looked at the handsome creature.

"Must she suffer much?"

"Scarcely any. It will take some hours for the poison to take possession of the centres of life. When that has happened—puff! It will be like putting out a candle; the heart will stop; every function will cease in a single instant. It will be death without a pang."

A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.—1. THE SIGNAL STATION. 2. GOING TO THE SIGNAL STATION. 3. ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE. 4. THE GALLERIES.
SEE PAGE 214.



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A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.—1.

ınd three miles in length,
ı. The African coast was
ish ; the Ape's Hill (Abyla)

we had reached the Mons
at rock-mountains were the
inding us of the days when
continent, joined by a flat
he Phœnicians are said to
the ocean its first excuse for
e centuries before Christ the
corded at *half a mile.* One
widened to *four miles.* After
Pliny quotes it at *five miles.*
writers allude to it at inter-
g to *six, ten* and *twelve miles;*
dth, and the elevation of the
t render further enlargement

st of warm sunlight after chill
of no spot where the transition
o charming, as when, one short
fless parks and squares of gray,
d ourselves in such a blaze of
ladly seek the shady side of the
neath the cool foliage in the Ala-
gardens, which hangs in terraces
rtified cliffs, while below it strong
iard the sea-level.

et a cloudless blue overhead, which
a still bluer sea. And here we sit
ttos, under shadow of dark umbrella-
y aromatic pepper-tree, while masses
arbadoes aloes seem to fire the under-
ght jets of scarlet flame. Great cacti
arms, and tall spikes of aloes cut the
our eyes across its blue to the dazzling
San Roque and Algesiras, whose bull-
ne sleepy Spanish life are so attractive to
the Rock.

is only about five miles from Gibraltar, and
meet for the Calpe foxhounds, a garrison
affords many a good run. Good woodcock-
artridges, and wild fowl, also afford excellent
abouts. The intervening cork woods give
-boar hunting, and are also a rendezvous where
iding parties find a shady picnicking ground, and
the day with a swift ten-miles gallop homeward
he white sands, so as to pass the sentinels before
ening gun excludes alike friends and foes from
h territory ; else they are doomed to spend the
y night on the sandy strip of neutral ground, which
between the two parallel rows of sentry-boxes
king the English and Spanish lines. Eighteen white
try-boxes mark the Spanish outposts, and a similar
, colored blue, form England's boundary. The inter-
ing space is capable of being instantly flooded, if ne-
ary, so as to turn Gibraltar into a true island. In
of peace, however, the neutral ground serves as a
-course and cricket-ground.

ut military discipline is here the great order of the
Never for one moment can you forget the ruling
t. You dare not produce a pencil and notebook till
sketching-pass is duly signed and countersigned ;
even that is only given for a limited period, and with
proviso that you must make no drawing of any forti-
on (as if you *could* omit the one characteristic of the

ery turn you come on the new batteries, great

I turned away my head; I could not speak.

The doctor laid his hand upon my arm with a strange mixture of prompt professional authority and tender friendliness in his manner.

"Tell me fully, but in the fewest words, why you were going to make this trial of speed."

I told him.

"Do it yet," he said; "do it to-night. It can do no harm, cause no pain, shorten no life—not even that of a brute. Your chance is better than before. The drug is a powerful stimulant. The Princess Blackie will trot in from three to ten seconds less than she could have done without it. Then she will die. I will have the friends who are to witness the race here within an hour."

He sprang into his carriage and dashed away.

Happily for us all, those command best who most readily obey.

It was a strange scene that the moonlight shone down upon that night. My friends, and the father of the woman I loved, watching in the judges' stand; I, who had never driven a horse in a race or against time, driving the Princess Blackie up and down to warm her up for the task before her.

At last all was ready. I came down to the wire at a tremendous speed.

"Go!" cried the physician.

I saw no one; I saw nothing but the grand living piece of machinery before me. How she trotted! How the wheels spun round! I tried to count my heart-beats, and to guess by the backward flight of posts and trees how fast we were going.

Do you know how much of life and thought can be packed into a trifle over two minutes? Can you guess? I know now. But never until that night.

The moon shone along the meadows, bright and clear. Was it a type of my future? A cloud swept across it; the wind moaned in a group of cedars; the horizon was vague and dark and shapeless. Was it my life I heard and saw?

There were more clouds before me now, whirling my hurrying way in a different direction. The wind was raw. A flake of snow fell cold and damp upon my face. The night was growing darker. But fate had been kind to me after all. To-morrow would have been too late—so said the signs of coming storm.

Three-quarters of a mile! Now for home! I leaned forward to speak words of kindness and encouragement to the gallant friend who was to give her life for me. I could hear my friends shout and cheer. They had timed the quarters. Surely they would never cheat me with a cruel hope which was baseless; I must be doing well. There must be at least a chance. On we dashed, faster than ever, it seemed to me. Suddenly there came such a shout of terror and anguish from my friends as I pray I may never hear again.

"Go back! For God's sake go back!" shouted the colonel.

Go back?—Never! Turn aside from my path?—Not if Death himself——

Merciful God! The moon shone out again just then. It glittered on something almost opposite me, just outside the track. It was a rifle-barrel it shone upon!

Click! It missed fire. I heard a curse. I leaned forward in my seat. I had not used the whip until now. I let it fall lightly—once only—on the Princess. Then I prayed; the first prayer, perhaps, which ever went up from between the hurrying wheels on a racetrack; not a coward's prayer; not a mere plea for life; but a passionate cry that I might win though I died for it.

"Try again, quick! Not the horse, you fool, the man! The horse is done for——"

The command was too late. There was a sharp report. We dashed under the wire.

Then the mare was on her knees; then up; then down to stay. The sulky was a wreck. I felt more than one bone snap asunder. I thought of my boyish ride, of John's death, of the final fate I had found at last, of my sins, of the woman I loved; the earth seemed to reel; the sky seemed to roll; I wondered what time I had made any way. Then chaos and oblivion.

They saved my life. My wife says she don't mind my looks—they didn't fully save them.

Fred Fovalle was missing the next day—Fred Fovalle and another man. They have never been traced. A steamship which sailed from New York a few days later was never heard from. It is a matter of some satisfaction to me to think that they may have been on board. I have a happy home, the best of wives, and many friends. What can a man want more?

I had a letter from Colonel Appleby this week. I showed it to my wife. She loves him tenderly despite his faults, and how can I blame her? Dear little woman, she even loves me. So I showed it to her. It pleased her. He has fully reformed, he says, and is a different man. Of course she believes it—again, can I blame her?—though he has written it a score of times before, and has shown himself still the same whenever he has visited our home.

I understand what his letter means. I shall not show my wife the one I get next week. I hope he won't need over twenty-five dollars this time.

I am writing late in October, 1884. Some very noteworthy trotting has been done this last Summer. But the time we made that Autumn night is a half-second better than anything ever done elsewhere yet.

That life is a race, is a favorite figure with some; to me it is a literal truth. And I won all in this world which makes life worth living by "the fastest time on record."

A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.

By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Weary of mists and fogs, which, with the shortening days, betokened the near approach of hateful Winter, we determined to turn our faces eastward, and seek in other climes the light and warmth and sunshine denied to Britain.

Leaving Southampton shrouded in a gray November mist, we commenced a voyage which, from first to last, was like the pleasantest Summer's yachting. Of course, as we passed the Bay of Biscay, there was a grand sea on; we could not have wished it otherwise, for the waves off Cape Finisterre were a sight worth remembering.

There were a few of our fellow-passengers, however, who scarcely took the sublime view of things. They rather agreed with the man who said the first day, "that he thought he would die," on the second, "that he feared he would not." However, even these lifted up their heads at last, and then we found ourselves as pleasant a company as ever sailed together, under the wing of the most fatherly of fine old sailors.

Only one shadow crossed our path, when, in the Bay of Biscay, a terrible cry of "A man overboard!" made us aware that a poor young sailor had fallen from the rigging. For one moment a white face looked up from the seething waters, and that was all. A buoy was instantly

thrown over, but we were running before a stiff breeze, and had gone some distance before the ship could be stopped and a boat lowered. For nearly an hour all eyes were strained to watch the tiny boat appearing and disappearing again, as it rose and fell behind the great green waves, with which the poor fellow had vainly battled. And at last his disheartened comrades returned, having found the buoy; proof positive that further search was hopeless.

Five minutes later the ship was again holding bravely on her course, and the passengers settled down to their previous occupations, just as if there had been no interruption at all. The poor young lad had only just joined the ship, but his mirth and songs had made him popular in his own mess; and his mates looked sad enough.

They sorted the sea-chest which his poor mother had packed with such loving hands only two days before, and sent it back to her from Gibraltar, with the tidings that must leave her hearth cold and dark for many a day.

The sailors, who always attribute every mischance to the presence of the "parsons," found three on board on this occasion; and to the college cap worn by one of these (as part of the regular naval dress of a naval chaplain) they at once attached all blame. Its doom was sealed; and at the solemn hour of midnight, while the owner slept the sleep of the innocent, a tribunal of smokers met in grim conclave to try the case. Then, chanting a funeral dirge, they consigned the guilty cap to the briny deep; and during the rest of the voyage the owner vainly sought for the treasure that could never return.

After this mischance we steamed swiftly onward, without let or hindrance, with scarcely a breath of wind to speed or check our course. And on every side stretched the vast, boundless circle of wide, lone waters--plain, unbroken and unvarying, save when the oily calm ruffled into little wavelets, more like a flight of seabirds than like the younger brethren of those heaving, tossing billows which had already swallowed up one of our company.

I think it must be a dark, prosaic spirit which can be altogether insensible to the silent teaching of such scenes as these. There is such a sense of unutterable repose in the unity of the broad sea and sky blending together on an invisible horizon; and this more especially in the stillness of a dark, moonless night, when their mysterious vastness comes over one with so awful a sense of the infinite, and when the spirit seems to expand as though it had found the breathing-room which it lacked in the gairish daylight.

And yet what an ever-renewed joy is the daily miracle of daybreak! I always feel, when I am on the sea, that it is well to be astir betimes, to greet that solemn dawn, to watch the light welling up from beneath the dark horizon, and, like an advancing tide, stealing onward, slowly, almost imperceptibly, and yet so steadily; till the pale stars hide their light, and the dark heaven is all glowing with the glory of the coming day. Still, the sea-line remains in darkness until the great day-star rises from "below the verge," and the whole is changed into one flood of radiant, dancing light, more dazzling than the glorious sun which it reflects. And with the dawn there often comes a breeze, and the crisp, exhilarating air makes the heart buoyant as itself.

On such a morning we caught our first glimpse of the wonderful old Rock of Gibraltar, as he lay, still half shrouded in mist, and just tinged with the earliest rays from behind the clear blue Atlas Mountains. Some have compared him to a grand couching lion, looking toward Africa, and I think the simile is good. A gigantic lion, in truth, 1,430 feet in height and three miles in length, seeming to float on the ocean. The African coast was almost as distinct as the Spanish; the Ape's Hill (Abyla) flushed with delicate lilac.

Then we remembered that we had reached the Mons Calpe, and that these two great rock-mountains were the very Pillars of Hercules, reminding us of the days when Europe and Africa were one continent, joined by a flat neck of land, across which the Phœnicians are said to have cut a canal, thus giving the ocean its first excuse for gradual encroachments. Five centuries before Christ the width was measured, and recorded at *half a mile*. One hundred years later it had widened to *four miles*. After three hundred years more, Pliny quotes it at *five miles*. Then Livy and the various writers allude to it at intervals, as gradually increasing to *six*, *ten* and *twelve miles*; this last is the present width, and the elevation of the ground on either side must render further enlargement impossible.

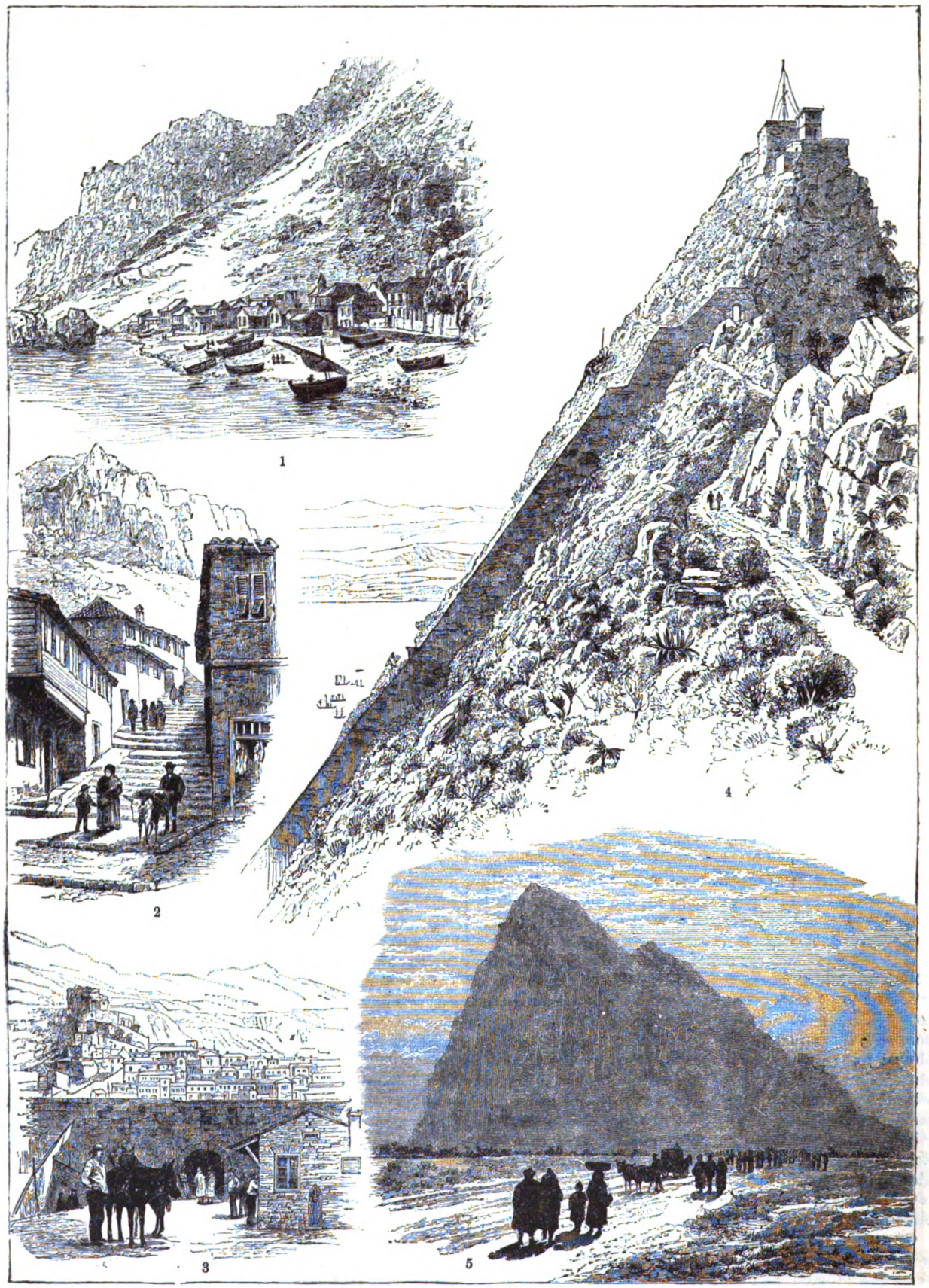
Delightful as the contrast of warm sunlight after chill fogs must ever be, I know of no spot where the transition appears so sudden and so charming, as when, one short week after leaving the leafless parks and squares of gray, colorless London, we find ourselves in such a blaze of sunshine as makes us gladly seek the shady side of the street, or take shelter beneath the cool foliage in the Alameda—that loveliest of gardens, which hangs in terraces along the face of the fortified cliffs, while below it strong lines of fortification guard the sea-level.

Those gray rocks meet a cloudless blue overhead, which finds its mirror in a still bluer sea. And here we sit among fan-like palmettos, under shadow of dark umbrella-pines, or the feathery aromatic pepper-tree, while masses of geraniums and Barbadoes aloes seem to fire the underwood with the bright jets of scarlet flame. Great cacti spread out weird arms, and tall spikes of aloes cut the sea-line, carrying our eyes across its blue to the dazzling white villages of San Roque and Algesiras, whose bull-fights and genuine sleepy Spanish life are so attractive to the dwellers on the Rock.

The former is only about five miles from Gibraltar, and is a favorite meet for the Calpe foxhounds, a garrison pack which affords many a good run. Good woodcock-shooting, partridges, and wild fowl, also afford excellent sport thereabouts. The intervening cork woods give good wild-boar hunting, and are also a rendezvous where pleasant riding parties find a shady picnicking ground, and then end the day with a swift ten-miles gallop homeward along the white sands, so as to pass the sentinels before the evening gun excludes alike friends and foes from British territory; else they are doomed to spend the dreary night on the sandy strip of neutral ground, which lies between the two parallel rows of sentry-boxes marking the English and Spanish lines. Eighteen white sentry-boxes mark the Spanish outposts, and a similar row, colored blue, form England's boundary. The intervening space is capable of being instantly flooded, if necessary, so as to turn Gibraltar into a true island. In time of peace, however, the neutral ground serves as a race-course and cricket-ground.

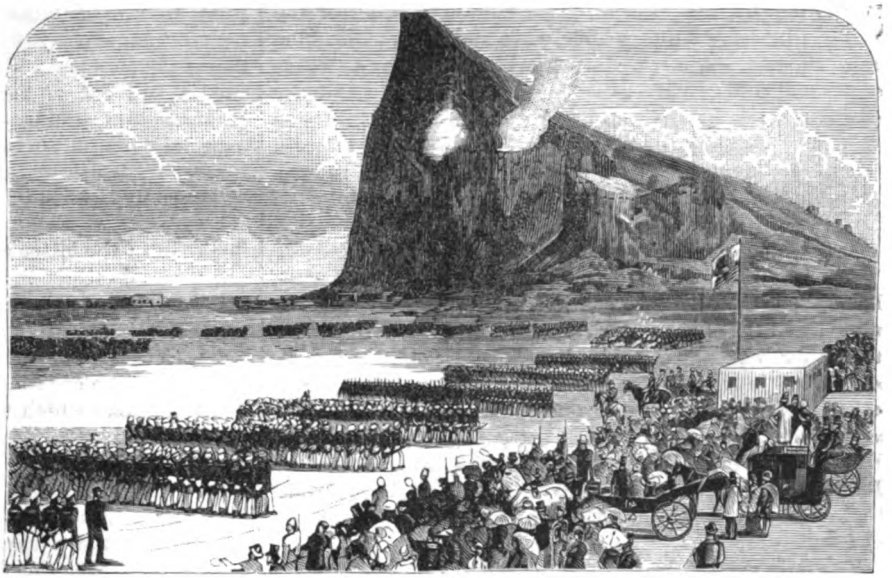
But military discipline is here the great order of the day. Never for one moment can you forget the ruling spirit. You dare not produce a pencil and notebook till your sketching-pass is duly signed and countersigned; and even that is only given for a limited period, and with the proviso that you must make no drawing of any fortification (as if you *could* omit the one characteristic of the place).

At every turn you come on the new batteries, great



A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.—1. CATLAND BAY. 2. FLAT BASTION ROAD. 3. WATERPORT GATE. 4. THE SIGNAL STATION. 5. THE ROCK FROM THE SPANISH LINES.

guns and mortars, with their thousand hard, black eyes, keeping watch and ward. Death's playthings everywhere. The very gardens yielding only grapeshot and other Dead Sea fruit. Beside the graceful flower-vases are heaped up great pyramids of cannon-balls; fixed bayonets gleam beneath the spiked aloes; tall plumes of grasses wave over plumed bonnets, and scarlet blossoms resolve themselves into tartans, as first one, then another, well-known regiment marches down with pipes playing; for there is a field-day on the parade-ground, in as picturesque a spot as you are likely to find; and Spaniards and Moors, Jews and Britons, are among the spectators, to say nothing of Rock Scorpions, as English children born on "Old Gib" are called.

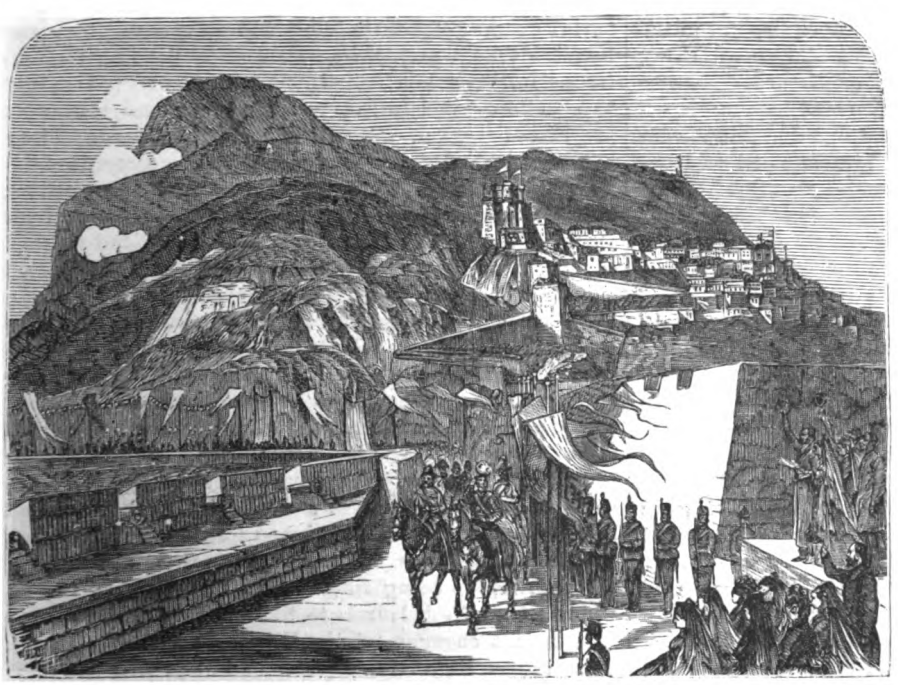


REVIEW OF TROOPS UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Doubtless, also, the Barbary apes are looking down on us from their haunts among the cliffs, where they still find a refuge, being protected by stringent laws. They are tailless, of course, as their name implies. Humble-looking creatures, yet more precious than all their long-tailed brethren, inasmuch as they are the sole representatives of the monkey tribe still existing in Europe. They are found, however, in vast numbers on the coast of Barbary; and this handful on the Rock corroborates the story of the former union of the two continents. It would seem that the making of the Phœnician canal had cut off the retreat of this little garrison. But, though they alone remain as living proofs of the time when Europe and Africa were one, there are wonderful caves in the Rock, where bones of elephants and rhinoceroses, leopards and hyenas, lie bleaching together, as they have lain for countless centuries; strange memorials of still more remote ages, when they and their fellows were free to wander at large through Spanish and Italian forests, and thence pass undisturbed to Calais, and across the dry land to Dover, there to leave their old bones for the wonder and edification of curious and inquisitive human beings in this nineteenth century.

The caves are not all antediluvian tombs. Some have been homes of the living, who have sought an asylum in times of danger.

One of the most interesting of these rock dwellings is known as Martin's Cave; its only entrance is from the actual face of the precipice; the perpendicular cliff towering seven hundred feet above it, while an equally precipitous wall of natural and artificial fortification lies between it and the calm blue sea below. The only access to this cave is along a steep and dangerous rocky ledge, scarcely to be called a path, whence one false step would hurl you through mid-air to find your rest in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. But within the cavern you will find still quieter waters. You pass from the glowing sunlight into the dim, ghostly cave, where tall stalagmites rise up to meet the pendant stalactites which adorn the roof, giving an effect of gray pillars, some slender, some massive; and as you peer through these, into the innermost recesses of the cave, you perceive a still, dark pool, into which, from time to time, one single drop of water falls with a dull splash from the rock above.



AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT GIBRALTAR.

A more beautiful stalactite cave is that of St. Michael, near the summit of the rock; a very large cave apparently

supported by hundreds of these fairy pillars, all of the purest glittering white, which, when lighted up with blue fire, suggest some wonderful enchanted forest where stems and foliage have alike been transformed to silvery dazzling snow by the weird frost-genii. The entrance to this fairy palace is guarded by a dark, yawning chasm, whose gloomy depths have never been fathomed, though in each crevice there doubtless lurk sinister tales of horror.

Various enterprising travelers have tried to explore it. Some have returned from its shadows; to others they have proved fatal. Two soldiers started together, determined to solve its mysteries. One at length returned, the other was never again heard of. One gentleman succeeded in scrambling down four hundred feet. Another was lowered by ropes, and to his horror alighted on some soft substance, which by the pale glare of his torch he perceived to be the ghastly form of a murdered man. It may be that many such have here been beguiled to their doom, for few would think of searching in this eerie cavern.

The only ancient building of any interest on the Rock is an old Moorish castle, the Torre de Omenaje, built in the eighth century, when the Moors dethroned the Christian King of Spain. This we pass on our way to such of the fortified galleries as we are permitted to see, on the strength of a pass from the town-major. There are some of these which are kept so secret that no one is admitted. They are said to have been completed within five years, having been commenced in 1727 and finished in 1732. They are about three miles in extent, and are tunneled in tiers along the north front of the mighty crag. Their origin was a simple excavation in the face of the rock, as a place of shelter, with a breathing-hole. Then some one suggested that a cannon should be posted to defend the opening; and this idea led to the formation of those tunneled galleries running in tiers along the face of the precipice, which is perforated at intervals to allow mounted cannon to pour a raking fire on possible invaders.

In fact the whole rock from base to summit is lined with most formidable casemated batteries, and the different galleries are connected by passages also cut in the solid rock, to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. So that, if properly victualed and garrisoned, Gibraltar may well be deemed impregnable. Many a time has it already withstood every shock: lightning and gunpowder by turns have done their worst. Fire celestial and fire infernal have rained and raged round that grand gray rampart, and have made no more impression than a child's mimic gun on the stern old Rock. Storm-beaten it is, and scathed with fire, yet rearing the same calm front with which of old it has mocked all besiegers.

The formation of these fortified galleries seems to have given birth to the corps of sappers and miners. The inconvenience and expense of bringing from England civil mechanics, who might at any moment return home, gave rise to the idea of organizing a body of military artisans —a corps which has already left so many traces of its hundred-year life—but none more marvelous than the first-fruit of its labors. Each of the thousand guns stands in a small alcoved chamber, affording a grand shelter for the artillerymen, and it must be a rare chance which allows an enemy's shell to find entrance. One such successful aim is recorded during the siege, when a shot, entering through an embrasure on Princess Amelia's Battery, deprived the four gunners of seven legs.

As we rested in one of these recesses, enjoying the cool breeze that came up to us from the sea, we could not but think what rare music there must be from this great rock-organ, when the spirit of the storm is awake, and the wind pipes and whistles through these long corridors, and in and out of the gun-ports, making wild, wailing requiems for the brave who have fallen at their post, and songs of triumph for victories won.

We were led through what seemed to us never-ending galleries to various points of interest, such as the Salta del Lobo (the Wolf's Leap), Wilk's Battery, and the Rock Gun; the latter gives tongue at sunrise and sunset, and to the dwellers on the Rock gunfire is a very important regulator of daily life.

We clambered upward and onward, through one dark passage after another, till at last we reached St. George's Hall, where the excavation has been so large as to deserve that name, and which was once the scene of a great festival graced by the presence of Lord Nelson. Bristling cannon are posted at every opening round this great natural tower, so that in case of an attack they could sweep all before them.

Otherwise the scene that lay far beneath us, as we peeped out from the darkness, was calm and peaceful indeed—the narrow strip of sandy neutral ground, with the sea on either side for ever changing from blue to rippling sea-green like a sheet of veined malachite; then the Spanish lines, stretching back into the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and all the mountain ranges of Granada; while the sheer precipice, from the verge of which we looked down, served as a most rugged foreground, carrying the eye downward to "The Devil's Tower," a fine old Moorish barbican, rising from the base of the cliff.

Peaceful as it was, imagination conjured up a strangely different scene, when land and sea alike swarmed with French and Spanish troops, 40,000 in number, who for four long years, from June, 1779, till February, 1783, beleaguered the fortress, then held by General Eliot, with a garrison of 7,000 men. The enemy erected batteries right across the sandy isthmus, while in the bay they had forty-seven ships of the line and ten "battering ships," besides countless lesser craft.

One night the Rock narrowly escaped being taken by surprise. A goatherd having undertaken to guide the Spaniards by a path then unknown to the English, 500 troops followed him one dark night, and crept silently to a hollow called Silleta, or little chair, and thence to the Signal Station, where they slew the guard. There the Spanish adventurers awaited reinforcements from below; these, however, were delayed, and the garrison meanwhile were aroused, and, sallying forth, drove back the invaders. The Silleta was immediately filled up, and the path utterly destroyed and made inaccessible, and the siege wore on through weary months.

At last a furious general attack was met by an incessant fire of redhot balls on the enemy's fleet—5,000 were thrown in one day; till at length the battering ships took fire, as, owing to the thickness of their timbers, the redhot balls sank deep into the wood and could not be dislodged. The scene that ensued in the darkness of that terrible night must have been awful indeed; and so fearful were the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, that brave Englishmen forgot to let their foes perish in the flames, and ventured to their rescue; the Marine Brigade being foremost in this work of mercy, which added fresh laurels to their victory. It was said that in this engagement the Spaniards lost 3,000 men, while the garrison had only sixteen killed, and the damage done to the fortress was repaired in a few hours.

A few days later a formidable English fleet came to the

relief of the town, the siege was raised, and Britain once more left in undisputed possession of the stronghold, which, in the days of Queen Anne, she had acquired, as a sort of luck-penny, while fighting on behalf of the Archduke Charles, in whose name it had been seized by Sir George Rooke, July 24th, 1704, who surprised it when garrisoned by only eighty men.

Of course Britain's holding Gibraltar is an arrangement about as pleasant for Spain as it would be to England to see a French garrison in full possession of Dover Castle, and fortifying impregnable galleries in Shakespeare's Cliff, beneath the protection of which all manner of smugglers might find safety; whereas any rash revenue cutter, venturing within range, would forthwith be fired at, and probably sunk! No wonder that Spain would fain reclaim this heaven-built bulwark of her shores.

Nor are there lacking some members of the Peace party who would gladly see Britain give up a possession which, even in time of peace, involves an annual expenditure of upwards of £20,000 to support her garrison of 5,000 men, in addition to the cost of ammunition. Others, remembering that upwards of £50,000,000 sterling has already been laid out in costly fortifications, hope that England may never be induced to give up a stronghold which Burke described as a post of power which makes us invaluable to our friends, and dreadful to our enemies; a secure station for the outfit and repair of vessels of all tonnage, a valuable coaling-station, and a fortress which, in addition to all possible munitions of war, is furnished with stores, and water-cisterns which, it is said, should supply a garrison of 150,000 men during two years.

Spain has, however, the meagre satisfaction of doing to Morocco what England has done to her, and irritates the Moors by retaining the town and Castle of Ceuta, which commands the opposite side of the straits. It acts as a sort of Botany Bay, being a military prison for convicts, and is defended by a large Spanish garrison. The place was originally founded by the Phœnicians, and has been a possession hardly contested by Romans, Goths, and Moors. The latter still struggle to wrench it from their foes. They have succeeded in cutting off the whole water-supply, which was dependent on a great aqueduct, so that the garrison is now compelled to draw, not provisions only, but even water, from the opposite coast of Spain; chiefly from the little town of Algeciras, whose white houses we see yonder, reflected in the blue sea.

In olden days Algeciras was a place of such importance, that it was looked upon by the Moors as the key of Spain, and the title of King of Algeciras is still borne by the Spanish monarchs, a title assumed when, in 1334, the Moorish city was captured by the Christian host after a siege of twenty months. Crusaders from all parts of Christendom came to the aid of the gallant Alonzo XI. of Spain, and the siege formed a marked era in the wars of the Crescent and the Cross.

In the flush of victory, Alonzo caused the fine old Moorish town to be destroyed, and its fortifications were razed to the ground. The modern town was rebuilt in the middle of last century, by order of Charles III., with the intention of keeping a vigilant watch over proceedings at Gibraltar, and in some measure checking the amount of smuggling which was so openly and extensively carried on from the British free port. The authorities on the Spanish frontier seem, however, to have connived at a system which, however disadvantageous to the revenue, was profitable to themselves individually, so that it is only quite recently that any check has been laid on smuggling. Now, the principal article of illicit trade is tobacco, large quantities of which are thus conveyed into Spain by Spanish subjects.

On the highest point of the Rock is the Signal Station, known to the Spaniards as *El Hacho*, "The Torch," in memory of the beacon-fires which gave warning of danger in days gone by. The view from this point is magnificent. On the one hand, looking toward Europe across the sandy isthmus, we see the Sierra de Ronda and the coast of Spain, while in the far distance the snowy sierras of Granada are scarcely to be distinguished from luminous clouds. Then, looking across the sunlit straits, we behold a land, green, and seemingly fertile, scarcely realizing our dreams of Africa. Along the coast we discern the towns of Ceuta, San Roque, and Algeciras, with a background of classic mountain ranges. One of them bears the name of Gibal Moosa, the Mount of Moses, which reminds us that the name of the Rock on which we stand is a corruption of Gibal Tarik, the Mount of Tarik, a title derived from the Berber conqueror, who landed here in the year A.D. 711.

As a foreground we have on the one hand the mighty precipice, which forms the face of the Rock—on the other, but far, far below us, lies the town of Gibraltar with its quiet harbor. Beautiful beyond telling is the soft dreamy loveliness of the azure plain that lies outstretched before us, losing itself in a boundless horizon, while on its nearer waters float vessels of every size, all faultlessly mirrored in the blue waters. Amongst others, we note the *Owen Glendower*, Nelson's first line-of-battle ship, now used as a hospital for sick convicts—a race of miserable wretches whom we have seen working in large gangs on all the public roads.

The west, where the strongly fortified town lies, is the only side from which the Rock is accessible; the east and south are naturally so steep and rugged, and so very difficult of access, that an attack would seem almost hopeless, even were there no fortifications; and as to the North Face, it is a sheer perpendicular precipice of about 1,400 feet, apparently wholly inaccessible.

Yet down this face, two months before our visit, an American sailor clambered for mere frolic. Of course, as his shipmates would say, he was several sheets in the wind; which probably accounted for his safety, as no sober man could possibly have performed such a feat, and you know the proverb which declares, "Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes!" The guard below stood breathlessly watching this proceeding, and at once arrested him, till he could give account of himself. And next day every atom of projecting rock, that had afforded him footing, was carefully removed, and the precipice literally scraped.

Descending from the galleries, we now continued our wanderings over this historic ground. I cannot say that the city has much to recommend it to the artistic eye; its streets are narrow, but not picturesque. The flat-roofed houses are dull and dingy. Huge whitewashed barracks are dazzling in their cleanliness, but painfully commonplace. None of the public buildings can be called attractive. The garrison library ranks high, and there are several clubs and a theatre. The Governor seeks refuge from an uninteresting Government House in a pleasant country villa, which nestles under the cliffs at Europa Point. The Anglican bishop ministers in an English cathedral of a Moorish type of architecture. The Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic, who bears the title of Bishop of Antinoe, has recently succeeded in supplementing a very poor church by a really handsome building. The Wesleyans and Presbyterians are each represented, and the Jews have a synagogue, in which, however, no

A SERIOUS TIME FOR THE FOOL.

women are allowed to appear. They may attend public worship in private, within closed galleries.

The colony is so essentially British, that none save British subjects may enter it without a passport, and no foreigner—not even an American—may stay on the Rock without obtaining a police permit for a specified number of days. Those who wish to become residents have to find security from their Consul or some other householder.

The resident population is about 17,000, exclusive of the garrison, which numbers about 5,000 in time of peace. But in addition to these, there is a constant influx of sailors from the vessels in harbor, and of Moors and Spaniards, bringing their wares to market—fruit, fish, vegetables, and game. These lend a strong dash of Oriental life and color to the too prosaic town, and moreover offer us many temptations in the form of rich Moorish stuffs, charming woolen saddle-bags for mules, Spanish mantas of striped woolen stuff, with large bright tassels, and beautifully enameled metal-work.

Here and there some genuine Spanish figures lounge in the shade; Spanish muleteers with strings of pack-mules, munching melons, or smoking Spanish cigars, and purposing to return home laden with contraband goods. Those tall stately men in blue and white robes, or camel's-hair cloak and hood, are Moors, genuine brown Othellos, whose brown feet are incased in brown slippers. You may see them stalking along at sunrise, making for some point looking eastward, where they may worship toward Mecca. They go calmly and quietly, as a thing of course, with the dignity of men who have business on hand, worth attending to.

Strangely in contrast with these are the names which meet our eyes at every corner: "The King's Arms," "The Good Woman," "Ragged Staff," Big Gun Alley, Boomproof Lane, Snake in the Grass, Devil's Tongue; the latter a fortified jetty with fire-tongued guns. Evidently the British soldier has had something to say in this matter.

WEALTH and luxury are sources of weakness rather than strength, if not accompanied by intellectual vigor and moral rectitude.

A PRAIRIE FIRE AT NIGHT, AND HOW WE ESCAPED IT.—"WITH OUR SHEATH-KNIVES WE CAREFULLY CUT THE GRASS IN A CIRCLE ABOUT TEN FEET IN DIAMETER."

A PRAIRIE FIRE AT NIGHT, AND HOW WE ESCAPED IT.

WHOEVER travels much in the Western or Far Western States will have his attention arrested frequently by the fact that every village, as well as every farm, has one or more furrows plowed around it through the otherwise unbroken prairie. He asks what this is for, and is told that it is intended as a fire-guard, the usual precautions against the fires which, every Autumn, sweep over the prairies like whirlwinds.

This single upturned furrow, or, in some instances, narrow strip of plowed land, answers its purpose well generally, but does not always suffice.

A few years ago, at a place called Frankton, in Nebraska, the flames leaped over half a dozen furrows, and,

sweeping on with resistless might, burned houses, hay-stacks, standing corn and wheat, and stopped only when they met the Elkhorn River. This fire nearly ruined the farmers in all that section. And this is what the frontiersmen are always in fear of with every approaching Fall.

Sometimes cattle and horses, and even men, lose their lives in these swiftly-moving swirls of fire. Commonly, when in danger, they take to the water, where they remain, nearly buried, till the flames sweep past, but when no water can be found, as is often the case in many of the States, they have no resort except to "fight fire with fire," as they say.

This means that when a fire is rapidly approaching, they meet it by setting another, and on this burned spot, where the fire has nothing left to feed on, they stand in safety till the danger is past.

I had read of these occurrences, and several times, while passing on swift trains, eastward or westward, I had seen prairie-fires at a distance—long lines of smoke in the daytime, and long reaches of flame by night—till the sight was so familiar that I thought I knew about what a fire on the prairies meant. But it was only a few years since that I first saw such a conflagration under circumstances which could lead me to appreciate it.

I then learned that all the fires travelers see from the windows of railway-cars are only children's bonfires when compared with those which are sometimes seen. Shall I describe one for the readers of this Magazine?

In the Autumn of 1879, in company with three friends, I had been on a long hunting-trip in Western Nebraska, in that immense region lying between the Niobrara and North Platte Rivers.

It was near the middle of November when we started homeward across the broad and gently rolling prairies of that wild region, as yet so largely untrodden by the foot of the white man.

We had two heavy wagons drawn by mules, and had two experienced guides, who also acted as drivers—so making six men of us in all. We also carried sufficient water to supply ourselves and mules for forty-eight hours, and, being thus provided, we camped wherever night overtook us.

One night, as we begun pitching our canvas, we noticed a long line of smoke far to the southward. Of course we knew it must be a prairie-fire, and we knew, too, that such a fire just then would run with great rapidity, for the grass was exceptionally heavy, and there had been no rain for several weeks. But as there was no wind that evening, and the smoke appeared to be so very far away, we gave the matter little attention, and went on making preparations for the night.

The column of smoke grew wider, and more black, however, as the sun went down, until by dusk it was clear that the fire was moving rapidly toward us, and that we must plan to escape it in some way. Our guides were perfectly calm, and under their directions we began work. With our sheath-knives we carefully cut the grass in a circle about ten feet in diameter, and after gathering all into the centre, we set fire to it, standing meantime within the circle where the grass had been cut. This fire spread rapidly, and in a short time several acres were so thoroughly burned over that there was nothing left for another fire to feed on, and we could here remain in safety. We picketed our mules at a safe distance from the unburned prairie, and then going as near as we dared to the edge of our burnt track, we watched the approaching flames. I had no idea how rapidly such a fire will move.

Since then I have read several statements to the effect that prairie-fires do not move as rapidly as a man can walk, and all stories of their great speed are purely fictitious. It is possible that at certain seasons, when grass is not very dry, or where it is thin from having been herded for weeks, this may be the case; but I do know that in many instances the flames move more rapidly than the fleetest horse can travel—and, indeed, with a favorable wind, sometimes outrun even the wild animals who endeavor to flee before them. This particular fire did not move so fast as that, but it did advance at a rapid rate.

As darkness came on the spectacle was brilliant, magnificent, not to say appalling. To the right and left the fiery columns stretched away for leagues, and the prairie for miles around was lighted up with a strange, unearthly glare. It was not as light as day, for no light can equal that of the sun, but the darkness was dispelled to such an extent that I could see the patches of gray in the beard of one of my comrades, and the anxious frown on the brow of another, who was not a little alarmed lest it should prove that we were not safe after all. As the flames surged onward with a roar like the sound of many waters, our emotions were simply indescribable.

We thought of the great fires known to history—of the burning of Moscow, London, Chicago and Boston. These were terrible conflagrations, crumbling even granite buildings between their fiery teeth, but they lacked the lightning-like swiftness and whirlpool character of this burning prairie—this tossing sea of flame.

We thought of the pillar of fire which of old led the escaping Hebrews through the parted waves of the Red Sea, and it required but little imagination to see Pharaoh's overturned chariots and struggling horsemen in the fiery waves. Instinctively I found myself repeating aloud that portion of the "Dies Iræ" hymn which says:

> "When shining like a parchèd scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll;
> And louder yet, and yet more dread,
> Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

And had one just awakened from sleep, he would have been pardoned for supposing that hour had come.

When the flames were within a hundred and fifty yards of us, for that was the nearest they came, the heat was so intense, we had to hide behind our wagons for protection, while we drenched the canvas coverings with water again and again, to keep them from taking fire.

One of the most interesting things was to watch the wild creatures in their frantic efforts to escape.

Generally speaking, there is nothing wilder than birds and beasts which live a long way from settlements.

Deer, which might be approached within reasonable distance in a region where human beings are occasionally seen, are here simply unapproachable, and prairie-chickens, which in a settled country will hide beneath oak scrub till driven out by a kick from the hunter's foot, are so wild on the great prairies, that it is impossible to get within a hundred yards of them.

One of the evidences that the story of Robinson Crusoe is pure fiction is the statement he makes concerning the animals found on his lonely island, that:

> "They are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking to me."

But now, when surrounded by a common danger, bird and beast alike seem unmindful of our presence and of each other. At one time three deer came dashing past us, one of them going between us and our mules, apparently without noticing either. Soon after an old buck

sprang out of the smoke and staggered by, evidently about used up. He came so near me, I could have killed him with a pistol, but it seemed so cruel to shoot a creature struggling against such a pursuer as fire, that we let him pass unharmed.

Wolves and jack-rabbits, who will never be friends till the time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace, rushed by so close as almost to touch each other, alike intent only on their own safety from the fire. We saw swift-winged ducks from some distant slough, long-legged and hoarse-voiced cranes from some neighboring sandhill, and dozens of hawks, all hurrying onward for their lives, while occasionally a poor weary chicken would get bewildered, and fly headlong into the flames.

Several times our mules becames infected with the mania of flight, and struggled terribly to break their lariats, but we soon quieted them, for we had learned before this that a mule can either be driven rapidly, or made to stand perfectly still, as occasion may require, by a vigorous application of the lash.

But at length the fiery column had passed us, and was moving rapidly on, leaving only the charred and blackened prairie, with here and there the dead body of bird or beast to mark its course. Gradually the smoke floated away, the wind died out, and the silent stars rained down their lustre on the scene. The fire had been accidentally or purposely set by the hand of some man, and in a few hours the whole prairie was a picture of desolation.

But before one week shall pass this blackened plain will again be beautiful with upspringing shoots of green, for the fire has merely scorched the surface, and has not burned the roots of the grass. Thus Nature effaces man's work of destruction, and the world rolls on its appointed course.

A BROKEN HEART.

A CORRESPONDENT thus writes: "Nearly twenty years ago I owned a pair of beautiful canaries—the male being a very fine fellow, with a rich, musical note. Having furnished them with the outside rough form of a nest in straw, leaving them to complete its comforts with bits of soft wool, down, and small feathers, they were shortly in the happy possession of four eggs. In due course four young ones presented themselves, to the evident delight of the parents, who fed them from daylight to dark, their favorite food being the yelk of hard-boiled eggs. Time brought round the period when, instead of raw, naked helpless creatures always "asking for more," four full-fledged young birds frisked about the cage like so many pretty yellow balls of fine soft wool. They grew to be very fine birds; and first one friend and then another coveted them, until all had gone but one little youngling, which remained as the only solace of the parents. This last of the family was the delight of their hearts; they fondled it and played with it as we have seen an affectionate mother do with her child, and seemed to exert themselves to amuse it in every possible way their fancy prompted.

"Probably a happier little family never existed. But, alas! the spoiler came. Another friend coveted the last of the little flock, and it was taken away. And from that moment the joyous song of the male bird gave place to a painfully feeble little chirp. He sat on the perch with a drooping, heart-broken, spiritless aspect; his wings hung down as if all power and vitality had left him; and within twenty-four hours from the time of his bereavement he fell dead from the perch. The affectionate creature had evidently died of grief for the loss of his "one ewe lamb." The cage was given away with the remaining bird; and no inducement could tempt me again to run the risk of perhaps unconsciously being the cause of so much unhappiness and misery."

CULTIVATED PLANTS.

AMONG the plants which are cultivated for the sake of their leaves, the best known is the common cabbage. The cabbage grows wild at the present day in parts of England, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and in some parts of France along the southern coast. This separate appearance in two very different regions seems to indicate that it may be indigenous to one only, and have escaped from gardens in the other. It does not grow wild in any part of Russia, and Siberia appears to be too cold for it, even under cultivation. The ancient names for it are very uncertain, and there is every reason to believe that it is a native of Europe. Garden-cress is of Persian origin, and is still found wild in the Persian mountains, whence it has spread over the world as a garden vegetable. The purslane of our fields, which, among us, is a troublesome weed, is one of the most ancient plants known to the botanist, and has a name in every language, ancient or modern. Its native home is India, where, at the present day, it is still found growing, even at the tops of the highest mountains. New Zealand spinach is the only cultivated plant which has come to us from New Zealand, whence it was brought by Captain Cook, who procured the seeds while on his famous voyage around the world.

Wild celery grows all over Europe and the south of Asia as well, being so wildly spread that to trace its origin is difficult. It is thought to be a native of India. Parsley still grows wild in the south of Europe, from Spain to Turkey. It was mentioned by Pliny, and was one of the plants which Charlemagne ordered to be cultivated in his gardens. Lettuce is a native of Italy, and the artichoke of the north of Africa. The lettuce was a favorite dainty among the Romans, and is frequently alluded to in the accounts of their feasts. Wild chiccory is found everywhere in Europe, in Siberia, and in the north of Africa, but its exact home is conjectural. The ordinary spinach of the garden is one of the few plants of modern times. The ancients knew nothing of it, and it is uncertain when it was introduced into Europe. About its origin there have been the most diverse conjectures, some authors claiming that it came from the north of Siberia, while others think it a native of Persia. The Chinese call it the Persian plant, seeming to confirm the latter supposition, which is made almost certain by the fact that a kind of spinach does grow wild in Persia at the present time, differing very little from the cultivated variety.

Flax seems to grow wild in almost all the southern part of Asia, the south of Europe and the north of Africa, and its name, from the root *lin*, is found in many languages, while jute is almost equally well known in a wild state to Europe, Asia and America. The sumach is a native of the Mediterranean region, and of a tract extending across the Asiatic continent from the east to the west. Tobacco is an American plant, not being even known to the Old World before the discovery of America. The rapidity with which the cultivation of this plant has spread to all parts of the globe in so short a time is one of the wonders of modern botany. Hemp seems to have originated in Central Asia, but as the material of a textile fabric was

little known in Europe up to very recent times. In Egypt, even down to the close of the last century, it was cultivated only for the sake of an intoxicating liquor that was extracted from the plant. It is certainly a native of the region south of the Caspian Sea. Sugar-cane was first cultivated in India, thence spread to Africa, thence to America, but this migration has been in comparatively recent times, for the Romans had only a vague idea of the reed which the Indians loved to chew; the Hebrews knew no more of sugar than did the Greeks and Romans, and even during the Middle Ages this article was either altogether unknown or alluded to as a curiosity.

ESMERALDA DANCING ON THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

THE SECRET OF ONE LIFE.—"'WILL YOU CALL A CARRIAGE?' I SAID TO THE SEXTON; 'MY COUSIN IS ILL!' I COULD HAVE STRUCK HIM FOR THE SNEERING SMILE UPON HIS FACE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AUGUST IS HERE AGAIN.

THE yellow golden-rod is dressed
In gala-day attire ;
The glowing red-weed by the fence
Shines like a crimson fire ;
And from the hot field's furthest edge
The cricket's soft refrain
With mellow accents tell the tale
That August's here again.

In shining blue the aster wild
Unfolds her petals fair ;
The clematis, upreaching, seeks
To clasp and kiss the air ;
The brilliant poppy flaunts her head
'Mid fields of ripening grain,
And adds her voice to swell the song
That August's here again.

The dusty thistle by the road
Scatters his silvery spray;
The sun pours down its scorching beams
Upon the fainting day;
The blackberry-vine bends 'neath its weight
Of fruit down in the lane ;
And adds its testimony too
That August's here again.

The wild bird from the young elm's bough
Sways in the languid breeze ;
And here and there the Autumn tints
Gleam faint among the trees ;
All nature helps to tell the tale
Or chant the same refrain,
June and July have slipped away
And August's here again.

THE SECRET OF ONE LIFE.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

ETTA VARNE was my first cousin, and the story of her life, the story of her love, are familiar to me as that of my own heart. She was a beautiful, talented girl ; I was a deformed, commonplace person, twisted out of all symmetry by a fall in infancy, though comforting friends told me my face had all the beauty that was the inheritance of a Varne.

When Uncle John, Etta's father, died, bankrupt, we two, girls of eighteen and twenty, were taken from a home where luxuries had been necessities, to face poverty and toil. Etta had absolutely nothing, but my little income of three hundred dollars a year had been the care of my guardian, and remained to me. As I had always had a home with Etta, and my personal expenses were small, I had quite a sum of money put by, when we left our old home, and took furnished rooms in New York.

Our old friends had given us letters that at once gave Etta employment as a teacher of music, and in a church-choir she secured a salaried position that added to our income. From a child her love of music had been a ruling passion, and Uncle John had secured the best instruction, to develop a decided talent, that was her pleasure and companion in her happy girlhood, and her friend and support when she was thrown upon her own resources. Realizing its importance, she continued her own lessons under the best instruction as soon as we were settled in New York, and obtained many pupils in that way, to prepare them for her professor's more advanced studies.

We were very happy when the first shock of grief had worn away, I keeping house in our three rooms, while Etta was away all day, but never lonely, because always busy.

We had some social pleasures, too, in a quiet way, often receiving invitations from old friends, but seldom accepting them.

Our own cozy sitting-room was brightened by Etta's piano, a gift from her uncle, that her father's creditors told her she could take with her, and many trifles that were our personal possessions, and honestly our own. A few pictures, a number of Christmas and birthday gifts, and some of our needlework, made the hired furniture endurable, and many of my leisure hours were spent in making this room bright and attractive.

Here we sang together, sewed, read, compared the day's experiences, practiced, played chess or bézique, and made the evening's pleasure compensate for the day's separation.

It was at Mrs. Heyne's that we met Clarence Hewson, and I noticed even then how he hung about Etta, seeming to see nothing else in the room but her exquisite dainty face and figure.

Describe her ? Well, I can try, but it is not easy. Large brown eyes ; waving brown hair in, richest profusion, curling wherever little tendrils escaped ; delicate features ; a sensitive, beautiful mouth with pearly teeth, and a slender figure full of grace. Does that describe her ?

I cannot in words convey to you the peculiar charm of her beauty. She had a soft, colorless complexion in repose, but the color came and faded with every emotion. She had dreamy eyes, but they varied with every mood ; flashing, melting, softening, brightening, never the same for two moments together if she was interested or excited. Her face always reminded me of those tinted porcelain shades that vary with every gradation of the light behind them.

And her face was the key to her character. Easily moved, tender in feeling, clinging in her affections, she was born to enjoy or to suffer with an intensity of ecstasy or pain unknown to calmer natures.

I was but two years her senior, and yet I seemed a lifetime older, and I think my love for her had something almost maternal in its protecting fondness. So, when I saw Clarence Hewson evidently attracted by her sweet face, I watched him with a jealous scrutiny.

He was a handsome man—a very handsome man, tall, finely formed and with a graceful, wellbred manner.

Mrs. Heyne told me that he was a clerk in a wholesale house "down-town," and had been introduced by a friend, but she evidently knew very little about him.

Still, when he asked permission to call, I could not find any objection to urge against it, my own heart being drawn to him by his frank, cordial manner, his gentle courtesy.

Looking back over the sad, sad story that this evening commenced, I cannot blame myself as some might blame me. Though I was a self-appointed guardian to my fair young cousin, set apart by my deformity, aged by suffering, I was really but a girl in years, and had led a life of seclusion in a happy home. How was I to learn suspicion, distrust, caution ?

So Clarence Hewson became our guest in the pretty sitting-room, coming only occasionally at first, but soon more frequently, until every evening found him with us.

He sang with Etta, and her sweet face flushed and brightened as his rich tenor voice melted to tender tones over the words of love the song permitted. He read to us while we sewed, or, best of all, chatted gayly, telling us of a thousand city experiences new to our country-bred ears. Sometimes he spoke of his mother with warmest devotion, regretting that a chronic disease made her too great an invalid to give or receive calls. Always he seemed to us the very personation of a frank, perfect manliness, and not one doubt of his truth or honor ever crossed my mind or Etta's.

It was not long before my dear little cousin began to make shy, girlish confidences to me, telling me how Clarence Hewson "happened" to be at the restaurant where she took a hurried luncheon at noon, or met her "accidentally" on her way home, or joined her in the walk to church that I but seldom took.

My pretty darling's blushes, her drooping head, her vailed eyes, told me far more than her whispering voice, and when Clarence Hewson came to me, as the only guardian the child had, with a straightforward story of his love and hope, I bade him God-speed in his wooing, and wished him happiness and success.

It was my own business, and hurt no one that I locked myself in my room and buried my own love deep, deep in the secret recesses of my heart.

How could I help loving him? He was so tender to my infirmities, so beautifully pitiful, not wounding me ever, so delicate was his thoughtful compassion.

When I was held captive, as I was often, by acute suffering, he sent me flowers, fruit, messages of sympathy, offers of service, with as much tenderness as he could have shown to Etta herself. I was not sufficiently idiotic to hope, but I loved Clarence Hewson with my whole heart. And so I made his wooing as bright as a dream of Paradise for him and for Etta. I planned for them, I entered into all their schemes for a future home, I sent them together on household commissions to the other end of the city, I invented headaches that kept me in my room in the evening. Ah, my conscience is very clear about their happiness at that time! No mother could have more eagerly promoted a child's pleasure.

My pen lingers over those months after Etta gave her promise to Clarence to be his wife. His salary, he told us, was too small for ambitious housekeeping, and his mother was accustomed to the services of a woman who had been years in her employ, so he would not take Etta to his home.

After many discussions we thought it would be best to still live where we were, adding some rooms to our limited quarters. And we became quite miserly, saving every spare dollar for the *trousseau* and the furnishing of the additional rooms.

Once only I questioned Clarence about his mother, and the reason he never took his promised bride to see her, and he told me then that her disease was one that made her loathsome to any but such affection as a son's, and that her mind was weakened beyond any comprehension of his new relations.

"She has an income sufficient for all her wants, pleasant rooms, a competent, devoted nurse," he told me, "and it would do her no good, and afford her no pleasure to see Etta, while to Etta herself it would be a severe trial, if not positive suffering, to see her."

After that I said no more, and we never even knew where Mrs. Hewson lived.

The wedding-day was set, and already Etta had made dainty garments, singing over her work with that heart-free song that comes only from happy lips, smiling often as if she saw pictures in her joyous fancies of the life before her.

My pretty darling! How I petted her in those weeks of perfect peace and sweetness, knowing that, loving me no less, she must still have a life apart from mine after her marriage.

Just one week before the day set for her wedding she gave up the last of her pupils, and the next day, a sunny June morning, proposed that we should make a holiday in shopping for the new rooms. Happy as a child with a new toy in prospect, she counted her savings, made an appalling list of treasures to be purchased, donned her prettiest walking dress—the last faint remnant of mourning, before the pretty wedding-outfit was worn, and was ready by ten o'clock for a long excursion in carpet and furniture stores.

I can see her now in her soft violet dress, the pretty white hat, velvet-trimmed, and the happy smile on her face, that never, alas! never came to her lips again.

We had but commenced our walk when we passed a fashionable church, where the carriages stood in long rows, and elegantly dressed people flocked in at the wide open doors. The organ was rolling forth in grand chords, and Etta whispered:

"A wedding! Come in, Louey. Then I shall know just how to behave next week."

Having a true feminine love for a wedding, I went in willingly. The bridal party was passing up the aisle, the bride in all magnificence of superb lace and satin, and followed by a long line of white-robed ladies and their escorts.

Not until the service was over did we see fully the face of the bridegroom. I had seen a little smile quiver over Etta's face as his voice rang out, clear and full, saying, "I, Clarence, take you, Leonora—" but no thought of what was before us crossed my mind until, slowly coming toward us, his bride upon his arm, I recognized Clarence Hewson. Not the plainly dressed clerk who had wooed my cousin, but a man in faultless broadcloth, white kid gloves, a diamond stud blazing in his shirt-front and his face lighted by a smile of proud content as his eyes rested upon the beautiful woman at his side.

I would have started out and confronted him before them all, but with one deep low moan Etta fell forward, utterly unconscious.

Before she moved or spoke the church was empty, save for us two and the sexton, who stood with ill-concealed impatience at the door of the pew we occupied.

"Will you call a carriage?" I said to him; "my cousin is ill?"

I could have struck him for the sneering smile upon his face, but he turned away, presently coming back to tell me the carriage was waiting. Etta was sitting up then, and spoke to him.

"Can you tell me the names of the wedding-party to-day?"

"Certainly, miss. Miss Leonora Van Horn and Mr Clarence Hewson."

"Who is Mr. Hewson?" I asked. "He seems to be wealthy."

"I should say he was," answered the sexton. "He's Lemuel Hewson's grandson and heir, and there's no counting the old man's money."

"Has he a brother?" I asked, one desperate hope remaining.

"No, miss! He's been coming here to church with

his grandfather ever since he wore petticoats, and he's the only one."

"Take me home! Oh, take me home!" whispered Etta, and I obeyed her at once.

* * * * * *

"A note for you!" the servant said, opening the door, and handing Etta an envelope.

"Not until we were safely in our own rooms did she open it, to find a few lines from Clarence.

He had been unexpectedly obliged to leave the city for a few days, he wrote, but would probably return before the week was over.

I expected to see Etta totally crushed by this last proof of the treachery of the man whom we had so fully trusted; but it roused her to an eager, feverish desire to leave New York before his return.

"We can go to Brookfield, Louey," she said. "We know plenty of places there where we can board for a few weeks, and nobody will think it strange for me to spend the Summer in my old home. But you will not tell any one, Louey! Promise me to keep your dreadful secret. I cannot meet Clarence again, when he returns with some plausible story to deceive us. Louey, oh, Louey! Providence guided our steps to-day!"

I promised all she asked, and we hurriedly packed up, settled our bills and left the next day for Brookfield, telling no one where we were going. I did not fear that Clarence would follow us, as he knew nothing of our old home that was definite enough for a clew.

But once settled in the quiet country home, all Etta's nervous energy and excitement left her, and she drooped visibly. She was not ill, she never complained of pain, but she faded away so rapidly, so terribly, that I could see the change from day to day.

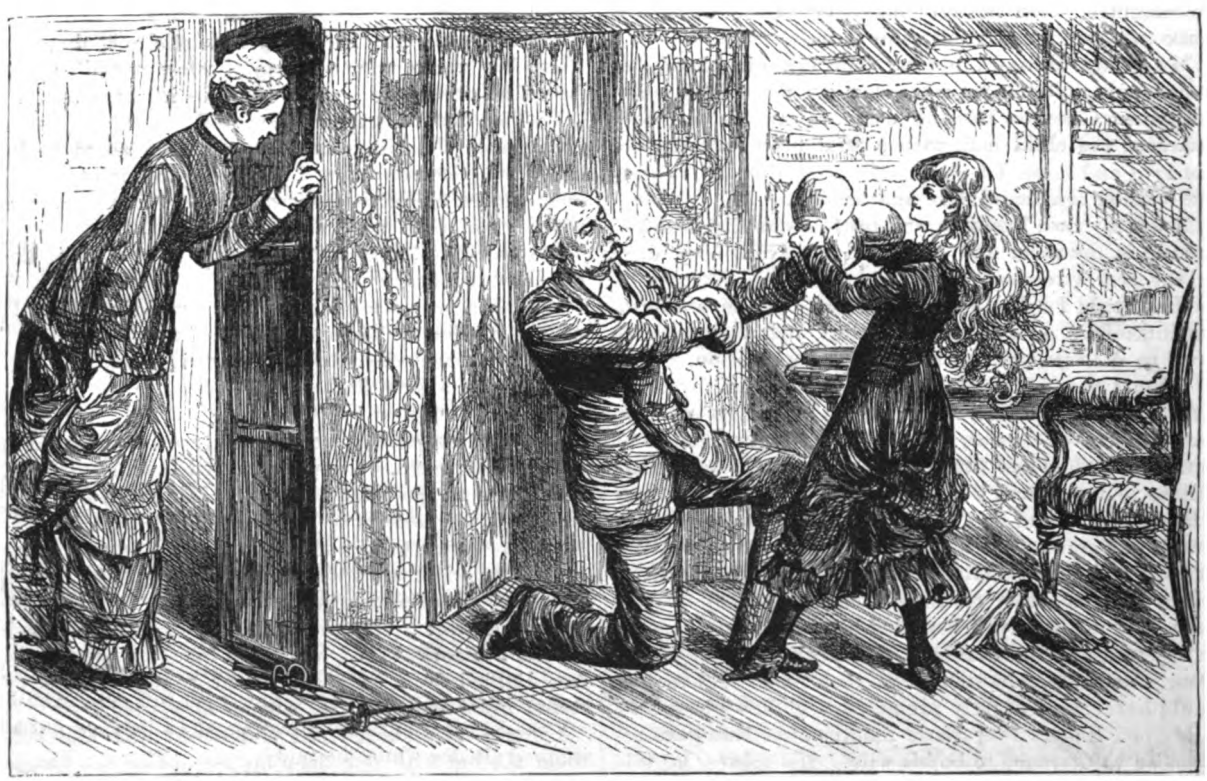
The Summer was an intensely hot one, and the doctor, who knew nothing of the true trouble, talked of nervous debility, want of tone and exhaustion; but I knew that my darling was dying of a broken heart.

In August came news of the death of Julius Varne, our bachelor uncle, who had lived abroad for years, and died in Egypt, leaving to Etta and myself a fortune that made us independently wealthy.

It was soon known all over Brookfield, and when Dr. Gilbert heard of our good fortune, he said to me: "Take Etta to Europe. You are wealthy now, and can give her change of scene, new associations, rest, a sea voyage. She has no positive disease, but she was never robust. That is the best medicine for her now."

At first Etta refused to go, begging to "die at home," but she was always gently submissive to my stronger will, and I coaxed her, at last, to obey the physician's orders.

"I cannot get well, Louey," she said, "because my heart is broken, and I pray day and night to die. Perhaps it was wicked to set my love before my life, but I cannot live without Clarence, or when it is a crime to love him."



THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.—"MRS. MORTON STOLE IN UPON THE PAIR ONE AFTERNOON, AND SURPRISED THE COLONEL ON ONE KNEE, BEHIND A SCREEN IN THE LIBRARY, TEACHING HIS PUPIL THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE."—SEE PAGE 231.

Anxious as I was to get away, there were unavoidable delays, and it was not until December that we were ready to join a party of old friends who were to sail from New York early in January, and most cordially invited us to join them in an extended tour through the cities of Europe.

But in those long dreary days of delay and preparation, when law business and a variety of other work kept me constantly occupied, I could rouse no interest in Etta. She made her will when her property was fairly her own; but only smiled sadly when I talked of the pleasures before us, of the delight of seeing all the wondrous scenery of which we had read, the gayeties of Paris, the many varied interest of years spent abroad.

She was failing so visibly, wasting to such a mere

shadow of herself, that I wondered sadly if she would live until the new year, of which I talked so hopefully, came to us.

All day she sat in a dreamy apathy, often weeping so softly that she seemed unconscious of her own tears, with closed eyes often lying back in her chair, so still that I should have thought she slept but for the tight pressure of her fingers, as her hands lay upon her lap. She had no cough, but when the weather became cold her breathing was often oppressed, and a brilliant hectic spot came at times upon the pale, hollow cheeks. Her eyes, large and lustrous, seemed to sink back into the deep hollows around them, and a strange, unearthly beauty took the place of the loveliness that Clarence Hewson had praised so eloquently.

It was weak to yield so utterly. Ah, yes; but my darling was never strong, mentally or physically. She was one of those tender, sensitive natures that expand and are beautiful in an atmosphere of peace and love, but shrink and die when misfortune comes to blight them.

I do not say these are noble characters, but Etta's was a loving, clinging heart, and when the tendrils were rudely torn from their hold, the roots of her love withered and died, but taking her life's blood with them.

We never spoke of Clarence Hewson — my burning indignation and Etta's sick horror at his treachery holding us both silent.

The party with which we were to sail had arranged to spend a week in New York for some final preparations, and I, glad of a rest for Etta after our journey from Brookfield, engaged two rooms at the same hotel where they stopped.

I could see how shocked they were at the change even this first step in our travels had made in her, but they showed their sympathy only in added kindness, for which she was gently grateful.

It was the second day of our stay in New York, when I coaxed Etta to drive. The sun shone brightly, and the air was soft for a Winter day, so I wrapped her well in soft, warm furs, and started for Central Park, full of hope that the trip would benefit her.

We were still on Broadway when she started forward with a faint cry, and following her eyes, I saw Clarence Hewson, or the ghost of her lover, standing upon a pavement near us, his eyes fixed upon the carriage, his whole appearance that of shocked amazement. Before he could stop the carriage, as he evidently intended to do, Etta had fallen forward, her life's blood pouring from her lips.

THE "OLD MANSE" AT CONCORD.

We had left her lover far behind us, when I called to the driver to return as speedily as possible to the hotel, and before we reached the door Etta's fluttering breath had ceased. Kind hands carried her to her room, and I had no want of sympathy in the days that followed. We had arranged to take her to Brookfield and lay her beside her parents, and a few near friends were invited to a funeral-service on the day of our departure. In the morning I dressed her for the last time, in snowy drapery, with flowers about her pillow, and she lay, beautiful in death, upon her white bed, when, without any announcement, Mrs. Heyne led Clarence Hewson into the room. Even in my first burst of indignation that he dared profane her presence, I could not avoid seeing how fearfully changed he was—pale, thin, hollow-eyed, looking the ghost of his former self. But my pity was lost in my anger.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—SEE PAGE 235.

"How dare you come here!" I cried, hotly. "How can you bear to look upon your own fatal work! Can you not leave her now to me, now that you have killed her? See! she is dead!—dead! And your falsehood, your treachery broke as true a heart as ever a man won to cast aside. She loved you better than her own life; she would have been true to you through all trials, and you deceived and killed her!"

But he did not heed me. Kneeling beside Etta, he buried his face in the bed-covering, sobbing like a child. Hot words rose again to my lips, but Mrs. Heyne drew me away into the next room.

"Hush!" she whispered, as I would have spoken. "You will be sorry if you say any more before you hear me!"

"Sorry!" I cried. "You do not know!"

"It is you who must be told the truth," she said. "It is the history of a lifelong deceit, with this fatal result."

I was faint with grief and fasting, and I listened in half-stunned silence while she said:

"Thirty years ago Lemuel Hewson's only son, Clarence, ran away from home with his father's housemaid, a woman nearly ten years older than the mere boy she coaxed to marry her. I could never describe to you the old man's rage and grief. His son was his idol, the pride of his heart, the one object in life upon which he built hopes and planned ambitious dreams. For a year he held his wrath, but Clarence had inherited delicacy of constitution from his mother, and before the year was over he developed consumptive symptoms. The misery of his marriage probably hastened the end, his wife possessing nothing to hold his fancy after the attraction of a pretty face had lost its charm. A sudden cold brought on pneumonia, and he sent for his father to implore forgiveness and to ask his protection for his unborn child.

"Lemuel Hewson was not a hard man; an angry, bitter rage could drive him to extreme measures, and make him harsh for a time, but he could not cherish resentment, and the death of his son was a terrible blow to him. There is no doubt that if Clarence had lived he would have been forgiven. As it was, he offered the widow a sum sufficient for a comfortable support if she

would let him have the child, and leave the city herself.

"There was no suspicion of any deceit when the babe was sent to him—a strong, handsome boy, whose resemblance to his father was so strong as to win the old man's love from the first. He took him at once to his heart and his home, gave him his father's name, Clarence Hewson, and once again worshiped an idol.

"But, Louey dear, that Clarence Hewson had a twin brother, and his mother concealed the fact. This son she kept with her, and after he was five years old she broke her promise to his grandfather, and returned to New York, where she could sometimes see her other boy. Her love for her husband dictated the name for her son, and both children were christened Clarence. Whatever her faults were, Mrs. Hewson did her duty by this boy. By far the greater part of her income was spent upon his education and pleasures, and he grew to manhood—what you knew him.

"But Mrs. Hewson some years ago became a confirmed invalid, and last Winter she died, confessing to Clarence the deceit she had practiced, and leaving a letter for Lemuel Hewson, who sent for Clarence as soon as he received it. You understand now, Louey, that Clarence Hewson practiced no deceit when he told Etta the story of his own life. Etta's disappointment was to him a blow that has produced most disastrous results, but it was partly explained by his brother's marriage, of which he supposed Etta must have known."

In broken words I told her of the wedding we had witnessed, the error into which we had fallen. It was a brief story, and my heart sank when I thought how a few words then might have saved all this misery. But my cup was not yet full. Mrs. Heyne, in a low, cautious voice, her eyes fixed upon the door leading to the adjoining room, said:

"Mrs. Hewson died of a brain-disease, added to other illness, not actually insane; but not in a healthy mental condition for some years. Whether both sons have inherited the weakness of their parents has not yet been proved, but Etta's loss has developed in her lover the same brain-trouble from which his mother suffered, and he has had two severe hemorrhages in the last few months, that have greatly reduced his strength. Whether his mother was a wicked woman or only an ambitious one, her life has blighted her son's, as it did his father's. It will not be a long separation between Clarence and Etta. For two days, since reading her death in the newspaper, he has been in a stupor, taxing the care of his brother, who is devoted to him, and arousing fears that he would never rally. But to-day he roused himself and insisted upon seeing Etta, and I came with him, because, dear, I thought I could tell you all this painful story more kindly than a stranger, and as Clarence has told it to me."

I was too much overcome to answer her. I had put my love for Clarence Hewson aside, in those happy days when all seemed bright for him and for Etta, but it rose in my heart strong as a giant as I listened to the story of his suffering. I sat silent, in mute, tearless agony, while Mrs. Heyne told me of his return to the city from the business trip of which he had written to Etta; of his agony and wonder at Etta's complete, mysterious disappearance; of his visit to her to beg for information and keep in his search. She was Etta's friend and the mother of two of her pupils, but had not known her until she came to New York. Still, Clarence went to her for comfort and advice, and to relieve his heart by pouring out his confidence. It was from his lips that she heard the story of his mother's deceit, and later, when she was introduced to his family, was told the other side of the story by Lemuel Hewson himself.

But it was soon evident to all who loved him that his mother's tardy confession, his grandfather's recognition and his brother's love could be of but short service to Clarence Hewson. Mind and body alike failed, as his search for Etta became more and more the ruling passion of his life, and my darling herself did not waste away more rapidly or fatally than the lover who had given her his heart and life.

We talked softly with many tears, until the striking of the mantel clock warned me that the hour was near when Etta's friends would come to take their last farewell.

I rose and went into the room where she lay. Clarence Hewson knelt where I had left him, but his head drooped forward and his body rested heavily upon the bedside. Before we touched him we knew that the weary heart would beat with agony no more, and we silently prayed that the young lives so cruelly separated on earth might be united in a perfect love beyond the grave.

THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

Colonel Morton was one of England's Indian soldiers who had attained distinction. He was a Companion of the Bath; and although honors are sometimes bestowed in the neighborhood of Courts on small pretense or upon none, the Indian officers who win the Ribbon are, perhaps, among the most meritorious body of men in the world. And if to be brave and kindly, loyal and true, are qualities which merit the recognition of authority, the colonel deserved the reward he had received, and more. He had married early in life and had several children, which had, perhaps, given a manly gravity to his character when other young captains of his age were over-busy with brandy-pawnee and games of hazard. Certain it is that his home was cited as one of the pleasantest and best-kept houses in Madras, when first his wife sickened, then his children. The climate of India was not so well understood at that time as it is now; and Mrs. Morton was ordered home by the local physician, most experienced in such cases.

"You will never rear a family here," remarked the doctor, who was frequently consulted in such emergencies. "The climate is unfavorable to the health and vigor of the English in the second generation. Native air is the only remedy known to science, and it must be taken as soon as the mischief begins. I had to send my wife home last year; the best advice I can give you is to follow my example."

So Mrs. Morton, after some struggling with her love and pride, had to leave her husband, as other ladies have done before and since, with a sore heart. But there was no help for it; the brave and loving woman remained at her post, and smiled at her own danger, so that she could stay by the side of him who was more than life to her. Then nature gave way, and broke down utterly.

She and her children were pale and thin as phantoms when they stepped on board the great ship, which was flying the blue-peter, accompanied by the sad-faced major of cavalry in undress uniform. He watched with straining eyes, as they stood on deck waving scarf and kerchief to him, and the big steamer went out to sea. They had taken his heart with them.

Mrs. Morton settled on the pleasant coast of Hampshire; partly to be in the neighborhood of some rich kinsfolk from whom she had expectancies, and partly

because her wifely fancy made her think that she was nearer him, so long as she remained by the sea, and ready to return should he recall her, or did one whisper reach her that she was needed near him.

It was long before she rallied and the roses came back to the sweet faces of her little ones.

Her husband could not afford to throw up his commission, which had cost him half his fortune ; he could not go on half-pay either with any prudence, or ask for leave while there was war on the frontier and his regiment was ordered on active duty. So the honest gentleman served out the usual term of service, got his colonelcy in due course, and was handsomely dealt with by "John Company" (a nickname for the then Hon. East India Company)—a kinder master, it is said, than his successor.

When the colonel arrived at Southampton, however, with all his honors thick upon him, he was a good deal altered. His stalwart figure had not run into bulk, and had the same gallant cavalier look as when he rode with Havelock and Beatson on his first campaigns. But his hair, which had been black, was now of iron-gray ; his comely face had grown more stern, and his voice had the metallic ring in it of one accustomed to command. In truth, the colonel was forty-six and looked fifty. Hard service and rough diet had done their work upon him. Barrack life is not all rose-color.

About a year after Mrs. Morton had welcomed her husband to the Hampshire home she had made around her, another daughter was born to them. She was born at daybreak on a May morning, and the happy father, who was not wanting in poetic instinct, at once gave her the name of Aurora.

She was a frail, delicate child, with wondering blue eyes, and a transparent complexion faintly warmed by auburn hair, of the rich golden tint which looked as though a sunbeam played amongst its silken curls. Her fragile life appeared, for years, to hang upon a thread, and it was a touching sight to see the hard old soldier of a hundred battle-fields watching the feeble gambols of his little girl, and rocking her to sleep in his strong arms when she tired, which was very soon.

He could scarcely bear to be apart from her, and carried her about at his saddle-bow when he rode along the Hampshire lanes. He had her beside him playing on a carpet when he fished for trout. He took her into the fields where his hay was making. He went gardening and boating on his lake with her. He was never tired of her pretty prattle, and by-and-by they began to romp together. The child's limbs developed into plumpness and vigor, till by the time she was ten years old she had become a wild, beautiful hoyden, full of high spirits and willfulness. She could ride, she could sing, she could dance, and was ready for all kinds of fun and frolic.

At twelve she could have commanded a troop of horse, and knew more of military tactics from the colonel's talk than many a promising boy at Sandhurst. But her grand climax was reached when Mrs. Morton, suspecting with a woman's intuition that they were too quiet to be up to much good, stole in upon the pair one afternoon, and surprised the colonel on one knee behind a screen in the library teaching his pupil the noble art of self-defense. She had hit out, too, so straight from the shoulder, that his face resembled the family plum-dumpling which had been served for tiffin.

That night Mrs. Morton gave her husband a curtain-lecture, and, after nearly choking him with kisses and laughter, formally took her daughter's education out of his hands. These good people were all of soldierly tastes, and loved pluck and spirit even in women.

Mrs. Morton had allowed drill and fencing, and the broadsword exercise, which might be good for the chest.

She had looked on from her summer-house while the colonel showed Aurora the proper management of the lance on charging infantry, and had smiled as missy, with unerring precision, spitted poppy-heads in the hedges round the paddock. But when it came to boxing-lessons, she thought that even an officer's wife might be excused for being of opinion that physical development in this direction had gone far enough.

Aurora was then about the age when a girl begins to grow shy, and clings closer to her mother ; so she became a prim and praiseworthy little miss for several years, making progress in feminine ethics and deportment in a demure, docile way that was quite refreshing. The young witch had an inborn faculty of charming. All she did had a natural grace and winsomeness. She showed as great a taste for the accomplishments of young ladies as she had done for those of a different sort. She learned to dance, paint in water-color, to make cheeses before illustrious visitors, and to wield all the bright armory of youth and loveliness as quickly and well as she had learned to ride and handle a hair-trigger ; and though she would often say, "Mamma, I ought to have been my brother," she was a dainty young beauty, indeed, at seventeen.

She possessed especially a remarkable talent for singing. There was an untaught melody in her voice which was almost amazing in an English girl. Her songs and her sweet, pretty whims and ways were enough to charm the heart of a cynic, and there was not a manor-house within twenty miles of Freshfields where she was not welcome as healthy weather.

In her own home she was light, she was joy. She gladdened the whole house—and ruled it. She kept her father's accounts and her mother's keys, being a shrewd little lady into the bargain ; a soldier's daughter, who knew the fitness of things, also the price of them.

Her brothers and sisters had married and gone out into the world, so that when the colonel came home from India they were almost strangers to him ; but Aurora had never been separated from him a day since her birth. She knew all the family affairs and interests and shortcomings from day to day. She knew of brother Tom's private allowance from his mother to pay off his Oxford debts, and of sister Mary's quarrel with sister Jane, and and how it had to be kept secret from Aunt Hester, for fear she should alter the will. There was also something about Jack, who was in the navy, which she only knew herself ; and, indeed, she was the most experienced person in the household, having much sound counsel in her, and might have seemed to a fanciful imagination encircled in that sterling home-love, like a fair jewel in a golden casket.

Her father's early training had taught her many of the plain truths of life. She could converse far better, and more reasonably as well, upon a greater variety of topics than most young women. To her father she was what neither man nor woman could be but herself. She was his friend and yet his child, which is the tenderest of all connections that bind together human hearts. She knew all the strength and weaknesses of his character, which was by no means perfect. She governed, but she obeyed him, and his unspoken wish was law to her proud and generous heart.

He had accustomed her to military obedience of orders, and she would march off anywhere and everywhere at the word of command with amusing docility ; for there was one thing which the colonel could not bear, and that was

opposition to his will. In the midst of her most wayward humors, and when she felt elate with all the royalty of her womanhood, she would not have angered him for the world.

Perhaps part of the honeyed secret of the sympathy between them was that she had a true hero-worship for the old soldier, and fought his campaigns over and over again with him with as much pleasure as he did.

She knew how he had been mentioned in gazettes and dispatches, and would tell him with glistening eyes and bated breath the gallant story of how he had led a forlorn hope which saved a great city and won for him the Victoria Cross.

Her language glowed with a poetry all her own when she spoke of her father's worth and courage.

She treasured up his clasps and medals as of great price; his sword and sabretache were sacred in her eyes. As they talked together of sieges and battles, of deeds of daring and victory, she looked, indeed, the fairest vision that could smile on valor when its task was done.

Neither father nor mother could make up their minds to marry her, for they knew no one worthy of her hand; and her own heart never spoke, save in merry jests among the bumpkin squires of the county. Lord Mallowfield had sidled up to her at a wonderful ball she attended at Cowes; Mr. Dewdney, who owned the next parish, had been seen mooning about the lanes every time she rode out. But his lordship was a robust widower, who could only talk intelligibly of shorthorns; and Mr. Dewdney had a head of hair which seemed to be on fire.

HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER.—SEE PAGE 234.

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Mincyn Capre spoke, indeed, pleasantly enough of ecclesiastical architecture, having recently traveled over the grand old cities of Flanders when he was appointed to a benefice within dining distance of the Mortons. But he carried the practice of intoning into private life; and Miss Aurora arrived at the conclusion that his ineffectual standard was not high.

So things went on. One was dismissed with a smile, another with a sigh; but the girl made no choice till she was more than five-and-twenty, when her mother began to look grave.

"Pooh, pooh!" growled the colonel, when his wife broached the subject. "'Queenie' can marry half England when she pleases."

He would never allow treason to be spoken against his darling; and, indeed, he was constantly dodged about the covert-side on hunting-days by Aurora's admirers, who only waited a word of encouragement to declare themselves.

Mrs. Morton was silenced but not convinced, and she spoke to the young lady herself; but her daughter only blushed a little, and declared that her home was too nice to run away from it.

"Humph!" said her mother, dryly.

About this time Miss Morton, who had been reading a great deal concerning artistic furniture, imbibed a taste for house-decoration, and nothing would serve her but that the ceiling of her own room should be painted with an elaborate device of her own imagining.

Her design was appropriate and well chosen, but far too complicated for any of the local workmen, so the colonel wrote to one of the great firms in London to send down a special artist.

A few days afterward there arrived a young artist with the appearance of an Italian gentleman and the manners of good society. He spoke with a foreign accent, but he also spoke perfectly good English, and he was introduced to the colonel as the most expert decorator known in the business. When the awkwardness of having so smart a laborer about the house had a little worn off, he was supplied with the necessary materials for his task, and then, day after day, might be seen lying on a sort of cradle he had made with ropes to a scaffolding set up in Miss Morton's private room.

She had fully explained her plan to him, and she saw with delight that he was working it out with a brilliancy and elegance such as she had scarcely dared to expect. Whenever she looked at his work as it went on she felt a new surprise and enchantment.

His name was Carmelo Williams, he said, for his mother only was Italian; and he was not offensively garrulous or obtrusive in any way. But he had dark, lustrous eyes, and a soft, caressing voice, which gave extraordinary expression and even pathos to his language. When he was alone he sang—sang with a marvelous melody which comes only of inborn genius.

Aurora listened, at first timidly and furtively, then entranced; then, heaven knows, perhaps magnetized. It was beautiful Summer weather. The rose and the lilac were ablossom and ablow, the scent of the lush woodbine came with an intoxicating odor through the windows, and those wondrous songs of the young painter made the air alive with music.

She fled with him before his task was over; and they were married. Married in Scotland, at a border village; and when the willful thing was done the girl found, on her return to the inn where they had halted, a newspaper which told of her father's dangerous illness.

The colonel's anguish had, indeed, been terrible, and when he knew exactly what had happened he had fallen

HESTER PRYNNE COMING FORTH WITH HER SCARLET LETTER.

down as a stricken stag might do, and now hovered between life and death.

"I must go home at once," said the girl to her newly-made husband; and there was a decided ring in her voice which permitted no dispute. "You must remain here, sir, till I send for you or come to you."

The painter had no time to gasp out his astonishment, for before he could protest she was gone; and, taking the first train, she never stopped in her journey till she kneeled in her bridal-dress all disarranged, at her father's feet.

He had rallied partly and he, with her mother, sat hand-in-hand, their faces very pale and wan. A big tear from the old soldier's eyes fell upon her forehead like molten fire.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, in a very ecstasy of grief, "I am come home! I will never leave it again. *I have married him because I knew he would never dare to contradict you!*"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"THE figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home-feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trod the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard, and my face scarcely known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil."

This passage is found in the well-known introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." The town referred to is Salem; the Puritan ancestor, William Hathorne, the founder of the American branch of the race of which Nathaniel Hawthorne came. It was the romancer himself who inserted the *w* in the family name.

William Hathorne came to Massachusetts in the early times of the Puritan settlement, and died there in 1681. His son John bore the title of colonel, and, in the capacity of judge, became prominent among the persecutors of the famous witches of Salem. One of these unfortunates, says tradition, invoked a heavy curse upon Judge Hathorne and his children's children—an incident which, apparently, furnished at a late period the idea of the history of the Pyncheon family in "The House of the Seven Gables." During the eighteenth century the Hathornes lapsed into the obscurity and somnolence of old Salem itself. The men of the family followed the sea. Nathaniel Hawthorne's grandfather, Daniel Hathorne, was a hardy pioneer during the Revolution. Nathaniel Hathorne, the father of the romancer, and a captain in the merchant marine, died at Surinam in 1808. His wife, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, was a woman of remarkable beauty and refinement, and "a minute observer of religious festivals." Of the three children of this pair, Nathaniel, our author, was the only boy. He was born at Salem, Mass., on the day of our great patriotic festival—the Fourth of July, 1804.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's childhood and youth remain, in a sense, periods of mystery. Throughout his whole life, indeed, this mystery or reserve, wrapping him about like the black cloak of his forefathers, stood him in the stead of those adventures and exciting experiences which so often have fallen to the lot of story-tellers and others in whom the world has become interested. No man of genius ever led a simpler or more outwardly tranquil career than Hawthorne. He was a dreamer, a shy, evasive spirit, a brooder over fantastic and gloomy thoughts; but beneath all this his nature was candid and practical, his disposition sunny. A morbid imagination or a distempered soul he did not possess. The grim and sombre strain in his nature was simply his inheritance from his Puritan ancestors, developed by his surroundings and the events of his early life. Hawthorne and Poe have been compared with one another, and to some extent coupled in the category of American imaginative writers, but only a superficial judgment could attribute to them any community of spiritual qualities. Poe's inspiration was as a fine, fierce, consuming flame. Hawthorne's genius, if less exalted in the abstract, was far more sane and substantial. Poe might truthfully write:

> "From childhood's hour I have not been
> As others were; I have not seen
> As others saw; I could not bring
> My passions from a common spring;
> From the same source I have not taken
> My sorrows; I could not awaken
> My heart to joy at the same tone;
> And what I loved, *I* loved alone."

But young Hawthorne was a healthy, handsome, intelligent boy, with more animal spirits than precocity of mind. Of *his* boyhood he writes in this strain: "I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting all day with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and "The Pilgrim's Progress," and any poetry or light books within my reach. . . . I lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful, and enjoyed the very best bodily health. I had read endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and, in the dearth of other employment, had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which I burned."

It is not discovered that there was anything extraordinary about Nathaniel Hawthorne's boyhood; doubtless, therefore, it was happy enough. Until his fourteenth year, he lived in Salem, attending the common day-school when he could find no practicable excuse for staying away—for at that period, he has confessed, he was no lover of learning. Salem was then, as it is now, rather a quaint and agreeable old town, so far as outward physiognomy is concerned; and inhabited by a virtuous and democratic community. "My native place," wrote Hawthorne, in after years, "though I have dwelt much away from it, both in boyhood and in mature years, possesses, or did possess, a hold on my affections, the force of which I have never realized during my seasons of actual residence there." Scattered through his writings, indeed, we find so many affectionate reminiscences of the decayed old seaport, that we do not take seriously that one in which he says, half-playfully, "It would be quite as reasonable to form a sentimental attachment to a disarranged checker-board."

In 1818 Nathaniel was taken by his mother to live with her brother, in the town of Raymond, near Lake Sebago, in Maine. In this weird and woodsy region, he says, he first got his "cursed habits of solitude." Nevertheless, he loved its perfect freedom; spent days roaming in the great woods, and nights skating alone on the moonlit, ice-bound lake. The next year he was sent back to Salem to school; and in 1821, in his seventeenth year, he entered

Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. At this time he had made a few dubious experiments in writing verse; but his sister Elizabeth says: "I do not remember any prose writings of his till a much later period."

Hawthorne does not appear to have been more than an average scholar. That he was as fond of "fun" as were his fellow-students, is evident from the fact that he incurred one or two minor fines and penalties for playing cards for money. Amongst his various college friends were three who rose to eminence in after years—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Franklin Pierce and Horatio Bridge.

Strikingly handsome was the future romancer at this period of his life. He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than 150 pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the molding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard, and was without a mustache until his fifty-fifth year. His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. Charles Reade, in a letter written in 1876, declared that he had never before seen such eyes as Hawthorne's, in a human head. When he went to London, persons whose recollections reached back through a generation or so, used to compare his glance to that of Robert Burns. While he was yet in college, an old gypsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?"

It was, evidently, while he was yet in college that Hawthorne formed the design of becoming an author by profession. In 1828, three years after his graduation, his first novel, a short romance entitled "Fanshawe," was published in Boston. Previous to the production of this work he wrote a group of short stories, entitled "Seven Tales of my Native Land," which never saw the light; for, in despair at his failure to find a publisher, the young author burned the manuscript. "Fanshawe" itself was published anonymously, and afterward suppressed by Hawthorne himself, as unworthy of his powers. He kept on writing, however, in the old family mansion in Herbert Street, and became a contributor to a number of the journals and annuals of the time. Amongst these latter, was one bearing the formidable title of "The Boston Token and Atlantic Souvenir," edited and published by S. G. Goodrich, known to the children of a bygone generation as "Peter Parley." Goodrich took an interest, largely commercial, in the work of the writer who was growing up so obscurely in Salem. He employed him to compile a "Universal History," to undertake the editorship of a magazine which was never raised to prosperity, and to perform various other poorly-paid tasks of hackwork. But it was to his sketches and short tales that he gave his heart and his artistic toil. During that somewhat dreary period of twelve years succeeding his graduation from college, he produced, in these "annual" and magazine contributions, the work which laid the foundation of his fame, and which is preserved to us in the volumes of "Twice-told Tales." The first of these volumes was published in 1837, Hawthorne being then in his thirty-third year. Looking back on those years of solitary toil, he wrote, on the walls of that little study, at the locked door of which his meals had so often been left standing: "In this dismal chamber FAME was won."

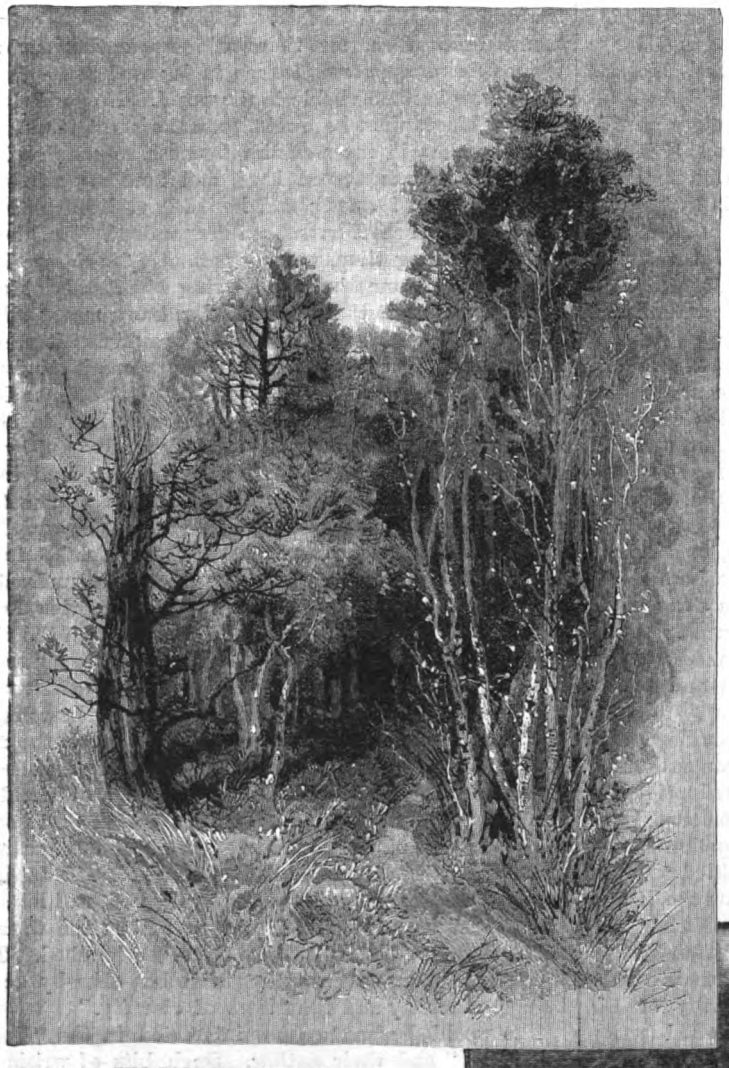
A passage in one of his "Note-books," which every reader of Hawthorne must remember, reverts touchingly to this period of his career: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that have doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed to me as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy—at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By-and-by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still small voice—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world I thought preferable to my solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

The world began to grow interested in the "Twice-told Tales" and their author. Such bits of writing as "The Seven Vagabonds," "The Gentle Boy," "The Haunted Mind," and the rest, might well attract attention in the New England literary circles of half a century ago, and call attention to the sombre, picturesque, fantastic and brooding genius of the new writer.

About this time began the love-romance of Nathaniel Hawthorne—a romance which culminated in his marriage with Sophia Peabody, and which lasted to the end of his life. Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father and mother is essentially composed of "the records of a happy marriage"; and he may well say in his preface: "If true love and married happiness should ever be in need of vindication, ample material for that purpose may be found in these volumes."

For years the Hawthornes and the Peabodys had been neighbors in Salem—that is to say, their homes were not far apart; but there was no acquaintance between the families, for Madame Hawthorne was a recluse, it being considered at that time a mark of piety and good taste for a widow to withdraw from the world. How the acquaintance began shall be told in the words of Miss

E. P. Peabody, sister of Sophia: Between 1830 and 1836 some stories in the *New England Magazine* arrested my attention. I thought they were probably written by some 'newlight' Quaker, who had outgrown his sectarianism; and I actually wrote (but never sent) a letter to the supposed old man, asking him how he knew that . . .



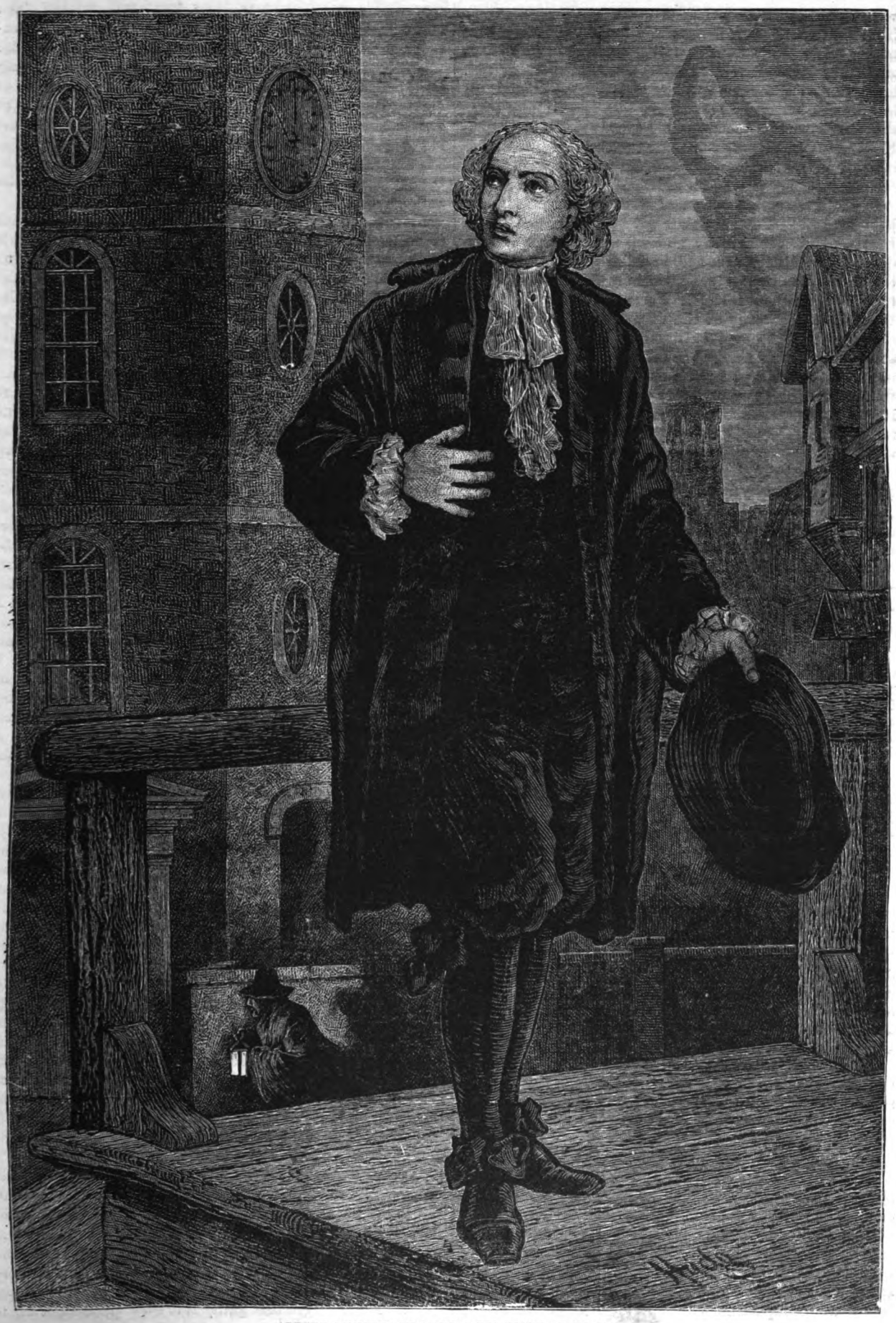
THE PATH IN THE WOODS.

'sensitive natures are especially apt to be malicious.' It was not until 1837 that I discovered that these stories were the work of Madame Hawthorne's son. It was a difficult matter to establish visiting relations with so eccentric a household; and another year passed away before Mr. Hawthorne and his sisters called on us. It was in the evening. I was alone in the drawing-room; but Sophia, who was still an invalid, was in her chamber. As soon as I could, I ran up-stairs to her and said, 'Oh, Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down! The Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is—he is handsomer than Lord Byron!' She laughed, but refused to come, remarking that since he had called once, he would call again. So I went down to them again, and we passed a very pleasant evening. . . . . Mr. Hawthorne was very nicely dressed; but he looked, at first, almost fierce with his determination not to betray his sensitive shyness, which he always recognized as a weakness. . . . He did call again, as Sophia had predicted, not long afterward; and this time she came down, in her simple white wrapper, and sat on the sofa. As I said, 'My sister, Sophia,' he rose and looked at her intently—he did not realize how intently. As we went on talking she would frequently interpose a remark, in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again, with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, 'What if he should fall in love with her!' and the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry, and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid."

Sophia Peabody became Hawthorne's guardian, sympathizer and re-creating angel. Her mental faculties were finely balanced, and of great capacity; her taste was by nature highly refined, and was rendered exquisitely so by cultivation. Her son writes: "Her learning and accomplishments were rare and varied, and yet she was always childlike in her modesty and simplicity. She read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; she was familiar with history; and in drawing, painting and sculpture showed a loving talent not far removed from original genius."

Hawthorne became engaged to Miss Peabody about his thirty-fifth year; but was not married until 1842—some three years later, he being then thirty-eight years old, and she thirty-one. Various obstacles caused this delay. One was the dread of family opposition, another was the uncertainty of Hawthorne's pecuniary resources. Moreover, Miss Peabody had consented to let the engagement continue only upon the stipulation that their marriage

THE "WAYSIDE," HAWTHORNE'S SECOND RESIDENCE IN CONCORD.



ARTHUR DIMMESDALE MAKING HIS NIGHT ATONEMENT.

was to be strictly contingent upon her own recovery from her twenty years' illness. "The likelihood of a cure taking place certainly did not seem great; in fact, it would be little less than a miracle. Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished; and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician. When Sophia Peabody became Sophia Hawthorne, in 1842, she was, for the first time since her infancy, in perfect health; nor did she ever afterward relapse into her previous condition of invalidism."

It was during this period of waiting that Hawthorne held for two years an appointment in the Boston Custom House. This came to an end with Van Buren's Presidential administration; and in 1841 Hawthorne joined the short-lived but famous little industrial and intellectual community of Brook Farm, at West Roxbury. Here, in the company of the enthusiastic Transcendentalists, he milked cows, cultivated the soil, raised corn and squashes, sold them at the city market, and indulged in the delights of "plain living and high thinking" in the "Hive," as the farmhouse was called, for nearly a year. It was this experience which gave him the background for his "Blithedale Romance," written ten years afterward.

To this period belong the first series of the beautiful love-letters given by Julian Hawthorne in his biography; and "the single-hearted love and reverence which mark these letters, written before marriage, are," he says, "just as conspicuous in every letter that Hawthorne wrote to his wife, up to the end of their wedded existence on earth." The following bears the date of January 3d, 1840:

. . . "You cannot think how much delight those pictures you are painting are going to give me. I never owned a picture in my life; yet pictures have been among the earthly possessions (and they are spiritual possessions too) which I most coveted. They will be incomparably more precious to me than all the productions of all the painters since Apelles. When we live in our own house, we will paint pictures together—that is, our minds and hearts shall unite to form the conception, to which your hand shall give external existence. I have often felt that I could be a painter, only I am sure that I could never handle a brush; now you will show me the images of my inward life, beautified and etherealized by the mixture of your own spirit. . . . How strange that such a flower as our affection should have blossomed amid snow and wintry winds—accompaniments which no poet or novelist, that I know of, has ever introduced into a love-tale. Nothing like our story was ever written, or ever will be; but if it could be told, methinks it would be such as the angels might take delight to hear. . . ."

In the "American Note-books," Hawthorne says that, before going to England, he burned "great heaps of old letters and other papers. . . . Among them were hundreds of Sophia's letters. The world has no more such, and now they are all dust and ashes." One of them, however, survives—a charming little back-handed epistle, written with the left hand, because of a wounded finger on the other:

"Best Beloved—I send you some allumettes wherewith to kindle the taper. There are very few, but my second finger could no longer perform extra duty. These will serve till the wounded one be healed, however. How beautiful is it to provide even this slightest convenience for you, dearest! I cannot tell you how much I love you, in this back-handed style. My love is not in this attitude—it rather bends forward to meet you.

"What a year has this been to us! My definition of Beauty is, that it is love, and therefore includes both truth and good. But those only who love as we do can feel the significance and force of this. . . ."

They were married in Boston in July, 1842, and Hawthorne took his bride to the "Old Manse," at Concord. Hawthorne has given a charming account of this place, and of his occupations here, in the introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse." The Manse itself is a large, square wooden house, toned as to external complexion by a hundred and fifty years' exposure to the weather. It is located just above the smooth-flowing Concord River, and is approached by an avenue of overarching trees. It had formerly been the home of Emerson and his ancestors. For four years Hawthorne led a happy, secluded life at Concord, with Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing and Margaret Fuller for neighbors. Here the "Mosses" were collected, and here the author's first child, Una, was born.

In 1846 Hawthorne received an official appointment from the Polk administration, and entered upon his duties as Surveyor in the Salem Custom House. Four years' residence in his native town followed. The Custom-house experience is elaborately described in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." The first effect of his prosaic duties here was to throw the romancer, as he thought, quite out of the mood of writing. "During the whole of my Custom-house experience," he says, "moonlight and sunshine, and the glow of the firelight, were just alike in my regard, and neither of them was of one whit more avail than the twinkle of a tallow-candle. An entire class of susceptibilities, and a gift connected with them—of no great richness or value, but the best I had—was gone from me." But this phase of intellectual inactivity, happily brief, was followed by a period of inspiration, the outcome of which was Hawthorne's masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, has related the circumstances under which this work was brought forth: "In the Winter of 1849, after Hawthorne had been ejected from the Custom House, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house. . . . I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling, and as the day was cold he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood." His visitor urged him to bethink himself of publishing something, and Hawthorne replied by calling his attention to the small popularity his published productions had yet acquired, and declaring he had done nothing, and had no spirit for doing anything. The narrator of the incident urged upon him the necessity of a more hopeful view of his situation, and proceeded to take leave. Before he reached the street, however, Hawthorne hurried to overtake him, and placing a roll of MS. in his hand, bade him take it to Boston, read it, and pronounce upon it. "It is either very good or very bad," said the author; "I don't know which." "On my way back to Boston," says Mr. Fields, "I read the germ of 'The Scarlet Letter'; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvelous story he had put into my hands, and told him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went on in such an amazing state of excitement, when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm."

A year elapsed before the story was completed and published. Its appearance was a great literary event, and the romance was hailed as the finest piece of imaginative writing that had as yet been produced in America. The story of the guilty love of Hester Prynne and the young Puritan minister, Arthur Dimmesdale—or, rather, the powerful and vivid portrayal of the moral situation which resulted from that guilty love—has become a clas-

sic. It has inspired a great many pictorial efforts; and the drawings by Mr. Hyde, which are reproduced in connection with this article, represent two of the most striking scenes of the novel. One shows the fair, silently-suffering Hester stepping forth disgraced into the light of day, with the shameful "A" burning upon her breast. The other represents Arthur Dimmesdale at the moment when, impelled by the agony of remorse, he goes at midnight to stand upon the scaffold where Hester had formerly enacted her penance in the sight of the world. The description of this latter scene is one of the most striking passages in the book: "But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night-watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable-peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden-plots, black with freshly-turned earth; the wheel-track, little worn, and, even in the market-place, margined with green on either side—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting-link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all that belong to one another."

Hawthorne's next novel, "The House of the Seven Gables," was written at Lenox, in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. To this now well-known place the author and his family (to which a son, Julian, had been added in the Summer of 1846) removed in 1850. They remained here for two years, during which time the second daughter, Rose, was born. The "Wonder-book," written for the little ones, belongs to this period; and "Hollingsworth," afterward called "The Blithedale Romance," was well under way before the Hawthornes left Lenox, in November, 1851. They spent the Winter in West Newton, an unlovely suburb of Boston; and early in the following Summer took possession of a house in Concord, which Hawthorne purchased of Mr. Alcott. This house was the now famous "Wayside," where the "Tanglewood Tales" and the Life of Pierce were written. Sentimental tourists have often confounded it with the "Old Manse," but the two houses are about two miles apart. The "Wayside" is on the Boston Highway, three-quarters of a mile beyond the home of Mr. Emerson. "Originally," writes Julian Hawthorne, "it was a small oblong structure, containing only four or five rooms; a mere box, with a roof on it, like so many other houses built in New England a hundred and fifty years ago. When Mr. Alcott took possession of it, he put a gabled dormer window in front, over the entrance, and added a wing to each side of the building; and these wings were rendered picturesque by galleries—or 'piazzas,' as we call them—supported by rustic pillars, across the front. The barn was separate from the house, and stood against the hill on the spectator's left. Hawthorne made no alterations during his first occupancy; but when he returned from England in 1860, he moved the barn to the other side of the house, and connected it with the wing on that side, added another story to the other wing, built in two large rooms behind, and surmounted the whole with the 'tower,' in the top of which is the study where 'Our Old Home' was written. It was all painted a warm buff-color, and looks to-day almost precisely as it did then."

When Franklin Pierce was called to the highest office in the land, he offered his old college friend a diplomatic appointment. A consulate at Lisbon was at first mentioned; but the emoluments of the place being considered, it was finally decided that Liverpool would be preferable. By midsummer, in 1853, Hawthorne and his family were established in Liverpool. His impressions, and many of the incidents of his residence in England, are given in the sketches collectively entitled "Our Old Home," and in the English Note-books. His office brought him somewhat agreeably in contact with the world. He received a great many sea-captains, and he probably saw more of his own countrymen, during his consular experiences, than he had done in his native land. The social side of his character also found development here, and he made warm friends amongst his English acquaintances.

Towards the close of 1857, Hawthorne resigned his consulate at Liverpool. In January of the following year he went to Rome, where he passed two Winters and Springs, spending the intervening Summer in an old villa near Florence. To this period belong the Italian Note-books, and the conception of that lovely and mysterious romance known to American readers by the author's chosen title, "The Marble Faun," but in England called "Transformation." This is probably the most widely read of Hawthorne's novels; and it shares with "Corinne," and "The Improvisatore," the glory of conveying and interpreting to the outside world the fascinating spell of the Eternal City. Hilda's Tower, with the doves still circling round it, is sought out by every visitor to Rome; and amidst the olive-covered foothills of the Apennines, near Florence, stands a gray old tower, which has added to its historic venerableness the fame of having been the prototype of Monte Beni.

Hawthorne returned to America in the Summer of 1860, and once more took up his abode in the "Wayside" house at Concord. But that feeling of weariness and dejection which marked the closing years of his life had already set in. It was not that he suffered from any definite malady, nor from what might properly be termed mental decline; but the old enthusiasm in describing what he saw or thought, the old impulse to create and write, seemed to have gone from him. "The Dolliver Romance," begun as a serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*, was broken off not far from its beginning; and "Septimius Felton" was left in a crude, unfinished form. "My mind," he wrote to his publisher, "has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge. . . . Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not." In 1864, in the hope of benefit from a change of air, he undertook, in company with his friend, General Pierce, a journey into the White Mountains. They had only gone as far as Plymouth when the end came, suddenly but tranquilly. Hawthorne died at the Pemigewasset House, in that place, on the 18th of May. The funeral took place at Concord on the 23d. It was conducted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had performed Hawthorne's marriage service two-and-twenty years before. The grave was beneath a group of tall

SCENE FROM HAWTHORNE'S STORY, "PETER GOLDTHWAITE'S TREASURE."

pines at Sleepy Hollow, where Hawthorne and his wife had often sat in days gone by, and planned their pleasure-house; and amongst those who followed the bier hither were Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Pierce, and many more of the distinguished men of the land.

A ROMANCE OF ST. JOHN'S DAY.—"SHE WAS LYING PROSTRATE ON THE ROCKS—ON THE VERY BRINK OF THE AWFUL PRECIPICE."

SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LOVERS.

In all the happy confidence of love,
Hand clasped in hand they stroll :
Unnumbered down the stream of Time
The golden moments roll !
They count them not, the loving twain,
Their love-sun shines so bright :
So dear the time, the rosy hours
Unnotic'd wing their flight !
They tread on air, so light their steps !
On honey feed, so sweet their talk !
Their hearts in such fond union chime,
In Paradise itself they walk !

A ROMANCE OF ST. JOHN'S DAY.

By W. Seton.

One Summer's afternoon—it was the Eve of St. John's Day—a merry company were seated at the table of an inn in the Gerloss Valley, one of the most romantic parts of the Tyrol.

Michael Moser, who kept this place of public entertainment, had just finished telling a capital story, and Johanna Groebmer, a comely, sunburnt maiden, seated on his left, clapped her hands and laughed louder than anybody else.

"I am glad that my story pleased you," said Moser, lifting his glass and clinking it against hers.

"Your stories are always amusing," replied the girl, her big, black eyes sparkling like gems as she brought her glass to her lips, for he was about to drink her health.

And generous wine it was that these mountaineers were quaffing. It was the pure juice of the grape from the vineyard south of the Brenner Pass, and never any harm did it do a body.

"A song, dear Johanna. Give us a song," spoke a deep, bass voice at her elbow.

On which Johanna smiled, and threw an arch glance at a handsome young man, whose long, unkempt hair fell down to his shoulders, and on one of his cheeks was a scar.

Hugo Ertel, like Moser, was a passionate admirer of Johanna, and he wanted to draw her attention away from his rival, who had already twice toasted her health.

And he succeeded ; for she placed her hands upon her zither, and said :

"Yes, Hugo, I will give you music and a song." Then turning to her other lover, she added : "Tell me, Michael, what song you like best."

"Whatever you sing is sweet and full of melody," answered the innkeeper.

"Sing my favorite, 'The Sigh of the Edelweiss,'" put in Ertel.

"It is too sad," observed Moser, shaking his head.

"Then listen to 'The Sigh of the Edelweiss,'" said Johanna, with a roguish twinkle in her eye.

"What !" ejaculated Moser, knitting his brow.

Whereupon Ertel chuckled triumphantly, and said : "'Tis my favorite song. Begin, Johanna, begin."

Johanna's voice, attuned to the open air—to making the cliffs and glens echo back the wild Jodel—was perhaps a trifle too loud for indoors. But, barring this defect, it was as the innkeeper had said, sweet and full of melody ; everybody listened with delight, and when the ending words of the ditty had died away, even Moser confessed that this was the finest of all her songs.

But Johanna's jovial spirits had fled and tears dimmed her eyes. For "The Sigh of the Edelweiss" made her think of her dear father. It was the last thing she had sung for him before he set out to join the Austrian army, from which he never returned, for he was killed at Solferino. And shortly afterward her mother, too, had died, and now Johanna was alone in the world and wretchedly poor. But poverty did not dishearten her ; she never complained of her hard lot. Every morning during the Winter and Spring she went to Mass, and she looked to another life for the joys which she missed in this.

But now Summer had arrived, and the day after the Feast of St. John was the day when the herds were to be driven up the mountain. And along with the cattle and sheep Johanna would have to ascend the lofty Gamspitz until she came to the green pasture-lands three thousand feet above the valley. And there, in a little cabin, she would abide in solitude, making butter and cheese until the Autumn.

But Johanna was so full of winning graces, she was so mirthful and able to turn her hand to so many things, that it is no wonder Michael Moser was anxious to make her his wife. For then it would be worth coming to his inn merely to exchange greetings with Johanna. While Hugo Ertel was equally determined not to let her waste her loveliness this Summer upon that lonely Alpine meadow.

"Her foot is as true as a chamois's. She would be just the wife for me," he said to himself, after she had finished the song, as he held one of Johanna's plump, brown hands in his.

Moser was holding her other hand, and the girl was wondering what she ought to do—one suitor was so well off, the other suitor was so handsome, and both were so good—when of a sudden a shaggy dog, named Peter, who had been lying under the table, got up and walked toward the door, with a growl.

"Who is coming ?" asked Ertel, whose faithful companion the dog was.

Peter answered by a louder growl, while the hair stood up on his back like bristles.

Immediately Ertel quitted the table, and accompanied by Moser, hastily disappeared through a passageway which led to the kitchen and bakery. At the same time silence fell on the rest of the company ; Johanna turned pale, and every eye was fixed upon the angry dog.

In a couple of minutes the innkeeper came back, and resuming his seat beside Johanna, whispered : "I hid him where he'll not be found."

"It is very generous of you," replied the girl, likewise in an undertone.

"Well, if Ertel is my rival, he is also my friend, and I will be true to him," said Moser.

Here Peter's growling changed to a savage bark, and Moser had barely time to run and catch the animal by the neck, when the main door swung open, and in tramped a couple of revenue officers with guns slung on their backs. They looked fagged, as well they might ; for Ertel, the smuggler, had led them a difficult chase across three valleys and a glacier.

The innkeeper, after many apologies for the rude behavior of his dog, placed before the newcomers a flask of wine, and begged them to be refreshed.

The officers, however, were suspicious. They did not believe that the dog belonged to Moser, and politely refusing his hospitality, they proceeded to make a search of the house. But they did not succeed in finding Ertel, and this so gladdened the heart of Johanna, that ere they took their departure she sang them a spirited song and played the Austrian national anthem on her zither.

"Moser," spoke Johanna, as soon as the coast was clear

"you are a real good fellow for hiding Ertel so well. Where on earth did you put him ?"

Moser burst into a laugh, and said:

"When you see Ertel again, you will laugh too."

And so she did. For when, presently, he went to the door of the bakery and gave a peculiar whistle, and when Ertel showed himself, looking as red as a beet, with his hair singed and his clothes smoking, Johanna found him indeed the drollest object that she had ever beheld, and laughed until her eyes watered.

"Ha! They didn't dream that I was in the oven—did they ?" said Ertel, patting his dog's head. "And, Peter, you are very, very good to be so watchful. You never growl except when enemies are near."

"Well, if the oven hadn't been so deuced hot, they might have peeped into it," said Moser, grinning. "But of course they thought that I was baking bread. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ertel," spoke Johanna, drawing him aside, "why do you not give up smuggling ? One of these days you may be caught and sent to prison."

"I am too fond of the exciting life," answered Ertel. "Why, I'd die if I led such a humdrum existence as friend Moser leads."

Then dropping his voice, he said something more to Johanna, which made the blood rush to her cheeks.

But in a moment she recovered her self-command, and lifting her eyes—"No," she whispered, "I will not be the wife of a smuggler."

And now, while the crestfallen Ertel fetched a sigh, Johanna allowed Moser to lead her into the bakery, where, under pretense of showing her how very hot the oven was, he said:

"Dear Johanna, are you going to pass another Summer all alone in that hut far up the Gamspitz ?"

"I must," said Johanna. "I have to earn my living, you know."

"Well, marry me and help me keep this inn, and then you need never climb the Gamspitz again unless you wish; and on feast-days no woman shall be so well dressed as you."

At these words poor Johanna's heart was in a terrible flutter. Moser's offer was a great temptation. No man in the valley was so rich as he, and she was so poor.

While she was hesitating what to answer, Ertel made his appearance. His eyes looked very hollow, and his voice, too, had changed.

"Moser," said he, "I am going to live in another part of the Tyrol. I cannot be happy in the Gerloss Valley any longer."

"Indeed! Why, what has happened ?" exclaimed Moser, throwing a furtive glance at Johanna, whose eyes were glued to the floor, while her cheeks had turned from crimson to deathly white.

Presently, in tremulous accents, Johanna spoke.

"Ertel," she said, "do not depart until you have done something for me—something which only you can do."

"I would break my neck to serve you," said the smuggler, his countenance brightening. "Speak. I will do anything for you."

"Well, to-morrow, you know, is the Feast of St. John," pursued the girl, "and hence 'tis my feast-day, for my name is Johanna; and I long to have some edelweiss to place upon the altar. But I know not where this beautiful flower may be got so early in the season. Do you, Ertel ?"

"Yes, there is a spot on the south side of the Gamspitz where the sun beats warmly, and where the snow disappeared a fortnight ago. There the edelweiss are already blooming, for I saw them this very morning from the cliff above, where I had paused a moment to rest."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Johanna.

"That sunny nook, however, is almost impossible to reach," continued Ertel. "The path which leads to it is scarcely broader than your hand. On one side rises the wellnigh perpendicular mountain, on the other side is a precipice a thousand feet deep. Only the chamois and Hugo Ertel can reach those early edelweiss. You shall have them for High Mass to-morrow."

"I thank you very much!" murmured Johanna.

Here Ertel handed her his spyglass, and bade her look through it and see the spot he alluded to.

"I see it," said Johanna, presently; "but the path which you must follow is not visible; the whole face of the mountain appears like one huge precipice."

"Were you ever there ?" inquired Moser, after he, too, had examined through the glass the seemingly inaccessible spot.

"No," answered Ertel. "But I once espied a chamois picking his way along the brink of that precipice. And where a chamois can go, I can go."

"How boastful you are! Why, I wager you my inn that you cannot get to that spot," said Moser.

"Oh, I pray you, do not risk your life in order to bring me the edelweiss!" said Johanna. Then in a sweet, winning voice, "Ertel," she added, "why will you not give up smuggling ? Why will you not settle down on a piece of land and be a happy peasant ?"

"Well, if I get you the edelweiss, I am to become an innkeeper," replied Ertel, smiling.

"Do not joke," said the girl, "but promise me now to abandon your lawless trade."

"Let me have a day to think over it, will you ?"

"Yes. And I will pray for you at Mass to-morrow. I will pray very hard," said Johanna.

"Do. And then perhaps grace may enter my heart to turn gentle shepherd."

"Well, since the officers may be still lurking about," put in Moser, "and may pay us another visit, had you not better spend the rest of the afternoon here, close by the oven ?"

"By St. Florian! nothing shall induce me to crawl into that infernal, suffocating hole again," said Ertel. "However, send me a flask of wine, and I'll be willing to remain here till dusk."

Moser now went back to the guest's chamber, accompanied by Johanna, and the moment he had closed the door of the bakery, he repeated the question — the weighty question—which he had asked her a while ago, and to which she had not yet responded.

"No doubt most girls would call me a fool for hesitating what answer to make," said Johanna, after he had spoken, and trying her best to look calm. "To be mistress of this inn would be pleasant indeed. But pray give me a little time to consider your proposal."

"Well, well, think over it," said Moser, who, in truth, admired her all the more for not being captivated by his worldly goods. And when, a few minutes later, he brought the wine to his friend Ertel, he murmured to himself, "Hugo is running me very close. Although he has not much money, she thinks a great deal of him; more, I fear, than she does of me."

"What a graceful figure she has!" spoke the smuggler, an hour later, as he and Moser were admiring Johanna from a grated window in the bakery.

The girl, who had kept possession of Ertel's spyglass, was again looking at the spot on the Gamspitz, where the edelweiss were in bloom.

At this moment the snow, which still lingered on the top of this beautiful Alp, was flaming in the rays of the setting sun, and in the tiny black speck which Johanna perceived passing across the face of the mountain, some distance below the summit, she recognized a chamois; it was traveling along the exceedingly narrow path which led to the flowers, as Ertel had told her.

"Yes," said Moser, "Johanna has the finest figure of any girl in our valley; and she has such a happy disposition, too. But I fear she will not rest well to-night, for thinking about the edelweiss."

"Oh, she need not feel anxious. She shall have them in time for High Mass to-morrow," answered Ertel. "But remember, old fellow, if I gather them from that lofty, breakneck spot, this inn is to be mine."

"Ay, yours!" said Moser. "But sure-footed as you are, you cannot reach it; indeed, if you are wise, you will not attempt such a foolhardy thing."

Thus conversing, Moser and Ertel remained in the bakery until nightfall. Then whistling for his dog, the smuggler asked the innkeeper to accompany him up the mountain, to a cave in which he had concealed some tobacco. "I want to show you also where I will leave the edelweiss. For I shall not venture to appear in the village to-morrow. But you may tell Johanna where I have left the flowers, and she will come and fetch them."

Accordingly they sallied forth by a rear door, and, without meeting any one, were, in a few minutes, safe across the torrent which rushes along the foot of the Gamspitz. Then entering a path rendered doubly sombre by the pines and hemlocks which overshadowed it, they began the ascent with the long, slow stride of the mountaineers.

"Here she will find the edelweiss," spoke Ertel, after they had gone a little distance, and placing his hand upon some moss at the base of an old wooden cross.

Moser promised to remember the place.

"And I will bring them to Johanna myself," he added, as they resumed their way to the cave, with Peter keeping close at their heels.

When they had been climbing about an hour, and had come to an opening in the forest, made by woodcutters, the dog turned and began to sniff the air.

"Who is coming?" Ertel asked, as he seated himself on a fallen tree beside Moser.

Peter continued to sniff the air, and presently wagged his tail, but did not bark.

While they were watching the actions of the dog, the full moon rose above the jagged crest of the Gamspitz, and in a moment the clearing round about them became well-nigh as light as day.

"Who is coming?" repeated Ertel, for the dog's tail was wagging faster and faster. He had scarcely spoken, when the figure of a woman emerged out of the shadowy pathway which they had just been treading.

"'Tis a queer hour to come here in quest of fagots. Who can she be?" ejaculated Moser.

"Lie down," said the smuggler, pulling his dog by the tail.

Nearer and nearer the figure approached; and both Moser and Ertel felt a cold stream through their veins,

THE LOVERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 242.

when presently, barefooted, with eyes wide open and staring straight before her, Johanna Groebmer passed by.

"There is something ghostly in her face," whispered Ertel.

"I have heard the old woman, with whom Johanna lives, say that twice or thrice the girl has walked abroad in her sleep. The last time she did it, the crone followed her a couple of miles," said the innkeeper under his breath.

"Indeed! Well, if she is asleep now, it might be dangerous to awaken her," said Ertel. "But we must not let her get out of sight, or she might meet with some mishap."

So saying, they continued their way up the mountain; the smuggler forgetting all about his tobacco hidden in the cave, while both were thinking only of the maiden, who was walking so mysteriously a short space in front of them.

"I declare!" said Ertel, after they had toiled upward for another hour—"I declare! Johanna is making for the south side of the mountain where the edelweiss are blooming."

"Is she? Well, keep her in full view, and waken her at all hazards before she gets to that dangerous path, which, you say, runs along the precipice," answered Moser, who was puffing and blowing, and wishing that he had spikes to his shoes, for it was growing more slippery at every step.

Then in a moment he added:

"Alas! I cannot keep up with you any further. What an ass I was to come without spikes to my shoes!"

"Humph! Johanna in her sleep was wiser than you," said Ertel. "She came barefooted."

"'Tis the safest way to ascend this infernal Gamspitz," growled the innkeeper, who had scarcely spoken when he fell flat on his face.

They were now above the forest line. The sleep-walker had quickened her gait, and was gaining on them.

"For Heaven's sake," said Moser, as he slowly picked himself up, and rubbed his poor bruised knee, "don't mind me! Don't stop! Hasten on without me, and catch Johanna before it is too late."

"Well, *auf wieder sehen!*" said Ertel.

And now, stretching out his long legs, he shouted the girl's name. But his voice failed to awaken her; and before he was able to overtake the somnambulist she had rounded the sharp corner of the mountain.

"My God! She will be killed," murmured Ertel, bounding forward, and not pausing for his brand-new hat, which had blown off with its pretty green feathers.

EXPECTATION.

But in a few minutes he slackened his speed, for he was about to enter the treacherous path, which was indeed little broader than his hand.

On one side he could lean slightly against the mountain. But on the other side—well, even Ertel's strong head could scarcely keep from swimming when he looked down the sheer, tremendous fall of rock. Johanna was not visible. Was it possible that she had already gained the comparatively broad space—the sheltered nook where the edelweiss grew?

"Alas!" murmured Ertel. "If she has made one false step—if she has been dashed to pieces, 'twill be my fault. But for me she would not have been dreaming about these edelweiss and come here in her sleep to gather them."

And now, as he moved cautiously on, he began to pray, and he vowed that if Johanna were not killed—if he found her safe and sound and succeeded in bringing her back to the village, he would give up smuggling and lead henceforth an honest life. But he did not believe there was more than one chance in a thousand that he would

ever see her alive again; and tears were dimming his eyes, when lo! he perceived Johanna's form ahead of him —just where the flowers were. She was lying prostrate on the rocks—on the very brink of the awful precipice; one arm seemed to be projecting beyond the brink, and what saved her from rolling into the abyss was more than he could tell, unless it was the hand of her guardian angel.

For a moment Ertel trembled violently. But recovering his self-possession, he advanced, and presently found himself standing over the seemingly lifeless Johanna. She had evidently reached up for a bunch of edelweiss, her foot had slipped, and nothing had checked her fatal descent but the stump of a little pine-tree, which had caught in her gown.

"Oh, if she is alive—if she is only stunned!" exclaimed Ertel, bending over her, "I will cut off a piece of this blessed tree and carry it about with me as long as I live."

But he could feel no breath coming from Johanna's lips; cold as ice were her hands. Had her precious life departed?

"Oh, my beloved! My priceless treasure, speak to me," he cried, in frantic accents.

But Johanna spoke not; no answer came except the piercing scream of an eagle which his voice had scared out of its aerie.

Ertel now went on to pray as he had never prayed before. He could not believe that Johanna was dead. Nor was she. By-and-by her bosom heaved. Then a feeble question—"Where am I?" murmured in his ear.

"You are safe in the care of Hugo Ertel," replied the joyous smuggler, folding her in his arms. "And God be praised that I am with you. Fear not. I will take you safely home."

"Yes, God be ever blessed and praised. But where am I?" repeated Johanna, gazing around her in amazement not unmingled with terror. Nor can we wonder that she felt terrified when she discovered where she was.

Ertel now told her briefly what had occurred; and when he had done speaking, she clasped his cheeks between both her palms—she seemed to be kissing him with her hands—and said:

"You followed me hither at the risk of your life. But Moser staid behind."

"Blame not friend Moser," answered the generous Ertel. "He would not have staid behind had he had spikes to his shoes."

But Johanna shook her head, while the light of love kindled in her eyes.

The villagers were up betimes next morning, for it was the Feast of St. John. And when the hour for High Mass approached, no face was so missed among the group that was assembled in front of the church as the face of Johanna Groebmer. What had become of the light-hearted maiden, whom every one knew and loved?

The gossips, of course, were busy, each with a story of her own to account for her disappearance. And one old woman had just hinted, with a solemn countenance, that Johanna might have wandered off in her sleep, when who should be seen coming with a limping gait up the street but Michael Moser!

And now in mournful accents he related to the gaping throng what he and Ertel, the smuggler, had witnessed during the early hours of the night just passed. "And I much fear," he said in conclusion, while he drew his sleeve across his eyes—"I much fear that we shall never see Johanna Groebmer alive again. And—and perhaps brave Ertel, too, may be lying dead at the foot of the big precipice."

Scarcely had the lamentations which followed this announcement died away, when two persons were observed coming down the mountain. And as soon as they had got near enough to be recognized, a glad shout burst from the throats of the villagers, but none shouted so loud as Moser, for it was Ertel and Johanna who were approaching — the latter with her head bandaged and leaning on the arm of her companion.

Johanna looked very pale, but there was a pleasant smile on her lips when she found herself surrounded by her anxious friends, who wanted to know if she was much hurt. Then, after answering, as well as she could, their questions, she led the way into the church, bearing in each hand a bunch of edelweiss, and falling on her knees, she offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her seemingly miraculous escape from death.

"But where is Ertel?" she said, when she had finished the prayer. And going in quest of her betrothed, she found, to her dismay, that he had been arrested! Yes, the smuggler was at last in the clutches of the law. But a high official of the Government, who fortunately happened to be present, assured the girl that he would use all his influence to have a pardon granted to the young man.

"But you must persuade him to give up smuggling," said the official.

"Oh, that he has already promised me to do," answered Johanna, twining her arm through Ertel's.

"And, Ertel," spoke Moser, "I have lost my wager, you know. Henceforth the inn belongs to you." Then, heaving a sigh as he turned his eyes upon Johanna, "And I am sure," he added, "the inn will become more popular than ever."

Not many weeks after the Feast of St. John a wedding took place in the church at the foot of the Gamspitz. Who the happy couple were, it is needless to tell. And during the Nuptial Mass the ancient altar was decked from end to end with spotless edelweiss.

THE STORY OF A HAUNTED ROOM.

Some time ago I received the following manuscript. The writer had volunteered to give me an account of certain personal experiences which might be introduced with advantage in a book of legendary lore I contemplated publishing. Called away by regimental duty, my friend kindly remembered his promise, and at once acquitted himself in writing. The book has been given up, and I think it just as well to let this contribution see the light and come under the notice of clearer heads than my own.

My Dear Friend—What can't be cured, etc., you know. Here I am and here I'll be, can't say how long; so, knowing you're all on the *qui vive* (Parisian accent, *if* you please), and that not being forbid, like that prosy old King of Denmark, I *can* a tale unfold—well, I'm running on at a terrible rate, but the truth is, I don't like to call up that night out of the grave in which I have tried to bury it.

My state of mind is sufficiently expressed by my metaphor, I hope, which is dismal to the last degree. However, here goes, and I want you to read as carefully as I am writing and tell me your candid opinion of this "ower true" narrative.

About five years ago I was invited to spend Christmas

week with Sir Robert Ullathorne at his country place in ——shire. Harry Ullathorne, the heir, and I were particular friends at school, and this invitation was a proof he had not forgotten the old times.

I obtained leave, and as half a dozen brothers and cousins were with my parents, I felt no scruples in deserting the homestead in favor of Ullathorne, especially as I was sentimentally inclined toward Harry's pretty sister Rose.

Of course it is not worth the while to describe our doings and sayings, nor yet the large company Sir Robert had brought beneath his capacious roof-tree. We were very jolly, and, Christmas Eve, gathered about the old fireplace, where blazing logs did more for illumination than the candles in the chandelier, it was very natural that somebody should propose story-telling. I had no objections to this pastime, that for some vague reason seems appropriate to Christmas, and at the worst could but result in a little nervousness, which is however, like solitude, only enjoyable with a companion.

Each one had something to relate, and as the witchery of the hour grew upon us, so did the stories grow more ghostly, and from the conventional "I once read," or "I used to hear," some bolder spirits changed the key to ancestral and personal experiences.

Here I took pains to intone in most sepulchral voice of a ghost which haunted a boarding-school—Rose, who attended one, seemed to grow pale—and how its white and wasted figure was found to walk in the hall where Master Harris was incarcerated for misdemeanor in church, and how Harris, on being told of the awful fact, almost went into convulsions, being convinced that it was a warning of approaching death, but was reassured by the discovery that the master in dead languages walked in his sleep, so that the ghost dwindled down to a very prosaic old gentleman.

A laugh went around at this unexpected ending, but some of the party, I noticed, looked offended and murmured a refreshingly novel remark concerning more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy.

To restore the harmony which I had so profanely "jangled out of tune," a young fellow from Oxford proceeded to narrate an unearthly legend of a portrait and a blood-stained curtain; whereat I pretended to be overcome with fear and tied my handkerchief about my head to prevent too striking a resemblance to "the fretful porcupine."

I could see that Rose enjoyed my nonsense, which encouraged me to more absurdity; but catching my host's eye, which was fixed gravely upon me, I desisted, fearing he was displeased.

I was glad to find out my mistake, however. He awaited the conclusion of the portrait story, then said, soberly stroking his chin:

"I suppose you know we have some legends connected with Ullathorne?"

Yes, we had heard so. If Sir Robert would be so good as to relate one for us, we should be perfectly happy—a well-authenticated adventure in the house where it came to pass. Thus we clamored—I, I confess, being as curious as the rest.

"It is not very creditable to our family, but let that pass; and I am a poor hand at story-telling. I give a tale just as I receive it, and haven't any of your blood-curdling arts. However, here it is:

"It was in the reign of good Queen Bess. The eldest daughter of our house had accompanied her father to Court and became one of Her Majesty's maids-of-honor. Hugh Travers fell in love with her, and was accepted. As she was very beautiful, the Queen was not sorry to let her go home, which she did in December, with her betrothed, who was to spend Christmas at Ullathorne, and become acquainted with his future bride's family.

"He, being heir to a splendid baronetcy and a nephew to Elizabeth's favorite Minister, was considered a great catch, and congratulations were showered upon Gillian, who received them with her usual haughtiness.

"For some reason the wedding was not to be till March. The house was filled with company and merry-making. Before Christmas, Hugh Travers was in love with Bess, Gillian's younger sister. I fancied he had wearied of Gillian's stateliness, and found Bess's arch mockeries a refreshing change.

"As she confessed on her deathbed, Gillian overheard the pair planning an elopement. Her pride took fire. Feeling that she could not live to survive the disgrace of being cast aside, she stole up, at one o'clock Christmas morning, by a secret stairway, to Travers's room, and moved the panel which was to let her in and be the death of her false lover.

"But Travers had been very wakeful, thinking over his two lady-loves, and heard the slight creak of the panel. Being very quick-tempered, he no sooner saw a hand placed on the sill as if feeling a way for descent than, snatching his sword, he severed the hand from the wrist. The panel flew back to its place, and he heard a deep groan; then all was silent.

"His horror was doubled when he perceived the hand which lay open upon the hearth was small and evidently a woman's. Terrible proof! On the middle finger glistened a ring given Gillian by the Earl of Essex in one of his brief but passionate flirtations.

"Hugh left his room and walked up and down the hall in great distress of mind, not knowing how to act. The visitors were surprised to hear of Mistress Gillian's illness the next day, and before Christmas had waned she was dead.

"The details are a little obscure here, for everything was kept such a profound secret that it was not till a century later that any one outside the family knew the true cause of Gillian's sudden demise. This much is certain. Gillian, dying from loss of blood, confessed the terrible adventure to her father. No one was admitted to the room, but her old nurse and Lady Ullathorne.

"The unhappy baronet, for the honor of the house, persuaded Hugh to be silent concerning the affair, as he was to his dying day, and remain for the funeral, after which he shook the dust of Ullathorne from his feet, and went on a foreign embassy.

"Travers's room was closed for many years, but in later times, when the house was crowded, a guest has occupied it. Gentlemen, I am not credulous, but I find it a singular fact that any one sleeping there the night before Christmas can never be induced to repeat the experiment and seems only to breathe freely when out of the house."

There was an impressive pause.

"Where is the ring?" murmured a young barrister, deeply interested.

"It was preserved in the family. I will show it to you to-morrow. It is rather late—why, bless my soul!"—consulting his watch—"almost twelve o'clock. You mustn't lose your beauty-sleep, girls, with this ball on hand.

The feminine portion of our company disappeared, and tobacco and spirits were brought forth to take its place.

"I tell you what," I said, boastfully, "I'd give a good deal to sleep in a haunted room."

"Ah, it's a bad business," said the host, shaking his head. "I never had the least desire to explore the hidden world, but you skeptical young bloods—eh, well, your healths, gentlemen!"

I drank a little punch, took my candle and was shown to my room.

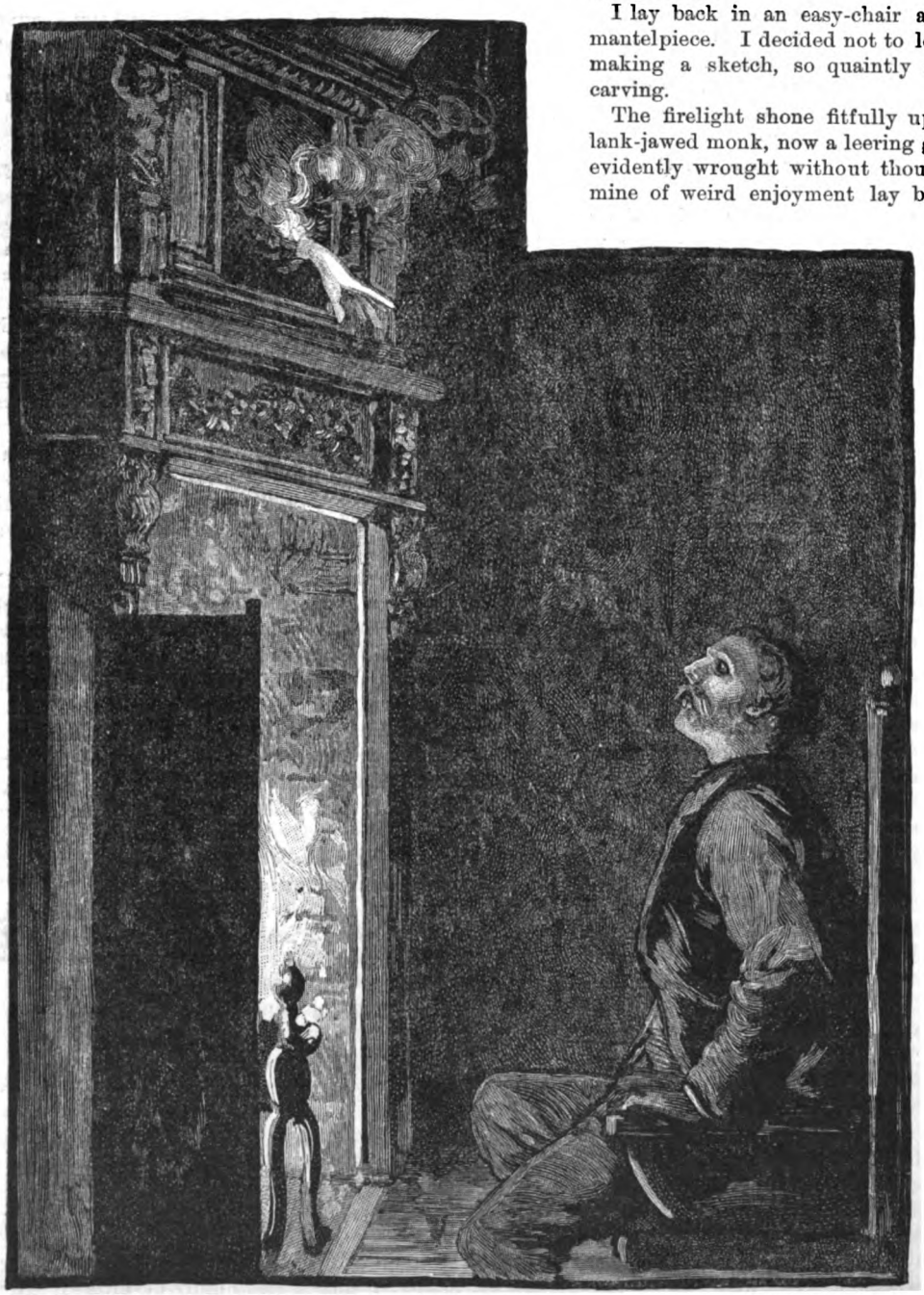
I walked slowly about, undressing, and could not restrain a throb of vanity that I had been thought of sufficient consequence to be given such handsome quarters. I could not enough admire the arched ceiling; the wainscoting of oak now dark with age where here and there panels of costly tapestry had been inserted; these last had also felt the hand of Time, for it was all I could do to make out a cavalier's leg or a moth-eaten lady's once-blooming cheek. I turned from them and investigated my bed. A magnificent four-poster, with gorgeous canopy and nodding plumes, reminded me rather uncomfortably of a hearse, and, absurdly enough, my mind, once in this channel, began to recall the Oxonian's story of the blood-stained curtain. I eyed, with involuntary suspicion, the heavy draperies which fell about my couch. I pinched myself vigorously, and tried to laugh at myself; but my nerves were decidedly shaken, and I finally resolved never to meddle with ghost-stories again; the feeling about them when one is alone and when in company is too amazingly different.

There was a good log fire on the hearth, which looked very cheerful, and toward that I wended my way.

It is not stilted to speak in this style, for the room was so large, and the scarcity of furniture made the size more conspicuous.

I lay back in an easy-chair and fell a-studying the mantelpiece. I decided not to leave Ullathorne without making a sketch, so quaintly rich was it in antique carving.

The firelight shone fitfully upon it, exposing now a lank-jawed monk, now a leering griffin the workman had evidently wrought without thought of sequence, and a mine of weird enjoyment lay before me in the uncertainty as to what the flame might next reveal.



THE STORY OF A HAUNTED ROOM.—"IN LESS TIME THAN I CAN TAKE TO WRITE IT, AN UNEARTHLY VAPOROUS FIRE SPRANG FROM THE WRIST."

I remember glancing idly at the dressing-table and thinking that the candles needed snuffing, when I must have fallen asleep.

This is not to be wondered at, considering the late hour, the easy-chair, the drowsy heat, and—well, perhaps the punch.

How long I slept I did not know till afterward. I was awakened by a strange feeling that somebody was in the room.

Looking around with blinking eyes, I saw I was alone; indeed, I might have been the only soul for miles, so dead was the silence that reigned.

My candles, which seemed but to have awaited my return from the land of Nod, gave a wild flicker and went out in a little gasp. The sound, trifling as it was, was a relief.

In the queer spell that steals over one sometimes in an in-

tense stillness, I dreaded making a noise.

The fire, now a mass of red embers, cast a sinister blush over the surrounding obscurity.

I have never been called a coward, and conscious of this, I actually began to be afraid of my own fears—afraid that there must be some palpable cause for this weak, womanish, unreasoning state.

I was wide-awake, I swear, when above me I heard a faint creak.

My ear was so strained for any sound that might arise to break my solitude, that I could not be mistaken.

I raised my head (I shall strive to put this down as clearly and calmly as possible)—I raised my head, I say, and saw the centre panel (a large one) above the mantel, slowly moving. I don't think Sir Robert's narrative occurred to me at all, as yet. My mind was a blank save for the immediate spectacle.

Softly the panel slid into the wall; after that first grating I did not hear a sound. A hand appeared at the dark opening and seemed to feel a way for descent.

Suddenly the baronet's tale rushed upon me and nailed me to my chair with horror. I saw the hand, white and long, where on the middle finger glittered a hoop of emeralds and pearls.

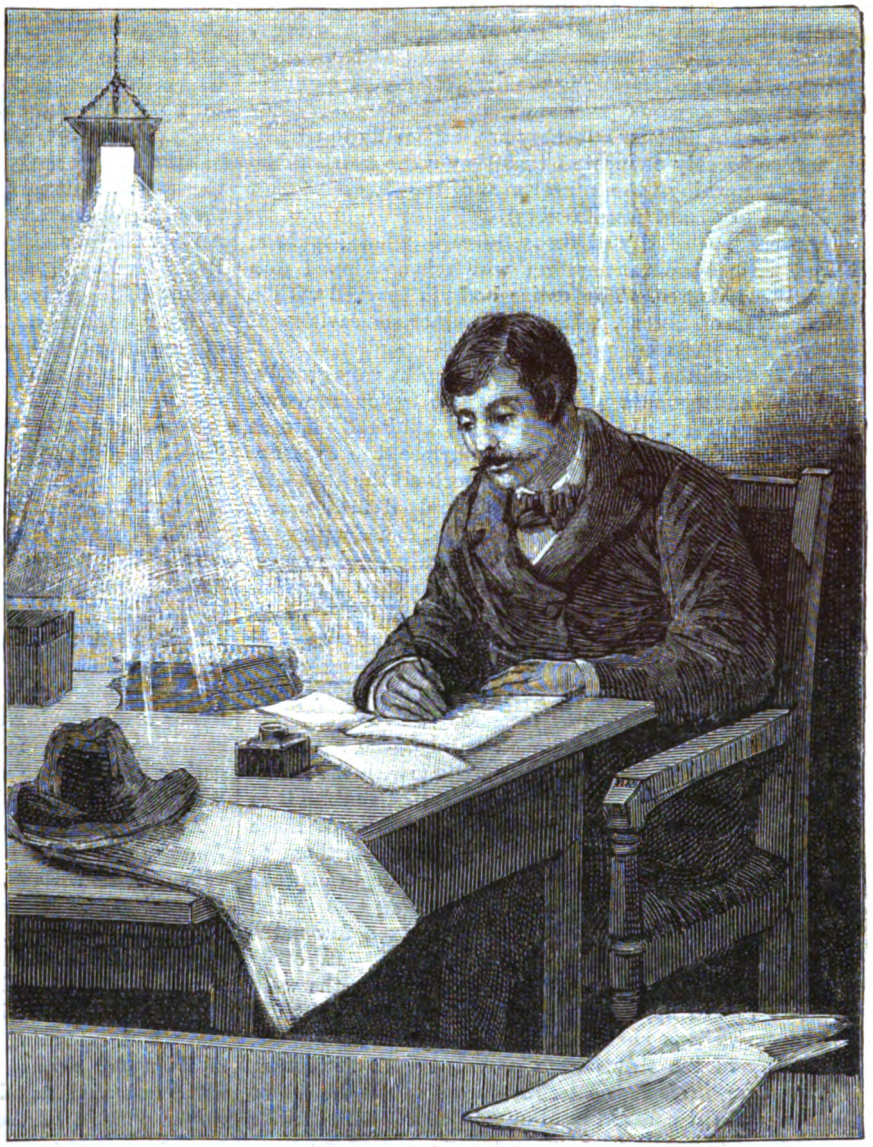
In less space of time than I can write it, an unearthly vaporous fire sprang from the wrist; I heard a dull dripping; then all was as before. The hand disappeared, the panel reclosed.

But as I lay there, faint from terror, a low, long, shuddering wail broke from the wainscoting and lost its echo in the arches above.

Anything so mournful and yet so fiendish as this cry I would rather forfeit ten years of my life than to hear again. I staggered, dizzy and tired out, to my bed, and fell into a deep sleep which lasted till almost noon.

There is little more to tell. Sir Robert, true to his promise, showed us the ring, the exact mate to the one I had seen in my room. I was so overcome by this added proof that the whole thing was not a dream, which solution I had tried to form, that I would not remain another night beneath the roof which concealed so terrible a mystery. Spite of Rose's pouting lips and the general expression of wonder, I left that afternoon, arriving home just in time for our Christmas dinner.

I noticed that Sir Robert did not seem at all surprised, and betrayed an amused twinkle 'neath his shaggy brows. He had evidently punished my boasting by allotting me Hugh Travers's room.



BIBRA, THE NATURALIST, WRITING THE HISTORY OF THE PYROSOMA BY ITS OWN LIGHT. THE ANIMAL WAS HUNG IN HIS CABIN AS SHOWN.

THE TORCH-BEARERS OF THE SEA.

By C. F. Holder.

Of the many questions raised by modern marine investigation, that relating to the illumination of the abyssal depths of the sea possesses an equal charm to the layman and scientist. To the former it is a subject appealing to the imagination, suggestive of all that is weird and mysterious in nature; while to the scientist the discovery of new luminous forms widens a field that has hitherto been restricted and confined to narrow limits. Until lately the belief was held that the ocean-bed was a cold, silent region—a barren waste enveloped in stygian darkness, the most desolate spot upon the habitable globe. Modern investigation, however, has robbed it of some of its terrors, and curious living forms are now found miles below the limit of the penetration of the sun's rays, that are provided with luminous organs, and are the veritable lamps of the sea.

The most interesting of these light-givers are the fishes. We find that their bony and muscular systems, though in the surface forms highly developed, are here extremely feeble; the various parts are fibrous, indented

with fissures, and of a decidedly cavernous texture, so that a needle will penetrate their bones anywhere without breaking, showing the myriads of pores and openings into which the surrounding medium circulates, counteracting the enormous pressure from without. Not only are the bones porous, but they are, especially the backbones, so loosely connected that they come apart at the slightest warning, the muscles and the ligaments all being of the most fragile nature.

Another peculiarity of these fishes is what has been called their muciferous system, which is developed to a remarkable degree. The entire body is covered with a thick layer of mucus, which the numerous cavities of the various parts conceal.

The eyes of the fishes at different depths vary greatly, and have undergone a modification also to conform with the surroundings. In the fishes that habitually live at about five hundred feet from the surface, the eyes are larger, that they may be able to absorb all the rays that come from above. Below twelve hundred feet, where the sun's rays do not penetrate, we find fishes with very small eyes, that are useless; the creatures, however, nearly all having tentacles, or feelers, to take the place of organs of vision. Here also are found some large-eyed fishes. In the abyssal depths beyond, we find blind fishes, with rudimentary eyes and scarcely any organs of touch, but with colossal organs upon their heads, and long tendrils, or feelers.

Nearly all these are rapacious creatures, the sharks of the deeper sea, and though we are familiar with the sense-organs of the blind cave-fish, *Melanura*, that enables it to capture its eyed prey, the feelers and tentacles of these deep-sea fishes do not seem sufficient to enable them to escape from their more powerful enemies, or to capture prey themselves. Perhaps partly explaining this is the theory of abyssal light, first held by only a few naturalists, but now probably accepted by all. In other words, the fishes with large eyes at great depths were believed to see by the aid of phosphorescent light derived from various sources, and finally it was announced that many of the fishes were provided with their own lights—were, in fact, the torch-bearers of the depths of the sea, and the colossal head-organs of the blind fishes were veritable head-lights. Thus from theory we have passed to fact, and it is generally acknowledged that many of the deep-sea fishes are not only phosphorescent from the peculiar mucus that envelops them, but they have special luminous organs that are also claimed by some authorities to possess the functions of organs of vision.

If we take the common lamp-fish, or *Scopelus*—of which the late lamented Willemoes-Suhm, of the *Challenger*, said, referring to its phosphorescence, "One of these hung in the net like a shining star as it came out of the darkness"—we shall find along the lower surface, or sides, numbers of round glistening objects imbedded in the skin, commonly called mother-of-pearl spots. In one before me there are thirty on each side, near the abdominal profile. Some are near the eye; two, just above the pectoral fin, are the so-called luminous organs. Some are oval or elliptical in form, and all, whether considered as accessory eyes or merely glands, are supposed to give out light sufficient to their wants, a fact confirmed, as we have seen, by Willemoes-Suhm.

These luminous organs, that often in the larger fishes look like the open ports of some gayly-lighted steamer at night that, rushing along, leaves a stream of light behind, have been the subject of much interesting discussion. Zenckart, according to Dr. Krause, seems to have given them the first critical examination in 1864, in *Chauliodus Sloani*, *Stomias boa* and *Scopelus Humboldtii*, and came to the opinion from it that they might possibly be regarded as supplementary eyes, but the workers are by no means agreed upon the exact functions of the spots. Zenckart, Ussow, Leydig and Semper state their belief that the spots are real subsidiary eyes, resembling those of the mussels. Zenckart and Ussow believed that they had discovered a lens, a vitreous substance, and a perfect retina, and have published drawings of them; but Professor Leydig doubts their judgment in this, and is rather disposed to think that he can, with great probability, recognize an identity in their structure with that of the electric and pseudo-electric organs of some fishes, particularly in the jelly-tissues and the disposition of the nerve-endings.

These conflicting opinions, however, have not affected the light-giving possibilities of the fishes, and the belief is held by the majority that the organs, be they eyes or what not, are not only adapted to receive light, but are phosphorescent themselves. So our preconceived ideas of the deep sea, as a region of utter darkness, are erroneous. Instead of gloom, there is undoubtedly a scene of unwonted splendor—gorgeous displays of phosphorescent light appearing, dying away, to reorganize in some new and strange form. Meteoric lights dart across the watery firmament that bears myriads of dazzling living stars, leaving trains of light behind; here a constellation seems forming as numerous light-givers gather about some common prey, now separating and darting away in a glare of light.

Among the strange fishes of this silent world is the *Ipnops;* its eyes have entirely lost the functions of vision, as we understand it, and are gleaming phosphorescent lights. A large fish, six or seven feet long—the *Plagiodus* — evidently depends upon the mucus that covers it, more or less, for its luminous display. Its dorsal fin calls to mind that of the genus *Histriophorus*, of the sword-fishes, being nearly twice the depth of the body, and extending nearly its entire length. The tops of its upper surface emit a soft yellow light; the pectoral and anal fins look like gleams of fire, while the upper portion of the head and the lower jaw is often highly luminous.

One of the most remarkable of these light-givers is the *Chiasmodus*, that, though only twelve or fifteen inches in length, is enabled to swallow fishes of twice its actual size, and this is equally true of the genera (*Melanocles*). This seeming paradox is easily explained upon an examination of the jaw, when it will be seen that deglutition is performed, not by using the muscles of the pharynx, as in fishes in general, but by the alternate and independent movement of the jaws, as in snakes; in fact, they pull themselves over their food, enveloping it as a boa does a deer. The *Chiasmodus* has two dorsal fins, both of which are tipped with phosphorescence, while the top of the savagely-armed upper jaw gleams with a fiery glow.

Under three miles of water, off the northwestern Australian coast, has been discovered a fish—*Echiostoma*—whose displayal of light is somewhat singular. The surface of the fish is black, two luminous spots occurring under or below the eye, as if to light that organ. Above the maxillary there is a narrow, elongate, fiery spot, while nearer the eye is found a small protuberance, possibly a sense-organ.

Another species of this genus has long fringed barbels, is colorless, and has just above the maxillary a small round luminous spot resembling an eye, probably one

of the accessory eyes previously referred to as a mother-of-pearl spot.

The greatest depth from which fishes have been taken is 2,750 fathoms, or about three and one-half miles. Here the principal inhabitant is the *Bathyophis ferox*. It has long barbels or feelers, suggestive of its lack of vision, and is also a torch-bearer, there being a small luminous organ above the middle of the upper jaw. Along the sides of the abdomen there is a series of veritable side-lights that glisten and gleam as the fish moves along, gathering new glories from the phosphorescent water. On the side of the tail is another fiery dot, while another on the outer ventral ray makes this dweller in the "unfathomed ocean-caves" a veritable harlequin of lights that dance and scintillate as it moves along.

In a species of *Ipnops* the head is depressed, broad, and long, the entire upper surface being given up to a curious organ, longitudinally divided into two symmetrical halves. This is considered a luminous organ, and, like the headlight of a locomotive, must throw its gleams and glare ahead of its person.

These are but a few of the wondrous shapes that convert this unapproachable region into a veritable fairy-land of dazzling light. Small fishes, five or six inches in length, dart about in shallower waters, their entire forms encompassed in a blaze of light that beams and quivers, presenting a wondrous appearance as several swim about together. These are the *Harpodons*, or Bombay ducks. A large form with enormous eyes is the *Beryx*, the tip of its upper fin blazing with the light that still defies the physiologist. The tail also throws off bright scintillations, so that the entire fish, deep and short in form, appears like a wandering moon bathed in its own silvery rays.

One of the most ferocious of the deep-sea forms, and one that has recently been dredged off the New England coast by the American Fish Commission boat *Albatross*, is the *Chamliodus*. Its teeth are long, wolf-like, and protruding, giving it a most repulsive and ferocious appearance. The body is long, and somewhat snake-like, tapering off to the tail, the fins of which glow with a rich light, while the pectoral and dorsals appear like tongues of flame mysteriously leaping out of the darkness.

To those who have examined the curious *Mola*, or sunfish, that is often cast ashore on our Eastern shores or caught by fishermen, it must be evident that here are all the conditions for a remarkable display of luminosity, the body being enveloped in a thick mucus. In the Mediterranean, according to Semper, they are called moon-fishes, on account of the marvelous appearance they present under water, the great oval body gleaming with a brilliant light and resembling the reflection of the moon under water.

Among our luminous fishes, the common mackerel deserves mention. Their luminosity is so intense that it becomes their death-warrant, as, a long distance off, on the darkest nights, the bright spot is seen by the lookout on the mackerel-schooners. The vessel is headed for it, and the gleaming fishes are soon surrounded by the seine, their own light being the cause of their destruction. When taken into the boat they present a magnificent appearance—a rippling, scintillating fall of living light, dazzling in the extreme.

The luminosity of the mackerel is not confined to any special portion, but seems to pervade the entire body. The meshes of the net, as it comes in, also gleam with the mysterious light. Every movement of the boat seems to ignite the dark sea, and waves of silvery light roll away, increasing in brilliancy, spreading, and finally breaking, a mass of living flame. The motion of the oar, the breath of the evening breeze upon the water, the splash of some tiny fish, all seem mystic touches that ignite the ocean and imprint upon its surface scenes of weird splendor.

What is the secret of this display? We seem to have the gift of Midas, for, but touch the apparently lifeless water, and it is changed to gold. To the naked eye gleaming specks are alone visible, but under the glass they resolve themselves into very minute currant-shaped animals, the *Noctilucæ*—the most wonderful of the light-givers of the sea. So minute are these forms, and in such vast numbers, that they seem to make up the very substance of the element in which they float.

Under the glass that we have placed upon the rocks by the sea, the fiery surf leaping all about, we see that the *Noctiluca* is a little currant-shaped gelatinous body with a single locomotive organ, the stem of the currant. This, by protruding and retreating, moves them along, but the wondrous light they emit distracts the attention from a closer examination of their various parts. Now the delicate outline is just visible; then appears to ignite, and blazes out a rich green suddenly, like the flash of a revolving light.

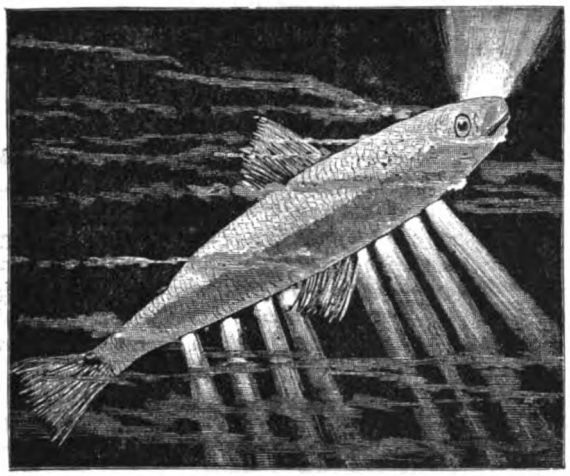
Innumerable points or elevations seem to be the seats of the light-producing power. If the water is stirred up, the lights increase in intensity, the introduction of freshly-aërated water or oxygen producing a like result. The introduction of carbonic acid reduces the glow, while a drop of alcohol added to the water causes them to display only a luminous ring.

Wonderful as is the light of the individual *Noctiluca*, it is when *en masse* that they are seen in their greatest splendor. Vessels have sailed for days through vast fields of them; the stars and the light of the moon were dimmed by their marvelous light, that converted the ocean into a sea of fire and gave an unearthly aspect to the ship and crew. Ahead was a continuous mass of milk-white foam; the masts, sails and rigging cast weird shadows all about; while astern, the wake of the ship seemed a gigantic fiery serpent winding its way over the sea in close pursuit.

These wonderful fire-bodies are found in nearly all seas. In the South, bathers have come from the water at night, their bodies glistening and gleaming as if on fire, the phenomenon being caused by the presence of these innumerable forms. They have been utilized as illuminators, a number placed in a glass in a darkened room emitting light sufficient to read by.

In drifting along the rock-bound shores of the Eastern coast on warm Summer nights, the heavenly bodies often seem reflected in the depths below. Here a gleaming comet slowly moves across the field, its train of golden hair-like filaments streaming behind. Around about are constellations of greater or less magnitude, some moving with stately undulation, others motionless—the suns of this submarine world.

These are *Medusæ* or jelly-fishes, among the most brilliant of the luminous animals. Especially noticeable are the larger species of *Aurelia* and *Cyanea*. One of the latter was seen, from the masthead of a vessel on the Eastern coast, that might have been the reflection of some veritable comet in the sky, so gigantic were its proportions. The disk was over seven feet in diameter, a great luminous plate rising and falling with an undulating motion, while behind stretched away an enormous nebulous mass of tentacles to a distance of nearly two hundred feet. Here the light was a rich golden hue, as



SHOWING THE POSITION OF HEAD AND SIDE LIGHTS OF THE FISH SCOPELUS.

in the *Meicerta;* but in others, as *Dysmorphosa*, it is bluish-green and a variety of tints.

On the eastern coast of Massachusetts, where the sea is in constant warfare with the rock-girt shore, these forms are seen to their best advantage. The surges bear them on, hurling them high upon the rocks, and as the waves retreat their delicate forms in streams of living lights wind their way back to the sea.

On the Maine coast, in August, when the luminous jellies have separated (seemingly disintegrated by the sea), the water is converted into a veritable fiery sea.

In Ceylon, some years ago, a jelly-fish was sighted, by some native fishermen, that was so luminous, that they reported ashore that they had discovered a burning fire beneath the sea. A few days later, however, the animal stranded, and at low tide was left exposed, where it was visited by thousands of persons. It was estimated to weigh, with the tentacles, twenty tons, and at night gave out a light so vivid that it was seen a long distance away, while near at hand the faces of those who crowded about were distinctly illumined.

The luminosity of jelly-fishes differs not only in color but in position. In some, the entire animal is luminous; while in others, the phenomenon is confined to certain parts. In the *Obelia* the light is to be seen in the stem or trophosome; in others, it encircles the rim; while in others again, it has only been observed in the young. The graceful *Ctenophores* are remarkable light-givers, even in the daytime, the fringed paddle by which they move along having a brilliant iridescent gleam. In Northern waters these beautiful forms occur in vast numbers, so that in the daytime the tint of the water is governed by them.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the free-swimming light-givers are found among the *Ascidians*, and the phenomenon they exhibit is so striking, that they are familiar to all who have made long ocean voyages. The *Salpæ* are remarkable in forming chains and moving over the water in uniform measure. Sometimes these chains extend for long distances, and as each animal gleams with its own peculiar light, the general effect is truly magnificent. Gigantic luminous forms, serpentine in shape, seem moving along over the sea, and so intense is their light, that a number of the individual *Salpæ*, confined in a small glass in a cabin, sufficed to light the apartment. In passing through their chains, vessels and their sails are illumined with a ghostly glare, and the sea-shore disturbed assumes a milky hue.

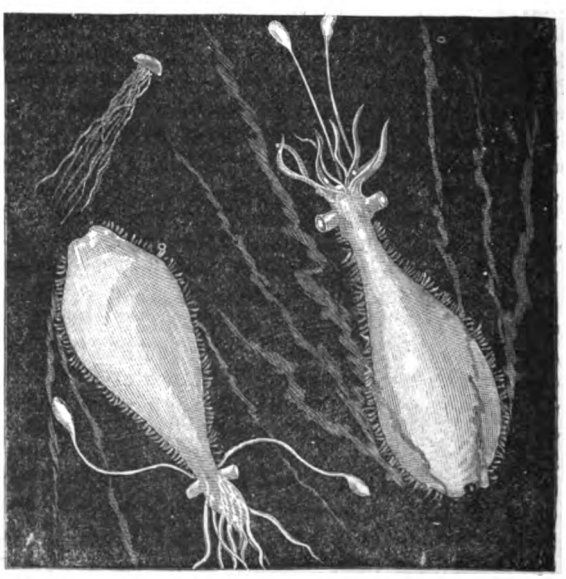
Allied to the *Salpa* is the *Pyrosoma* or fire-body. It is a cylindrical-shaped community of *Ascidians*, open at one end, three or four inches in diameter, and often three or four feet in length. Each animal of the colony has two openings, one upon the outside and one within, and by drawing water into the former and ejecting it into the interior, the combined currents are forced out of the open end, propelling the column of light along.

The light they emit is not always apparent, and sometimes does not show until the animal is disturbed. Thus, a gigantic specimen, four feet long, placed upon the deck of the *Challenger* by Professor Mosely, gave out no light until he wrote his name upon it with his finger; then the letters became lines of fire, expanding until the entire body seemed to ignite, and resembled molten metal. The light assumes different tints in the different species; as in some Atlantic forms it is polychroic, or a vivid green, while in the gigantic kinds it is of an azure hue.

The light seems to originate in two round spots on each side of the zoorids placed over the nerve-ganglia, and each spot is connected by a loop, and situated between the tunic that constitutes the body-walls of the colony. At times the light is intermittent; now flashes are given out from the spot, but when disturbed they spread over the entire surface with great rapidity. So intense is the light emitted by these animals, that fishes of various kinds have been made out from their rays far below the surface. Sir Wyville Thomson says, in speaking of them: "It was easy to read the smallest print sitting at the after-port in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows."

Bibra, the naturalist, took a *Pyrosoma* from the ocean, suspended it in an aqurium in his cabin, and wrote a description of the animal by its own light, that was sufficient for all purposes. When the light died down he easily revived it by stirring up the light-giver.

The luminous forms are by no means confined to the upper regions of the sea. Among the corals, several varieties have been observed to give out faint sparks or gleams. Their near allies, the sea-anemones, embrace many curious luminous forms. One, the *Urticina*, common off the New England coast, has a habit of attaching itself to hermit-crabs, who thus carry about a veritable lighthouse, or its own lantern.



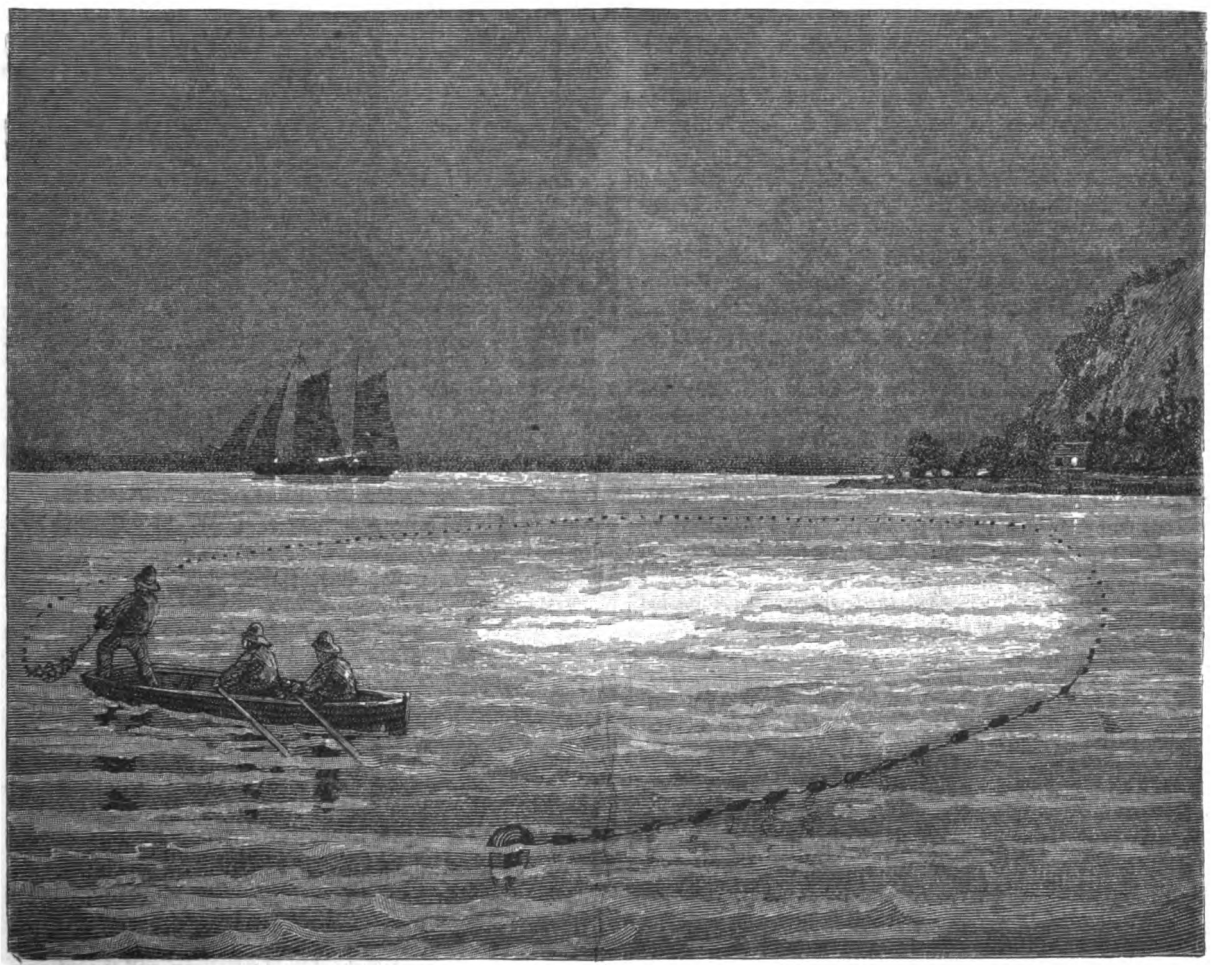
A LIGHT-GIVING CEPHALOPOD, THE CRANCHIA SCABRA.

The *Iluanthos scoticus*, an anemone that buries itself in the mud, has numerous spots about its disk surrounding the mouth, so that it has the effect of a brilliant star from above.

The sea-pens are mud-loving fire-bodies. One of these forms is so remarkable that it has been named *Pennatula phosphorea*. In appearance many of them resemble a quill pen, the zoorids projecting from the sides resembling the barb of the feather. According to Panceri, the animal above referred to is luminous universally when seen under favorable circumstances in the open sea, and it has hours of darkness. When caught to be experimented upon, the animal lights up in a very remarkable and definite manner. Should the long supporting axial stem be pinched, the polyps nearest the stem on the lowest branchlets become sparklingly luminous one after the other, and when they are all illuminated, those of the next branchlets begin to shine, until, in succession, the whole are glowing. A slight interval of time, amounting to four-fifths of a second, occurs between the stimulation and the appearance of the light; and the sea-pen, six and one-tenth inches long, was illuminated in two and one-fifth seconds.

On pinching the top of a sea-pen of this species the lighting-up commenced in the nearest polyps, and then those of the next lowest branchlets took up the effect, and the phenomena of the previous experiment were simply reversed. Again, on irritating one of the polyps at the end of the branchlets, its luminosity went to its neighbor, and then all followed, one after the other, and if those at the beginning and ending of a branchlet were touched, the lighting-up was toward those in and between them. This successional illumination is very decided, and when it is completed the light is pretty constant. But it is evident that, on irritating one of the polyps, it "takes fire," as it were, at the edge of the tentacular apparatus, some luminosity remaining on the implement and in the intermediate water.

In these light-givers we have all the outward semblance of heat, without, however, the slightest evidence of its presence. In all phosphorescent animals examined, no perceptible increase of temperature has been noticed. The tint of the monochromatic light is blue or green; the *Paronia quadrangularis* has pink stems, fringed with innumerable polyps, and gleams with a rich lilac hue, like that of the flame of certain gas.



A PRACTICAL USE OF PHOSPHORESCENCE—FISHERMEN TAKING A SCHOOL OF MACKEREL AT NIGHT BY THEIR OWN LIGHT.

The most potent light-givers of the bottom, however, are the *Alcyonarians*, that in some localities, if the diver could penetrate, would appear like vast cornfields, each stem bearing a blazing ear. Such are the *Umbellulariæ*, that were dredged by the *Challenger* in water over three miles deep. They consisted of stems four or five feet long, supporting a group of twelve immense polyps, each having eight fringed arms that glowed with a wondrous light. So brilliant were they that little difficulty was found in determining their light by the spectroscope, and, according to Captain Maclain, it gave a restrictedly continuous spectrum sharply included between the lines *b* and *d*.

In some localities at this enormous depth, with two or

three miles of water bearing upon them, these curious light-givers were found in such quantities that the dredge was completely loaded with them, and the inference drawn that they must grow in grooves, and instead of the dark, gloomy picture that has been conceived of the deep sea, it is undoubtedly a realm of light. The splendors of the *Alcyonarians*, the phosphorescent fishes with their luminous trails, and perhaps myriads of other forms, more or less phosphorescent, tend to show that in this wonderful way these sunless spots are lighted.

Among the mollusks, many of the cuttle-fishes are luminous. The little *Cranchia*, a pelagic squid, has been observed to give out at times a faint yellow glow, and the larger forms are all accredited with the faculty. The boring-shell *Pholas*, however, is one of the most interesting forms. They are, like many others, phosphorescent after death, and in the Mediterranean, when eaten in the dark, the illusion is often created of a man eating red-hot coals. Reaumur for many years attempted to render their phosphorescence permanent, and some of his experiments were extremely interesting. He found that by placing several *Pholidæ* in a glass of milk, he could use it as a lamp for some time, and by placing one in honey it retained its luminous properties for a year.

About the rocks into which the *Pholas* with its miner-like light has bored, we shall see, in drifting along, faint lines of light, and flashes of a golden green-and-blue hue, among the weeds. These are phosphorescent worms. A common form on our own shores is the *Nereis*, and the tube-forming *Chælopterus* that has at times a rich, aurelian glow. The most beautiful, however, are the worms of the families *Polynoidæ*, *Syllidæ* and *Polycirrus*. If the first-named is watched in the aquarium, gleams of greenish light will be seen at the attachment of each scale, and the separate organ glistens with pulsations of light at the ruptured surface. In the second worm, the under surfaces of the feet are the only luminous spots, while the *Polycirrus* is phosphorescent over its entire surface, emitting a vivid, pale-bluish light.

A very remarkable light-giver is found in the little sea-slug known as *Phyllirhoë bucephala*. It lives at the surface of the water, moving about among floating weed, and blazing with an unwonted brilliancy. When swimming, the little shell-less creature appears to exert its greatest luminous power, the origin of which seems to be in globular nucleated cells, that are the terminations of certain nerves. It has been suggested, and, in fact, proven, that the light in the fireflies is a sexual call; but the *Phyllirhoë* combines both sexes in its simple structure, so that the light is probably a warning to its enemies, or, perhaps, an attraction to its prey.

Among the land-slugs, the *Timax* or *Phosphorea Noctilucus* has a luminous pore upon the posterior border of the mantle, while the eggs of certain species emit a faint light.

Those who have walked along our Eastern shores at night and overhauled the seaweed as it washed upon the beach cannot have failed to notice the innumerable sparks of light that appeared darting here and there. These are crustaceans of various kinds, that are often extremely luminous. The *Idotea phosphorea*, that may be found in the water, is frequently brilliantly luminous over its entire surface. A crab captured by Sir Joseph Banks in the Atlantic, and named *Cancer fulgens*, gleamed with such a vivid light when thrown upon the deck, that the men were afraid to pick it up. Nearly all the crabs from the greater depths are light-givers, and are thus enabled to grope their way about.

In crustaceans of the genus *Aristeæ* the eye is the light-emitting organ, so that it provides them with sight by actually producing light that the eye may convey the impression to the brain. In other species, elevations over the body, as we have seen in fishes, are the light-producers; and again, as in the genus *Acantephyra*, the phosphorescent organs are bands situated upon the legs.

The sea-stars are luminous to a more or less extent, the phenomenon being especially observed in the *Ophiocantha*, that are the veritable stars of the submarine world.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE contrivance now used by hydrographers for the examination of ocean currents consists of two cans, made of galvanized iron, resembling in size and shape a hand oil-can holding two gallons—that is, a cylinder surmounted by a cone. At the top of each is a small aperture. In use, the aperture of the lower can is kept open for the entrance of water, which aids its sinking and prevents it being crushed at great depths; while the upper can is corked. The cans are connected by a length of sounding-wire, and are so loaded that when set adrift the lower can will sink to the full extent of the connecting-wire, while the upper can will be submerged only to the base of its conical top. For observing surface currents, the lower can is sunk to the depth of one or two fathoms, simply to steady the surface can against the effect of wind and wash. For sub-surface currents, it is lowered to the depth at which it is desired to know the current; to the upper can is attached a graduated line, marked for knots and tenths, the length of each knot being 50.7 feet, to correspond with a time interval of thirty seconds. Observations are made from the boat, as a station-point; those for velocity being made after the manner of observing the speed of a vessel with the log chip. The direction of the movement of the surface can, as it is dragged along the weighted can drifting with the concealed current underneath, is obtained, of course, by the compass.

ONE of the most prosperous departments of the fishing industries of the country is the "Sardine" fishery, of Maine, which, until 1880 was confined to Eastport, but is now scattered, and employs about 2,000 persons. The production of the canneries in 1880 was 7,550,868 cans, valued at $788,576. The fish used is the common sea-herring, the small ones being classed as sardines, and the large ones as either herring or trout. The sardines are canned in oil, spices, mustard, tomato-sauce, or are put up in barrels and kegs, as Russian sardines and anchovies. The import of foreign sardines and anchovies might be expected to decrease in proportion to the increase of the quantity canned in this country, but so rapidly is the general trade in fish increasing, that the imports are even greater than before, reaching a million dollars worth the present year, while ten years ago it scarcely exceeded half a million.

DR. W. J. HOFFMAN, of Washington, states that in various ancient burial-places in Southern California, and in the Islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Roas and San Miguel, he has found instruments which he believes to be those employed in tattooing. The natives of that region (or elsewhere in America) do not tattoo themselves now, with the exception of the Haida Indians, of Queen Charlotte's Island. They only paint their faces. Still many of the older individuals bear traces of tattooing. Dr. Hoffman found vessels in the graves containing red ochre and cakes of a black substance, composed apparently of hydro-oxide of manganese, as well as some very sharp needles of bone, wood, and the fins of fish. These needles are still preferred by the tribes which practice tattooing to those of steel, though the latter can be easily procured.

IN the last report (that for 1884) of the Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture on injurious insects, the cabbage cut-worms are described at length, with illustrations, and the success is stated of the effort to colonize and introduce the European ichneumon parasite of this species, which will minister to its destruction. The report contains also interesting life histories of the American *Cimber*, which has in Washington injured the willow; and of various other destructive insects, with special attention to remedies. Annexed are a valuable series of papers by special agents on insect pests of various trees, grains and other plants.

THE death is announced of M. C. von Siebold, at the age of eighty. He was a German, and one of the leading biologists of the world. He is best known in this country by his "Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrates," but he has done an immense amount of special microscopical and embryological work, especially on insects and intestinal worms. He was associated with the celebrated Dr. Kölliker in the foundation and editing of the *Zeitschrift für Wissenschafliche Zoologie*, which stands at the head of its class of magazines.

THE Smithsonian Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition contains a department of archæology, in which are arranged two series: one, a typical series of prehistoric stone implements; and the other, an educational series of modern Indian specimens covering the entire continent and including every category of savage culture. Besides this, the Bureau of Ethnology and nearly every State exhibit Indian materials, models, etc., of great value and interest to the anthropologist.

MAJOR J. W. POWELL, United States Geologist, has published an account of the work and plan of the United States Geological Survey, which shows that thus far about one-fifth of the country (excluding Alaska) has been surveyed and mapped. Where the geology and topography are simple, as in the prairies and great plains of the West, the sheets of the United States Survey map are made on a scale of about four miles to the inch; while further west, where both structure and topography are more complex, special districts are made to twice this scale, and important mining districts are drawn much larger. The whole of the United States, on this plan, will require not less than 2,600 sheets, besides several hundred special maps, and with the present force of the survey these will be completed in about twenty-four years.

THE month of March, 1885, proved itself an extraordinary one, at least in the Eastern United States. Comparison of observations in New England shows that it was characterized by a greater amount of fair weather and less wind than usual; and that it had little rain and an extremely low temperature, and closing a season of remarkable severity throughout. In Western Massachusetts it was the coldest Winter known in half a century of records. On the New England coast the average temperature for January, February and March together was 5.2° below any previous record, and, including December, 3.3° below. The temperature reached zero during March at nearly all New England stations.

THE Jerusalem artichoke is a native of the northeast of North America. It was introduced to England about 1617, and first mentioned by Fabio Colonna, in his "Ecphasis Minus Cognitarum Stirpium." "Hartichokes" are mentioned as growing in Virginia in 1648, and were cultivated at Mobile in 1775, as stated by Romans in his "Natural History of Florida." They are mentioned by writers on American gardening from 1806 onward; and in Pennsylvania the tubers are still raised for the New York market, where they find a sale to the fashionable restaurants.

THERE has just been finished at Harvard University the most carefully built and completely equipped physical laboratory in the United States. It cost $115,000, and is the gift of Mr. T. J. Coolidge, who stipulated that it should be named after Thomas Jefferson, his ancestor. "Jefferson, while President of the United States, evinced great interest in the promotion of university education in America—an interest which took a practical form in the foundation of the University of Virginia; and the seed thus sown, it will be seen, bears fruit even unto this day."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"You disturb my peace of mind," said a husband to his wife. "Which piece?" replied the wife with annoying emphasis.

WHAT is that which every one wishes to have, and which every one wishes to get rid of directly he obtains it? A good appetite.

A WOMAN has acquired the art of whistling. She probably learned it from hearing her husband when the milliner's bill was wheeled home.

A YOUNG gentleman once asked a young girl for a kiss. "But," she said, "I can't. I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

VARIOUS animals lend their mite to make up English words—*e.g.*, *Man*-agement, *dog*-matism, *cat*-egory, *cro*-nology, *pus*-illanimous, *duc*-tility, and *rat*-ification.

"WHICH part of the cake will you take, Johnny?" "Oh, I'll take the soprano, I think." "The soprano—what do you mean?" "The upper part, of course, mamma!"

A PHYSICIAN is quoted as saying, "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Boiled children may suit some palates, but they will never become generally popular.

"THE artistic taste in Mrs. Z——'s new bonnet is so perfect that you can almost hear it speak," remarked a husband to his spouse. "Yes," was the reply, "it is certainly very loud."

"DO WOUNDS often heal by the first intention?" "Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor." "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No!'"

A GENTLEMAN, who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee, and then complain," said the landlady.

A CERTAIN person asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool. "For the same reason," said he, "that you do: out of want. You do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money. That is the only difference."

"DOCTOR, I came to see you about my younger brother." "What is the matter with him?" "One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?" "I am afraid I should limp, too."

"OH, my dear, generous husband!" murmured the fond wife. "How grand you are! I only wish I could be you just for one day." "Why, dearest?" asked the unsuspecting man. "Because then I would buy a new bonnet for my loving little wife," artfully replied the designing creature.

A MUNICIPAL candidate, whose principal supporters are tavern-keepers and shoemakers, proudly alludes to them as members of the bar and bench.

"WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the old man, "I have helped to bring up seven babies."

"I AM surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some of the finest old port. "So am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out," was the reply.

MRS. SPAGGINS was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked her good old Aunt Oldboy.

A HOUSE had been almost consumed by fire. Bannister, the actor, chancing to pass, asked whose house it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be *felt*."

A PERILOUS NURSERY-GROUND.—The children of the sloping Isle of Rattray, when they first begin to toddle about, are tethered to a stake to prevent them from rolling off into the sea.

A GENTLEMAN on being asked what he had for dinner, replied: "A lean wife roasted, and the ruin of a man for sauce." What did his dinner consist of? Of course you give it up—a spare rib and apple-sauce.

AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—"Surely, mademoiselle, you have not come here in search of health?" "Not precisely. To tell the truth, I came here with the object of finding a son-in-law for my mother."

CONVERSATION between a Yale senior and an Oberlin senior: *Y. S.*—"Do you play with tops at Oberlin?" *O. S.*—"No." *Y. S.*—"Marbles?" *O. S.*—"No." *Y. S.*—"What do you play?" *O. S.*—"Copenhagen."

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT.—"What a splendid library you have! You must lend me a few books," said a lady to a friend. "I regret that I must decline to do so, because books are so seldom returned. Just fancy! All these are borrowed," replied the friend.

THE following passage between Bench and Bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle. *Judge:* "Well, Mr. X——, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you!" *Counsel:* "That is so, sir."

A GENTLEMAN, at a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars!" replied the friend.

"I UNDERSTAND, professor, that you are opposed to admitting women to a college course?" "That is my position exactly." "Have you any objection to giving your reason?" "None in the least; they are all embraced in one." "What is that?" "I married a lady with a collegiate education."

DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

There once erat homo tetotalus
Qui stepped on a *Horridus Crotalus*,
Quum clamavit in pain,
"Hic got 'em again!"
Hic abstemious homo tetotalus.

"MISS FITZJOY—aw—are you not fond of etchings—aw? You know they are deuced clever, some of them are." "Ah, yes, indeed, Mr. Featherweight. And do you know there is something about you that reminds me very much of an etching?" "Why, really—aw—how charming!" "Yes, there is about you such a foggy suggestion of something that isn't there, you know."

IN a family where there are two boys, one of them brought home a worthless cur, to the disgust of the rest of the members. At last the eldest sister offered him fifty cents if he would give the dog away. He assented, and pocketed the coin. When night came, prompted by curiosity, she asked the little fellow to whom he had given his dog, and was told with charming *naïveté*, "Oh, I've given him to Jack!"—his younger brother.

A "FIRST FIDDLE'S" SUPPOSITION.—The "first fiddle" in an amateur orchestra was passing along Booksellers' Row lately, and caught sight of a book which most interested him. "What is this 'Cicerone's Opera'?" he asked the bookseller. "I never heard of any such work before. Is the music good?" "It isn't music," replied the man; "it's *Ciceronis Opera*, a Latin book." "Oh, the new notation, I suppose!" said the musician, with an expression of infinite contempt as he passed on.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

LOVE'S GREETING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. SONDERLAND.

CONFIDENCES.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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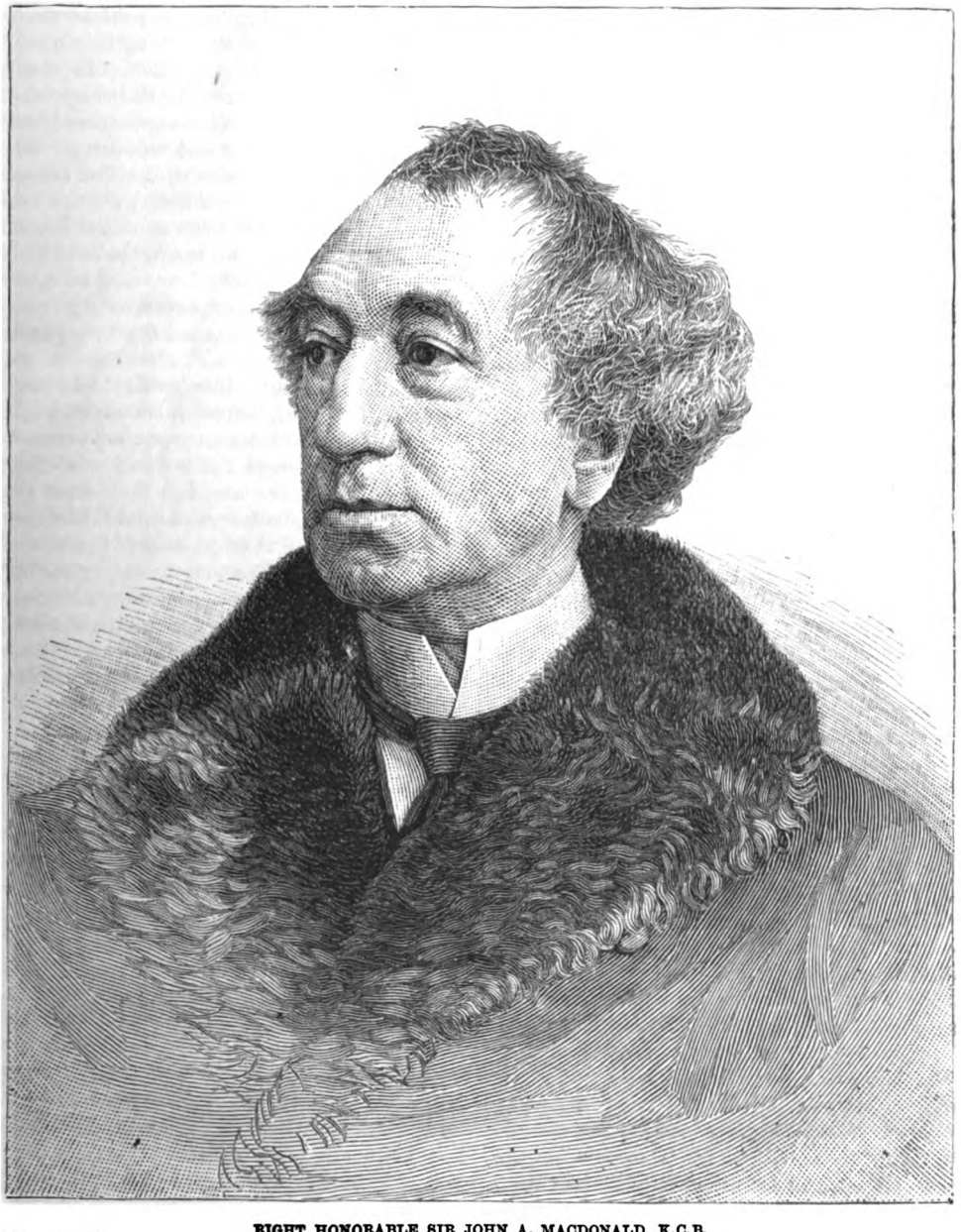
CANADA SINCE THE CONFEDERATION OF THE PROVINCES.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

AFTER many bitter years of strife and strain between the French Province on the St. Lawrence and the English Province to the west, it became at last plain to every Canadian statesman that the union of Upper and Lower Canada, effected in 1841, could not much longer be maintained. The year 1866 dawned amidst a wrangle of



RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B.

newspapers, a din of platforms and a political deadlock. Mr. John A. Macdonald was at the head of the English, and Mr. George E. Cartier was champion for the French. But it was not between these two able, resolute and diplomatic men that subsisted the strife. Their hands were but locked in political friendship, for the success of the one was involved with the fortunes of the other. Under the union alluded to an equal division of the political power had been made between Ontario and Quebec, or Upper and Lower Canada, as they were called; but during a space of twenty years the energetic and ambitious English Province had far distanced her more sluggish partner in wealth and numbers. Yet the old division of emolument and power remained, although from every portion of the English Province there came a passionate crying for representation by population. Jealous of its prestige and its powers, its lesser partner resolutely resisted the manifestly just claim, till events came to pass which put an end to the discord, and placed affairs upon a broad and enduring foundation of justice and peace.

About this time New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island began, each, to feel its insignificance and political isolation, and resolved to form themselves into a Maritime Confederacy. Delegates from each Province met at Charlottetown, in the little meadow-island, to discuss a plan of federation; when suddenly there descended upon them a number of representatives from the Province of Canada. In effect these delegates said: "You maritime people have shown us the way out of disputes which have distracted us, and we therefore propose that you extend your scheme of a Maritime Union by joining us in forming one grand Confederation of all the Provinces from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island." The proposal was enthusiastically received, and during the Autumn the delegates assembled in conclave in the City of Quebec, and there drafted a measure which, a few months later, was declared by royal proclamation to be the Constitution of a new English Dominion in North America.

Under the new Constitution no Province had ground to complain of injustice, and the basis of representation was equitably and satisfactorily fixed. Sixty-three representatives were given Quebec, and the proportion that this number bore, from census to census, to the population of that Province, it was provided should regulate for all time the representation of the other Provinces. Our chief difficulties, it will be perceived, had centred about Quebec. After the conquest by Wolfe, the French-Canadians were not treated as a conquered people. They were permitted to retain their own legal code; the French language obtained in schools, in the pulpit, in courts of law, and in the Legislature. Lord Durham, in his celebrated report, recommended that Quebec, as a French Province, should be legislated out of existence. But no statesman cared to undertake such a task; and there now flourishes along the banks of the St. Lawrence a foreign Province, by constitution a part of the Canadian state, but alien in language and in customs. I do not say that the French-Canadians are disloyal to the state, or that they do not glory in our national development; but it is painfully, conspicuously true that their chief aim is to maintain their own customs and privileges as Frenchmen, rather than as the inhabitants of a particular Province. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate, but it is not unreasonable. It is a base people, indeed, that will permit themselves to be absorbed by an alien race, when their own nationality is intrenched in the Constitution.

Our Dominion never can be large enough to absorb this obtrusive and tenacious nationality; and the traveler, who, five centuries from now, visits the banks of the St. Lawrence, will find there a curious civilization, presenting phases of a modern life, yet having the semblance of a slow-paced, buried time, and traces of palsied age. To travel at this day from an English district into the French Province, one is conscious of entering a civilization that belongs not to this age or country, but to an era in France which disappeared with the Revolution. There upon the uplands he will find the sun-browned, stout-limbed girl, with the large, dark, lustrous eyes of Normandy, her sickle in her hand, toiling among the sheaves. He will see Jean upon his creaking, slow-wheeled wagon, drawn by oxen, and at nearly every farm-house, with its low, crouching eaves and brown-ochred barn, he will perceive the striding fans of a windmill. In these rural districts, likewise, he will observe that the *curé* of the parish is political as well as spiritual guide, and that the politician of the district cares not for the peasant, but legislates for the priest. He will notice, too, that these people have a language as unique and as distinctively belonging to the past as their civilization. We are in the habit of describing this quaint old dialect as a *patois*; but it is not a *patois*. It is exactly the language that was spoken among the vineyards of Normandy before the sails of Cartier were spread upon the deep. But these features, he would see, are peculiar only to the *habitant*, or peasant French. In the centres of population he will find all the activity, all the intelligence and all the improved expedients of sister English cities. In polite literature he will observe that the French are superior to their English brothers, and in courtesy and personal graces he will find them by no means inferior.

We may pass this national feature, and look upon the newly-created Dominion. The charter was no sooner sealed than a large public spirit took possession of the people. They set before themselves higher aims, and they saw that more momentous achievement was for the winning. They were not content with being bound together by legislative ties, but they must be wedded with links of steel. The Inter-colonial Railway was one of the first projects, and it crept round the seaboard from the ancient City of Halifax to a town fronted by the fortresses of Quebec. At this point it formed connection with a system of roads, whose construction now proceeded by bounds, that brought the East into commercial intercourse with the West. Five years later beheld the scheme of an all-Canadian road touching Atlantic waters upon one side and Pacific waters upon the other.

The gale of enthusiasm which first hailed the project of Union suddenly veered round and blew the opposite way. At the general elections few candidates who had favored Confederation were sent to Parliament. Nova Scotia promptly went into matrimonial bands, and did so in spite of the majority. She soon became content, however, notwithstanding that while I write some of her politicians are once again fomenting an agitation for separation.

Prince Edward Island was a coy little dame to woo; and she kept aloof in the solitude of the Gulf for many a month, angrily resenting proposals from the federal capital. But our statesmen were ardent and irrepressible tempters. They were neither disheartened nor annoyed by refusal, and desisted not till the little maiden got over her pout and said "Yes." She has since been very happy in the wedlock.

But no persuasion, no promise, no alluring picture, could induce that other cold virgin out in the Atlantic

waters, the Island of Newfoundland, to be a member of the household. Through that colony, as through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, several alarmist politicians went abroad declaring that, in joining the Union, she would be simply selling herself to Canada; that, under the laws of the Dominion, every tree cut in the forests, whether to burn or to build, every fish taken from the sea and the rivers, every ton of minerals obtained from the earth, the grasses and the grains that grew, and the herds and cattle in the fields, would each and all be grievously taxed. "The gun that you have upon your rack to kill wild mait for your family, will have to put its hand in its pocket once a year, maybe twice a year," said one patriot, "to maintain the big min in Ottaway." Another local statesman said, "Remimber poor Ireland, how she was sould!"

The upshot of all this teaching was very pronounced. The Confederate politicians were not alone denied enthusiasm, but it was with a serious risk that they exposed themselves in the streets. The leading statesman on the island, the Honorable (now Sir) Ambrose Shea, who was the foremost advocate of Union at this time, paid a visit to his constituency, the ancient capital of the island, approaching the place in his own steamer. As he neared the shore, he perceived throngs of excited persons about the wharves and along the beach. He could not persuade himself that all these had come out in such strength, and in this rather odd fashion, to offer him welcome. A little nearer approach put his speculation at peace. Through his glass he perceived here upon the beach-stones a fire and a murky column of rolling smoke, and there a barrel of pitch, from which some had been extracted; while several of the most active electors, he observed, were provided with sacks of feathers. Property of this nature collected upon a windy beach by the edge of the sea, and a distinguished visitor nearing the land, are not considered indications of welcome on the island, and Mr. Shea reversed the engines and backed off.

His constituents evinced much dissatisfaction that he did not come on shore, and they sounded strains of melancholy insult at him, as he retreated, through those large conchs upon which the little fishing-punts and dories are called by the cook in the schooner during foggy weather. Some varied the music, and blew at the honorable gentleman through cows' horns. Several of the electors were provided with pitchforks, and one gentleman had a duck-gun which he now and again tapped with his hand on the breech, saying at each performance, "Dere's sivin bullets in her for de shkeemer." I may add that a patriotic literature, chiefly poetic in form, was developed during this election-time. One stanza I shall reproduce because it was the chief one of the period, and I myself heard it declaimed from twenty hustings:

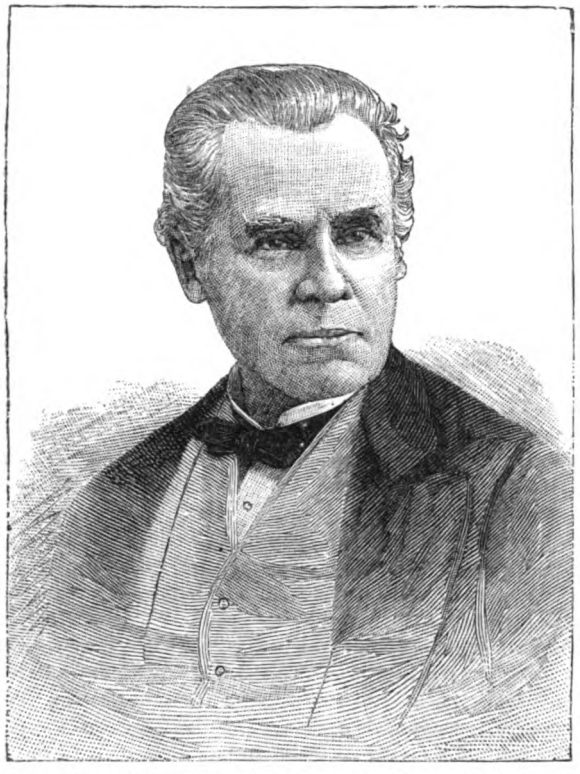
> "Remimber the day
> Whin Carter and Shea
> Crossed over the say
> To barther away
> The rights of Tirra Nova."

Newfoundland did not enter the Union. Since the date of her refusal, the fathers of Confederation have wooed and wooed her in vain, and she still proudly and exultingly maintains her maidenhood. But for all her glorying, she somewhat reminds me of the gair-fowl on the Allalonestone in Kingsley's "Water Babies."

The seven Provinces, I may say, now forming the Confederation did not enter together, but were each admitted when willing to join. Every Province in British North America, except the colony just described, has cast in its fortunes with the general family. In wedding British Columbia we had to wrestle with Geography, for the Rocky Mountains towered between her pasture-lands and our prairies. But in spite of the tremendous barrier, she turned an interested ear when we solemnly promised that if she joined us we would build a road from her doors at the sea, over the mountains and across the plains, to the railways of Eastern Canada. "If you agree," she said, "to construct the road within ten years, I shall join you." The compact was sealed, and we received the Pacific bride. But we had signed the deed without measuring the stupendous task. Our engineers went out, and returned shaking their heads. Faith in our possibility, even in half a century, to perform the undertaking, was much shaken, and the new-made member of the Union began to cry out that she had been deceived. Then her politicians banded together and demanded a fulfillment of the pledge, or permission to retire from the Confederacy. To neither of these requests could we assent, but everything within national possibility was done to keep faith. I shall now take a brief glance at our political history since Confederation.

Immediately after the proclamation establishing the Dominion had been published, Lord Monck, the Governor-general, called upon Mr. John A. Macdonald to form an Administration, and in the name of the sovereign conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood. It was hoped that under the new *régime* the old parties, Conservative, Liberal and Clear Grit, which had maintained bitter strife for so many years, would disappear from the scenes. With a view to accomplishing a result so desirable, the Administration was composed of men of all shades of political opinion, a just representation being given in the Council to every race and religious body. But among the reformers of English-speaking Canada, and the *Rouges* or Liberals of the French section, were some ambitious and able men who believed, and not without good reason, that in the new Administration the old Conservative party would follow its own inclinations and somewhat of its traditions. These man had patriotically deserted from obstruction or given aid to the Coalition Government while it was engaged in bringing the Union about; but no sooner had the wheels of the new system begun to revolve than they commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it. As rigidly as in the days of William Lyon Mackenzie was the line between Reformer and Conservative drawn; nor was the political feud which was now engendered less bitter, less ferocious or less implacable than the party hatred which divided the people in the stormiest days of our history. Mr. George Brown, rugged and impetuous of character, uncompromising in principle, and heavy-handed and relentless as an opponent, began a crusade against the new Administration; and he was zealously seconded by *Confrères Rouges* in Quebec. But Sir John came into the world under a luckier star than shone over the cradle of Mr. Brown. He had more tact, more shrewdness, and more patience. All his life long he had studied human nature, especially the weaker side of it. He never held aloof from his followers, but affectionately laid his hand upon the shoulder of one, or cracked a familiar and friendly joke at the expense of another. Nor in this was he acting a part, although such were the means that forwarded his ends. His followers loved and admired him, and his word or his act was unto them always a law. But a storm was gathering under which the neck of Sir John A. Macdonald was to bend.

Pledged once again to carry out its compact with British Columbia, Sir John's Government entered into



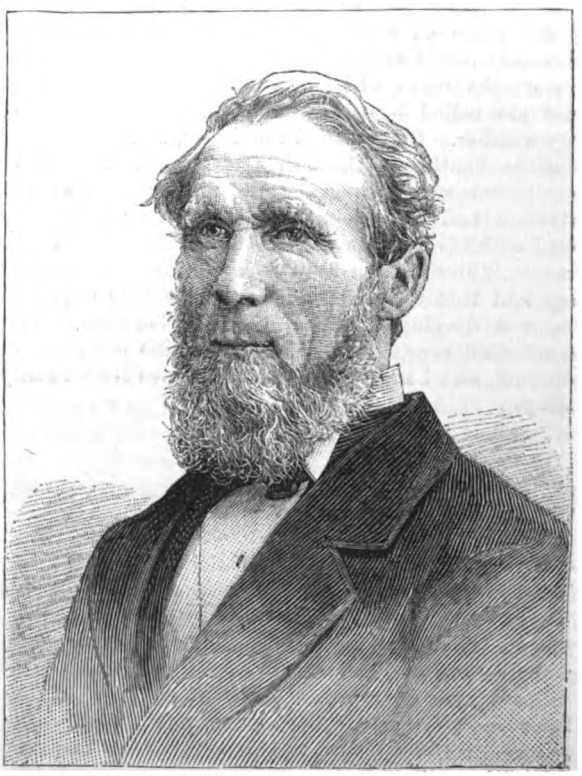
SIR GEORGE CARTIER, LEADER OF THE FRENCH CONSERVATIVES.

agreement with the late Sir Hugh Allan and others to build the railway. The compact was agreed to on the eve of the general elections of 1873. On the appeal to the people Sir John was sent back to office with overwhelming support. But the new Parliament had no sooner met than vague rumors began to fill the air ; and it was whispered from one to another that startling revelations were on the eve of being made. So one day, when the House was drowsy, members gossiping with each other at their desks, and pages flitting about the chamber, Mr. Lucius Seth Huntington, a gentleman of high character and prominent standing in Parliament, arose and calmly read a series of resolutions charging the Ministry with having made Sir Hugh Allan President of the Pacific Railway Company, in consideration of enormous sums of money paid by Sir Hugh to members of the Administration and used by them in carrying the Conservative elections. In other words, Government was charged with having corruptly sold the charter to Sir Hugh. The impeachment fell like a thunderbolt upon the House ; but the man upon whose shoulders the ignominous charge fell sat at his desk silent and motionless as a stone. Later on he made an elaborate and skillful speech, but the verdict of the House and the country went out against him, and he fell.

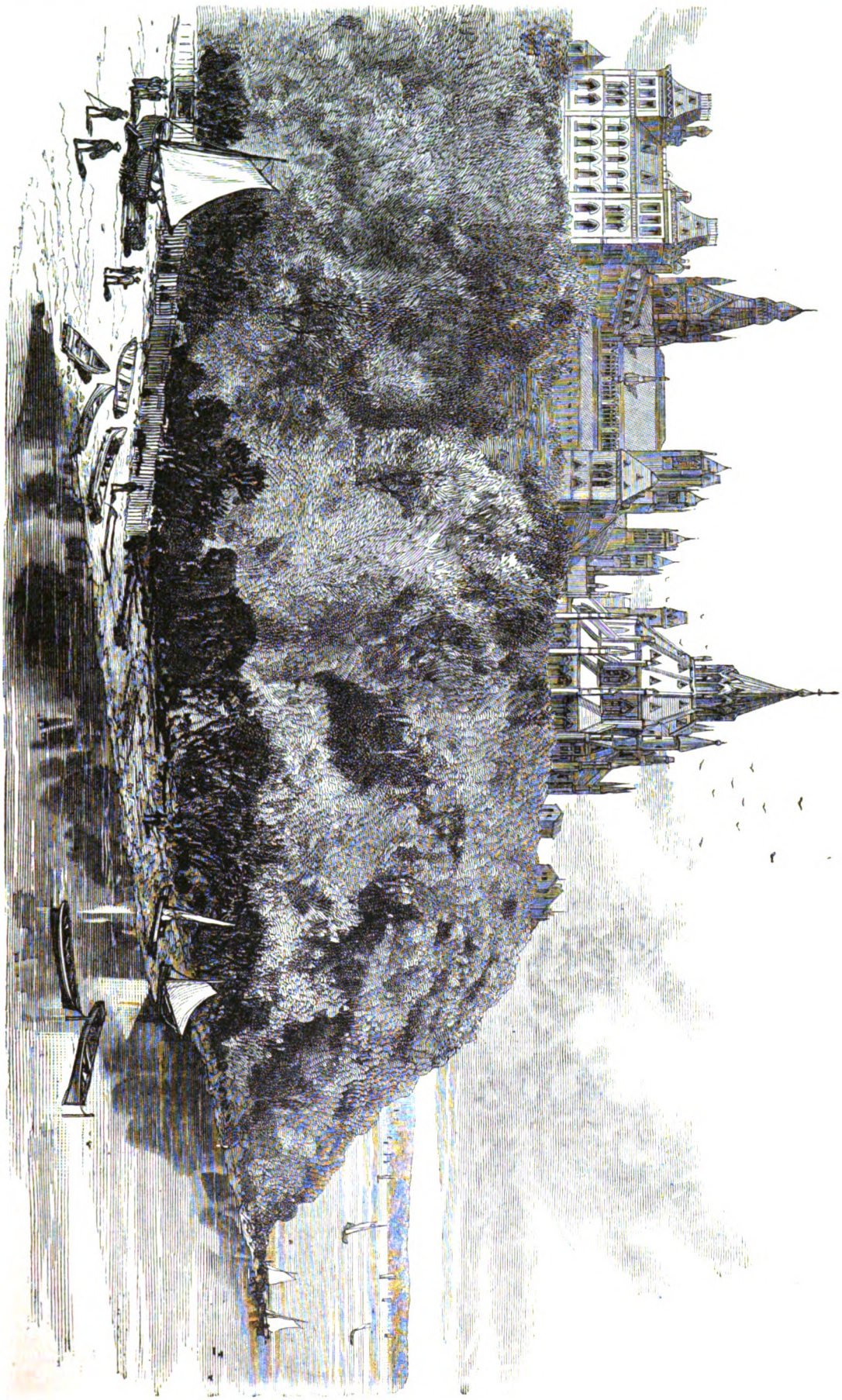
Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the Liberal leader, was now called upon by Lord Dufferin to form an Administration. The new Premier was supported by a large following of old Liberals, and Conservatives who had crossed the lines when they believed their leader guilty of the odious corruption laid to his charge. It was not long before it was plain, however, that the stars were fighting against Mr. Mackenzie. Bad harvests came, followed by evil times, and although it lay in no man's power to compel the corn to spring or the sun to shine, he was held, by needy men, to no small account for the bitter days that had fallen upon them. The Administration had an able Finance Minister, Mr. (now Sir) Richard J. Cartwright, but he professed himself unable to kindle life in dead industries, or to set the wheels of commerce revolving any faster than the laws of trade willed that they should go. Civil government had to be maintained, but year by year income was less than expenditure, till at last it was whispered that the Finance Minister proposed resorting to direct taxation to meet his annual deficits. Toward the close of the Parliamentary term thousands of workingmen who could obtain no employment, and who had not sufficient means to take them out of the country to seek bread, gathered about the Ministry and besought aid. Sir Richard assured them that his heart bled for their plight, but he informed them that, confronted with the task of removing such sore depression, Government was only as a fly on the wheel.

Now had arrived Sir John A. Macdonald's time, and he was not slow in turning it to account. He called together the suffering workingmen, and assured them that if they would reinstate him in office he would establish a "Broad National Policy," under which home industry would be fostered and native labor utilized. He explained to them that he would effect this by putting a duty which would amount to prohibition upon all imports which could be manufactured in the country. They took him at his word, and in 1878 sent him back to office with overwhelming numbers to support him.

Four years' trial, in a measure, vindicated the predictions of the veteran Conservative, and at the end of that time, appealing to the people to bear witness that his promises had been redeemed, he was re-elected, and again with a handsome following. His opponents affirmed, when heads had been counted, that too many supported him ; and said that too large a following is little better than a bare majority, because it is in greater danger of splitting. But Sir John retorted with an anecdote : "No ; a political following may be described in the



HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, EX-PREMIER.



OTTAWA, CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM THE RIVER.

words of the squaw respecting her whisky: 'A little too much is just enough.'"

The "chieftain" is still strongly intrenched in power, and the only mishap that has fallen to his Administration since his latest triumph is the Northwest rebellion under Louis Riel, which disturbance is at its worst while I write these pages. Sir John is now in his seventieth year, and although his eye is as bright and his faculties are as active as they were ten years ago, the term of administration that remains to him cannot be very long. His chief colleague is Sir Hector L. Langevin, successor to Sir George Cartier, and the representative of the French Conservatives, or the *Maison Bleu* as the *Rouges* will have it. Sir Hector is a courteous gentleman with the address and polish of the old French gentlefolk, of which stock he comes. He is scarcely second to his leader in the capacity to manage followers, to reconcile dissensions and satisfy claimants. He is quick, keen-sighted and effective in a discussion of questions as well as in the administration of his office; and there is no doubt that upon his shoulders will the mantle fall when Sir John disappears. Another silvery-tongued orator of the *Maison Bleu*, and exceedingly brilliant statesman, is M. Chapleau, also a representative of the French Province. These two last-named gentlemen address Parliament in both languages.

Upon the English side of the House Sir John is ably seconded by his Minister of Finance, Sir Leonard Tilley, the gentleman who was the immediate author of the National Policy. He is a statesman whose acts, even according to opponents' testimony, are based upon conviction; and Reformers or Liberals are in the habit of regarding him as a statue reared to Virtue in a Moabitish city. .

Nor does the party which sits upon the Opposition benches lack men who might adorn any Parliament. The leader, Mr. Edward Blake, is the most eloquent and able debater in Canada; a gentleman whose every act is dictated by a sense of duty, and who, more than any other public man in this country, has sought to inculcate lessons of moral statesmanship in the administration of state affairs. But he lacks *finesse* and *savoir faire*, as Sir Hector would say, and has but the art of wooing, like Sir John. He has never studied and played upon the fallible side of human nature for the sake of profit, and this is why it comes that only the minority follow him. His chief English supporter is Sir Richard J. Cartwright, who, in the Liberal Administration, was Minister of Finance. His is the tongue which has in turn set the flesh of every Ministerialist quivering, and which every one of them hates and dreads. He is a clear, powerful orator, and when his mood is a bitter or sarcastic one his tongue scourges like a lash of scorpions. With questions of public finance he is thoroughly familiar, and his great and only blunder was stiff-necked adherence to the doctrine of Free Trade when Canada cried out, "Give us Protection."

M. Wilfred Laurier, who may be described as Mr. Blake's lieutenant, is the able, courteous and popular leader of the *Rouges* of Quebec. He has little of the prevalent party bitterness, is a lucid and conscientious speaker—talking before the House sometimes in French, sometimes in English—and possesses a faculty for calm, passionless reasoning.

One more only of the leaders have I time briefly to characterize, and he is the ex-Premier of Canada, the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie. As leader of an Administration and head of a double department imposing corroding and onerous duties, he was clear-headed, painstaking, and, above all, upright. No shadow of evildoing clings about his name. When we come to sum up his faults, we find that he is culpable only in being the chief victim of a party which, from the first day of its power, was foreordained to speedy doom. He had none of Sir John's *bonhomie*, and he could not and would not "stoop to conquer," or to maintain his hold. He had no tact, no suavity, no insight into the art of leading and pleasing followers; but there was about him an atmosphere as chilly as that which breathes at the Pole. Yet he strove honestly to do his duty, and strove so hard, that he hopelessly wrecked his constitution. He is an uncompromising supporter of British connection, but he refused a knighthood offered him by the sovereign. Mr. Blake, his successor, declined a similar distinction.

The House of Commons is elected every four years, unless for some reason Parliament is dissolved within that period. The Senators are appointed by the Administration for life. By a constitutional fiction the Senate possesses neither party virus nor color; and its duty is to restrain hasty legislation and guard the right of the people in every portion of the Dominion.

There is in Canada no lack of legislative machinery. Besides the General Parliament established at Ottawa, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia have Legislatures, some of them having two branches, to which are assigned subjects of local concern, such as municipal police, education, roads, bridges, etc. Militia and defense, quarantine, customs duties, inland revenue, and works of a national character, come within the jurisdiction of the Central Parliament. At the head of each Province is a Lieutenant-governor, who opens and closes the session with the firing of guns and the presentation of arms. There is always at such ceremonies all the pomp that can be summoned; but His Honor's functions are those of a *Roi fainéant*. He reads at the opening and closing, as does his chief, the Governor-general, at headquarters, naught else than the words which his advisers have put into his mouth.

By another constitutional fiction, the Lieutenant-governor is invested with power to dismiss his Ministry for what seems sufficient cause. But it is written nowhere in the Constitution what goes to make up a "sufficient cause," and the Lieutenant-governor must make his way to the best of his ability in the dark. One Lieutenant-governor, since our confederation, M. Luc Letellier de St. Just, made a bold attempt at defining a sufficient cause; then found such cause in his own advisers and dismissed them. This Governor had been in his day a fervid *Rouge*, but his councilors were *Bleus*, and his enemies declared that he brought his preferences to the gubernatorial chair. Whether he did or not, his act in dismissing his advisers was approved by the Chief Government at Ottawa; for his whilom party *confrère*, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, was then at the head of the Administration. But when another year had passed, Sir John A. Macdonald came to power, with his legion at his back; and he dismissed M. Letellier. This is the manner in which our Canadian parties administer justice.

At regular intervals the cry goes up that we are "too much governed"; and one of our able writers, though our chief pessimist, points out that for somewhat over four millions of people we have one arch-King, seven lesser Kings, six or seven Houses of Lords, and Chief-justices as the stars of heaven in number. The time, probably, is not far away when the maritime Provinces in the West will reduce their little Legislatures to one, and form a federation within the Confederation.

In education we have advanced by strides, and there is

scarcely a section of any Province, no matter how far it be from the municipal centres, without its school.

The thinly-peopled sections have well-equipped common schools; every important centre has its grammar school, after which follow the collegiate institute and the university. McGill College, in Montreal, presided over by Dr. Dawson, the world-renowned geologist, and University College, of Toronto, with the eminent scholar, Dr. Wilson, at its head, would be ornaments to any country. There are many lesser universities; and each religious body has one college or more to prepare students for the religious ministry. The Quebec and Acadian-French, wherever congregated, are not behind their neighbors in the possession of higher seats of learning; but amongst the rural French the educational standing is not so high; indeed, the school is some centuries behind that found in a corresponding English district.

The social head of our people is the Governor-general, and since he has become the mere telephone of his advisers, the social leadership alone is he accorded by common consent. Lord Dufferin was the first of our Viceroys that associated himself much with the affections of our people. He, however, had a purpose to serve, and found that the cheapest and easiest way to effect it was by flattering us all; sometimes singly, and frequently in a lump. From one end of Canada to the other he went with his sweet tongue showering his praises upon our heads, till it seemed as if the whole country had become a huge sugar-pot. We rent the air with praises of his name, and with prayers and tears followed the fading form of the ship that bore him away from our shores. When he returned to England observers exclaimed, "What a wonderful man his lordship is! How the Canadians, who are hard enough to get along with, love him!" We went on dreaming of our excellence, as described by his lordship, till we found him lavishing praises no less profuse upon the head of the Hindoo.

Lord Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, succeeded the Dufferins. Lord Lorne had no ends to gain by flattery, and he did not flatter, but contented himself by endeavoring to do his duty to the best of his ability. His wife did what she conceived to be *her* duty; selected whom she chose for her friends, and preferred the brawling and the tumult of our salmon-streams in the Summer weather to any attractions which our cities had to offer. In a little we came to recognize in her a sterling, sensible woman, and in his lordship a conscientious, earnest man, who was above deceit or cunning. To their Excellencies Canada is indebted for its creditable Royal Canadian Academy of Art; nor will this institution borrow any ridicule from that other comical monument of his lordship's hands, the Royal Society. Lord Lansdowne, our present Governor-general, succeeded Lord Lorne. He is a plain, frank, sincere gentleman, who is at some pains to acquaint himself with our affairs, and anxious to be of public service in any way that lies in his power.

The chief social event of the year in Canada is the State Ball given by their Excellencies at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, shortly after the opening of Parliament. Eight hundred persons are invited, and a set in which their Excellencies appear opens the ball. The chief outdoor amusement at the capital during the Winter is tobogganing on the slides at Rideau Hall. Pleasing as this sport is to look upon in the daytime, with its throngs of picturesquely clad participants, it is doubly so in the night when there is no moon, and stars shine faintly. The Marchioness issues cards for an "At-home from 9 to 12 P. M.; skating and tobogganing." And at the hour appointed throngs of persons, young and old, begin to gather about the grounds with their toboggans and skates. In a hollow below the Hall, if the night be bitter, as it is pretty sure to be, a huge bonfire is lighted which scatters its heat far around. Here and there a torch stuck in the snow flares and splutters, smitten by a gust of wind, and sets quivering a thousand shadows among the grim pines of the Hall. Along the slides by which the toboggan descends hangs a double row of Chinese lanterns, whose sober, unwavering light is a standing rebuke to the toboggan rushing down the steep with its bright-eyed *Canadienne* and her gallant companion. Viewed from the slide-head, the scene presented by the tobogganers is one of rare picturesqueness and beauty. Each tobogganer of both sexes is attired in a blanket coat of white, trimmed with blue or scarlet; of bottle-green, faced with cardinal or crimson lake; or a blue-black slashed with some denomination of red. About the waist is tied a crimson or magenta sash; all appear in moccasins, and in tuques of colors corresponding with the coat. Gentlemen wear stockings to the knee. The slide-heads are upward of a hundred feet perpendicularly from the ground, and down the icy trough the toboggan is launched with the fleetness of a shot bolt. The rink is covered with skaters, above whom there is a canopy of little colored light-spheres shot from rockets in the hands of the skaters. To vary the sport when the moon is full and the snow deep, we tie our snowshoes upon our feet and go for many a merry and exhilarating tramp over the frosty fields. In Montreal, in midwinter, we construct of symmetrica blocks of green-glistening ice a stately crystal palace, in proportions as fair, as chaste and as cold as if nymphs of the frost had taken their plans and chisels and constructed it for us in the workshops of the North Wind. Upon its top and round about there is the blinding, ghastly light of the keen-fizzing carbons and the "harnessed lightning," while gathered here is a costumed congregation with snowshoes upon their backs.

When the wintry winds have ceased to cry and sting, and the sun overburdens us with ardor for his late neglect, we have delicious retreats by the sea where every day cool breezes blow. Thither go some of our people till stray, cool winds begin to breathe from the north and the leaves in the morning hang wan upon the boughs. Some choose seclusion in the delightful mazes of the Thousand Islands; and as you glide by a little rich-draped island in your noiseless birch, you see a pair of bright eyes under the brim of a wide hat looking at you through the copse. Away, likewise, to the grim, granite islands, fire-riven and smoke-stained, studded with stately trees and strewn with fallen ones, in the cool, pure, clear waters of the Muskoka Lakes, numbers of our people go with their families during the hottest weather. Many purchase islands in these regions, erect cottages upon them, and remain till gamboge and crimson appear on the leaves. Those who desire Nature at her most drear, and the same time at her most tremendous, will take steamer down the St. Lawrence, and when they reach the old post of Tadoussac turn their prow up the chill, gloomy waters of the fathomless Saguenay, that here comes rolling out, melancholy and sullen, through the tremendous jaws of the mountain. Passing the grim, towering walls that rise till they almost seem to lean against each other, many hundreds of feet up, he will come to a region of cup-shaped valleys, green and flowery, and feast his eyes on colonies of Laurentian hills bathed in wholesome winds, for ever cool and for ever green. In the wilderness by the brawling falls and

SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, K.C., M.G., MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

complaining shallows of the Cascapedia, the Restigouche, or the Miramichi, he may pitch his tent and find for his fly in the sleepy pools some of the noblest fish that ever sent ecstasy through an angler's wrist.

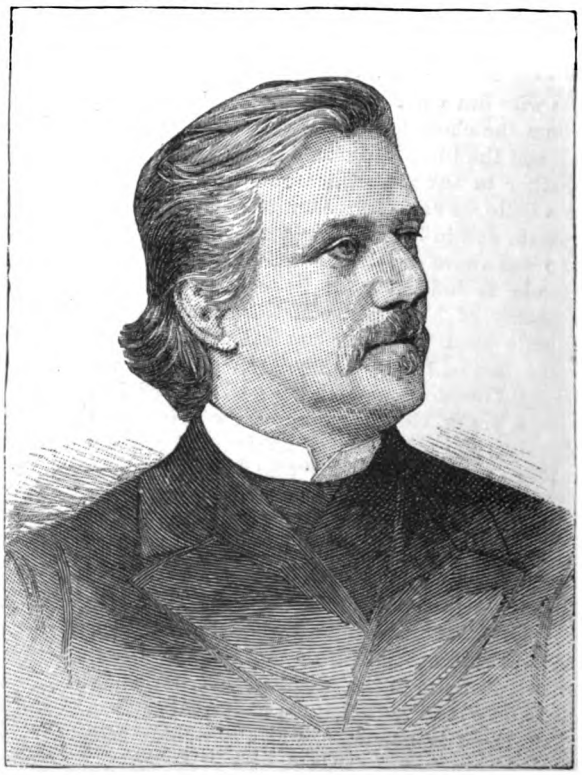
I must not close without taking into brief account our organs of opinion. In a country where people stand so sharply by the party lines, it is only logical that we find the same divisions in the press. Most of our leading newspapers are conducted with vigor and skill; and the general tone of journalism is elevated and moral. But the inevitable condition of party fealty undermines confidence in its political teaching among the unprejudiced. That which our press most lacks is literary taste and sympathy. It presents no competent standard of literary criticism, and has not in its ranks so much as one periodical that may in a full sense be termed "literary" or "cultivated." Mr. Goldwin Smith cast his lot in with us some years ago, but speedily got himself embroiled in a rancorous and pitiable newspaper quarrel. Although we acknowledge the ability of his pen and cherish his domiciliation, he finds no following now among us.

In literature, during these late years, save for what has been achieved by French-Canadian writers, and two or three English-Canadian pens, we have only a blank sheet to exhibit. Not long ago M. Louis Honore Frechette bore home from France the laurel for "Les Fleurs Boreales"; and Mr. Roberts recently appeared with a volume of song, "Orion and other Poems," of which our literature has reason to be proud. In fiction we have only one book that the reviewer can notice, and that is "Le Chien d'Or," by Mr. Kirby.

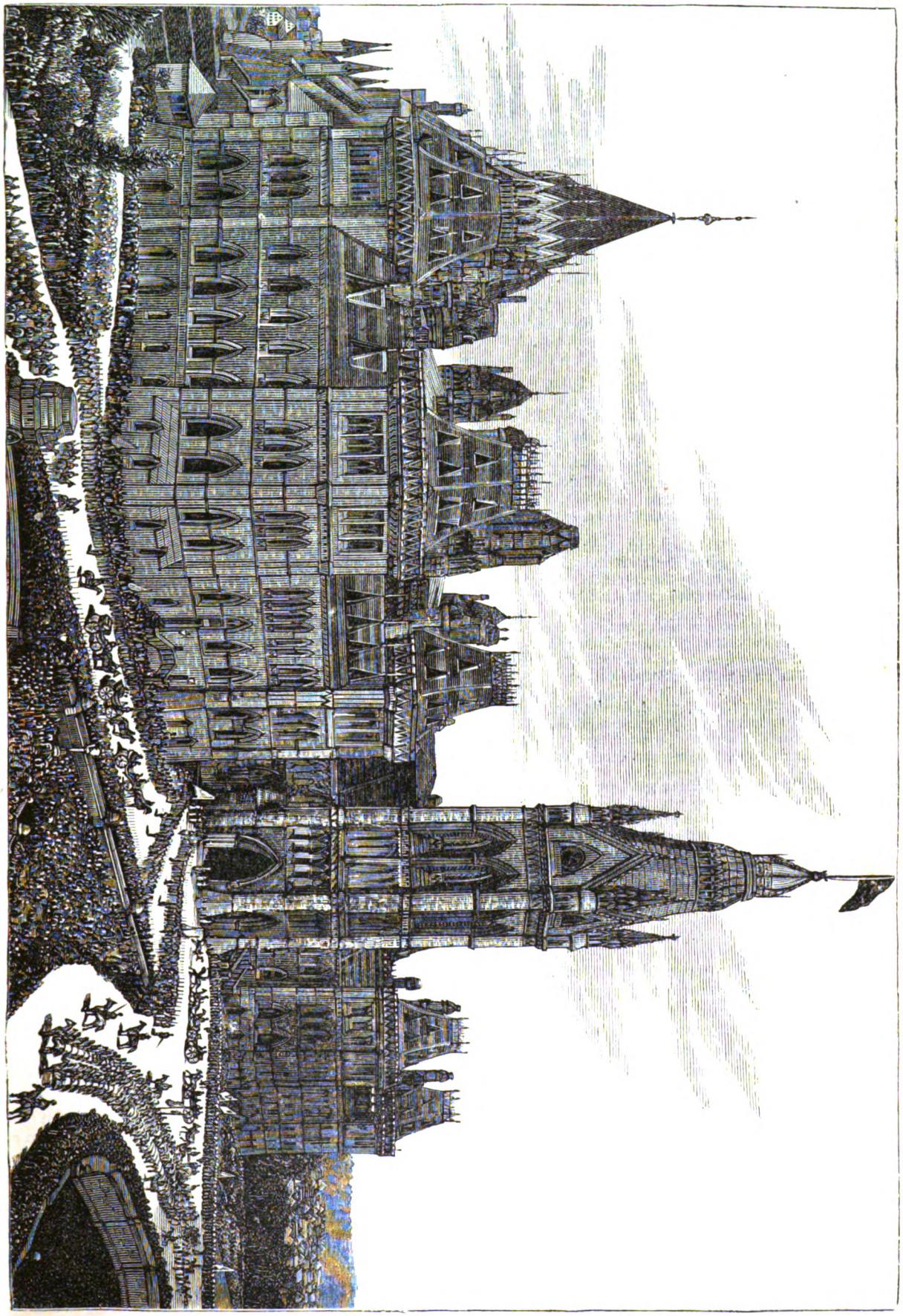
I have said, in effect, that our Union is, with one exception—which, however, does not imperil us—knitted firmly together by ties of patriotism, fraternity and mutual interest; yet we sometimes have a period of unrest, a fit of restless tossing of our arms, and a desire for some sort of political change. The time is not far back when the man who uttered the words, "Canadian Independence," would be branded a traitor; but it is not a year ago since Sir Richard Cartwright, descended of a Tory family, and having N.E. Loyalist blood in his veins, at a public meeting, declared that this topic was a legitimate subject for discussion. And when, amid thunderous applause, he had taken his seat, Mr. Blake arose and affirmed that it was not alone our privilege to discuss it, but that it was our duty to do so.

Very many of the more thoughtful and better educated among our young men yearn for national independence. Some of our people, chiefly the older ones, cry out, "Don't cut the tie; we shall always remain with our mother." And still a third party, but one much smaller than the former, is eager for annexation to the United States. This latter party is found chiefly in our Northwest, where a customs wall debars them from buying and selling where their interest would lead them, and which excludes them from their natural markets. A number of the inhabitants of St. John, New Brunswick, contiguous by their fleets to the markets of some of the New England States, for the same considerations entertain the same desire. From this surrender of sentiment to interest, it will be seen that our loyalty is not as deep-rooted as our mountain pines.

I shall very briefly now sum up a few of our conspicuous gains since entering the Confederation. We have nearly 10,000 miles of railways in operation, and no important section is without an iron road. We have increased our floating tonnage from 160,000 to 600,000; in paid-up bank capital we have increased from $28,000,000 to $109,000,000; and we have in operation 2,384 miles of canals. In 1868-69 our total exports were $57,000,000; in 1872-73 they were nearly $100,000,000. Our debt is heavy, but the annual interest upon it *per capita* is only $1.77. In time of domestic tumult or invasion we shall



HONORABLE J. A. CHAPLEAU, SECRETARY OF STATE.



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES, OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 257.

not be found defenseless. We have a force of nearly 60,000 well-disciplined volunteers. In every portion of the country factories engaged in the manufacture of almost everything needed in civilized life are in operation. We possess forests of enormous value, and the worth of our fisheries and minerals is great. We have a total area of 3,470,257 square miles, and in our Northwest territories alone, the testimony of eminently practical scientists reveals, we have grain-land sufficient to maintain over a hundred millions of souls. It is this region, fruitful in soil and temperate in climate, that the Pacific Railway Company is throwing so rapidly open to Europeans. Upon that territory, in the year 1882 alone, there settled from abroad 120,000 persons. Who shall say what measure of greatness and glory Canada may not one day achieve?

CASTLE BELLEISLE.

THE enormous hills run smoothly down
In fold on fold of shaven green,
And in the gap a little town
Sleeps, and a river moves between.

It bubbled from a heathery hill,
And channeled through the gray ribbed sand,
And now slides seaward, strong and still,
Through hazy leagues of level land.

A stone's throw from its fringing sedge
Gray moldering walls to ruin slip,
And from the turret's ragged edge
The brimming ivy seems to drip.

Where once the guardian pool was deep
The moorhen flaps among the reeds
And broad-backed waterlilies sleep,
Anchored amid the shifting weeds.

There, where the green turf laps the walls,
Slow oxen graze, shrill children play,
And when the kindly Summer falls
Swart sun-browned rustics toss the hay.

A farmstead steams where hung the door,
Whence smiling gallants paced the hall—
Where roysterers drank, and soldiers swore,
The curly cottage-children call.

Here, where the old priest, day by day,
Saw sunrise gild his blazoned panes,
Between tall stacks of scented hay,
A grumbling cider-press complains.

Look o'er the ill-swung gate, and see
The black swine rout the streaming soil,
And piled or strewn neglectfully
The sordid furniture of toil.

The king that smiled so royally
Around him, and the sad, sweet queen
With restless children round her knee,
Are all as they had never been.

Dark in their oozy bed to-night
They slumber: all about their bones
The ivy casts his fingers white,
Whose fibres know the place of stones.

Think of the aching hearts, the sighs,
This old house heard, which stands so still,
And all the million memories
That haunt the hollows of the hill.

Think of the eyes that must have stared
From those blank windows, on the same
Gray misty flats through which we fared,
We twain, and doubted of their name.

O'er grassy mound and marble rim,
Where one dead friend's poor vesture lies,
The easy tears unwitting brim
Decorous lashes, down-dropt eyes.

Or one dear brother whom we miss—
We mount with reverent step above:
"This was his room," we say, "and this
The picture that he used to love."

In these walls, too, young hope was high,
And love was glorious then as now;
Shall we behold and pass them by,
Nor write one sorrow on our brow?

Shall we not spare one tear to-day,
And pray one prayer in order due?
"Here is a human heart," we'll say,
"That beats as yours, and thinks of you."

THE LIGHT ON THE SEINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE harsh cry of a water-fowl comes from the tall reeds that try to mirror themselves in the river. The reeds cannot fully see themselves, for this bank of the Seine is marshy, and narrow lines of reclaimed grass alternate with equally narrow lines of water, cold and gray on this gloomy evening.

Just before the river bends into a dark corner a tongue of land projects out of the marsh; at its furthest end is a small white lighthouse-tower, and where it joins the marsh stands a tiny red-brick cottage.

Once more the cry of the marsh-fowl rings out and seems to fit with the weird pallor of the scene, with the leaden-colored sky, and with the pale-yellow line over the gray hills that show beyond the wooded curve of the river; fits, too, with the silent desolation of the white tower and the red cottage. The high road, twelve feet or so above the marsh, is still empty, and it is too dark to see the red and golden pumpkins in the field behind the hedge on the further side. But for that cry just now, life seems to have gone from the lonely place. It is not really so.

A woman lies on a bed in one of the two rooms of the cottage; but though she has an attractive face, it is worn and full of suffering. She has raised herself on her elbow, but it is so dark she can no longer see through the window.

"Will Jean never come back?" she says, in an anxious voice. "The lamp should be lit by now. I can never climb up into the tower. Oh, my Jean! come back quickly; your father was always ready!"

She is so weak, this poor Marie Ducange, that she cannot keep her thoughts fixed; they go off now to her kind old husband whom she laid in the churchyard only six months ago. But she soon wipes away her tears.

"I must not cry for him," she says; "he had a long and weary life, but he was always good to me, poor soul! and always at his duty!"

The last word takes her back to the lighthouse. It has

become quite dark now, the light should be giving its warning; at this time of year strangers, ignorant of the dangers of the river, sometimes find their way to the Seine in little boats of their own.

"Jean knows that as well as I do," his mother thinks, and a comforted looks comes to her pale face. "More than likely, he is at the lighthouse by this time; I might have thought of that sooner."

Jean is a big strapping lad of fifteen, who looks more like Marie's younger brother than her son, for she had been a very young wife for her old husband. Between them they had managed to spoil the dark-eyed merry fellow. Jean has always been a favorite with every one, though he has often played truant from school and has been foremost in any mischief that was going on. Sometimes the kind old father shook his head, but Marie always took her boy's part. Even his steady uncle, Eugéne Dreux, from Lillebonne, who had bought the mill and settled down near his sister, had a fancy for Jean, and took possession of his nephew to save him, as he said, from being ruined. He had worked steadily under his uncle for a year when the elder Jean died; then Eugéne Dreux made out such a good case for Marie and her son that Jean was actually trusted with the care of the light in the tower. He was to have three months' trial, and if he stood this satisfactorily, he might consider himself appointed its guardian.

Jean was full of energy and industry, and for several weeks he had discharged his duties like a man, but his mother's illness had kept him a close prisoner. He had given up all his accustomed amusements. She had been lately urging him to take a holiday, for so long as he was back before dark, she said, he could not possibly be wanted. Eugéne had advised his nephew not to take a holiday for some time to come, but Marie laughed at this prudent advice.

Uncle Eugéne forgets how he used to love dancing," she said. "Go to the *fête* at La Malle, Jean; I know you will be the best dancer there."

* * * * * *

Some distance from the Seine, on the side opposite the lighthouse, there is a sandy road leading to a village, and beyond the village church an open space called the Place is filled with groups of people; some of these people saunter up and down, but the older ones are seated under two canvas booths, and are drinking cider drawn from huge casks crowned with laurel boughs.

"Where is that black-eyed rascal Jean?" a man says; "he has danced well to-day. Old or young, handsome or plain, he danced as well with one partner as he did with the other, and now I'll make him drink my health again."

There is a call for "Jean—Jean," but he does not answer to it, and the cider-drinking goes on without further allusion to the deserter.

Where is Jean?

In the dear delight of dancing, an enjoyment he has been so long denied, time has fled fast; he has drunk cider, too, far more than he is accustomed to drink. He is in a most happy, jovial state, when his partner—a buxom, dark-eyed woman some years older than he is—asks him his name.

"Jean Ducange, at your service."

"Jean Ducange," she says, slowly; "that is the name of the lighthouse-keeper at Caudebecquet."

The boy is a stranger to her as he is to all the others, and she has been admiring his frank, dark face and bright, saucy eyes. As she speaks she sees his eyes open widely, while his face loses all color.

"My God!" he cries, and without another word he darts away from her. He pushes through the gay, chattering crowd. No one seems to notice him, though afterward more than one remembers how pale and wild the stranger lad looked as he struggled past them.

They are too much preoccupied to guess at his despair; only the leaden sky sees that, as he runs desperately along the sandy road leading to the Seine.

"My God, help me!" he cries again, in an anguish of terror, and he tries to run faster still. . . .

It seems to Jean that the road lengthens itself pitilessly, and yet, though he longs to reach the river-side, he dreads the news he may learn there.

At last he has gained the end of the long road, and comes in view of the pale, cold-looking river.

The light is shining brightly on the other side, and Jean's throbbing heart is still for an instant with the shock of his alarm. It is the light: who, then, has kindled it? He is found out! Some one has discovered his absence and has lit the lamp in the tower. It cannot be his sick mother. The thought rouses him to greater speed; for Jean dearly loves his mother, and the idea that she, in her weak, sickly state, should have exposed herself to the night air and climbed that high, ladder-like staircase, makes him gasp with fear. His fingers tremble so that he can scarcely unfasten the rope from the post to which the boat is tied. He at last pushes off the boat, now quivering like some living creature on the pale river, and as he rows rapidly away the white post seems to gleam mockingly at him—a phantom in the gloom. . .

The landing-place opposite is in a little creek between the lighthouse and the bend of the river, and as he draws near this, Jean glances over his shoulder. Some one, who holds a lantern, is waiting for him; a few more strokes and he is there.

Jean feels his boat drawn into the sandy creek, and in a minute he has stepped on land.

"Is it you, uncle?" he says, and then he is silenced by the look on his uncle Eugéne's face. Always a hard, expressionless face, but now, as the light from the lantern falls upon it, it looks red and stern.

He does not speak till the boat is safely fastened; when this is done he leads the way to the cottage.

Jean cannot speak; he hangs his head as he follows his uncle; but as he sees a light in his mother's room, anxiety for her conquers his shame for his neglect.

"Did mother light the lamp in the tower?" he says, eagerly.

His uncle shakes his head sadly, and then, going into the cottage, he places the lantern he carries on the table and turns to Jean.

"I lighted the lamp when I saw, on coming back from Jumiéges, that it had not been kindled—but I was too late—I had heard a cry, even so far off as the high road is above the bend; I got down to the river as quickly as I could through the trees, but all I could see was a small boat bottom upward between the two sandbanks in the midst of the stream."

Jean turns a ghastly white, but he breaks in impetuously:

"The man might be swimming, he may be there yet—let us go."

His uncle catches him roughly by the arm.

"Keep quiet!" and then he checks his angry tone. "I should be harder on you, Jean, if I did not feel that you have punished yourself enough—you have ruined your life; you had your future made for you plain, and straight, and easy-going; all that was asked of you was a little self-control and self-denial, and because you could

SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT, FINANCE MINISTER.
SEE PAGE 257.

not even refuse yourself a trifling amusement—may God have mercy on you—you have let a fellow-creature drown. Hush!" for Jean tries to be heard; "you might know well enough to be sure I have made every effort; to-morrow will tell us what has happened, and a strict inquiry will be made."

"It need not be made," says Jean, doggedly. "I shall give myself up and tell the truth."

His uncle is silent, but he had decided what to do before Jean crossed the river.

Presently he says, "No, that would kill your mother and ruin our good name in the country. No, Jean; you must say good-by to your mother, and you must go away at daybreak. You are strong and honest, and you must do the best you can for yourself."

"Spare me, uncle, I cannot leave my mother," the lad says, piteously.

"Do you fear to trust her to me?" Eugéne Dreux answers, sternly. "You have no voice in this matter, Jean. If you stay, you break her heart and ruin us all. I pledged myself that you were fit for your post; you have flung away my character, as well as your own; you must go; but you are young; and you have time to begin afresh. Here is some money." He puts a small bag on the table. "Your mother will live with me at the mill; I do not wish to see you again."

Then, before the lad can answer, he goes away with his lantern, leaving Jean alone in the darkness.

Chapter II.

Four years have gone by since that gloomy evening by the Seine. As Eugéne Dreux expected, although he had not told his hope to his nephew, no one had observed the absence of the light in the tower, and although some inquiry was made about a stranger who rowed up from Pont Andemer, and an empty boat that floated down to Villequier, still, as no one prosecuted the inquiry, and no body was found, the miller kept silence about the cry he had heard, and the event was soon forgotten.

Eugéne minded the lighthouse himself for a while, and then he gave out that Jean was not suited to the post and had found employment far from home. Very soon a sturdy fisherman succeeded to Jean's duties, and took possession of the red-brick cottage.

The broad-shouldered miller had grown redder-faced than ever, in these four years, but he always looked stern and sad.

His sister Marie lived with him, but, though he was kind and gentle to her, the poor delicate woman seemed afraid of him; she was always like a child who expects rebuke. Marie had not been able to forgive herself for her share in Jean's neglect, nor could she pardon Eugéne for robbing her of her boy. She literally pined for a sight of Jean. Dreux had given the lad an address at Caen where he could occasionally hear news of his mother; and Marie had learned by inquiry that her letter sent to this address had been asked for; but not one line from Jean had broken the long sad silence. . . .

She sits this evening at the open doorway of the mill.

This old tumble-down, half-timbered house is certainly a far more comfortable dwelling than the red cottage on the marsh; there she could only see the broad, pale river and its willow-fringed banks; but now it is pleasant to sit in the little porch outside the mill—from this she can see the old black wheel lumbering round, and the bright stream of water sparkling and dashing and gurgling over a heap of moss-grown stones and then flowing on peacefully between two high, steep green banks. One of these banks, that nearest the winding way that leads down to the high road, is topped by tall shivering poplar-trees that cast long shadows across the path, for it is afternoon in late September, and the days shorten fast. There are gaps among the poplars, and

HONORABLE EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C.—SEE PAGE 257.

LORD MONCK, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.— SEE PAGE 257.

through these broad patches of sunshine fling themselves in yellow bars across, and so make the road checkered.

Marie wonders where Eugéne is this pleasant evening, and whether he is out in his boat. She sighs as she remembers what the neighbors say of Eugéne. She is so infirm that she rarely stirs beyond the mill-stream ; but once or twice, as she sat at the door waiting for her brother, it has seemed to her that the burly miller does not walk so steadily as he did, and that he speaks in a thick, strange manner. Can it be true that he is growing fond of drink ?

From where she sits Marie cannot see the landing-place and its posts ; the path winds as it goes down-hill just by the creek. Looking back at the lighthouse and the small red cottage, stands a tall, bronzed, and bearded man.

At last he turns with a deep sigh, crosses the high road, and goes up the checkered path that leads to the mill.

As he comes in sight of Marie she jumps up from her chair with a suddenness that would have startled her brother. For a minute she stands clinging to the side of the porch, and then she walks forward more firmly than she has walked since her husband's death, and with a little cry flings herself into her son's arms.

"My Jean, have you come back ?" she sobs. "The Holy Virgin and the saints be praised !" Then there is silence. . . .

Jean has sat nearly an hour beside his mother. He has been telling her the ups and downs of his life since they parted. He has, however, prospered better than he could have hoped for. Though his uncle had refused to give him a character, he had advised him to seek employment in Caen or its neighborhood, and after one or two failures Jean had at last found steady work at a flour-mill on the further side of the city.

Marie sits looking at him, hanging on every word. What a fine fellow he has grown, she thinks.

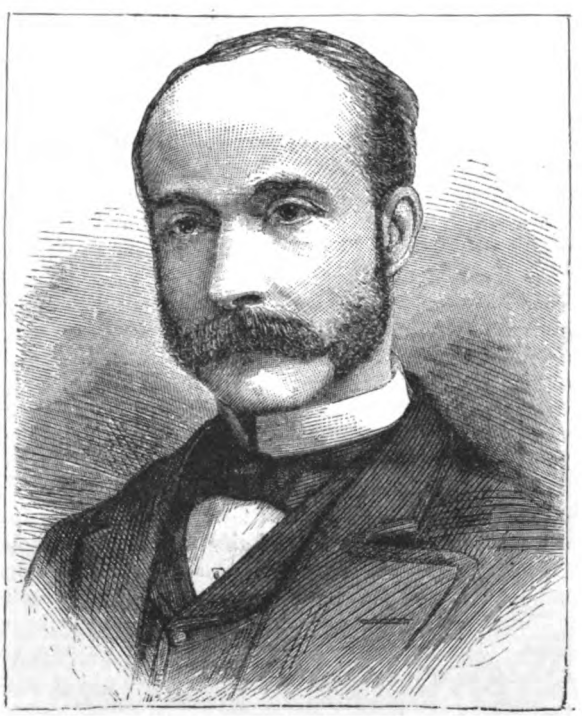
"But you look so sad, my Jean ; and why did you never write to me, or come home ?"

Jean shakes his head.

"I should not be here now, but for my master."

"Oh, my boy, did you not want to see me once more ?"

"Mother !" He puts his strong arm round her and gives her a loving kiss. "I have longed every day to see you ; but see you not that I had earned a punishment, and what right had I to murmur at being parted from you ? How do I know that some poor



LORD LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

mother was not watching and weeping that night for her boy, lost through my carelessness ?"

Marie wipes her eyes by rubbing them on Jean's shoulder.

"Well, well !" she says ; "I have cried, and prayed, too, about that night. I was most to blame, Jean, and I know Eugéne thinks so."

"Does he ?" Jean's eyes glisten ; then, after a bit : "At last I told my master how matters stood, and he said, 'You are treating your mother badly, you are selfish and cruel to her ; you must go and see her, and she will tell you whether your uncle has forgiven you.'"

"I cannot say if he has." Marie's voice is sad. "Eugéne is strange and silent, but I will sound him when he comes in. Did you see his boat at the creek ?"

"No," Jean answered. "He must be out of sight somewhere ; while I stood looking up and down the river there was not a barge or boat to be seen, and it is high tide, too—a very high tide, I may say. What ails you, eh, little mother ?"

He is startled by the change in her. She sits upright in her chair, with her thin hands clasped in her lap ; a gray hue spreads over her face ; the only sign of life she gives is to point toward the river.

He catches at her hand. "What is it ?" he says. "What ails you ?" But she pushes his hand away, she gasps for speech, and still she points vehemently forward.

"I had forgotten," she breaks out at last. "It is the Mascaret, and it is just the time. Where can Eugéne be ? He will be lost in the *flot !*"

Jean looks as deathlike as his mother. Away from the river, he has forgotten the terrible wave which at this time of year causes such destruction along the banks of the Seine. A flash of recollection tells him why the boats and barges were all out of sight as he stood gazing at the river ; they are lying safely moored in one of the creeks lower down.

"But, mother, tell me, why do you fancy my uncle is on the river at such a time ? *He* knows better."

"I——" Marie shrinks from telling her fears about her brother. "I know it, Jean ; he often now *falls asleep*—in his boat. Do you understand ?" She clasps her hands together with a terrible sense of her own helplessness. "My boy," she sobs, "he is changed ; we have ruined Eugéne !"

But Jean scarcely hears ; her shame-struck face, her hesitation, tell him all. He hurries down the winding path and plunges in among the trees and low-growing bushes, which border one side of the creek and fill up the broad space between the high road and the angle made by the bend of the stream.

Jean has been walking beside the river all day, and he feels sure that he must have seen his uncle's boat if Eugéne had gone down-stream. Some instinct tells him that the boat lies hidden beyond the bend ; this thought quickens his steps, for he knows that the stream narrows again at this point, and that the creek beyond the bend offers no shelter from the fury of the *flot*.

There is no path among the thickly-planted trees ; in some places the slender, white stems almost touch. Jean has to cut away with his clasp-knife obstructing branches of the undergrowth, and more than once he trips over stumps hidden by this lower leafage. At last he reaches the fringe of birch-trees on the further side and looks upstream. A boat is twenty yards or so ahead of him, and he fancies he sees a man lying in it.

"Eugéne ! Eugéne Dreux !" he calls, loudly.

There is no answer. The ground is marshy beyond the fringe of trees, and the footing is unsafe. Jean glances at the river ; he thinks it is no longer so smooth and still as when he stood by the lighthouse. Yes, there is a slight movement on the water.

"Eugéne ! Eugéne Dreux !" he shouts again. . . .

Marie has gone back to her bench, and sits there white and trembling. The horrible dread she feels has robbed her of all power of movement. She knows the strength of the Mascaret, that dreadful *flot* which has worked so much harm ; the *flot* that carries sand and stones up the river, and makes pilots needful on the Seine. She remembers that cottages built near the banks have been swept away by the furious wave, and that a boat left unmoored is sure to be dashed in pieces.

Her eyes open widely and she gives a sharp cry, almost a shriek, a mixture of terror and anguish. In her longing to save Eugéne, Marie has forgotten the nearness of the catastrophe ; all at once she sees that she has perhaps sent Jean to his doom.

Her strength comes back, as it sometimes does to the weakest in this moment of terror. She staggers down the winding path ; she has reached the creek ; but she does not look toward the bend ; instead she faces round and gazes down the Seine.

The gray pallor spreads over her face again, and she stretches out her arm as if to push back something that comes nearer.

Hark ! what is that ?

A low murmur that swells like the howling of the wind, swells louder and louder as it comes nearer.

It is the roar of rushing water, and Marie stands spellbound and listening. . . . Nearer—nearer, the roar sounds like thunder ; Marie's eyes are strained to the furthest point she can see—the bend the Seine makes below Caudebec. The water is quiet, though it has no longer the glassy stillness of five minutes ago.

In a moment as she gazes she sees the river rise up as if to leave its bed. Marie's tongue is loosed.

"Jean ! Jean !" she cries, wildly, "save yourself ! the *flot* is here."

On rolls the water in one wide sweeping wave, gathering volume as it comes, six feet above its usual level ; it flings with fury stones and spray up the banks in clouds of foam, filling the air with the hoarse cry of the *flot*.

On it comes with lightning swiftness, a huge mass, twenty feet high by now, against the lighthouse-tower. Another wave follows in fierce fury, and then a third spreads over the marsh in a yellow foaming flood that doubles the width of the river.

The sight brings back Marie's wits, she wades into the yellow flood and cries out "Help !" to the red cottage.

But many feet of water flow between, and she feels the oozy ground sink under her feet ; it is hopeless to seek aid from the cottage. She gets back to firm land.

To reach the village, she must follow the high road behind the copsewood—she staggers on.

But the impulse which has carried her forward leaves her as suddenly as it came.

"My God ! help me," she cries, and then, pale and shaking in every limb, she clings to the wall of the little arch under which the millstream flows down to the Seine.

* * * * * *

It is spring-time, the millwheel goes round merrily, and the miller's man, a tall, dark-eyed fellow, stands beside the miller seated in the porch. Eugéne Dreux's face is neither so bad nor so red as it was, but he goes about on crutches, and people say he will never use his legs again.

"Well, uncle," Jean says, "I must leave you at the week's end, or my master will fill up my place."

Jean's eyes go on to his mother, who stands near, and to his surprise she smiles at his words.

"It was a pity, Jean, you saved me from the *flot*," his uncle says, gruffly, "if you are now going to leave me in the lurch. No, Jean, the mill will keep us all and more. I give it up to you—you are its master."

LONGING.

By Julian Butterworth.

The road's each turn reveals another bend
That I would reach; at every gate I stay
With lingering look, where quiet valleys stray
The heather-dappled hills among. I send
A wistful gaze to upland paths that wend
Beckoning to bluer heights, and wondering say,
"What is this Better, ever far away?
And when will all this restless longing end?"
Till that first day of joy's bewilderment,
When God shall make each shadowy outline clear,
Wait patiently—thou canst not bring more near
What He has bidden now be far and dim;
But thou wilt find thy rest in sight of Him,
Within the small inclosure of thy tent.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL.

By George R. Parrish.

She came lightly down the wide, stone steps of the Union Depot, alone, holding in one neatly-gloved hand a small russet valise. This particular person was a young lady of medium height, graceful movements and tasty dress; a young lady whose dark-brown eyes sparkled merrily beneath the coquettish rim of her hat, and whose waving, abundant hair shaded a face scarcely to be deemed pretty, yet decidedly bright and interesting.

Thus, at least, our friend Carlton thought, as from his comfortable seat on the iron bench below he glanced carelessly up, over the top of his paper, and noticed her coming down.

Straight toward him she came, perfectly self-possessed, and evidently accustomed to all the din and bustle of a great city depot. At the bottom of the steps the girl paused an instant and glanced about her, down the busy, crowded platform, as if looking for some expected face. Disappointed in this hope, and with a very becoming pout curling her lips, she turned slowly away, in the direction of the ladies' waiting-room.

As she thus moved forward, in total indifference to her surroundings, a heavy baggage-truck, propelled by three men, came rolling along the floor, and, wrapped in her own thoughts, the girl stepped directly in its tracks.

In another instant the iron front would have struck her heavily, when Carlton, dropping his indolent manner, like a flash bounded quickly forward, caught her slight figure firmly about the waist, and lifting her in his strong arms as he would a child, swung her closely against the stone wall. Scarcely was it accomplished, when the great truck surged clumsily forward into the parting crowd.

Even then she failed to comprehend, for, flushed and angry, the girl tore herself free and faced about, her dark eyes fairly blazing as she looked up into Carlton's calm and unexcited face.

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed, indignantly.

He smiled a little at the fierce tone, and pointed toward the fast-disappearing truck.

"That would have struck you," he said, calmly.

She glanced in the direction pointed out, then up into his face again. It was a strong, honest, manly face, and the brown eyes grew milder.

"Was—was that truck, indeed, very near me?" she questioned, as if scarcely knowing what best to say.

"So near that nothing remained but the heroic treatment," he replied, good-humoredly; "I therefore trust that you will pardon all my rudeness under the circumstances?"

She was looking straight into his gray eyes as he spoke, and thinking to herself, "This man is a gentleman!" Then, impulsively, she held out her gloved hand to him.

"I can well afford to grant pardon," she said, gracefully, "and I wish also to thank you, for indeed it would seem doubly hard for me to be injured just at this time."

He heard the words as he bent low over the little hand—heard them, and dimly wondered what she meant. Was she about to be married? Was she just married?—or what?"

These queries flashed over his mind in the instant, for he had barely time to answer with some easy commonplace, when a hearty voice, close to his elbow, cried out, hastily:

"So you're here, are you? I've been hunting for you from one end of the platform to the other."

Apparently startled, the girl drew her hand out suddenly from Carlton's grasp, and a most peculiar expression sprang into her brown eyes as they sank before his own.

The young man turned to face the newcomer, a heavily-built, well-dressed fellow of forty or thereabouts.

"A bit loud!" was Carlton's silent comment, as their eyes met, searchingly, for an instant.

Then, without uttering so much as a word in explanation or apology, the man drew the lady's hand carelessly upon his arm, and led her coolly down the platform.

The girl, her face slightly flushed, glanced back rather timidly once, and bowed slightly as if in adieu; at which Carlton lifted his hat, and then stood, uncovered, watching until the couple disappeared in the crowd.

"Odd," he reflected, thoughtfully, "that I should feel so strongly interested in a mere passing acquaintance, and then find her pre-empted by some one else. I believe I could learn to like that girl; but he—well, he's a brute, or I am no judge of character.

Thus meditating, he likewise sauntered slowly through the ticket-gate toward the waiting Southern train.

Philip Carlton, junior member of the great law firm of Carmoy, Moss & Carlton, is too well known to require any introduction here. Twelve years at the Bar had made him a trifle cynical perhaps, but had left unseared the warm, generous impulses of his nature.

Now, as he took his seat in the smoking-room of a sleeper, he lit a prime Havana, and opening a late magazine, proceeded to dismiss altogether from his mind both knotty legal points and charming chance acquaintances. But, alas! we people of this world are strange, and even the calmness born of many a warm forensic battle proved no barrier for keeping out brown eyes, and he gradually became less interested in the pages before him, and more so in the blue curling smoke overhead and the images which grew out of it.

"What a brute of a husband that fellow will make!" he muttered, grimly, for no other supposition even once entered his mind. "Why, she is absolutely in fear of the fellow already," recalling the sudden start; "but what a neat hand she had! I admire neat hands, and the eyes—

why, one could read her every thought, they were so deep and clear!"

He dropped his cigar-stub carelessly out of the open window, and glanced at the landscape swiftly flitting by.

"I wonder did they take this train?" still idly musing. Then he slowly rose to his feet. "I presume I'm a fool, but I should like to know where they stop."

He found the object of his search, seated alone in the second car forward, gazing listlessly out of the window. A slight confusion in the narrow aisle caused her to glance up, and she saw him standing there. Their eyes met and the lady smiled; he thought flushed a little.

"You must believe me very impolite," she began, as if anxious to explain everything, "but truly I could not help myself."

"Impolite is a strong word," he answered, gallantly, "and I certainly did not think so."

"Ah, but I feel that I was, and—and Mr. Bartram is very cross sometimes."

"So her name is Bartram," Carlton thought, heartily wishing himself out of the affair altogether, yet at the same moment dropping into the vacant seat beside her.

"Why is not Mr. Bartram with you?" he questioned, for want of something better to say.

She glanced shyly up into his face, her lips smiling.

"He is forward in the smoker," she said; "he generally travels in the smoker."

"The brute!" Carlton muttered to himself, then added, aloud:

"I should suppose he would find it much more pleasant here?"

"Oh," with a little laugh, "I suppose that is a compliment for which I should return my thanks, but the truth is, he sees enough of me at other times."

Carlton watched the color come and go on the clear cheeks as she spoke, and for the moment truly hated himself. Then he glanced down at the white, ungloved hands, crossed carelessly upon a book which lay open in her lap.

"You enjoy reading?"

"Usually, yes," she replied; "but I have been unable to chain my thoughts to a page this afternoon."

Without taking time to reflect, the young lawyer exclaimed, earnestly, "Indeed! It is strange, but I have

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.— SEE PAGE 257.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL. —"HE TOOK THE HAND WHICH SHE HELD OUT, AND BENT OVER IT REVERENTLY."
SEE PAGE 271.

found the same difficulty!" As if in accident their eyes met at the words, and hers sunk, while the blood crimsoned her face.

"My—my book was sovery stupid!" she faltered; then asked quickly, as if seeking escape, "Do you travel far?"

"To the Junction; and you?"

"Only to Colton to-day. I think that was the place Mr. Bartram mentioned.

He was leaning one arm upon the back of the seat, looking down at her, when a heavy hand closed roughly upon his shoulder. He looked up, startled, into Bartram's coarse and angry face.

"I'll trouble you for that seat!" the man said, threateningly. "This lady can get along without you, I think, sir!"

Carlton's first feeling was shame at being found in such a position, but the sneer in those last words stung him, and a hard, dangerous light flashed into the gray eyes. He would have retorted hotly, but he felt a soft touch on his sleeve and heard the girl whisper, hastily, "Oh, don't! Please don't!"

With a bow of obedience to her, he rose to his feet and stepped out into the aisle.

"You are insulting!" he said, in a low tone, to Bartram, looking him calmly in the face; "but as I cannot quarrel before a lady, I am unable to resent it."

"The usual excuse of a coward!" sneered the man.

"As you will!" Not a muscle of his face changing to betray his feelings. "You can, however, find me in the smoker at any time!" And bowing once more to the lady, Carlton walked slowly down the aisle, apparently unconcerned, but in truth a smoldering bed of fire.

He waited, as he had promised, for the injured husband in the smoker, but Bartram failed to appear. At Colton he saw them both get off together, and noticed, with a thrill of pleasure, that the lady glanced back toward the train, half timidly, and he followed her graceful figure down the street with his eyes. Then the long train pulled out, and they were gone, but not forgotten, for in spite of himself, his theories and his disgust, Philip Carlton was in love.

In vain he endeavored to rid his mind of her; in vain he raved at himself for loving the wife of another—one whom he should probably never meet again; yet the brown eyes overturned everything else, and as the days passed, grew even brighter to his imagination.

Nearly a week later, after duly registering his name on the book of the Dartmouth Hotel, he started up to his room to remove some of the dust of travel.

At the bottom of the flight of narrow, crooked stair she was astonished to hear his name spoken, and turning quickly, saw the brown-eyed girl holding out her hand to him. The sudden leaping of his heart told the truth, as he bent over the white fingers, murmuring his great pleasure at thus meeting her again.

"But you know my name, it seems?" he said, finally; "and I had forgotten ever mentioning it to you."

A slight flush stole up over the fair face.

"And, indeed, you did not," gently withdrawing the hand he still retained. "But Mr. Bartram knew you, and, will you believe it? actually warned me against ever speaking to you again."

"A warning which I rejoice to see you seem to disregard."

"I have a little will of my own," she answered, "and even our contract does not make me a slave!"

And thus they stood there talking on, utterly forgetting how fast time flies, until the supper-bell startled and sent them in opposite directions.

After the meal was over, Carlton stood leaning against the counter in the office, when Bartram came up.

"I saw by the register," he said, endeavoring to keep perfectly cool, "that your name is Carlton?"

"Well, it is! What, then?"

"Now, Mr. Carlton," the man went on, nervously, "I don't wish to have any quarrel with you; but, between man and man, do you honestly think that this thing of following us around so is just fair? It is something which I could not consider gentlemanly, and something which I have never done."

Carlton felt the justice of this rebuke, and colored redly.

"No, it is not right," he answered, candidly. "But this time it was purely accidental," and he briefly explained the circumstances.

"But I saw you talking to the lady not an hour ago."

"That is true, Mr. Bartram, and I feel that I owe you an apology." He thought of the brown eyes that had looked so loyally into his, of all that he was thus giving up, but continued, firmly: "I will trouble you no more, but shall leave here at once. John," turning to the clerk, "call me for the early morning train, east." Then he held out his hand cordially toward the surprised Mr. Bartram. "Let us feel that we part friends," he said.

The man took it in a half-hearted sort of way, and turned aside without saying even a word.

It was late when Carlton finally succeeded in falling asleep that night, his mind full of vagrant fancies, and he awoke the next morning long before the time set for his call; awoke feeling a strange, choking sensation, and great difficulty in breathing. Up through his partially opened window came hoarse shouts, and the hurried tramp of feet on the stone pavement. The room was dark, and so full of smoke as to make him cough and strangle as he opened his eyes and sought to peer about him.

To spring to his feet and hastily dress was but the work of an instant, then he opened his door and went out. The hall was full of smoke, but as yet the flames were invisible. Groping his way slowly along in the darkness, he thought of the girl.

"My God!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly, "that brute would never stop for her—her room was—was No. 49," and he hastily struck a match, and after a slight delay found it. A heavy blow on the panel brought forth an answer from within that made his blood leap in excitement.

"Yes, in a minute."

"Hurry—there is no time to lose!" he shouted, and just then, as if a sudden draught of air had gained entrance, the smoke lifted, and a bright burst of flame rolled up the stairway and lit the hall with a blaze of fire.

To delay longer was impossible, and forgetting everything but the woman he must save, Carlton pressed his shoulder against the wood, burst open the door and sprang within, slamming it behind him.

She stood in the very centre of the room, completely dressed, her long hair floating loosely about her shoulders and her brown eyes, perplexed and frightened, looking into his face.

"Mr. Carlton?" she faltered.

"Yes," he answered, scarcely daring to glance at her, as he stepped hastily forward and looked out the window; "and there is no time to be lost."

"What is it?" she asked, quickly. "Are we then in such great danger?" and she placed one hand earnestly upon his shoulder.

"In great danger," he said, looking down with eager longing into the large brown eyes. "Our escape by the stairs is cut off. There is but one hope now, and that a desperate one. Will you trust and obey me?"

She put both her hands in his.

"I will," she answered, firmly, as if making a most solemn promise.

In that moment of deadly peril, with the flames already creeping into the room, that fair, pale face, looking up so confidingly to him, broke every barrier down.

"Wrong or not," he cried, passionately, clasping the fingers to him, "I must speak. We may never come from here alive, but if we die, we die together. And oh, my darling, here, in the shadow of death, I love you."

He stopped, almost frightened at his wild words, as the creeping flames shed their crimson glow on her upturned face; then obeying an instinct too strong for resistance, he bent and kissed the lips, and in her eyes read an answer which made his heart leap with joy.

But they could delay no longer; already on one side—yes, on three sides—the roaring, advancing flames came sweeping toward them, licking up the light pine floor with greedy lips, the intense heat fairly scorching their faces. On the fourth side was the bare, blank wall, and between the two the single window stood, with tongues of red fire even now creeping along its wooden casements.

"Cling close to me!" he cried; and snatching a sheet from the bed, he bound their bodies together, so tightly that a separation was impossible. The next moment, thus burdened, he had mounted the window-sill, the hot flames circling about them.

A perfect Babel of sounds rang in Carlton's ears as he leaned out of the blazing fire-trap.

"Jump! Jump!" yelled the excited crowd below him, as they looked up.

But, no; with cool head, he has discovered one last hope in the heavy iron gutter stretched along under the roof, but above the reach of his hands.

Without a moment's hesitation, for the least delay meant death, he left his perch, and clinging to the loosened, blazing window-shutters, the girl's arms wound tightly about his neck, Carlton climbed slowly up. No one but a man possessed of iron nerve and muscle could do or dare such a deed, and those far below watch the desperate struggle with white faces.

The wood cracks beneath their heavy weight, the iron staples creak as if breaking, but up, up he goes, inch by inch, until his hands, cut and bleeding, close on the iron pipe, and they swing off under the eaves.

Hand over hand he moves along this slight support, while it bends and sways fearfully beneath their weight, and the girl for the first time utters a cry of fear. But cool, as if upon the ladder of his favorite gymnasium, Carlton works his way the full length of the building, until he at last reaches the discharge-pipe, and, clinging to its smooth surface, slides rapidly to the ground.

The crowd surged that way with a cheer, but the first man to come up was Bartram, and, even at such a time, the eyes of the two men met with a blaze of hate.

Scarcely knowing why, Carlton followed, as with tender hands the people bore the fainting girl into a house near by, and thus, when her eyes at length opened, she looked up with a glad smile into his anxious face.

He took the hand which she held out, and bent over it reverently.

"You must forgive me," he whispered, painfully, "for the words I was weak enough to say when we stood facing death together!"

"Forgive you!" The brown eyes opened wide. "Then—then you did not mean it?"

"Mean it!" he echoed, his brows creased with anguish; "they came from the very bottom of my heart, but I should have been more manly than to have breathed it to your ears, Mrs. Bartram."

"Mrs. Bartram!" looking at him as if he must be crazed. "Why, what do you mean?—you certainly cannot think me married?"

"But I did!" eagerly; "is it not so?"

The brown eyes sparkled with merriment, and the lips he had kissed laughed.

"How ridiculous!" she cried. "Why, of course not! How could you! Mr. Bartram is only my manager, and I am the actress, Ada Marshall."

Carlton sprang to his feet as if shot, the glorious light of pleasure flashing across his face at the words.

"What a fool I've been!" he exclaimed. "And your heart?"

"Loves you truly, Philip."

"Just as might be expected! I supposed I should find you here!" exclaimed Mr. Bartram, with every appearance of disgust, as he stepped into the room, a few moments later.

Carlton advanced toward this irate individual and held out his hand.

"Mr. Bartram," he said, with an odd twinkle in his eye, "we will be very happy when we have your congratulations. Miss Marshall has consented to become my wife."

"Beaten!" Bartram roared, starting back. "Your wife? Then I must hunt up another star!"

"Most certainly, for my wife will never go upon the stage again."

"Why, man," with considerable curiosity, "won't you play her yourself?"

"Scarcely; I shouldn't know how to go at it."

"Isn't your name Carlton?"

"As I told you once before, yes."

"Of the firm of Carlton & Morse, dramatic managers?"

"No; of the firm of Carmoy, Moss & Carlton, lawyers, of Chicago."

"Well, by thunder!" he said, taking the proffered hand, warmly, "I thought all the time you were trying to run away with my star!"

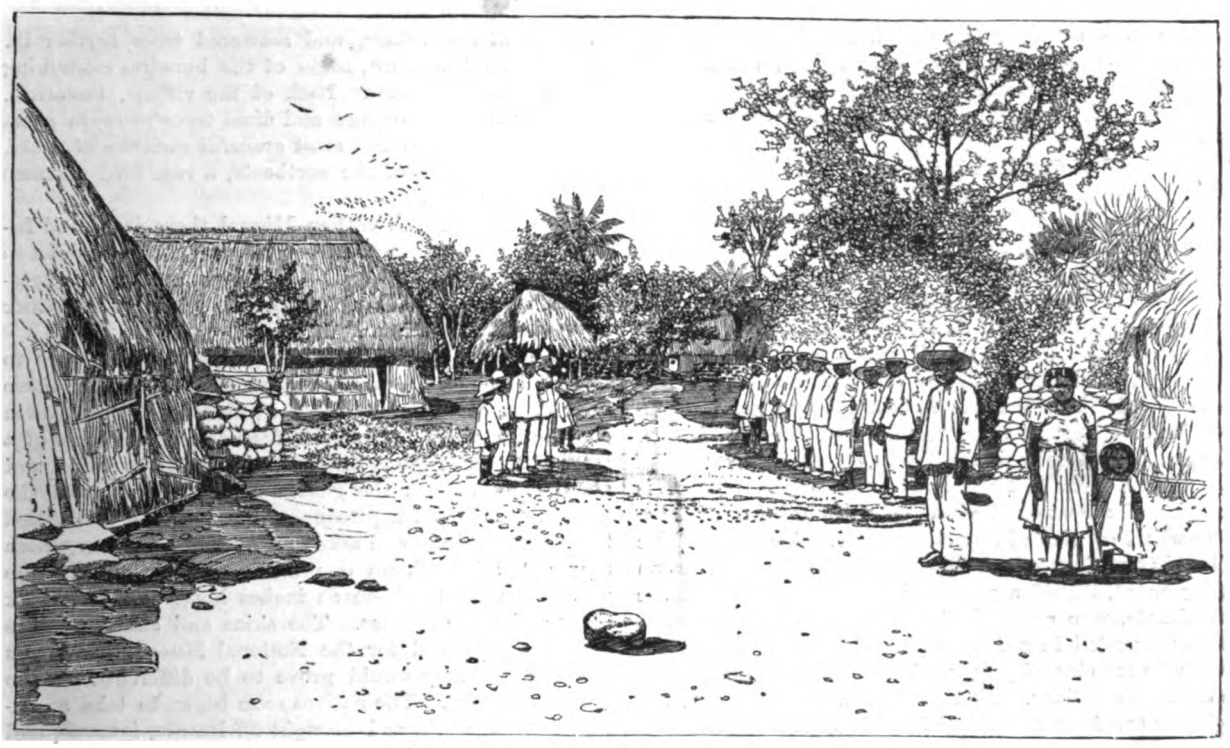
"In which I am glad to say I succeeded!" returned Carlton, looking down into the brown eyes, lifted so tenderly to his own.

A VISIT TO COZUMEL.

The Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* left the Norfolk Navy Yard on January 3d, bound on a cruise to the southward for the purpose of deep-sea exploration, the investigation of the bottom life and fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico, and the natural history of Cozumel.

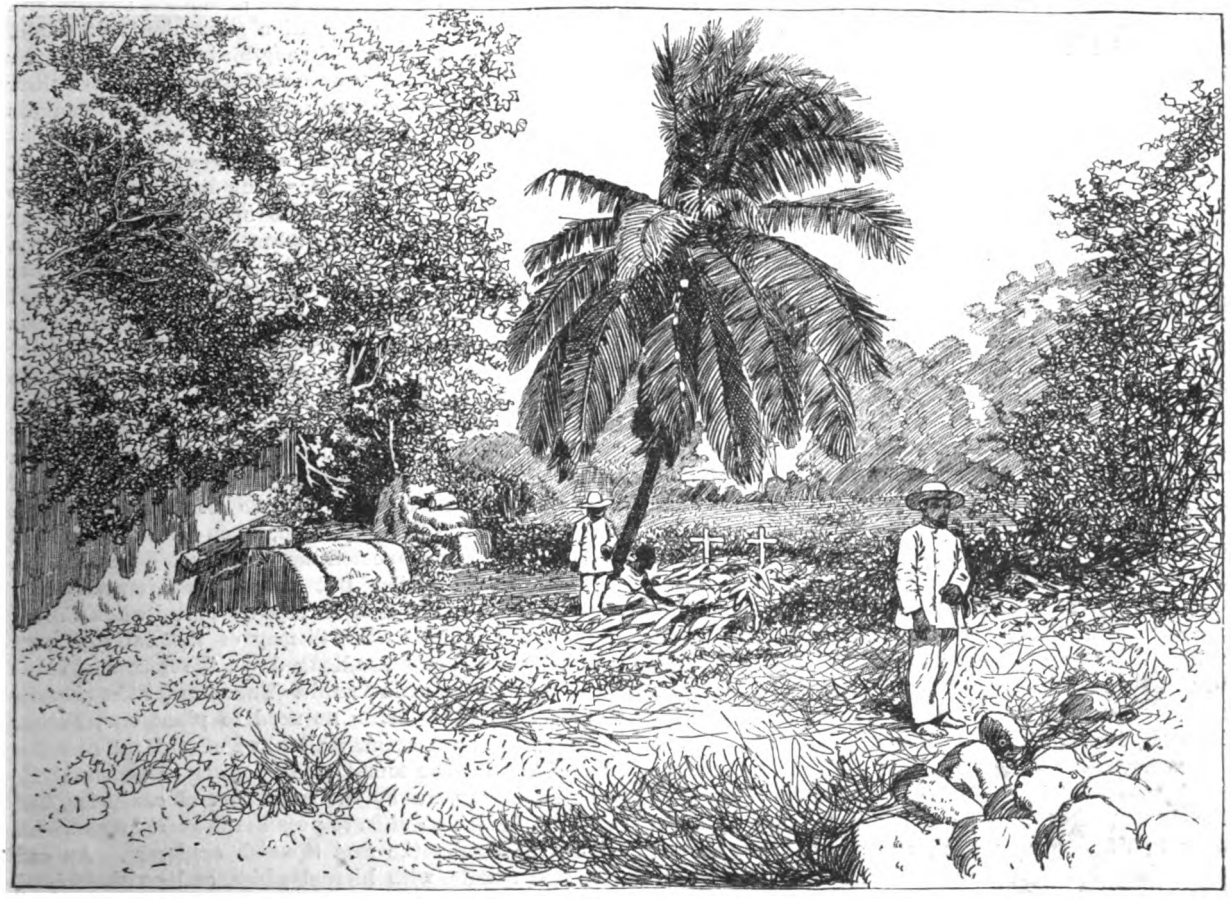
The weather was so bad that with the exception of one trial with trawl lines for the lost tile-fish, near Charleston, no work was done until off Havana. The coral bottom, within a short distance of Moro Castle, that guards the entrance to the harbor, is the favorite home of the *Pentacrinus*, or sea-lily, that was first discovered by H. B. M. S. *Challenger* while on a scientific cruise around the world. This beautiful animal attaches itself to the coral bottom by means of its stem opening and shutting its tentacles, or petals, as its food comes within reach. These crinoids are found in a fossil state in different parts of our country, but the *Challenger* has the credit of capturing the first living representative. It is frequently of

STORIES OF THE ARMOR AND THE FRAY.



INDIAN VILLAGE, ISLAND OF COZUMEL.— SEE PAGE 275.

a creamy-white color, and in shape bears a strong resemblance to the lily. We were fortunate enough to take three hundred specimens, that were carefully preserved in alcohol, to be sent to the Smithsonian. Permission having been obtained from the Captain-general to dredge along the Cuban coast, we started to the westward, stopping at intervals to send down the trawl. Bottom life was not very abundant until nearly across the Yucatan



CEMETERY AT COZUMEL.

Channel, where some very large silicious sponges, live coral, a fine astrophyton, and a splendid, brilliantly colored sea-urchin, with very long spines, came up in the trawl. The marine fauna is very different here from that in the Northern Atlantic, and is much more brilliant in color.

The Island of Cozumel is separated from the east coast of Yucatan by a channel nine miles wide, communication being kept up by a schooner that makes a semi-monthly trip to Progreso. On January 23d we ran in and anchored off San Miguel, on the N. W. coast, where there is a fair harbor, a considerable bight making in. On the chart of Cozumel this indentation is not shown. The anchorage affords good shelter from all winds except west and northwest, with fair holding-ground, although the bottom is coral. The water is so beautifully clear that objects in forty feet of water can be seen on the bottom. The landing-place is immediately abreast the centre of the village, near a large rock, where the bottom is smooth and a boat can be beached without injury. There is no wharf or pier of any description. A custom-house officer is kept here at considerable expense to the Yucatan Government, $4,000 a year, and much annoyance to the inhabitants, who complain bitterly. The municipal authority is vested in a Mayor (Presidente) and two assistants, who are elected yearly. The custom-house officials control the elections. As this is not a port of entry, the collector can force any vessel loading with fruit to go to Progreso to clear. This, of course, kills the fruit-trade, as Progreso is two hundred and fifty miles from San Miguel. Cozumel is only six hundred miles from New Orleans, and could supply all our Southern States with fruit, the rich soil and semi-tropical climate producing the finest of West India fruits to perfection. Oranges, limes and bananas were scattered on the ground, and pineapples could be purchased for a song.

The island is very interesting to the naturalist, being midway between North and Central America. Many of the species of birds found there are common to both. The cardinal, or Virginia red-bird, mocking-birds, thrushes, the yellow-breasted warblers of New York, and the humming-birds seen in Massachusetts, come here to mate. There are many rare tropical birds, and peculiar to this region twenty species of songsters. The naturalists of our party made a collection of bird-skins, and found several undescribed species.

The waters abound in fish, most of them being brilliant in color. The beach is a coral formation, and the incessant action of the waves has honeycombed the coral, making a projecting shelf under which the smaller fish lie in the shade to escape from their enemies, or more readily seize their prey. If a noise is made in the water they will hurry from among the madrepores and algæ and seek shelter in the dark corners of their natural hiding-place. We caught a number of fish resembling the Spanish mackerel, and quite as good eating.

The people live in adobe houses, with palm-thatched roofs that form a light and water-tight covering. No nails are used in the construction, the rafters being secured by lashings of the rope-creeper *Cardizabala biternata*, and are made strong enough to resist the fury of a West India hurricane. The houses are one story high, and poorly furnished, as is shown by the sketch of an interior. Spanish is the language spoken, as on the main land.

The incandescent electric lights were a seven days' wonder to those poor people, and as the news spread over the island that we had a light that burned under water, the ship was overrun by visitors.

There is a fine row of cocoanut-palms along the beach in front of the village, and scattered trees further in. They were full of fruit, some of the bunches containing over eighty cocoanuts. Back of the village, tamarind, flowering almond, orange and lime trees grow in great abundance, besides the most graceful varieties of palm, the favorite home of the certheola, a rare bird we came especially to find.

Seven miles south of San Miguel there is a small Indian village (see sketch). It required some persuasion to prevail upon the inhabitants to turn out for a photograph, as, like our Western tribes, they believe that their souls were being taken away.

The natives had told us of the wild pigs that were to be found inland. Our naturalists had an exciting chase after them, capturing two. The guide-dogs chased them eight miles, when they took refuge among the roots of a large tree. After much difficulty the male was killed, and about eight o'clock the guides came on board with the female. They told a piteous story—how she had killed their favorite dog—and asked for a liberal douceur, which they got, although no one believed their story. The peccaries were thirty-seven inches long, and had thick black and white bristles. The skins and skeletons were carefully preserved for the National Museum, as it was believed that they would prove to be different from the Mexican species. The natives soon began to take an interest in our work, and brought off lizards, iguanas, and a beautiful pheasant.

Collecting at Cozumel is attended by many difficulties. At times the undergrowth was so dense that our *machetas*, or hunting-knives, had to be used to clear the path. Our worst enemy was a wood-tick, *garrapati*, that would bore under the skin and go unobserved for a day or two, not to speak of the constant fear of snakes, spiders and scorpions. The dense vegetation gave plenty of shade, and the forests were full of song-birds that filled the air with their music, as the orange-blossoms did with their fragrance; so, in the chase after rare birds, the dangers and annoyances were forgotten.

Cozumel was to the Spanish explorers a marvel, a land of mystery. After skirting along low-lying shores, where only rude, warlike tribes of the most savage character contested their landing, they came almost suddenly on a charming island, which seemed to belong to another world. It was a land of civilized men. Temples and buildings of stone and lime, with towers several stories in height; streets and squares, women-articles of attire, rich jewels of gold. In the great square these Catholic adventurers from Spain beheld, to their amazement, an immense stone cross rearing its form against the sky beyond. They seemed to have reached some Christian land, and would fain have thought so had not idols of strange, uncouth forms been visible on all sides. Such was Cozumel, the Sacred Island, when Grijalva reached it in 1518, and he respected the place, which was held in reverence far and wide. But Alvarado, less impressed by the scene, plundered it of its treasures; and when Cortez arrived, the idols, to the dismay of the natives, were overthrown, and cast headlong down the flights of steps that led up to the main temple. There under the shadow of the cross, there being no need to plant one, Father Olmedo reared a temporary altar and offered the sacrifice of the Mass. The temples and towers of Cozumel lie in ruins, overgrown by the vegetation of centuries, but the City of Merida claims to possess the great cross which filled with wonder the first Spanish explorers. An old wall still stands, with hieroglyphics, and on the island several towers that resemble the Aztec ruins on the main

land, although M. Le Plongeon states that there is a marked difference. A feature of these towers is that they were built in the shape of a truncated pyramid of hewn stone, with flights of steps leading up to the place of worship; and, indeed, they were used for that purpose. The Aztec ruins afford a means to study the customs of these interesting people.

At daylight of January 29th we got under way, and steamed to the southward, skirting the coral reefs. We anchored at ten o'clock to send a collecting party on shore, and a seining party to investigate the lagoon. The ship now got under way, and made a series of dredgings in 200, 250 and 300 fathoms, smooth coral bottom. A number of rare crustacea, some fine sea-urchins and several new fish were taken. In the meantime our shore parties were hard at work, and at sundown returned on board with a fine lot of specimens. We then turned our head to the northward, to investigate the fishing-grounds on the Campeche banks, with the view of extending the commercial importance of the Gulf fisheries.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

A Week of Horror.

It was in the Summer of 1841 that Uncle Harvey Gaillard and his two nieces, Dotsie Palmer and I (Queenie Duncan), were traveling in the far-famed Mountains of the Blue Ridge. They were not opened up to the public as they are now, and it was considered almost perilous to pass through some localities. Fugitives from justice and ruffians from other States made a rendezvous of these localities, their impregnable fastnesses being a safe retreat from all pursuit.

We had been dawdling away the Summer months in perfect indolence, meeting now and then friends traveling in their own conveyances in the same dilatory way, and enjoying like ourselves the unconventional gypsy freedom.

I said Uncle Harvey, Dotsie and I, but I omitted to mention the fact that Rex Cheves and Lane Ferguson belonged to our party when we first set out on our rambles; but two days back they had quietly dropped out, in consequence of a serious difference I had had with Rex, a trifle more serious than usual (for we had always quarreled ever since we were children), in which he had said some unnecessarily harsh things, to which I had retorted, and it finally culminated in Rex and his friend changing their route.

Uncle Harvey never mixed himself up in our girlish "affairs." He was the dearest of uncles, and only alluded to the defection of our cavaliers in the most casual way.

It had been rather a dismal day on the occasion of which I write. We had met not a solitary sign of human life. The road wound interminably along, and Dotsie—inane at all times—was more unbearable than usual. I had listened to her driveling inanities, mingled with regrets for the absence of her recreant knight, Lane, and reproaches aimed at me, until I was as snappish as a young alligator, and told her, at last, if she regretted him so much she had better have remained behind with him. Dotsie simmered down in whimpering tears, and we wound on through the narrow gorge that grew wilder and more gloomy as the evening shades stole down.

My reflections were not the pleasantest, when suddenly we came to a halt.

"Hello, Jim!" called out Uncle Harvey. "Anything the matter?"

"No, sah," answered Jim, with the punctiliousness of a servant of the olden time, "not'in', only, wid de greatest dispects for your worshipful self and de young ladies, I 'spec I lost de way," and, touching his hat deprecatingly, he peered out doubtfully in the gathering gloom.

"Well, it can't be helped, Jim; the road must lead *somewhere*. Light the lamps and drive on."

Then two hours more of slow windings amid the fragrance of sweet-scented shrubs, enlivened by cheerful remarks from Dotsie, to the effect that she knew just how it would be—we should all be murdered, probably, and more, which, in our present circumstances, was the reverse of exhilarating.

"It was rather unfortunate that Lane and Rex concluded to change their route," Uncle Harvey observed, in the most casual way. "They would have been of infinite service to us just now." (More twinges for me.)

Presently another decided halt.

"Well, what now, Jim?" called Uncle Harvey.

"'Pears like de road goes straight up dis rock, Mars Harbey. I'se clear discouraged!"

And turning the light before us, it shone full on huge rocky barriers rising twelve or fourteen feet, while to the left rose a solid rock wall eighty or ninety feet in height, and to the right a deep jagged ravine shelving down to the black and sluggish river.

"Well, Jim, it does look a little discouraging;" and Uncle Harvey got out, shook himself, and peered about with a puzzled look. "It is certainly a road we have been following so far," he added, a little dubiously. "What do you think, Jim?" not unlike most Southern planters, who, when completely mystified themselves, were very apt to depend on the sagacity of some favored slave.

"Wid de 'ception ob Miss Queenie and Miss Dotsie, t'ink de debil's got us, sure," with another touch of his hat.

With a "Pooh! nonsense!" Uncle Harvey detached one of the carriage-lamps and proceeded to investigate.

In the interim Dotsie ran up a perfect gamut of whimperings.

"Likely as not," she squealed, "we have come right to Black Ranz's Den. Oh, we shall all be murdered! Oh, Queenie," catching hold of me, "I'm so frightened!"

I shook her off with small ceremony.

"Do be quiet," I said, "and control yourself. You can die but once," I added, impressively.

"Oh, fur de Holy Marster's sake, Miss Dotsie, don't talk 'bout Black Ranz. You make dis cullud pusson's eyes obtrude wid objuscation. Nobody dat eber goes in Black Ranz's Den eber comes out alive, so dey tells me, an' I believes it."

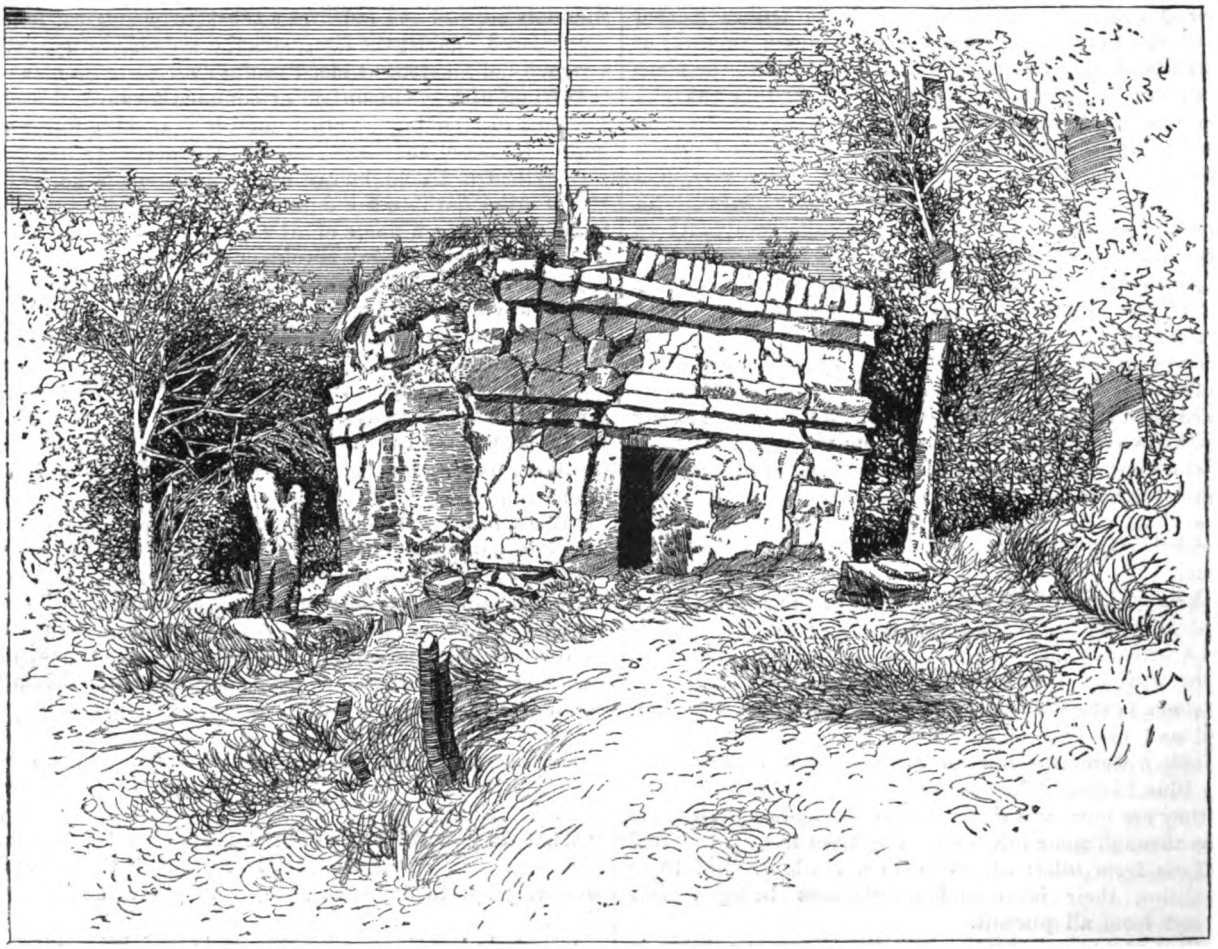
And Jim's usually imperturbable countenance settled into one immense "scare."

This much-dreaded Black Ranz was a notorious freebooter, who ranged the mountains and defied alike pursuit and capture. He was of mixed race, and blood curdling were the stories we had listened to of his deeds of daring.

The good country-folks talked in whispers of those who had come in his way that never saw the light again, and awful hints of a deep, inky pool that left no trail. I did not quite credit all they told; still, I had no desire to come in contact with this pirate of the mountain-pass.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, Uncle Harvey came back.

"Well, girls," he said, "it's quite useless. I see no



VIEW OF THE OLD WALL, COZUMEL.—SEE PAGE 275.

way except to retrace our steps, or quietly make ourselves comfortable where we are. I think probably that would be better"—a little absently. "We have plenty of wraps."

Without a word, the well-trained coachman dismounted and commenced to unhitch the tired animals.

In a few minutes we made ourselves as snug as possible inside the carriage, and Jim curled himself up, wrapped in his heavy coat, just underneath, and soon gave evidence that he was in the land of painted shadows. Dotsie and Uncle Harvey followed suit, and I became conscious that I was the only waking one on the lonely mountain-side. The feeling that came over me was horribly depressing, and I could have shrieked aloud, had I dared; for the first time I was discovering that I had nerves.

The minutes passed, oh, so slowly! I need not say how devoutly I wished that I had postponed my "late little unpleasantness" with Rex.

As I sat thus, with every nerve strained to its fullest tension, I became conscious, with a kind of subtle animal magnetism, of a presence, and, glancing up, I encountered a face—a handsome, evil face—looking at me from the thick undergrowth.

I was so paralyzed with horror that I gazed at it with a species of fascination for perhaps a half-minute.

Then it advanced toward me, came close to the carriage-window, and flashed the light of a dark-lantern full on me. I gave an involuntary scream, and Uncle Harvey started from a sound slumber, blinked his eyes, and said:

"Well, my friend, you find us in a bad plight. We had given up all hope of a shelter for the night."

And then he stopped and looked searchingly at the dark face and basilisk eyes, that never for an instant left my own.

"Can you direct us to shelter?" he asked, opening the door and alighting.

"I can; but it is a rude accommodation for ladies."

The tones were mellow, but I shrank from them.

"Come, then, girls. Jim, turn out."

"Uncle Harvey," I whispered, "I would rather stay here. It will soon be morning."

I got for my temerity another of those evil glances.

Uncle Harvey either would not, or did not, hear me, and the mountaineer, shouldering our wraps and blankets, led the way; and to the right, around a sudden depression in the rock, appeared a fissure quite the size of an ordinary door.

Through this we passed, and I caught my foot against a loose rolling stone, stumbled, and half fell forward.

Quickly the man's bold arm was around me, holding me with a force that sent a thrill of horror through me.

I sprang away from him and stumbled again, this time over Jim and the horses, who were bringing up the rear through the rocky portal.

"Bad luck, Miss Queenie," grumbled Jim, with the freedom of an old, privileged servant. "De third time you stumble when you pass ober new ground you stumble in trouble."

For, with the superstition of his race, Jim had an omen for everything, and, although raised in a land of wild,

legendary lore, I had always made light of their predictions, yet on this night I was so imbued with a morbid sense of danger that I found myself picking my way as carefully as if I had really attached importance to Jim's aphorisms. The ground was very rough and uneven, and Dotsie whimpered dolefully that her feet were bruised and cut, and if the place was much further she should ride.

I kept close to Uncle Harvey's side. Just ahead walked the mountaineer, who, at this complaint of Dotsie's, turned suddenly and flashed his lantern full on me, and muttered, in a low, suppressed voice:

"Are *your* feet cut? Because I could carry you very easily."

"No!" I thundered, lashed into frenzy by conflicting emotions.

Then a sudden turning, and we found ourselves in the midst of a dense forest of balsam saplings.

Emerging from these, we came to an open space—a slight eminence, from which rose a long, low log-cabin, or a chain of cabins, built in the rudest manner, with mudded stick chimneys rising between the compartments.

The dark-browed fellow tapped at the door twice, then scratched a stick quietly across it. A grunt from within, and a withered hag—a half-Indian—opened the door.

She was the quintessence of repulsiveness, and, like the man, seemed to single me out and fix me with her evil eye.

With a great effort I partially conquered my repugnance, and stepped over the rude sill, and as I did so I suddenly slipped and fell over a block of wood that had been placed against the door, striking my temple against a jagged nail, making it bleed profusely.

With an oath the mountaineer bounded forward.

"Don't touch me!" I cried, for I had an idea that he meant to seize me; and then I whispered to Uncle Harvey: "Oh, Uncle Harvey, don't let us remain here. I would rather go into the depths of the forest for a week than remain here a single night!"

Uncle Harvey was very much annoyed.

"Queenie," he said, "do not be so foolish! I'm surprised at you! Are you badly hurt?"

"I am not hurt much," I faltered, pressing my handkerchief to my temple.

"Quick! A poultice! Do you hear?" and the man turned with a swift gesture to the woman.

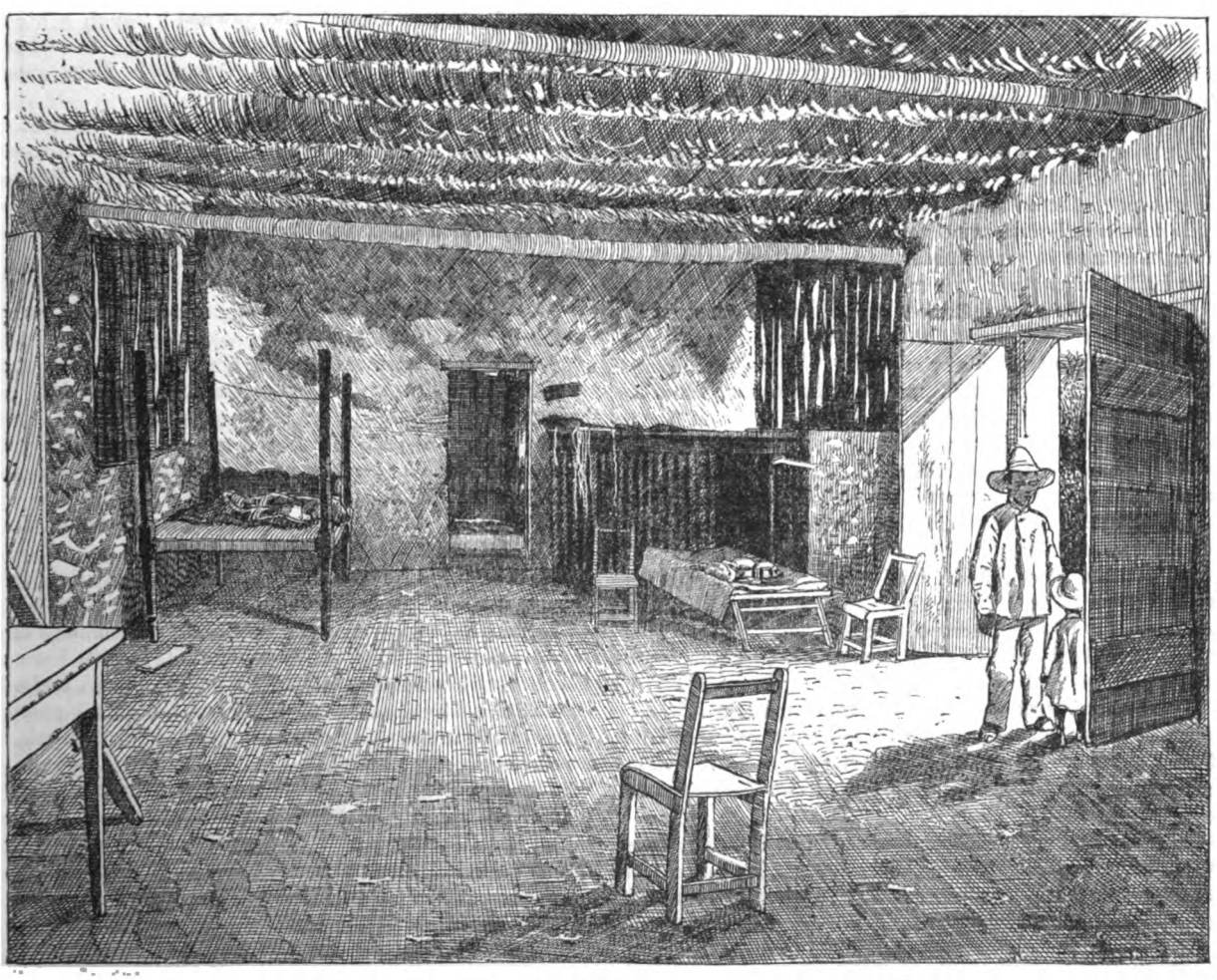
She walked slowly up to him, held up her skinny forefinger before his face, and muttered, impressively, as she did so:

"She's brought blood in the house—once! Look to it! The next time it won't be *her* blood!"

Then, stalking moodily out, she seemed to busy herself in the preparation of some white-looking roots.

Dotsie, who was possessed of one of those shallow natures that feel no emotions save those born of selfishness, had taken possession of the only available seat in the room—a rude bench—and was bewailing her misfortunes.

In the silence that followed I was certain I heard a



A VISIT TO COZUMEL.—AN INTERIOR, SAN MIGUEL.—SEE PAGE 275.

muffled cry twice. I looked toward Uncle Harvey, but he was perfectly oblivious.

"Where's Shack?" presently asked the man.

"Hoppling the brutes," the hag replied, sententiously; then she came forward with the poultice. "Here it is," she said, rudely shoving the tin platter on the table by me. "I have no cloth."

"It does not matter," I answered.

Then Uncle Harvey roused himself.

"Friend, if you will be kind enough to show us a bed, we will be much obliged."

The woman thrust a light wood-knot in the coals and led the way through a door out in the open air.

"There," she said, thrusting the blazing torch in his hand. "Take the third door to the right; you'll find it open."

And Uncle Harvey, with a tired nod to us, disappeared.

I started for the door once to call him back, then, rather ashamed of my fears, I walked back to the bright firelight.

Dotsie was still in the same place, fingering the rings on her baby hands.

The dark-browed mountaineer leaned up against one of the narrow, high windows, and flashed quick glances from Dotsie to me. Then again on the stillness came that low cry, like the scream of a wounded bird.

"Show us where we are to sleep?" I asked, impetuously, of the hag, who was squatted down on the hearth.

She said something in a jargon I did not understand, and the man answered in a monosyllable.

Taking up the lantern and our carriage-wraps, she stalked through a door which had only a rude latch for fastening, and which led into an inner apartment.

It was destitute of a single article of furniture, only in one corner was a heap of fresh balsam-boughs.

Throwing our blankets over these, she mumbled something and withdrew.

I examined the door.

There was only the same primitive wooden latch; but the iron clamps on either side showed that at some time a bar had been used.

There was no other entrance, and one window securely barred.

Dotsie, never equal to any emergency, gazed helplessly around, and asked, peevishly, where she was expected to sleep.

I pointed to the balsams.

She whimpered for a while, then threw herself on the pallet, taking care to possess herself of all the blankets and shawls, and in two minutes was as irresponsive as a log.

I rummaged around and found a stout piece of pointed sapling among the balsam, and made a sort of bolt, in case any one should attempt to enter.

And now the same dread of impending evil came over me, and with a wild half-sob I knelt down, and offered up the same simple prayer I had used since childhood.

I was presently startled by a blow from without. One of the hasps gave way and dropped to the floor, and in the entrance gleamed the evil eyes of our dark-browed host.

I started up with a half-cry, and felt for the little pocket-knife I usually carried with me. "I have brought the lady the roots," he said, and I fancied there was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"I do not wish them," I answered, stoutly. "How dare you enter here? I will call Uncle Harvey if you do not leave;" and I pointed to the open door.

"Not so, you beautiful white queen;" and he spoke with suppressed passion, and advanced a step forward. "Do you take Black Ranz for a child? I have been in many lands and have looked on many faces, but never one, I swear, one-half so fair as yours; and I have taken an oath—and an oath once taken by Black Ranz never falls idly to the ground—I do not intend to harm you; by heaven! no. I love you too madly; but you are mine—mine!" with a wild laugh.

"Yours!" I answered with scorn. "Never! I, too, have taken an oath. Do you see this bright blade? Before I would be what you wish, I would plunge this in my heart."

"You beautiful white witch! I believe you'd do it, too," admiringly.

"Go!" I almost shrieked.

"I go," he said, darkly, "because it's my pleasure; but no sound can penetrate these wilds—remember that."

And he closed the door, and a sharp click followed, like an iron bolt driven home.

During the remaining hours of the night I paced up and down with feelings never to be described.

The idea of being in this horrible man's power filled me with dread; and if my good looks had found favor in the savage creature's eyes, then may almighty God help Dotsie and me!

Where were Uncle Harvey and faithful Jim? Ah, if only Rex——

Then a faint gleam of day stole in on the dismal night, and Dotsie stirred uneasily in the early chill of the morning.

"What are you doing?" she yawned; "such a night as I have passed!" Then, rousing herself, she asked, curiously, "What is the matter, Queenie? How queer you look!"

"The matter is this"—I answered, for I thought it best to tell her at once—"your conjectures were correct. That dark fellow is the freebooter, Black Ranz. We are in his power, and he means mischief. There is only one thing to be done, Dotsie. Are you brave enough to do it, dear?"

"Do what?" she asked, timidly.

"Use this little blade effectually if he seeks to carry out his dark threats."

"Threats! What threats? Oh, Queenie, don't frighten me so! You know I'm not brave. When did he threaten?"

"Here—last night. He forced an entrance when you were asleep. We are prisoners; and what has become of Uncle Harvey and Jim God only knows!"

"Oh, oh! what are we to do?—what are we to do? Will he kill us?"

"No; better if he would."

"Oh, don't talk so, Queenie, don't!"

"Dotsie, listen to me. If you choose, you may live and be the plaything of Black Ranz; but if he approaches within six feet of *me*, he grasps a dead body!"

"Oh, don't!—oh, don't!" And poor Dotsie cowered down on the fragrant balsam, and trembled and shook in the most piteous manner.

As the day grew a little more advanced the bolt of the door was cautiously withdrawn, and a brutal, sullen face peered in. Then the rest of the body followed. It belonged to a hideous-looking half-breed, and he grinned with malice when he saw Dotsie's frightened face.

"You hungry? Dere, den!"

And the wretch thrust on the floor a delicious-looking mountain-trout on a piece of birchen bark, together with two corn-dodgers.

"Stay!" I said, as he was about to close the door; "who are you?"

"Shack."

"Where is the woman?"

"Ponca? She down by de pool, washing."

And the fiend executed a diabolical leer.

"Where's the man Black Ranz?"

"Down there," with another hideous grimace. "Want him?"

"No; go and send the woman to me."

With a muttered oath, he was seized from behind by the powerful hands of Black Ranz, and shaken and beaten with the pointed sapling-bolt until the scene became perfectly loathsome.

"There!" he said, giving him a brutal kick; "and learn to keep your blab another time."

The fellow limped off with an ugly look on his face, and Black Ranz turned to me with a sickening attempt at gallantry.

"How is my beautiful queen this morning? Why so obdurate?"

And there was a mocking devil in his eyes.

"Where is my uncle?" I demanded, furiously.

"In heaven, I trust"—mockingly. "The old gentleman went off peacefully at the last."

"Fiend! Murderer!"

I recoiled with horror.

"Listen to me, my beauty, and be more choice of your epithets. You will have to tune your lips to sweeter music than that, you spiteful she-devil. Listen! Three moons back old Ponca foretold your coming. Three months ago she warned me that I would be done to death through a brother and a mistress. That brother I shot dead that very night out on the mountain-side, and I'll make the rest of old Ponca's drivelings a lie. You cannot escape me."

I shuddered with loathing, and a dark look of anger came over his face.

"Black Ranz has never wooed in vain. I tell you your white flesh has set me on fire! Do not try me too far!"

And his powerful chest rose and fell as if he were breathless from long running.

I stood gazing in his eyes, fascinated, as if by some fierce wild beast. Then gradually his passion worked itself off, and he said, in a tone meant to be conciliating:

"I do not wish to harm you, but I will wear you out!"

And he strode out of the room.

* * * * * *

Another day passed in torture, and another night in agony and watchfulness.

I had no doubt as to the fate of Uncle Harvey and Jim. Those wails I had heard were no chimeras. Dotsie and I—God help us!—were alone in the power of this man.

The woman Ponca occasionally brought us our food, but she glared at me so maliciously, and was so uncommunicative, that I felt it rather a relief when the fellow Shack—repulsive though he was—came in her stead.

Dotsie, who could not endure the pangs of hunger even for a day, devoured the fish and bread with relish. I had found a few sandwiches and eggs in our lunch-satchel, and had secreted them. I have often hoped it was not a selfish act; but I reflected that, should the food be drugged, it would be better for me to have possession of my senses.

* * * * * * *

Another day, and yet another. The anxiety was getting to be perfectly sickening. The fellow Shack brought the food, pushed it in, and fled. I tried to elicit something from him, but only received disgusting leers in reply. At last I bethought me of some gold pieces that I had brought. Perhaps the uncouth savage might be open to bribery. So at a venture I tossed a piece toward him.

"Here!" I said, authoritatively, "now stop and answer me; "where's Black Ranz?"

He eagerly fell on all-fours and groveled, as he rang the gold coin on the floor again and again.

"Gone," he said, with one of his hideous faces; "not be back—one—two days."

"Do you like him?" I asked. "Does he treat you well? I should *hate* any one who treated me as I saw him treat you."

For my only hope was to act on the fellow's savage nature. If I could only reach him through his baser passions, there might be hope for Dotsie and me.

I had not miscalculated.

"Do hate him—do!" he gasped, in tones of concentrated rage; "beat—kick, beat—kick. Don't tell Ponca, dough," in a cawing voice—"she kill!"

"I shall not tell if you will listen to me. Help us to escape, and twenty of those gold pieces shall be yours, and your freedom; surely that is better than being beaten and kicked by a man who has no power over you!" and I waited breathlessly for his answer.

"He fin' out Shack; he kill!" whined the savage. "Ponca do not'in' but smell blood—blood!"

"Help us, help us!" I urged, frantically. "No harm shall come to you if I can help it. I swear it! Twenty gold pieces and your freedom."

The bribe was not without its effect on the savage mind.

"Don't know how," he whined; "tell Shack what to do, den?"

"Go down the mountains. You must surely know of some place where travelers stop. Tell them to come to our help. For the love of God, go quick!"

"Write, den. Nobody believe Shack," he whimpered, sullenly.

Hastily tearing out the title-page of a volume of Keats's poems (a gift from Rex, with his name scrawled on it in his own bold hand), I wrote a few lines.

Then again I was left a prey to the most horrible fears. It could do me no harm, I reflected, even if the lines fell into the hands of Black Ranz. And this day passed as the others. I was spared the bemoanings of poor Dotsie, for the food was, as I imagined it might be, heavily drugged, and she only came out of her lethargy to eat ravenously, and then relapse into a state of insensibility.

My sandwiches had given out two days before, and my only hope was in the fellow Shack's treachery.

I tried to rouse Dotsie, but the drug was too potent; then I felt the same horrible feeling that had possessed me out on the mountain-side—the same desire to shriek aloud. There were the remains of the food that Dotsie had left; I longed to eat it, for the pangs of hunger were unbearable. I must have been wild, I think, for I seemed to be two distinct individuals.

Suddenly the person that was *me* caught up the food and tossed it far out of the high, barred window, with a wild laugh; and the other person tore and clutched at the bars, and shrieked aloud that it was lost.

And then out on the mountain rose a loud shout—a roar—like a wild beast at bay; several rapid shots in quick succession, and the door was crushed in. With a low cry, I fled cowering to a corner, and I remember no more for hours.

* * * * * *

When I became conscious, it was Rex who bent over me, with tears in his honest voice and eyes; and all I

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"TO THE LEFT ROSE A SOLID ROCK WALL, EIGHTY OR NINETY FEET IN HEIGHT, AND TO THE RIGHT A DEEP, JAGGED RAVINE."—SEE PAGE 279.

could say was, "Oh, Rex—oh, Rex!" and cling to him sobbing, and bury my face in his breast.

And he gathered me close to him and whispered:

"My little queen—my little queen! can you ever forgive me?"

And that was our plighting, for I seemed to belong to him then and ever after.

Shack had kept faith with me, after all. He had met Rex and Lane in the road ten miles distant, and had thrust the paper into their hands.

Rex had recognized the title-page, and also my writing, and, after a few hurried questions, elicited all the information he wished. Guided by the half-breed, they had pushed on until they reached the sapling forest, when, just before them on the open flat loomed the herculean form of Black Ranz.

Shack was stricken with terror.

"Dere!" he cried, cowering. "He kill us all now!"

And then Rex and Lane took aim, and those were the shots I had heard.

Then I told them all about it, for Dotsie was still too stupefied to remember anything; and we were cried and sobbed over and made much of to our hearts' content.

* * * * * *

It was two hours later. The sun came pushing up over the giant hills in broad crimson splashes, tinting the lacework of mist with a kaleidoscopic glow.

I had just fallen into an uneasy slumber, the first I had dared to indulge in since our imprisonment, and in my dreams I felt the softness of Rex's lips on mine.

"Rex!" I murmured, with a start.

"Yes, darling!" and he bent over me; "I am here, never to leave you again. Queenie, the man—Black Ranz—is dying. He asks might he look at your face once more. Do not go if you would rather not; but he cannot harm you now."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" I moaned. "Where is he now?"

"Outside on the grass. He would not be moved; I loathed him at first, but I feel for him now. Queenie, can't you say just one prayer for the poor wretch? He is a murderer and all that, but, hang it! Queenie, he's lost all, and I'm awfully sorry for him. He's on the edge of the other world, too, and it's my hand that's done it." And he looked wofully in my face.

I knew exactly how Rex felt, for his conscience was tenderer than any woman's I ever knew; and I would see the man whom he had slain, and, though he richly deserved it, do what I could for him for Rex's sake.

I signified as much to him, and he drew me out into the same room we had entered that fateful night just one week ago.

Dotsie and Lane were mooning on the rough bench, forgetful of any one save themselves. In silence we passed them out into the fragrant morning air.

All the birds of the forest seemed to have met at the wooded tryst, and to be bursting their throats in one wild, maddening song.

Stretched out on the greensward lay the man, Black Ranz, his muscular throat and chest bare, and his restless hands clutching at the waving grass.

Squatted near was the old hag, Ponca, muttering to herself.

When she saw me she turned her back viciously, and continued her weird incantations; at a short distance lay the half-breed, Shack, apparently asleep.

As I approached the dying man he looked up, and a brilliant smile flashed across his face. He tried to speak, and tore at his throat.

Seeing the strong man's agony and powerlessness, like Rex, I felt sorry for him.

"What is it?" I asked, stooping down by him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Breath—breath," he gasped, "to tell you that——"

Rex lifted his head and put a flask of liquor to his lips. It seemed to rouse him, and he whispered:

"I did not harm you, did I, white queen? I could not—ah, I could not! Heavens! she was right! You have been fatal to me. But I'd go through it again and again, just for that one look of pity on your flawless face. Ah, hell is before me! Can't you say one kind word to light the way?" and he rolled his eyes restlessly. "Ponca—where is Ponca?"

"Ponca here. What want?"

"Old hell-cat, I've proved you half a liar. Ha, ha!"

But the laugh ended in a gurgle.

"Ponca no liar; Shack you brudder. Ponca always tell you true. Shack my son—you fader's son, too."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"HE FLASHED THE LIGHT OF A DARK-LANTERN FULL ON ME."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WHEN I HAD FINISHED THE SIMPLE WORDS, THE DYING MAN, WITH A HERCULEAN EFFORT, SUDDENLY ROSE TO A SITTING POSTURE, AND THREW ONE ARM AROUND ME."—SEE PAGE 279.

And she commenced to chant a low, monotonous death-dirge, that sounded heart-chilling in the early morning.

"What does she say?" he asked, querulously; "but it doesn't matter. Pray, pray—one prayer—the one, do you remember——" and his face grew gray and livid.

"For the Lord's sake, Queenie, say one prayer for him. He stands in awful need of it," whispered Rex.

And then I folded his hands over his broad breast, and softly repeated "Our Father."

And the birds still twittered their matins overhead, and the sun rode up grandly through the opal arches.

When I had finished the simple words, the dying man, with a herculean effort, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, and threw one arm around me.

"One kiss!" he murmured; "only one—white queen, quick——"

"Give him what he asks for," whispered Rex, as I shrank back; "it's his last wish, and he loved you."

I lifted up my face, and his lips touched mine, and then, with a half-moan, what fell backward was all that remained of Black Ranz.

This, and all the rest I had gone through, was too much for me, and I sobbed like the veriest child.

"Take me away! take me away!" was all I could say.

"Ay, that I will, my little queen."

And as Rex lifted me up, the woman Ponca rose and beckoned me to follow.

I hesitated.

"Come," she remarked, sententiously; "boy come."

In silence we followed down a deep declivity, and in a small, dark cavern, the door of which she pushed open, we heard the sound of voices.

"Who is there?" demanded Rex. "Speak!"

"*She* know. White man, black man."

"Oh, Rex!" I shrieked, "it is Uncle Harvey and Jim."

And sure enough it was. There they had been this long week, expecting death every minute, and filled with foreboding as to the fate of Dotsie and me.

When informed of the fate of Black Ranz, Jim cut a most irreverent pigeon-wing, and added, apologetically:

"Couldn't help it, Marse Rex. You ain't been shut up in a rat-box fur better'n a week."

And as we passed by the body of Black Ranz I whispered to Rex:

"Wake the fellow, Shack, please. I promised him gold and his freedom; but for him—I shudder to think."

"Shack is free. Never mind, darling; you did your best."

"But I promised him gold," I pleaded.

"He is dead, Queenie. Black Ranz suspected him of treachery, and shot him down just after he himself was shot."

As we left the rocky pass—a place fraught with dismal memories—the last sight we saw was the woman Ponca sitting lonely between her dead.

Uncle Harvey and Rex and Lane went down the mountain and gave evidence in the matter, and a *posse* of mountaineers volunteered to look after it.

Nothing was ever said or done to criminate Rex, and I think they considered the killing of the freebooter a relief rather than otherwise.

* * * * * *

Dotsie and I are old women now, and have grandchildren, who, in their turn, are nearly grown, yet I never think of that "Week of Horror" without forgetting the forty years that have intervened, and starting with terror as some of the faces of long ago pass vividly before me.

They tell me that a spruce, consequential hotel stands on the plateau among the balsams, and the name of Black Ranz has faded almost to a memory.

And Rex (bless his dear heart!) reminds me mischievously that *I* popped the question to him, which fact savors too much of truth to be palatable. . . . I do not care, and to punish his temerity I tell him I would have done the same to any other man just then.

But he knows better, though. Bless him!

AN END.—One of the most amusing anecdotes of Lord Melbourne gives his views of consolation upon the decease of an author. On the death of Crabbe he rubbed his hands and said, "I am glad when one of those fellows dies, because then one has his works complete on one's shelves, and there is an end of him!" The instance selected for the remark was, however, an unfortunate one; for after Crabbe's death there was published an additional volume of poetry by him which had not been printed in his lifetime.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WHEN INFORMED OF THE FATE OF BLACK RANZ, JIM CUT A MOST IRREVERENT PIGEON-WING."

ASH, ALDER, MAPLE.

By Elaine Goodale.

Finely the tapering ash displays
Its just proportions fairly crowned;
Its peak ascends, and from its base
The stately branches sweep the ground.

The rugged bark in furrowy folds,
Asserts an athlete's make within,
And to the supple sinew molds,
As fits the snake his leathern skin.

The fertile alder, hundred-armed,
Makes every unclaimed spot its own;
The lawless life is surely charmed
That swell its pollen-pregnant cone.

The maple through its kindly veins
Filters the air-drenched sunlight fine.
The climbing sap its height attains,
Its wood is steeped in amber wine.

Each frost-bound fibre thus made new
While yet the day is halved with night,
Its bows, ensphered against the blue,
Speak to the eye in lines of light.

JOAN.

By Etta W. Pierce.

Extract from the Memoranda of Dr. Raynor.

The marriage of Gilbert Eaglewood and my fair but foolish niece, Millicent, is not likely to turn out well, I fear. It is the old story of one side ice and the other side fire. Why did I desire that match? Bitter experience and close observation should have taught me that marriage is always a mistake, and a cynical invalid like myself had surely no business to meddle with the love affairs of young people. But Millicent was my favorite niece, a girl of great beauty and small fortune. Eaglewood was rich; he adored her at first sight. Perhaps I pleaded his cause too persistently. She is a sybarite by nature, fond of ease and luxury, weak, but—please God!—not wicked. She listened to me and to her own ambition, and accepted Gilbert. For a year they have lived together in utter misery.

I am disappointed in Millicent. She squanders her husband's money; she gratifies her whims and caprices, totally regardless of his pleasure and peace; she is as vain and frivolous as she is handsome.

But he makes no complaint, and he denies her nothing. The superb country-house at Hattan Hill—home of the last Governor of the State, and show-place of the county—he has just bought and fitted up like an English manor-house—all to please Millicent. She chanced to attend a ball there one night, and after dancing with Colonel Dundas till all her friends were furious, she concluded that she would like Hattan Hill for a Summer residence. Eaglewood presented her with the title-deeds a few days after.

Great heaven! what fools love makes of the wisest men!

Dundas was Millicent's lover before she ever saw Eaglewood. I said to her one day:

"You are going too far, my dear. Already the gossips' tongues are wagging. Eaglewood is not blind, neither is he the idiot you seem to think him. He will put a bullet through that fellow Dundas some day."

She patted my grizzled cheek with one white hand, and answered, lightly:

"I married Eaglewood to please you, uncle. I flirt with Colonel Dundas to please myself. You must not, dearly as I love you, interfere with my private affairs."

Ah, yes, I am disappointed in my niece—in fact, her conduct of late has cut me to the heart.

Had the child of my own disastrous marriage lived, she would have been just the age of Millicent; I fancy, also, that she might have had the same fair face, but not—not the same shallow, capricious heart. Years ago, in my black moods, I used to say:

"Thank heaven! that my daughter died at her birth! Thank heaven! that I was spared the pain of seeing the taint of the mother in her!"

But in these later days of failing health and strength, when even my books weary me, and the loneliness of my great, silent house appalls me, and I feel kinless and forsaken, I often find myself sighing:

"Would that my child had been left to me! She would have comforted and consoled me for the losses and disappointments of my life."

And so I yearn for the good which I never really possessed, and upon which my eyes never looked—for the little creature who died at her birth, the innocent fruit of a most unhappy love.

Yesterday I went out to Hattan Hill to transact a little business with Eaglewood. Left the cars at the wrong station, more than two miles from the house. As the weather was fine, I determined to take a constitutional and see the country. Stumbled upon an old bleak shanty on a lonely flat—about as dreary and desolate a place as my eyes ever rested on. Rapped at the door to inquire the way. A girl opened to me—a wild, dark, handsome creature, like an untamed hawk.

"Can you tell me the way to Hattan Hill?" I asked.

"Follow the road two miles across the flat," she answered, "then turn to the right." And she shut the door deliberately in my face. As she did so, I heard an idiotic laugh inside the house.

Resumed my walk, meditating upon the odd manners of our rural population.

Found a garden-party in full blast on the lawn at Hattan Hill. Dundas was there, faultless as a tailor's lay-figure, and full of adoration for Mrs. Millicent. The manner in which she received his attentions made me burn to box her small jeweled ears. Where was Eaglewood? Gone with his grooms to a country fair, to show some blooded horseflesh. He had better have remained at home to watch his foolish young wife. As it was impossible to get a word with my niece, I returned in disgust to town.

Entered the cars at a station close to Hattan Hill, and so did not again see my handsome hawk on the flat. Asked Millicent who the girl was.

"You absurd uncle," she answered, scornfully; "how should I know? Do you think I have anything to do with such people? I never heard of the place or its occupants."

* * * * * *

The fire was dead on the sunken hearth of the kitchen. Cindy, the idiot girl, crouching on a settle in the chimney corner, with her feet drawn up under her scant cotton skirts, rocking herself back and forth, began to whine.

"Dad's out of prison, but I wish he was back again, and Nat with him! Joan, where are ye? It's time for supper. Come, Joan!"

From a seat by the one window of the room, Joan arose, and, dropping the coarse garment she was mending, began to rake together the dead embers.

Cindy stooped and peered into her face.

"Oh, my! but ye're good to look at, ye are!" she said, admiringly. Nat wants to marry ye. Don't ye have him, Joan. He'll kick and beat ye, as he does me, and he'll be sent to jail some day, as dad was."

Joan's face darkened.

"Marry Nat!" she answered. "I'd die first!"

She stepped into an adjoining shed where the family fuel was kept. Overhead was a loft for rubbish, with a rickety ladder leading up to it.

As the girl went to gather a handful of chips, a scent of villainous tobacco-smoke greeted her nostrils and a murmur of voices her ears. Both came from the hole at the top of the ladder.

"You know the place, old man—Hattan Hill folks call it."

"Yes."

"Well, Len, the coachman, is a pal of mine, and for a decent share af the loot he's agreed to make things easy for us. I've a plan of the house here in my breeches-pocket."

"Eh? oh! The Governor lived in that air house, boy, when I went into limbo."

"It's been sold since then to a man named Eaglewood. He's a rum one, rich as a lord, and pompous as a turkey-cock. Len took service with him the very week he came here. He's got a blazing beauty for a wife, and to-morrow is her birthday. There's going to be a big party at Hattan Hall, and all the gold and silver plate has been ordered from the bank. It'll have to stay in the house over night, and Len is to be put in the dining-room to guard it after the spree is over. See? Come, old man"—impatiently—"will you take a hand in this affair, or will you not?"

At the foot of the ladder Joan stood, straining her ears for the answer. Her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Such jobs are always risky, lad," said the timorous voice of the second speaker, "and folks round here know we're a bad lot. Then there's that gal, Joan, my own sister's child—she'd peach on us fast enough if she got the chance."

"Would she? I'd kill her if I caught her at it!"

"Well, I don't trust her, Nat. Of late she's grown as offish as a mule. I shouldn't wonder if she cut and left us some day."

"No, she thinks too much of Cindy to do that. The half-wit will keep her here, if nothing else does."

"Ye must remember that I'm jest out of jail, Nat, and I ain't over-anxious to get in again—prison life don't agree with my constitution. But if ye can rely on Len, I'll take my chance with you to-morrow night—it's too good an opportunity to let slip."

"That sounds something like sense. Put a pistol in your pocket, old man—we may have trouble, and some of these white-handed gentlemen turn out to be hard customers in a row."

"If I'm bagged a second time, boy, 'twill be for something more'n stealing. Hallo! what's that?"

A pine-knot fell from Joan's hand and struck the ground with a thud. There was a stir in the loft, and instantly a dark, threatening face appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Ah!" said a voice, and down the rungs slipped a lithe swarthy fellow, with a savage eye and devil-may-care air.

He seized the girl as she turned to fly. His breath seemed to scorch her cheek, as he leaned over her.

"I caught you, my beauty," he said, softly.

She faced him with furious black eyes.

"Hands off!" she cried.

He released her very reluctantly, yet promptly. Joan was the only person in the world that Nat Bray really feared.

"You've been a-listening to dad and me up there in the loft," said he.

"Yes," she answered, sulkily. "I've been a-listening."

"Well, blow me!" cried Nat, addressing the shaky ladder. "What an ungrateful hussy it is! Dad has clothed and fed her for many a year, and now she goes spying and eavesdropping round the house, ready to sell her benefactor for a sixpence."

"Sixpence!" echoed Joan, with a contemptuous laugh. "He isn't worth half the sum! How has he fed, how clothed, me? I've earned my own keep by hard work."

He eyed her askance and grinned.

"You're a girl of spirit, Joan—there's a good deal of your father in you. Come, now, having heard our plans, you've to make common cause with us, and I'll tell you how to do it. I love you, my beauty, and I want to marry you. Take me, and I'll cry quits."

With a gesture of disgust she pushed him from her.

"I'd sooner jump down the well!" she stormed. "I hate you, Nat Bray! I hate Uncle Joe! I hate the house and everything in it, except Cindy. In this way I'll make common cause with you, and in no other."

His wicked eyes narrowed and gleamed.

"I see," he sneered. "Nat Bray ain't good enough for your father's daughter. Anyway, you must promise that you won't blab of what you heard just now."

With an unmoved air she faced him.

"I'll promise nothing," she answered, with decision.

He knew it was useless to urge her. She was more than a match for him when her blood was up.

"Then take this warning, and profit by it," he hissed. "As sure as you're born, I'll put a knife into that handsome throat of your's if you dare to tattle of my doings or of dad's!" and with that he turned and went up the ladder.

Joan carried her wood into the kitchen and built the fire.

"How long you have been," said Cindy, anxiously, "and how pale you are! Something has frightened you, Joan."

"No," answered Joan. "Nothing in this place can frighten me, Cindy."

But she went to the window and leaned her blanched face against the pane, as if in deep perplexity.

The sun was setting. Already long shadows stretched across the dreary flat on which the shanty stood.

On all sides Joan could see the unsightly ruins of deserted brick-kilns, pools of foul, stagnant water, remnants of broken fences and tumbling sheds—desolation and gathering darkness.

The town, of which this unlovely waste was but an outskirt, lay beyond view.

"Get some supper, Joan—I want some supper," pleaded Cindy.

Joan, obedient to that voice as to no other, turned from the window with the air of having decided a vexed question, and began to prepare the evening meal.

As she was spreading the cloth, Joe Bray and his son walked into the kitchen. The elder reprobate was very like the younger, swarthy and alert, with a hang-dog air and an iron-gray hair, to which the prison-scissors had given the regulation cut.

Old Joe had just served out a six months' sentence in durance vile for abstracting from his neighbors articles to which he had no lawful claim.

At sight of her father Cindy began to shake. To him she owed her misfortunes. A blow from his savage fist

in her infancy had made her the thing which she now was.

"Get out, half-wit!" he cried, pushing her rudely off her bench. "I'll take this seat myself!"

Like a tiger-cat Joan turned on him, whirled him out of the usurped place, and restored the idiot girl to her own again.

"Don't you dare," she panted, "to meddle with Cindy, Uncle Joe!"

"Blast me! who's master o' this air house, I'd like to know?" began old Bray. His son tapped his shoulder.

"Better not interfere with women-folks, dad," he said with a grin "They're sure to get the best of you. Joan always looks out for Cindy. I wish she was as kind to Cindy's brother."

Disdainful silence on the part of Joan. She placed on the table bread and butter, a dish of cabbage and bacon and a pot of tea.

Little was said during supper. Joan was the first to rise from the board. As she did so old Joe called out to her:

"Go draw some cider, girl! This bacon sticks in my throat like a chunk of Lot's wife!"

Joan lighted a lamp, and by a trap in the kitchen-floor descended to the cellar. She drew the tap from the cider-cask, filled a pitcher, and started to return to the room above. But when she reached the top of the stair, she found the trap closed.

"Let me up, Uncle Joe!" she cried.

She heard a scream from Cindy, then the sound of a wicked blow, and then the voice of Nat. He was down on the kitchen-floor, with his mouth to the trap.

"You'll have to stay where you are a bit, my dear," he said, with a low laugh. "Try to make yourself comfortable. Dad and I will take care of Cindy." Joan was a prisoner.

She sat down on the stair to think the matter over. Father and son feared and distrusted her. She would not be released until the robbery at Hattan Hill was accomplished. To escape from the cellar was impossible; it was simply a hole in the earth, with no window, no means of egress save by the trap. She could hear the Brays, with oaths and curses, driving poor Cindy off to her bed in the attic.

STATUES OF GRIEF AND HISTORY.

Joan clinched her brown fists as she listened; the only thing she loved in the world was Cindy.

Should she plead with the pair in the kitchen? No; she knew them too well to waste breath in that way.

From a shelf near by a huge rat jumped on her shoulder; a troop of his fellows scrambled about her feet.

Her lamp went out, and left the cellar in total darkness. Joan sat there on the chair, sleepless, all night.

When morning came, there was a stir in the room overhead, and muffled male voices, but no sound of Cindy. Joan concluded that the idiot girl was also a captive.

After a while dead silence seemed to fall everywhere in the house. She had no means of knowing the hour, but in reality it was late in the afternoon, when a stealthy, uncertain step crossed the floor overhead, the trap was lifted, and Cindy's pinched face peered through.

She gave a cry of joy at sight of Joan.

"They fastened me into the attic," she cried, "but I broke out; and now they've gone off toward the town — Nat and dad; I saw 'em from the windy. Oh, Joan, let us run away, and never come back again."

Instantly Joan was standing in the deserted kitchen.

One look showed her that the September afternoon was already dwindling. What she had to do must be done quickly.

"Cindy," she said, putting her hands on the shoulders of the idiot girl, "we *will* run away some day, but not yet, for we have no friends, no money, no place of refuge. It would be wicked to take you from this house, miserable as it is, unless I could provide another for you. But now I am going out on an errand, and you must wait here alone, like a good girl, till I return. I'll not be long."

Cindy raised a howl.

"Take me with ye, Joan—take me with ye! Nat and dad will be back and kill me, if you're not here to stop 'em!"

It was all that Joan could do to pacify the poor creature, and meanwhile precious time was lost.

"Without doubt, Nat and his father have gone to town," she said. "They pretend to live by honest work sometimes. You're safe, Cindy, for I shall reach home

JOAN.—"SHE WAS A BLONDE, HANDSOME AND YOUNG. IN HER LONG VELVET DRESS SHE LOOKED LIKE A DAY-LILY IN A BLACK SHEATH."—SEE PAGE 286.

before them. No, I can't take you—I can't. It might be the death of both of us."

With that she snatched up an old waterproof, pulled the hood over her head, and leaving Cindy still whining in the chimney-corner, she departed on her errand.

Joan well knew the exceeding peril that attended her—knew that her life would not be worth a penny if she was discovered. But away she went over the bare, dreary flat, past the ruined brick-kilns and pools of foul water, following a muddy, deep-rutted road which had, fortunately, no sign of life upon it."

Fear lent her wings—fear lest the Brays should return, and, finding Cindy out of the attic, beat and abuse her.

There were four long miles for Joan to traverse before she could reach the poor idiot again.

Breathlessly she flew over the ground, and deafened by the old hood that was drawn tight across her ears, and absorbed in her anxieties, she did not hear the swift and sudden roll of wheels, the tramp of furious hoofs behind her in the wet road.

"Hi, there, hi!" shouted a voice.

Joan turned only to see a pair of fiery, foaming heads at her shoulder. At the same instant she was struck and hurled straight to the earth.

Two persons occupied the carriage—a groom and a middle-aged gentleman in spectacles. The latter jumped over the wheel and raised Joan in his arms.

"Good heaven, Mac!" he cried to the groom, "is this the way you drive? You ought to be flogged with your own whip!"

"By my soul, doctor," answered the groom, who was tugging madly at his horses, "the deuce couldn't hold 'em when once they git a-going! That gal's cloak, flying back in the wind, scared 'em. Didn't I holler to her? She has legs—she might have got out of the way, sir."

"Mac," said the doctor, "it's the last time that I shall risk my neck behind anything from the Eaglewood stables. He drives the wildest horseflesh in the county. How often have I told you that he will be killed some day, and you with him!"

"Well, sir," answered the groom, with resignation, "Mr. Eaglewood always takes to this kind of animal. He don't care for the safe ones. You won't scare him about horses, sir."

Joan, whose senses had been knocked quite out of her, now opened her black, bewildered eyes upon the man in spectacles.

"Bless my soul!" cried the latter. "It's my hawk of the flat! Are you hurt, poor child? I am a physician—my name is Raynor. Do not be afraid. The horses became unmanageable and knocked you down. Can you stand?—do you feel any pain?"

Joan burst from him like a small whirlwind.

"Let go!" she panted; "let go!"

But he held her fast.

"I have seen you before, girl," he said; "do you remember me?"

She struck down his detaining hand fiercely.

"No! You'd better not keep me here. I'm in a hurry. I'll bite you—I'll tear you if you hold me!"

"Good heaven, child, I simply ask to know your name and who you are."

"That's no business of yours!" she cried, and she gave him a staggering push, and, darting through a break in the wayside fence, flew off through the pennyroyal and golden-rod of a neighboring field.

"Mac," said Dr. Raynor, as he scrambled into the carriage again, "do you know that girl?"

"No, sir," grinned the groom; "I came to Hattan Hill with Mr. Eaglewood. I haven't been here long enough to see much of the people round about."

Bruised and shaken, Joan fled, like a deer, from the dangerous vicinity of the high road. She dared not take to it again; so, keeping to fields and byways, and avoiding houses, at the end of two miles of breathless running, she came to an imposing boundary wall. Finding no gate, she climbed over it like a cat, and dropped down into the grounds of Hattan Hill.

Yes, this was the place. The house was straight before her, on an eminence, but hidden by a forest of magnificent trees. Joan slunk, like a guilty thing, into the nearest walk, scarcely daring to look around, yet catching glimpses, as she darted forward, of slopes burning with garden-beds, like plats of fire; of a lake, where waterfowl dipped; of clipped alleys, with white statues gleaming; of fountains, tossing jewel-drops into the still air; of peacocks, screaming on a terrace, among jars of strange foreign plants; of pigeons, like huge snowflakes, circling about velvety lawns. Over all a superb calm brooded.

Joan held her breath. Never before had she looked on such things. Her whole life had been spent with the vagabond Brays—wandering with them, gypsy fashion, from place to place—hating their poverty and general viciousness, yet never able to free herself from them, because of her love and pity for poor Cindy.

"Oh, but this is heavenly!" thought Joan; "the people of such place must be happy—happy!"

Suddenly she came in sight of the gray stone walls of the house. How should she approach it—boldly or by stealth? As she stopped a moment to deliberate, she heard footsteps. Joan's courage forsook her. Like a frightened partridge, she darted into a cluster of laurel-bushes on the edge of a rich sweep of greensward—a croquet-ground. None too soon, for scarcely had this covert received her, when two persons appeared in the open space, and one, a woman, flung herself into a garden-chair, close to Joan's hiding-place.

She was a blonde, handsome and young. In her long velvet dress, she looked like a day-lily in a black sheath. A Medici ruff, of priceless lace, encircled her creamy throat, and a Rubens hat shaded the rich coils of her yellow hair. An expression of mingled fear and disdain was frozen on her high-bred face. She twisted her hands, incased in long, wrinkled black gloves, nervously together, on her lap.

"You are very tiresome, Gilbert," she said to her companion, "and very jealous. I knew Colonel Dundas long before my marriage—he is an old friend, and I shall invite him to Hattan Hill whenever it pleases me to do so, sir!"

The person addressed had paused a few feet from the garden-chair. A man of muscular figure, and cold, impassive face. His hair and beard were flaxen, his eyes gray and imperious. He held a lighted cigar in one hand; the other was thrust into the breast of his coat.

"An old friend? You mean an old lover, Mrs. Eaglewood," he sneered.

She threw back her blonde head.

"Well, then, an old lover, if you like the word better."

Joan, there in the laurel-bushes, was once more playing the eavesdropper, but this time sorely against her will.

The gentleman knocked the ashes coolly from his cigar.

"Mrs. Eaglewood," he said, with a ring of contempt in his voice, "you have invited Colonel Dundas to your birthday party. He will come, without doubt; but bear

this fact in mind—it is the last time that he can cross my threshold! I have still some regard for your reputation, madam, and for my own honor—things which you seem to have quite forgotten."

The color leaped into her lily cheek.

"My reputation? Sir, you jest upon a singular subject!"

The hand which had been thrust into his breast was suddenly withdrawn. It held a packet of letters tied with a ribbon.

"Madam," said Gilbert Eaglewood, "do you recognize these?"

Her haughty look changed instantly to one of abject fear. With a sharp cry she sprang up from the garden-chair.

"Where—how——" she began; but her voice died on her blanched lips.

He smiled bitterly.

"Mrs. Eaglewood, you have a waiting-maid. This morning you boxed her ears. I advise you to henceforth confide your secrets to some other than a servant—revenge is always sweet to that sort of person. Half an hour ago I found these letters on my library-table."

All white and breathless, she took a step toward him.

"Give them to me! Oh, Gilbert—oh, Gilbert! give them back to me!"

"Impossible, madam."

She cast one look into his merciless face, then flung herself at his feet.

The last westering sunshine shot through the trees, and fell upon the man, erect and contemptuous, and on the lovely woman, with her rich dress and tragic face, writhing there in the dust before him. Verily Hattan Hill was an Eden; but the serpent had entered into its loveliness.

"If you love me—if you have ever loved me, Gilbert, give me those letters," she prayed.

He thrust the package coolly back into his pocket.

He was her master—she was in his power.

"I loved you once, Millicent," he answered; "now, Heaven forgive me, I despise you! You have read these shameless declarations of an unlawful passion—you have kept—yes, treasured them—you, my wife!"

She wrung her gloved hands involuntarily.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I am—I have always been weak and foolish. How cruel you are—how pitiless! You mean to keep those letters, to hold, like the sword of Damocles, over my head—perhaps to show in a divorce court! Have mercy! Spare me the scandal—the shame of this affair?"

His face grew like gray stone.

"What mercy have you ever had for me, Millicent? You have trampled on my heart—you have wrecked my whole life. The Eaglewood women for generations have been good women. It was reserved for me, the last of the stock, to bestow the name on one who would drag it in the dirt—scorn, dishonor it, madam! Yes, be sure that I will keep Colonel Dundas's amatory correspondence for future use. And now I advise you to return to the house; Dr. Raynor will be looking for you, and you have guests to entertain. Luckily, you are a good actress—equal to any occasion where dissimulation is needed."

She leaped to her feet—her fair face became furious.

"At least I will no longer use dissimulation with *you!*" she cried. "I hate you, Gilbert Eaglewood—I have always hated you. I married you solely for your money. Dr. Raynor urged the match upon me—I was poor and ambitious—I yielded to his wishes. The letters of which you and my servant have robbed me were written by one whom I loved before I ever saw your face—one whom I would have married had he possessed one-tenth part of your fortune. He has my heart—he will have it till my dying day!"

He tossed away his cigar. Not a muscle of his cold, ashen face changed.

"Your confession does you credit, Mrs. Eaglewood; but you have told me nothing I did not know months ago."

She was trembling with deadly fear of him, but she retreated a little and made a mocking bow.

"Just now you said that you despised me. Well, even that is better than your love, Gilbert Eaglewood. We have endured a year of marriage together. Already my uncle Raynor suspects our misery—other friends see it also. I do not care how soon the farce ends and the curtain falls. As for your Puritan name and your Puritan pride, do not think that I will wear them as a yoke about my neck. Colonel Dundas will be here to-night. I shall dance with him, I shall flirt with him, I shall be happy in my own way; and I defy you to intimidate or prevent me—yes, I *defy* you, Gilbert Eaglewood!"

As if frightened at her own words, or at the demon which they had awakened in Eaglewood's gray eyes, she turned, and swaying across the velvety sward, vanished in the direction of the house.

He stood and watched her go; then, with something like a groan, sank into the garden-chair she had vacated.

From the terrace the peacock screamed, foreboding the rain; the white pigeons flew in a dazzling cloud above his head.

Motionless as a graven image he sat with his hat pulled over his eyes, hopeless dejection in every line of his muscular figure, exceeding pain and bitterness in his colorless face.

Suddenly a light, timid hand touched his shoulder.

He started, looked up, and saw standing by his side a girl in an old waterproof cloak, her great eyes shining like moons in her frightened face, her rich black hair tumbling in loosened braids from under the hood of the garment.

"Oh, sir!" she panted, "I have something important to tell you."

Eaglewood looked so hard at the apparition that it began to tremble.

"Who are you?" he said.

"A friend," faltered Joan. "More than that you must not know; but all the same, believe—pray believe what I say, sir, for it is God's truth! You are to have a party here to-night—your plate has come from the bank. Take care!" she struck her brown hands sharply together—"there is a plan afoot to rob you. One of your own servants is in it. He will open the way to those who come from without. Be on your guard, sir. You will have to deal with men who will kill you if you resist them."

With a flash in his sombre eyes Eaglewood arose from the chair. The dark beauty of the girl, her tragic earnestness, chilled him in spite of himself.

"Ah!" he said, "who sent you to tell me this?"

"No one. I came of my own will, sir."

"Why did you come?"

"Because I could not bear to have such a wicked thing done when I knew of it, and might prevent it."

"One of my own servants," he muttered, bitterly. "A traitor under the same roof with me! Yet why should that surprise me? A man's worst foes are those of his own household. Give me the name of the person."

"I cannot—I dare not, sir," she answered, earnestly; "but be sure and set an honest man to watch your gold and silver to-night." He laid his hand on her arm.

"Honest men are as scarce now as they were in the time of Diogenes. Pardon me, but I must detain you a little, until I can investigate your story."

"If you do that," she cried, "it will be known that I have turned informer, and I shall suffer; and not only I, but another person who is most innocent."

All the stern lines seemed to melt out of his face, leaving it as gentle as a woman's. He released her promptly.

"I did not suppose there was a being in existence who would take so much trouble to save me from an injury. God forbid that I should endanger you in any way. This is passing strange, yet I think you have told me the truth."

"Yes, sir—oh, yes!"

"The foe in my own house I shall, without doubt, be able to discover. And now, what can I do for you in return for this service, child?"

She drew back.

"Nothing."

He held out a gold piece.

"Take this."

Her olive cheek kindled to burning red. She struck the offering from his hand.

"It was not for money that I came to warn you!" she cried.

Dashing into the shrubbery, she was gone in a moment.

"AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER STOOD JOAN, STRAINING HER EARS FOR AN ANSWER."

Gilbert Eaglewood crossed the croquet-ground, and ascended a flight of stone steps. The great house was all astir with preparation. As he passed the windows of the dining-room he paused for a moment to look through.

In the deep chimney huge logs burned on antique andirons—more for show than comfort. Their red light flashed along the dark wood carvings and Cromwellian chairs, and over the great oaken brass-bound buffets, on which glittered the gold and silver plate that had been in the Eaglewood family for generations—magnificent plate, which might well awaken the thief's desire.

As he stood gazing upon it Dr. Raynor stepped out from an adjoining door.

"Ah, here you are, Gilbert!" he said, passing an arm through that of the younger man. "What!"—peering up at him through his spectacles—"have you and Millicent been quarreling? You have. Ah, I am disappointed in Millicent! I thought she would learn to appreciate you. And Colonel Dundas is coming. Now, don't let us have an explosion here to-night, Gilbert. The very air seems charged with dynamite."

The doctor was a small man, with an appearance of ill-health, and he looked timid and anxious.

"Calm your fears, old friend," answered Englewood, dryly; "there will be no explosion. I would not spoil the enjoyment of my guests in that way. Moreover, it is not to my taste. I prefer a quiet separation."

"Has it come to this, my boy?" said the doctor, aghast.

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, then Raynor spoke:

"Heaven knows that I pity you both! I have had my share of married misery, Gilbert. You know the story of my life." Eaglewood nodded, and asked, in an odd tone:

"Did you love your wife, doctor?"

"For twelve months. After that I detested her."

"Are you sure? Under all your wrath and scorn and

desperation, did not the old love live on to sting and torment you?"

"No," answered the doctor, sharply. "My dead passion had no resurrection. But the child that was born of it—would to Heaven that she had been left! She might have been a true Raynor, with no taint of the mother about her."

"Scarcely probable," answered Eaglewood; "blood will tell. My dear old friend, do you believe in presentiments? Then you will understand me when I say that something infernal is about to happen at Hattan Hill."

But, as he spoke he was not thinking of Joan's warning—*that* was blotted out completely from his mind by the fear of a calamity greater than the treachery of servants or the theft of silver and gold.

Meanwhile through the fading light, by field and byway, Joan was flying back to the house on the flat. Cindy opened the door to her. She found, to her great joy, that Nat and his father had not yet returned. She made a cup of tea for the idiot girl, broke her own long fast with a bit of bread-and-cheese, and then sat down in the old kitchen to wait as patiently as she could for she knew not what.

MISS O'NEILL (LADY BEECHER) AS "JULIET."—SEE PAGE 295.

"Cindy, you must never tell Nat or Uncle Joe that I have been out of the house for a minute," said Joan, impressively.

"That I won't," answered Cindy, with a wise nod.

As darkness fell the wind began to sweep mournfully across the flat, and drops of rain dashed against the windows.

With her elbow on her knee, and her shapely chin in her brown palm, Joan listened, and thought of the wonderful grounds at Hattan Hill—of the handsome man with the fierce gray eyes, and the beautiful woman who had first groveled at the feet of her master, and then defied him to his haughty face. Surely, by this time, Eaglewood had made suitable preparations to receive the robbers.

From her heart Joan hoped traitor Len would take the alarm in time, and find means to warn Nat and his father from their wicked purpose. But should the pair be captured, Joan decided that she would fly with Cindy to some remote corner of the earth, where her disreputable relatives could never find her again, and there support herself and the poor idiot by any honest work which her hands could find to do.

"They are strong hands and willing," said the girl to herself, "and Cindy and I have endured this life too long already."

It was nine o'clock when Joan arose, and leaving the kitchen exactly as she had found it on her escape from the cellar, she mounted, with Cindy, to her own bed under the eaves. To her sleep was impossible.

About midnight the main door of the house opened, and Joan heard footsteps and voices in the room below. A loaded pistol fell to the floor there and was discharged. The noise rang through her ears like thunder. After that dead silence settled in the shanty.

The Brays had equipped themselves, and departed to do their work at Hattan Hill.

Hour after hour dragged on. The rain pattered on the roof, the wind sobbed across the flat.

Toward morning there was a movement in the untidy yard which surrounded the shanty.

Anxious, sleepless, Joan listened. Yes, the Brays had certainly returned. She arose from the side of the slumbering Cindy and crept to the window.

In the centre of the yard was an old dry well, covered with brushwood. About its mouth Joan's keen eyes could discern, in spite of the darkness, two figures moving—leaning down—passing something from hand to hand.

The truth burst upon her with stunning force: her warning to Eaglewood had been useless, the Brays had robbed Hattan Hill, and returned laden with the plate which she had tried in vain to save—they were hiding their booty in the old well.

What could it mean? Had Eaglewood, after all, given no credence to her story, or had he been overpowered—or, perhaps, killed? She could see no more in the dark yard, so she stole back to her place beside Cindy, and lay quaking and wondering till morning light.

Then a sort of reckless courage took possession of her. She boldly descended to the kitchen to confront Nat Bray, whom she found smoking his pipe in Cindy's favorite corner.

At sight of Joan he sprang up with an oath.

"How the deuce did you get out of the cellar?" he cried.

"Cindy helped me," she answered, frankly; "and if I'm ever treated like that again, Nat, I shall quit Uncle Joe for good."

His manner changed; he approached her with a conciliatory air.

"Then don't you be listening and spying on dad and me—me that loves you, Joan, and that's bound to marry you yet, whether you like it or not. I'll forgive you this time, because there was no harm done—and I was going to let you out anyway, for we want you to get the breakfast."

In silence Joan began to prepare the meal. Presently old Bray entered and gave her a sheepish glance.

"I hope you won't bear any ill-will to me, girl," he said. "'Twas none of my doings—shutting ye up, I mean. I promised yer mother, when she was a-dying, that I'd take good care of ye, and I've done it. Nat and I are talking about a sudden flitting from this place. We shall go to-night. Get the half-wit ready—we shall be in a hurry."

So they dared not remain longer in the town!

By-and-by Cindy came creeping timidly into the kitchen, and the four sat down to breakfast. Scarcely had they done so when a great clatter of hoofs arose in the yard, the door of the shanty was flung open, and on the threshold stood the majesty of law, in the form of a sheriff and his assistants. Father and son leaped up from the table.

"Better make no resistance," said the sheriff, as he drew a warrant from his pocket. "We must arrest you; Len has confessed everything. We know that we shall find your plunder here."

"Len is a coward and a liar!" cried Nat, with great *sang froid*. "Search the house from garret to cellar—you're welcome to all you find."

At this moment the tall figure of Gilbert Eaglewood appeared in the doorway. Joan ran toward him.

"Your plate is down the old well in the yard!" she cried.

"By the Lord, that's your last word?" hissed Nat Bray, and like lightning his hand went up to his breast. There was a flash, a report, and Joan fell, without sound or cry, to the floor of the kitchen.

Both Brays were seized and handcuffed.

Eaglewood snatched up the bleeding body of the girl, and shouted to some one who had not yet dismounted in the yard:

"For God's sake come here, Raynor! Have you any remedies with you? I fear this wretch has killed her!"

Dr. Raynor swung himself out of the saddle and entered the shanty. On its threshold he found himself face to face with the elder Bray.

The two men stared hard at each other. Both changed countenance; then a wicked grin puckered the lips of old Joe.

"How are you, brother-in-law?" he said, grimly. "You know me, I see. Belong to this crowd, eh? Then I'll be obliged to you to get me out of a bad scrape. I've been a tool in the hands of Nat and Len—nothing more, 'pon my soul!—and ye owe me something for what I've done for that girl there, brother-in-law."

The doctor's heart gave a great bound. That girl! She lay on Eaglewood's arm like one dead.

He cast a long look at the handsome face, so wan now and rigid, and the iron of conviction entered his soul.

"Is this my daughter?" he said, sternly.

"That's your daughter—leastways, what's left of her," replied old Joe, airily. "You'd better settle now for the cost of her keep these sixteen years or more."

The doctor's eyes flashed fire behind his spectacles.

"You scoundrel! Why did you send me word that my child died with her mother?"

"Well, brother-in-law, I own 'twas a mistake; but at the time I thought I'd keep the kid, and through her make something out of you at a later day; but I lost track of you arter a while, and Joan got to be useful to us, and so I let the matter drop just thar."

Dr. Raynor took the wounded girl from Eaglewood.

"I came here to help recover your plate," he said, in a low voice. "God knows I did not, at the same time, expect to find the only child that was ever born to me!"

From the untidy yard arose a shout. The officers had removed the covering from the dry well, and at its bottom, concealed beneath dirt and brushwood, lay the Eaglewood plate.

When Joan revived a little Dr. Raynor was dressing her wounds.

"I warned him," she gasped, thinking of Eaglewood—only of Eaglewood—"but he did not believe me."

"Yes, he believed you," answered the doctor, "and he meant to have watched his valuables himself; but something happened at Hattan Hill last night which drove the matter, serious as it was, from his mind—a disaster so dreadful that all minor things were swallowed up in it. Mrs. Eaglewood fled from her home with—with another person. Her husband went in pursuit of her, and left the house wide open to the thieves."

"And did he find her?" asked Joan, faintly.

"Her dead, mangled body. The midnight express-train, by which she escaped, was wrecked not ten miles from Hattan Hill—thrown down an embankment. Poor, foolish Millicent!"

Jean looked up at the doctor with bewildered eyes.

"Who are you?" she said.

He bent and kissed her.

"I am your father—you are my child. You will go with me at once from this place, and from the life you have been living with these Brays. Though you have their blood in your veins, thank Heaven! you are not of them."

She heard no more, for she had swooned with pain.

* * * * * *

Weeks after, far away in another home, when the wounds which had brought her to death's door were slowly healing, Dr. Raynor told his daughter the sad story of his life.

"Years ago, in my wild, headstrong youth," he said, "I married your mother. She was the child of a strolling vagabond, a daughter of the slums, but her beauty was something marvelous. I had wealth, friends, social position. I did my utmost to fit her for the place to which I had raised her, but in vain. We lived in torment for two years. By that time we had learned to hate each other. She fled from me at last, back to her own kin. I did not ask her to return. I had become hard and bitter, and my love for her was dead. I went abroad, and Joe Bray, her brother, wrote me that she had died at your birth, and that you had survived her but a few hours. I sent him instructions to draw upon my banker, which he did so freely that I am sure your maintenance can have cost him nothing. Now, my darling, let the past be as a sealed book to you and to me. We will live for the future now, and for each other."

* * * * * *

One day Gilbert Eaglewood, with the bronze of foreign travel on his face, knocked at the door of a secluded house in the aristocratic portion of a great city, where his old friend, Dr. Raynor, lived the life of an invalid recluse.

For five years the grass had waved green on the grave of fair, erring Millicent. For five years Eaglewood had wandered in foreign lands, a heartsick and embittered man.

"I see, my boy," said the doctor, with a sad smile, "that you are ready to take up the burden of life again."

"Yes," answered Eaglewood, "only a weakling wastes his days in vain regrets."

"There are streaks of gray in your hair; but that is not strange. Now look at Joan! Ah, Eaglewood, I can never thank heaven enough for giving her to me in these last years of my life! I have educated her myself. She is a true Raynor, and my sole comfort, my joy, the light of my eyes."

From among the doctor's books and *bric-à-brac* a girl arose and came forward to greet the visitor—a dark, lissome, splendid creature, with velvety black eyes and curls of raven hair. She was dressed like a princess, and she had the look and air of one.

As she gave her hand to Eaglewood it trembled in his clasp. She had never forgotten him, he had never forgotten her.

"Papa and I have learned to love each other very dearly," she said, with a grave smile.

"That we have!" cried the doctor.

Cindy lived with them. Joan was still her protector and friend. The elder Bray was dead; the younger had left the country for parts unknown.

Eaglewood dined with the Raynors. After the meal, when the three were sitting round the library-fire, the doctor began to speak of a matter which had long lain very near his heart.

"Eaglewood," he said, sadly, "my lease of life is short. I am ill of an incurable disease, and I am glad you have come, for now I shall not leave Joan quite alone in the world."

She was sitting at her father's knee. The firelight glanced on her pale, perfect face and soft throat, against which a single Maréchal Niel rose rested in a mist of fine lace. She shuddered, but did not look up.

"She will have money enough, Eaglewood, but no friends; for I have educated her in strict seclusion—kept her jealously from the world. I was always a selfish man, you know. And now I beg you, for old acquaintance's sake, to be to her a counselor, a guardian, when I am gone."

He stretched out a feeble, imploring hand to the bronzed man in his health and strength.

Eaglewood's gray eyes were fixed upon Joan. Something went over him like an electric shock.

"I will be more than guardian or counselor, if she will allow me," he answered, in a steady voice.

Then, as he met her startled glance, he arose and stood before her, his heart burning like an ember within him.

"Miss Raynor," said Gilbert Eaglewood, "will you marry me?"

There was a moment of breathless silence.

The doctor took his daughter's slim hand and placed it in that of the man whom he loved and esteemed above all others.

"Will you marry me, Joan?" repeated Eaglewood, clasping close the girlish fingers. "For years you have been to me a sweet and tender memory among the thousands that were dark and tragic. I think I have loved you for a long time. My life has been full of disappointment. God knows I need you quite as much as does the doctor here. Be to me the same angel of blessing and consolation which you are to him!"

The tears welled slowly into her grand eyes. She did not withdraw her head.

"Can you—will you try to—love me, Joan?" he pleaded.

"I began to love you five years ago," she faltered, "with a love that was for time and eternity."

SOME FAMOUS "JULIETS."

By Henry Barton Baker.

The first of the *Romeos* was the famous Richard Burbadge, the original representative of most of Shakespeare's heroes; but the name of the youth who first attempted the character of *Juliet* has not come down to posterity; probably it was one of Burbadge's apprentices, as the boys who studied under the great masters of the art were then called. How strange, how incomprehensible, it sounds to us that *Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona*—those most exquisite ideals of all that is gentle and lovable in woman—should have been written for boys to personate; but so it was.

"Romeo and Juliet" was not among the Shakespearean revivals of the Restoration; but somewhere about 1678, Otway produced a tragedy, called "Caius Marius," the plot and a considerable part of the language of which were taken from Shakespeare's play. In this extraordinary piece of patchwork, the scene is transferred to ancient Rome; *Romeo* is rechristened *Marius Junior*, and *Juliet* becomes *Lavinia*, daughter of *Metellus*, a Roman senator; *Mercutio* is called *Sulpitius*, he speaks the Queen Mab speech—sadly mutilated—and when he ceases to speak the language of Shakespeare, becomes a very stilted and bloodthirsty personage; *Sylla* stands for *Paris*, and *Lavinia's* nurse, adhering to the words of the original, calls that very terrible personage of Roman history "a man of wax!" The civil wars between Marius and Sylla form the background of the scene and rule the destinies of the hapless hero and heroine. Betterton was the *Marius*, the great Mrs. Barry the *Lavinia*; and therefore, mangled and distorted as was this version of the part, she must be regarded as the first of the famous *Juliets*. It was said of this actress that she was mistress of every passion of the mind; love, joy, grief, rage, tenderness, and jealousy, were all represented with equal skill and effect. It was for her that Otway wrote *Belvidera* and *Monimia*, which, with the daughter of the Capulets, are

probably the most pathetic creations of all tragedy. She might have been an ideal *Juliet*, as far as the fragments of the part, among which is the potion scene, almost intact, permitted her.

It was not until 1744, for the first time for one hundred years, as the playbill stated, that Shakespeare's tragedy was revived by Theophilus Cibber during a brief and unlicensed tenancy of the Haymarket Theatre, London; but it was with interpolations, excisions, alterations, with some of Otway's rubbish still clinging to it, and with speeches introduced from other works of the author, notably the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Miss Jenny Cibber was the *Juliet*, and that is all we know. The revival proving a success, probably suggested a similar experiment to Garrick, who six years later produced his version of the tragedy, which was the textbook of the play for another hundred years in London, and is still accepted, or was until very recently, in country theatres. It was a much nearer approach to the original than any previous attempts of the Shakespearean tinkers; some of the scenes were rearranged, portions of the dialogue transferred, and the catastrophe altered by the awaking of *Juliet* before *Romeo's* death. This necessitated the introduction of some blank verse by Mr. Garrick, who, although, an incomparable delineator of Shakespeare's characters, was by no means an adequate collaborateur, consequently the sublime simplicity of the original was marred by the introduction of such puerilities as:

"Parents have flinty hearts, tears will not move 'em," etc.

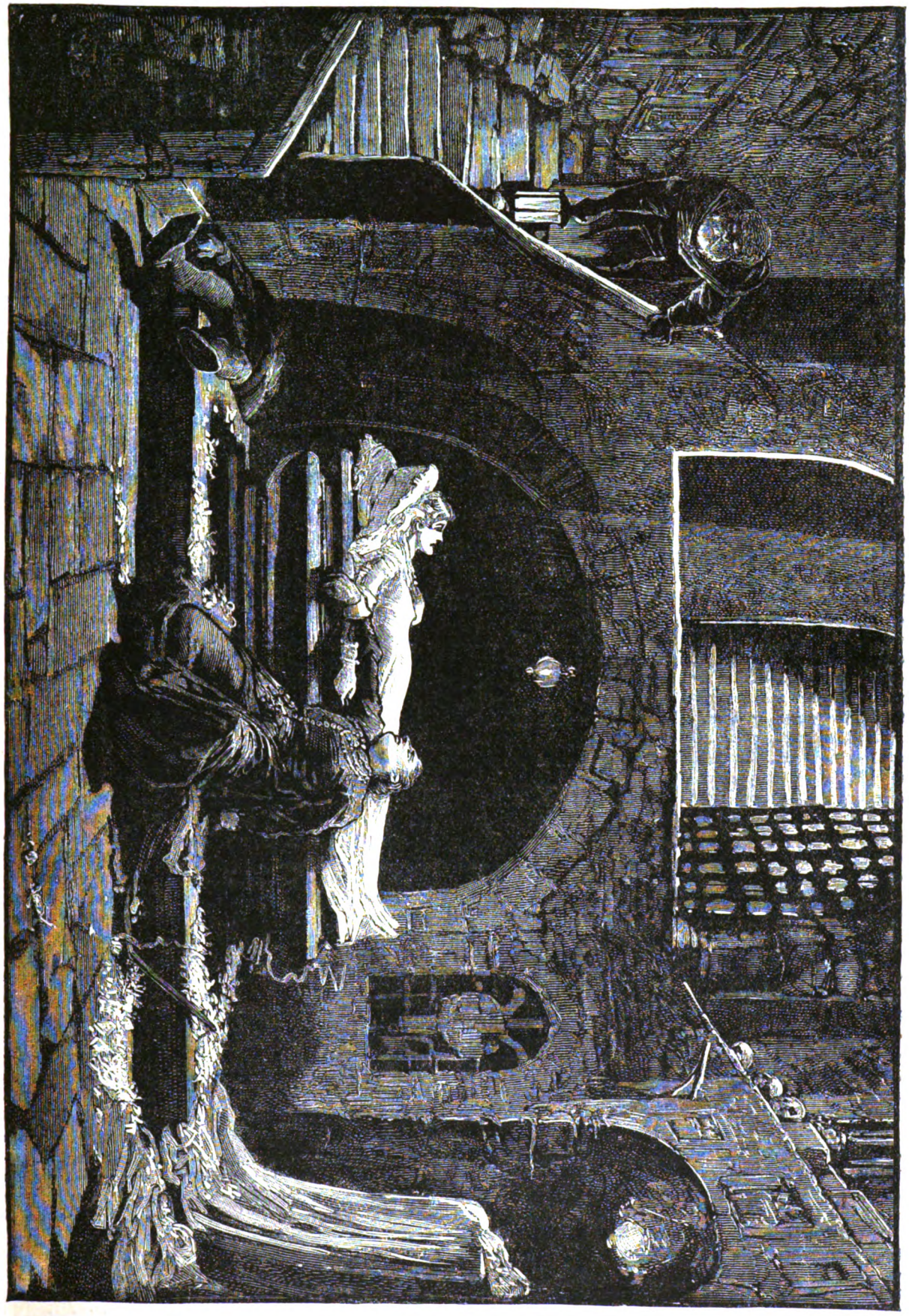
The audiences of that time, however, had to be grateful for small mercies, as far as Shakespeare was concerned. Here begins the true history of the play, and of the famous *Romeos* and *Juliets*. On the night of September 28th, 1750, in a spirit of rivalry between the two managements, the tragedy was produced both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Garrick and George Anne Bellamy were the lovers at the first, "silver-tongued" Barry and Mrs. Cibber at the second. The version played at Covent Garden was probably Theophilus Cibber's, and Rich, the manager, who was great at the arrangement of spectacles, introduced a funeral procession, a piece of lugubrious bad taste which survived until within the last fifty years, and with a revival of which the London public were threatened at the Lyceum. The play at both theatres was so successful that it had a run of twelve nights at one and thirteen at the other; a run so unprecedented that it was the sensation of the year.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE AS "JULIET."

As far as the *Romeos* were concerned, Barry carried off the honors; he was one of the handsomest men of his day, with a fine presence and a most melodious voice; in the balcony scene he was said to be unapproachable, though he was inferior to Garrick in that with the *Friar*.

"Had I been *Juliet* to Garrick's *Romeo*," said a lady critic of the time, "so empassioned was he that I should have expected he would have come up to me; but had Barry been my lover, so seductive was he that I should certainly have jumped down to him. Of the *Juliets*, judged by the standard of that day, Covent Garden was also considered to have the best; perhaps had the audience been a modern one, it might have pronounced a more doubtful opinion.

Miss Bellamy, whose sad, romantic story has been frequently told, was then only nineteen, and in the perfection of her beauty. Most rapturous are the descriptions given of her soft blue eyes, her exquisite fairness that rendered her a very goddess of love. In the expression of all-absorbing passion she had no equal, and her style was



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "JULIET."

natural and impulsive. Here was the ideal *Juliet* for the softer scenes.

Mrs. Cibber formed a remarkable contrast to this picture. She was universally considered to be the first tragic actress of her time, and though at this period verging on her fortieth year, her figure was said to have been still so symmetrical and perfectly proportioned that "it was impossible to view it and not think her young, or to look in her face and not think her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in power for the expression of resentment, and with the most equal command of features for the representation of pity, rage, complaisance, or disdain." Her tenderness was so natural that in pathetic parts she could not restrain her tears, and her face would grow pale even through her rouge. The critics of the time dwelt with enthusiastic delight upon her *Ophelia* and *Constance*, and an actress who could have been equally great in such totally opposite characters must have been truly remarkable.

"Other actresses," writes Dibdin, "may have had more fire, but I believe that all tragic characters, truly feminine, greatly conceived, and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber than in any other actress." But where she would have dissatisfied the moderns whom we suppose to be sitting in judgment upon her, would have been in her peculiar style of delivery, which was formed upon the French model and in the old school of the English stage, before Garrick made art give place to nature; it was a kind of recitative in a key pitched rather high; yet when the ear had grown accustomed to this manner, it must have had a certain charm in scenes of love and tenderness, especially when the voice was a silvery one. Tom Davies, the actor-bookseller, Johnson's old friend, has given in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" several analyses of her acting; but *Juliet* is not among the characters he notices; yet, I think, we may form from the foregoing descriptions a very fair idea of her method, and may conclude that while Bellamy's style, youth and beauty favored her in the earlier scenes of the play, the great powers of Mrs. Cibber must have been supreme in the more passionate.

After Garrick's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" it became a stock piece, and was frequently performed; but we do not hear, during the remainder of the century, of any actress being particularly distinguished in the leading part. Only once—it was for her benefit, in 1789—Mrs. Siddons played *Juliet* in London; although Perdita Robinson, Mrs. Hartley and many others attempted the part. So there is a lapse of sixty-four years before we come to another famous representative.

While starring in Dublin during the year 1814, John Kemble was greatly struck by the performances of a young Irish actress named O'Neill. She was the daughter of a strolling manager; she had been upon the stage since childhood, wandering about from town to town, enduring all the privations of a stroller's life, but learning her profession with a thoroughness that is impossible to the novice of the present day. It so happend that chance or destiny brought her and her father to the city of Dublin, at the time when the leading lady of that theatre, one Miss Walstein, presuming upon her popularity, had, for some real or imaginary offense, absented herself, and placed the manager in such a fix that he had either to close the theatre or find a substitute. Leading ladies were not so easy to be got on the other side of St. George's Channel in those days, and there was no wiring to London for one, nor railroad to convey her, like a new dress or a new bonnet between breakfast and dinner-time, from one capital to the other; so Mr. Manager had to take, with many misgivings, the young strolling actress, whom somebody had suggested to him as a *pis aller*. Probably the recalcitrant Walstein gloated over the anticipated failure, and the picture of the submissive manager imploring her on bended knees to remount her throne on any conditions she chose to name. If she entertained such hopes they were doomed to be sadly disappointed. Miss O'Neill made a decided hit, and the fickle public soon forgot their old favorite in their new one, who had attained a high position in the city, both as a lady and an artiste, when John Kemble offered her a three years' engagement at Covent Garden at £15, £16 and £17 a week. She closed with his offer, and her first appearance was fixed for the 6th of October, 1814, and in the character of *Juliet*.

Siddons had retired, and not before her waning powers had begun to make the rising generation somewhat skeptical touching the eulogies of their predecessors; in tragedy there was not an actress much above mediocrity at either of the great houses, and no more propitious time could have been selected for a *début*. Yet neither Kemble nor any of the company seem to have been at all sanguine as to the young lady's success. But it was very quickly assured; even at the end of the first act the audience had warmed to enthusiasm, and this rose with every succeeding scene until the great one in the fourth, when, as one of the newspapers of the day informs us, she received six distinct "peals" of applause, which culminated at the fall of the curtain in a rapturous ovation. Even those who had witnessed Siddons's *début* pronounced Miss O'Neill's to be one of the most successful first appearances ever known. Indeed, there was a repetition of the Siddons *furore;* crowds nightly fought at the doors for admission, and crowds nightly had to go away disappointed, even the huge capacity of Covent Garden being found utterly inadequate for their accommodation.

Whether Miss O'Neill was the greatest of all *Juliets*, as Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons were the greatest of all *Lady Macbeths*, is a question impossible to determine, but certainly no other actress ever created so genuine a sensation in the character. For we must take into consideration that she came before the London public without puff or advertisement, to stand or fall upon her own merits. Theatrical management was a much simpler affair in those days—there were no photographs, no picture-posters or puff preliminary, no wonderful "get ups," no twenty to fifty pound advertisements to curb the critical pen, no paragraph-mongers, no special staff "to work the press"; a simple announcement in small type appeared "under the Clock" in the leading daily papers, to the effect that on October 6th, "Romeo and Juliet" would be performed, and Miss O'Neill, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, would make her first appearance as *Juliet*. How many of the firework-stars of the present day would succeed under such circumstances? Yet her success was as overwhelming as had been that of the poor unknown stroller, Edmund Kean, only a few months previous. The critics burst forth into an almost unanimous pæan of praise, and even those who checked their enthusiasm did so only on the grounds that the young actress could not render them forgetful of Mrs. Siddons in such parts as *Belvidera, Monimia, Isabella*. From the numerous contemporary criticisms still extant a very distinct idea of her conception of the character may be formed. One of the coldest was written by a Siddons worshiper, Hazlitt: "Though not of the first order of fine forms, her figure is of that respectable kind which will not interfere with the characters she represents. Her deportment is not

particularly graceful; there is a heaviness and want of firmness about it. Her features are regular, and the upper part of her face finely expressive of terror or sorrow. It has that mixture of beauty and passion which we admire so much in some of the antique statues. The lower part of her face is not equally good. From a want of fullness or flexibility about the mouth, her laugh is not at any time pleasing, and where it is a laugh of terror, is distorted and painful. Her voice, without being musical, is distinct, powerful, and capable of every necessary exertion. Her action is impressive and simple. She looks the part she has to perform, and fills up the pauses in the words by the varied expression of her countenance or gestures, without anything artificial, pointed, or far-fetched. In the silent expression of feeling, we have seldom witnessed anything finer than her acting, where she is told of *Romeo's* death, her listening to the *Friar's* story of the poison, and her change of manner toward the *Nurse*, when she advises her to marry *Paris*. Her delivery of the speeches in the scenes where she laments *Romeo's* banishment, and anticipates her waking in the tomb, marked the fine play and undulation of natural sensibility, rising and falling with the gusts of passion, and at last worked up into an agony of despair, in which imagination approaches the brink of frenzy. Her actually screaming at the imaginary sight of *Tybalt's* ghost appeared to us the only instance of extravagance or caricature. Not only is there a distinction to be kept up between physical and intellectual horror (for the latter becomes more general, internal, and absorbed in proportion as it becomes more intense), but the scream, in the present instance, startled the audience, as it preceded the speech which explained its meaning. Perhaps the emphasis given to the exclamation, 'And Romeo banished,' and to the description of *Tybalt*, 'festering in his shroud,' was too much in that epigrammatic, pointed style, which we think inconsistent with the severe and simple dignity of tragedy. In the last scene, at the tomb with *Romeo*, which, however, is not from Shakespeare, though it tells admirably on the stage, she did not produce the effect we expected. Miss O'Neill seemed least successful in the former part of the character, in the garden-scene, etc. The expression of tenderness bordered on hoydening and affectation."

We gather from this criticism that the shriek in the potion scene, since adopted by every actress in the part, was then considered a startling innovation. Leigh Hunt said of her that "Love, tenderness and sorrow were never represented with more effectual truth." But he adds in another place that she had little or none of that transcendent power which is called genius. In particularizing points, the critics tell us how, in the first scene, she made a fine distinction between her reverence for her mother and her fascinating condescension to her *Nurse*, never forgetting in either instance that she was the child of a noble house, a sentiment that would certainly be inborn and unconscious in a Capulet. In the balcony scene we are told that previous representatives had lacked engaging softness; they were too forward—too light in their manner, but O'Neill was all fervor and delicacy. Her elaborate business in coaxing the *Nurse* to deliver her message was new to the audiences of the time. She made a fine picture upon the line,

"Shall I of force be married to the Count?"

by the determined air with which she drew the dagger, her eyes glaring with despair. Her potion scene was universally admired, though, as we have seen, Hazlitt took exception to her shriek, which she repeated when, in her excited fancy, she sees *Tybalt's* ghost seeking out her husband. In her first representation it was objected that her business was too long after drinking the potion; "but," adds the critic, "the exquisite portrait was such a feast to the eye, as to make the memory forgetful of the time." This business was afterward modified. Her last scene was highly praised; the cold, vacant gaze with which she rose from the grave, the wildness of her joy when she found *Romeo* by her side—for, it must be remembered, she played the Garrick version previously described—and her agony of despair, and her wild embraces as he fell dead in her arms. Most of the critics consider that she was too light and playful in the garden scene; but in the latter part of the play she gave "full glorious vent to the tide of love and sorrow. Her highest effort, perhaps, was in portraying of a tremulous rapture bordering on frenzy, an inspiration of delight portentous of sudden and fearful disaster. She was worthy to express all the best sympathies and noblest triumphs of her sex. In the delineation of confiding love, of generous rapture, of feminine elevation of soul, she has had no equal within our memory, and can never have a superior." But the finest of all the descriptions of her acting is that given by Macready, in his "Reminiscences": "Our seats in the orchestra of Covent Garden gave me the opportunity of noting every slightest flush of emotion or shade of thought that passed over her countenance. The charming picture that she presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of her perfect innocence and purity, that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiseled lips. To her might be ascribed the negative praise—in my mind the highest commendation that, as an artist, man or woman can receive—of a total absence of affectation. There was in her look, voice and manner an artlessness, an apparent unconsciousness (so foreign to the generality of stage performers), that riveted the spectator's gaze; but when with altered tones, and eager glance, she inquired, as he lingeringly left her, the name of *Romeo* of the *Nurse*, and bade her go and learn it, the revolution in her whole being was evident, anticipating the worst:

'If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.'

I have heard objections to the warmth of her passionate confessions in the garden scene; but the love of the maid of sunny Italy is not to be measured and judged by the phlegmatic formalist.

'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have: for both are infinite,'

is her heart's utterance. Love was to her life; not valued if unsustained by love. Such was the impression Miss O'Neill's conception of the character made, rendering the catastrophe the only natural refuge of a guileless passion so irresistible and absorbing. In the second act the impatience of the love-sick maid to obtain tidings of her lover was delightfully contrasted with the winning playfulness with which she so dexterously lured back to doting fondness the pettish humor of the testy old *Nurse*, and in rushing to her appointment at the *Friar's* cell her whole soul was in the utterance of the words,

'Hie to high fortune; honest Nurse, farewell.'

The desperate alternative to which the command of *Capulet* that she should marry *Paris* reduced her, transformed the gentle girl at once into a heroine, and the

MRS. KEMBLE AS "JULIET."

distracting contention of her fears and resolution rose to a frantic climax of passion, abruptly closed by her exclamation,

'Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.'

Through my whole experience hers was the only representation of *Juliet* I have seen; and as the curtain fell I left my seat in the orchestra with the words of Iachimo in my mind,

'All of her that is out of door most rich! . . .
She is alone the Arabian bird.'"

When unswayed by prejudice or jealousy, an intellectual actor must be the finest judge of his own art, since no outsider can so thoroughly understand its difficulties and niceties, or have bestowed the same study upon its requirements; therefore Macready's criticism should be regarded as the most valuable of any that have been quoted.

Miss O'Neill's fame soon spread throughout the country, and in her starring engagements she obtained as much as £75 a night, while even Edmund Kean was playing for £50. At the end of five years she had made £30,000, and, after having been engaged to a young nobleman, with whom she broke on account of his dissolute life, was married to Mr. Wrixon Beecher, M.P. for Mallow, and lived long enough to see all the famous *Juliets* of our time. She died in 1872, being then eighty-one years of age.

It was on the stage of Covent Garden that the next famous *Juliet*, Fanny Kemble, made her appearance. How her father, Charles Kemble, then manager, had fallen into such difficulties that he was on the point of closing the house when his daughter came to the rescue, is a story that has been too frequently told to require repetition. She says in her "Records" that it was the thought of the seven hundred people employed in the theatres being thrown on the world almost more than her personal interests that forced upon her the idea of becoming an actress. Her parents had not destined her for the stage, neither had she any *penchant* for such a career, and it was only the desperate condition of their affairs that induced them to listen to the suggestion. She chose *Juliet* as her trial part; and after her mother had heard her recite some of the scenes, it was arranged one afternoon that she should go down to the theatre, when all the people were away, and rehearse upon the stage, with her father alone for spectator. "Set down in the midst of the twilight space as it were," she says, "with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted *Juliet* as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible *Romeo*, and no visible audience to thwart my imagination, at least I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one."

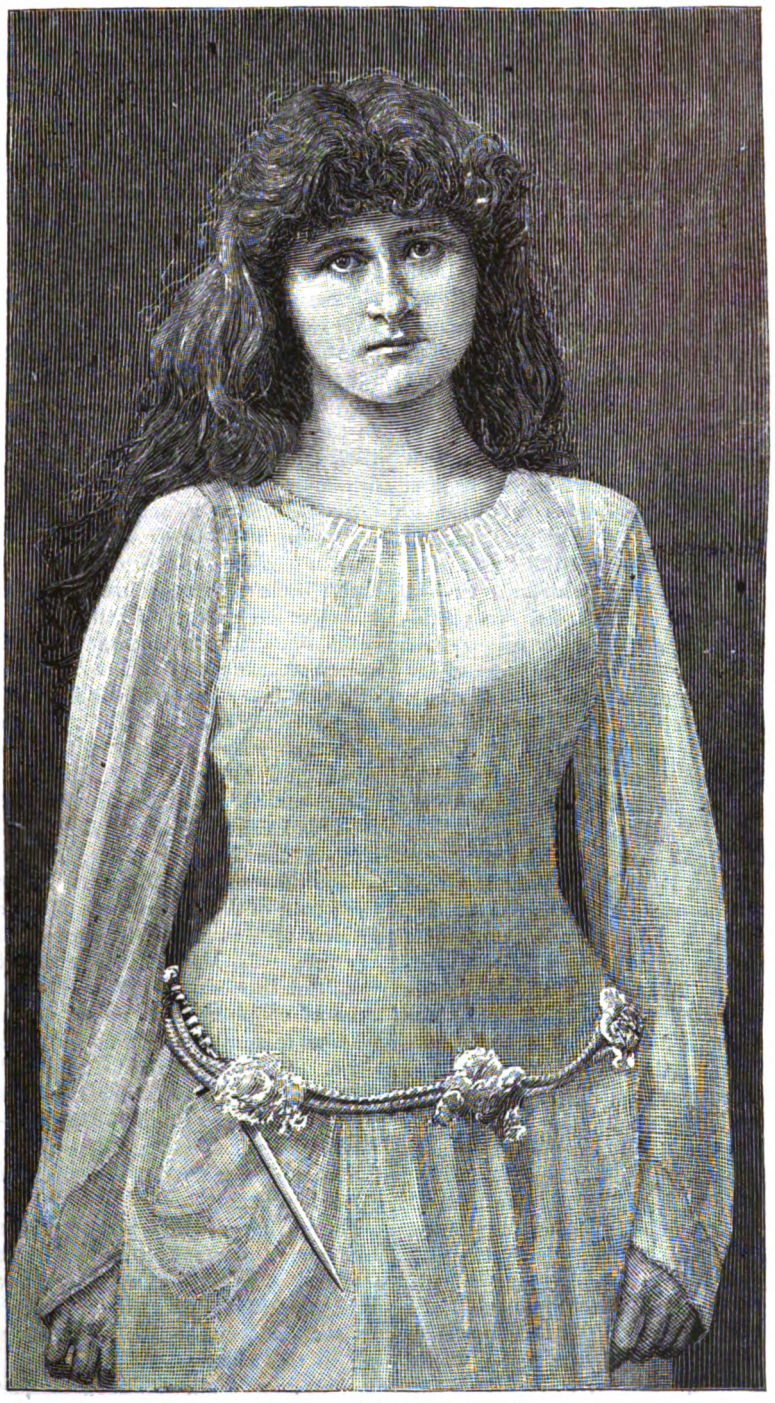
This was a gentleman she calls Major D., a very fine judge of acting, who said, "Bring her out at once, it will be a great success." So it was decided that she should appear in three weeks from that time, that is to say on October 1st, 1829. The costume was now the subject of much anxious debate; but it was decided that she should wear the traditional stage costume, "which was simply a dress of plain white satin, with a long train, with short sleeves, with a low body; my hair was dressed in the fashion I usually wore it; a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small comb of the same, which held up my hair, were the only theatrical parts of the dress, which was so perfectly simple and as unlike what *Juliet* ever wore as possible."

Her remarks upon this choice should be weighed by

ADELAIDE NEILSON AS "JULIET."

the ultra realists, who are smothering the poetry of the stage with a pedantic antiquarianism that is rapidly bringing us to a reaction in favor of conventionality. "I have often admired the consummate good sense with which, confronted by a whole array of authorities, historical, artistic, æsthetic, my mother stoutly maintained, in their despite, that nothing was to be adopted on the stage that was in itself ugly, ungraceful, or even curiously antiquated and singular, however correct it might be with reference to the particular period, or even to authoritative portraits of characters of the play. The passion, sentiment, actions, and sufferings of human beings, she argued, were the main concerns of a fine drama, not the clothes."

Although so nervous in the earlier scenes of the play as to be quite inaudible, the encouraging demonstration that she received from the crowded house soon roused her to enthusiasm, and long before the curtain fell her success was triumphant. The play was performed for a hundred and twenty nights, but, with a judiciousness unknown to modern managers, only three times a week, for there is nothing so destructive to histrionic art as these hundreds of consecutive performances that are now the rule; it must render the finest acting mechanical, accentuate every objectionable peculiarity of style, lead up to exaggerations, and destroy much of the delicacy of feeling which is the very aroma of the art; even enthusiasm must in time give way before the weariness of monotony. It must be borne in mind, however, that Miss Fanny Kemble's *début* was quite another thing to that of Miss O'Neill; the story had spread abroad that a charming young girl, not seventeen years of age, had adopted an arduous profession from no other desire than that of saving her father from ruin, and hundreds of people from being thrown out of employment. What more powerful appeal could be made to public sympathy? And there were youth, and a charming face and figure — and how charming they were we can see for ourselves in portraits still far from rare—to add to a foregone conclusion that she would be greeted with tremendous acclamation, and that whatever her performance might be, it would be applauded to the echo.



MARY ANDERSON AS "JULIET."

Her acting was undoubtedly fresh, with much passion and poetry in it, and a great deal of posing; as, for instance, in the potion scene, where she used to rush from the back of the stage to the proscenium as though driving the apparition of *Tybalt* before her, and then fall upon one knee in an attitude which some poetic admirers designated her "Canova." But she never felt "the fine frenzy" of he art, she could never divest herself of the consciousness that *Juliet's* balcony and *Juliet's* tomb were only wood and canvas; indeed she had a fine-lady disdain of a profession to which no persons were ever more indebted than her own family. She bears witness to the fact that her different performances were so unequal, that sometimes after the curtain fell her mother, who never missed one, would take her in her arms and cry, "Beautiful, my dear!" but quite as often her judgment was, "Your performance was not fit to be seen!"

There was a very famous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Haymarket, in 1846, with the Cushmans;

but as it was the *Romeo*—and such a *Romeo*, so fervid, so full of power and passion the stage has never seen, at least since the days of Barry—who carried off the honors, it does not come within the scope of this article.

During the early part of the Summer of 1863 the curiosity of fashionable playgoers was excited by the report that a young actress from the Comédie Française was about to make her first appearance in London in the character of Shakespeare's *Juliet;* and on June 24th in that year Mlle. Stella Colas achieved a notable triumph at the Princess's Theatre. A young, *petite* blonde, with a lovely face, charming in repose, yet capable of every tender and passionate expression, she created a highly favorable impression on her first entrance, and spite of her strongly marked accent, this feeling rose to enthusiasm in the balcony scene; her acting was French rather than Italian, it lacked the deep-souled intensity that has scarcely ever been given to the scene; some of the business was too coquettish, as when she peeped at *Romeo* through the cluster of roses gathered about the window; but she had soul and fire, *abandon* yet perfect purity, and that natural ardor which can alone infect an audience with a corresponding enthusiasm. In the more tragic parts she was even finer. Full of power and variety was the scene where she was informed of *Romeo's* banishment. Her anguish at the first news, her flush of hatred against her cousin's slayer, with the instantaneous revulsion of feeling upon the *Nurse's* censure of her husband, carried the spectators by storm. Even finer was the scene with the *Friar;* the agony of excitement in which she rushed to him with her terrible news, her frenzied recapitulation of the horrors she would go through rather than marry *Paris*, pausing between each as though searching in her mind for some image more dreadful than the last. The potion scene was splendidly played. And the next day all London was talking about the new *Juliet.* Mlle. Colas, however, proved but a shooting star upon the theatrical horizon; she went to St. Petersburg, and we saw her no more.

Two years later, in July, 1865, a young girl, not fifteen years of age, a pupil of John Ryder's, appeared at that most un-Shakespearean of dramatic temples, the Royalty, in this same ambitious *rôle*, and impressed every critic present with the conviction that there was a distinguished future before her. Need it be said that the name of the young aspirant was Adelaide Neilson? Her performance of the part must be too well remembered by playgoers to need any lengthened description here. From her father, who was a Spaniard, she inherited that essentially southern type which stamped her beauty; and of all the *Juliets* of whom we have any record no one could ever have been in person so ideal a representative; it was an almost faultless face, with its full ripe lips, its large lustrous eyes, and exquisite harmony of feature. Neilson's was essentially the *Juliet* of passion, perhaps a little violent, a little lacking in refinement, and a little hard at times; but its real power and fervor carried the spectator away, and made him forget such shortcomings. What a fine point she made in the ballroom scene, where the shy girl flashed from timid curiosity to passion when she bade the *Nurse* follow *Romeo* and learn his name! Again when the *Friar* gave her the potion, the change from blank horror and despair to hopeful joy at the thought of waking in *Romeo's* arms, and her snatching the vial and smothering it with kisses as she rushed from the stage. Many other excellences would we fain dwell upon did space permit. Poor Neilson! hers was a sad fate, cut off in the very zenith of her powers, her life lost by pure neglect.

We must pass over Mr. Irving's notable production of the tragedy with the briefest notice; it is too fresh in the memory of the public, and its beauties and shortcomings have been too frequently discussed and worn threadbare, to need revival here. *Juliet* cannot be numbered among Miss Ellen Terry's successes; as *Ophelia*, *Desdemona*, *Portia*, she is incomparable, but neither her style nor physique is suitable to *Juliet.* Yet one or two scenes, notably that with the *Nurse* in the second act, was exquisitely beautiful. Pass we now to the last representative of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, Miss Mary Anderson.

It is a saying among actors that a woman can never play *Juliet* until she is too old to look it, and it is, except in rare instances, an unfortunate truism. A perfect realization of Shakespeare's heroine is almost a physical and mental impossibility; wanted, a beauty of the Italian type, a girlish figure, all the freshness, poetry, and enthusiasm of an ideal youth, and all the fervor, passion, and self-devotion of the noblest womanhood; such a combination, under the given circumstances of the play, is quite probable in nature, but scarcely realizable, in all its perfections, in art, unless by a genius almost as rare as the creator's; and no actress who has ever attempted the part of late has been further from such a standard of excellence than Miss Mary Anderson. That she is a beautiful woman is unquestionable, but it is a very charming young English or American lady who steps from behind a curtain—somewhat *à la Galatea*—on to the stage, and speaks with such pretty artificiality, such measured cadence, such an air of innocence as a French girl, fresh from a convent, might assume, and about as real. The same remarks apply to the ballroom scene; the little bit of preliminary love-making is graceful and pleasing, but one longs for one breath of spontaneity. The act closes with a very stagey piece of business: instead of *Romeo* passing off, as usual, with one lingering look, he goes to her, takes her hand and holds it for some seconds, and then walks slowly backward off the stage. Before touching on the balcony scene, let us hear what that fine Shakespearean critic, Hazlitt, has to say about it: "The character of *Juliet* is a pure effusion of nature. It is as serious and as much in earnest as it is frank and susceptible. It has all the exquisite voluptuousness of youthful innocence. There is not the slightest appearance of coquetry in it, no sentimental languor, no meretricious assumption of fondness to take her lover by surprise. She ought not to laugh when she says, 'I have forgot why did I call thee back,' as if conscious of the artifice, nor hang in a fondling posture over the balcony. Shakespeare has given a fine idea of the composure of the character when he describes her, leaning her cheek upon her arm."

Every line of this passage is condemnatory of Miss Anderson's conception and execution. Were she representing the heroine of a modern novel—one of those languid, flaccid young ladies, filled with vague, unsatisfied desires, and bored with life at its very sunrise—her acting in this scene would be a very charming and natural performance, tender and graceful, and sufficiently fervent for a passionless age; but that soft, cooing figure, that lolled and flopped—pardon the words, but no others are equally expressive—now upon the balustrade, now against the wall or window, bore not the faintest resemblance to that soul of fire which Shakespeare has drawn. Would this girl have braved the horrors of the tomb for love, and immolated herself on the body of her husband? For there should be no surprises in true art, as there are really none in human nature for those who have the

power of reading character, and the actor should always indicate by subtle suggestion those phases of his part which have yet to be unfolded; thus there should be a fervor and intensity, a depth of soul in this scene, to prepare the spectator for what is to follow. The new *Juliet*, had she been in the place of *Capulet's* fair daughter, would have wept, sobbed, remonstrated, and sulked, but in the end submitted to papa, married "the man of wax," and in a twelvemonth *Romeo* would have been but a sentimental memory. In the first scene with the *Nurse* some pretty acting might have been expected, but with Ellen Terry's exquisite rendering fresh in the memory, it is a terrible disappointment, for even its coaxing is spiritless and inanimate. Far worse is that crucial test upon which so many actresses break down, the scene in which the *Nurse* tells of *Tybalt's* death; the Italian girl so "light of foot," intoxicated with the rapture of passion, fretting at the slow movement of the hours that divide her from her husband's arms, walks with a languid gait upon the stage; drops upon a seat at an open window in a photographic attitude, and drawls out in almost inaudible tones:

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds."

There is no reality in this, it is not the poetry of Shakespeare, it is the exaggerated maudlin sentiment of a novel-crammed schoolgirl, who will by-and-by develop into the most matter-of-fact of baby-worshiping mammas. What follows, in the same scene, from an artistic point of view, is crude and formless, half-conceived, and what is conceived lacking the power of expression, sobs, moans, whines, hand-wringings, broken now and again by lines not without power, but unfelt and forced out of chaos in a mere desperate attempt to grasp the sympathies of the audience which she can feel are not with her. The parting scene is photographically pretty, dramatically unreal. It is after *Capulet* has laid his command upon her to marry *Paris*, and the *Nurse* counsels her to obey, that the ardent girl is suddenly transformed into the heroic woman; and here Miss Anderson rises to a certain dignity and power; but the transition is unnatural, she has leaped in an instant from a sentimental drawing-room young lady to a tragedy queen, deep-voiced, statuesque, a something that the girl of the preceding acts could never by any possibility have developed into, and least of all the *Juliet* of Shakespeare, who in whatever she did would have been fiery and impetuous; and whether rushing to her husband's arms, to the tomb, or to the stake, it would have been with swift foot, glowing eyes, trembling lips, an exalted frenzy of enthusiasm, not with melodramatic stalk, stony glance, and cold determination; such might have been the mien of a northern woman under the circumstances, but not of this daughter of the sun. The lack of subtle insight in the actress is glaringly shown in the scene that follows, where she meets *Paris* in *Friar Laurence's* cell. Fresh from the foul suggestion of the *Nurse*, which has so stricken her as to change her whole nature, the sight of this man would be loathsome, the touch of his fingers and more of his lips would be poison to her; but Miss Anderson has forgotten all this, and stands pretty and submissive, allowing him to hold her hand; she receives his kiss without a shudder, and maintains such a placid demeanor that a person not conversant with the play might think there was hope for him yet. The potion scene is by far the best of the performance; the varying phases of the wonderful speech are only faintly marked, but it gives indication of a power that in characters of a less impulsive nature will yet, when she has learned those rudiments of her art which the modern actor chooses to despise, secure her, it may be, a high success. The death scene is weak and unimpressive.

From the first scene to the last Miss Anderson is never, to use a theatrical phrase, in the part, Shakespeare's *Juliet;* physically and mentally destitute of passion and enthusiasm—at least, upon the stage—she has not the dramatic power to simulate them. In those parts of the play where frenzied and conflicting emotions

"tread upon one another's heels,
So fast they follow,"

she is lost, helpless, and has to fall back upon the poorest devices of the art, sometimes so commonplace as to be almost ludicrous in their bathos.

Never before has the play received such scenic illustration. Indeed, the fault is on the side of over-elaboration. To witness such marvelous changes as a lady's chamber turning into the pillared aisles of a church, with flights of steps and iron gateways, all built solid as though of veritable stone, is very astonishing, but the constant sound of the prompter's whistle, which we thought had long since vanished with other stage traditions, and a suggestion of pantomime transformations, jar upon the taste. So poetical a balcony scene, so perfect a realization of an ideal Italian garden, has never before been seen upon the stage; but in several others, notably the tomb scene, the spectacle, in fine poetic feeling and that admirable sense of the fitness of things which is the distinguishing trait of all Mr. Irving's productions, is inferior to the previous revival at this theatre.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

THRILLING and marvelous are the adventures of those who go up in the mountains in search of gold, and many are the hair-breadth escapes experienced; but it seldom happens that such a combination of terrors are met with as were encountered by George T. Clark, of Denver, Col., in his recent trip to Breckinridge, near which place he has some valuable mining-property. Mr. Clark has just returned from Breckinridge.

"I started out one morning," he said, "to visit a mountain located about six miles southeast of Breckinridge for the purpose of finding whether the assessment work had been done on some valuable property. I went on horseback to the base of the mountain, tied my horse and went up the side on snowshoes, carrying a rifle and staff. The snow was four feet deep.

"The walk was a good, stiff one of four and a half miles. I attended to the work I had in hand, and, as the day was fine, I determined on enjoying a somewhat more extended hunt than I had originally intended. I skirted around a clump of aspens on the northeast side of the mountain, keeping the location of my horse in sight, and passed over the range and struck up through some straggling pines for a mile or more, keeping close to the ridge. I got on to the fresh track of a bear, and followed this up close to timber line, and, finding that the game had crossed the ridge, I determined to follow.

"I again passed over the ridge, and for the first time discovered that I was much higher than I had any desire to be. Still, there was a good decline before me, nearly five miles over which I could skim on my snowshoes like a bird on the wing. It was very steep, however, and had I been less expert in the use of snowshoes, I should have hesitated to attempt the descent; but bracing my staff under my arm, setting my course for the direction

of my horse, and slinging my rifle in such a manner that it could be brought readily into use in case I caught sight of the bear, which I observed had taken the route that I was about to follow, I started.

"The snow was just right for coasting, and I swept along like the wind down the mountain-side. I had only proceeded about a quarter of a mile, however, when I was forced to slightly deviate from my course to avoid a thick clump of trees.

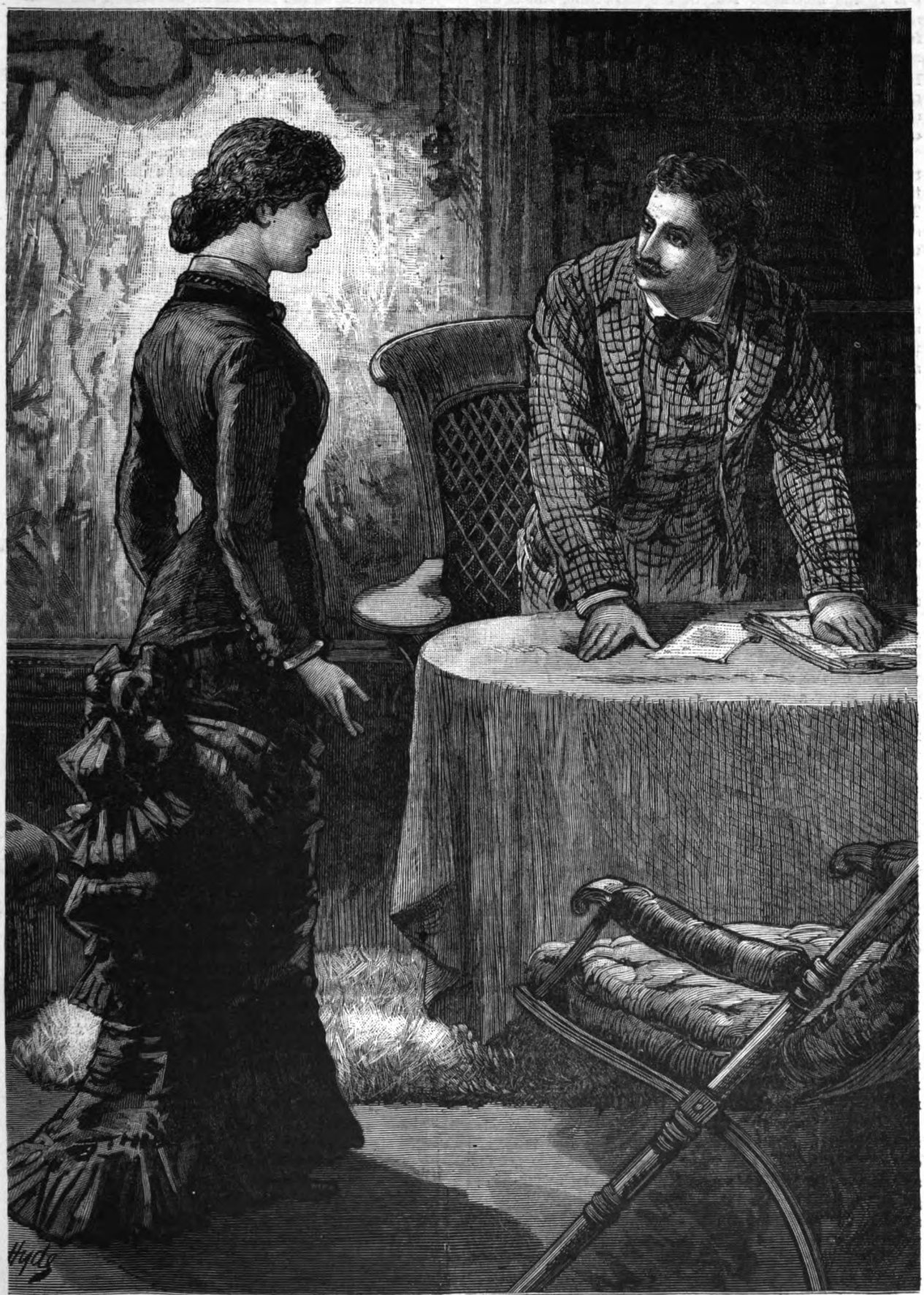
"Suddenly the head of a huge grizzly bear was pushed out from under some wild-rose bushes—on the seeds of which bears feed—almost directly in front of me, and not more than ten rods ahead. Quick as a flash I brought my rifle to my shoulder and fired. I knew that I had struck the bear, for he gave a roar of pain and rushed after me. I went by like a flash.

"Settling back on his haunches, and placing his forepaws in front of him, he started after me. I was not much alarmed at this, however, as I had frequently seen grizzly bears slide down mountains in this way, and felt certain that I could beat one of them. But in the rush he had made at me I noticed that he had loosened a lot of snow, and the fear of a snowslide shot across my mind. I took a quick glance over my shoulder, and saw that my worst fears were realized.

"I knew that nothing could stop the slide. If it were not for the pursuit of the bear, I could have stopped at the start, and allowed the comparatively light rush of snow to pass me; but it was already too late for this, and the bear was gaining on me.

"The bear roared with pain from the wound I had inflicted upon him, until his voice was gradually drowned

A RACE FOR LIFE.—"THROUGH THE MIST OF FLYING SNOW I SAW THE GLEAMING EYES OF THE GRIZZLY."—SEE PAGE 303.



THE STORY OF A STORY.—"THE NEXT MOMENT CHRISTINE STOOD BEFORE HIM. 'YOU WILL NOT HAVE FAR TO LOOK FOR THE CULPRIT,' SHE SAID; 'SHE IS BEFORE YOU.'"—SEE PAGE 307.

out by the increasing roar of the snowslide, which was already an awful avalanche. I did not dare to look again for several moments, during which I shot through half a mile of clear space, and struck through a clump of heavy pines. Occasionally a boulder which had become disengaged from the main mass of snow and *débris* would come alongside of me, and then leave me in the race, carried on by its greater gravity.

"Entering the clump of pines, I again glanced momentarily, and through the mist of flying snow, not more than a rod behind, I saw the gleaming eyes of the grizzly. Then all my attention was required to steer my course safely, at the mad gait at which I was going, through the trees.

"In an instant I had whisked through this forest, the trees of which appeared to be flying up the mountain in a grand charge against the now overwhelming mass of snow and rocks, and in another instant they had joined the conquering avalanche and were engaged in hot pursuit of the bear and me.

"I could scarcely see on account of the blinding drift of loosened snow which had been aroused, and the speed at which I was sweeping down the mountain-side. Suddenly I found myself flying through the open air, and then again I struck the mountain. I had passed over a dreadful gully at least a hundred feet in the clear, and the thought flashed across me that I had at least got rid of the bear. But hot breath upon my neck convinced me of my error. The bear had also crossed the gully in safety, and was still gaining upon me. He evidently felt that he had me, and gave a savage roar of triumph, which sounded above the roar and din of the avalanche.

"I was saved by a miracle. I glanced over my head just in time to see a huge boulder crush the bear's skull and bound harmlessly over my head. But while the bear was out of the race the odds were largely in favor of a snowslide for a winner. Already the drifting snow was above my knees, and I expected momentarily to share the fate of the bear from some of the boulders hurled out of the terrible mass of moving matter so close behind him. I had still a mile and a half to go, and while I was sweeping along with almost lightning speed, the conviction was growing upon me that I would soon be a part of the snowslide.

"Suddenly, as if by inspiration, a thought flashed through my mind. It was that I could increase my speed by adding to my specific gravity. I cast my eye quickly to one side, and seeing a boulder bound out of the mass of matter, I grasped it in my arms. The effort almost cost me my life, for if the snow had not been piled up to my armpits I would doubtless have been carried off my feet. In an instant I saw that I had reasoned correctly, for my speed began to increase at a frightful rate. I fairly flew along, and before I had made half a mile more of the distance the snow around me scarcely covered my snowshoes, and boulders were quietly sailing along by my side, sometimes knocking against me, but doing me no harm.

"The speed was too great to keep my head, and for the moment I must have lost consciousness; When I came to myself I felt my speed greatly diminished. In an instant I realized the situation. I had struck the gulch, and was sweeping over it at a still frightful speed, but with the dreadful snowslide tumbling down upon my head.

"In an instant I threw the boulder away, and dropped my rifle and staff, and prepared myself for a dash up the opposite mountain, in the hope of getting above the tremendous torrent which was filling up the gulch.

"I seemed to bound into the air as I struck the mountain and swept up its side, carried on by the fearful impetus which I had attained. The great wave struck the mountain, too, and exhausted its fury in one wild dash, which raised a column of snow hundreds of feet in height and shook the hills with its deafening roar. The column fell and closed around me, burying me completely under it just where I had come to a standstill. I put up my hand, and I felt the open air above me, and knew that I was safe. I worked my shoes up as an incline, and soon found myself on top of the snow. I looked around me, and all was quiet again.

"I knew that there was no need to search for my horse, as he was buried beneath hundreds of feet of snow and rock; but protruding through the snow I saw the foot of a grizzly bear. I went over and pulled it out. It was the bone and foot, that was all, but it was evidently a portion of the cause of the trouble. I threw it over my shoulder and walked to Breckinridge, where I dined upon the bear's meat."

AMONG THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

The hut in which I found myself, and it was a fair sample of the rest, was of the rudest possible description. The doorway was so small that it was a task to get in; the walls were composed of the branches of trees stuck into the ground a few inches apart, the interstices being filled with bits of chopped wood; the roof was thatched with grass. Three sides were occupied by raised bamboo sleeping-platforms, some fifteen inches above the ground; there were no windows. At one side was a slight depression in the ground, which served as a fireplace, logs of trees being laid over it, end to end, and constantly pushed further in as they gradually consumed away.

All the village crowded in—women, young girls, and children of all sizes; but the male savages, with a few exceptions, were all absent on a hunting expedition, having been gone several days.

From the roof were suspended various requisites of the chase—bows, arrows, and deerskins—besides sundry articles of domestic use, all of the rudest kind.

Having had something to eat, I strolled out amongst the other huts, and everywhere was well received. What particularly struck me was the fearlessness of the women and girls and the frankness of the children, who were most interesting. They came close up to me, examined my clothes with their large dark eyes, pulled my beard, and were never tired of looking at my watch. They are bright, and I should say intelligent, and incomparably more interesting than the Chinese children—so simple, natural, and unsophisticated. All smoke, from the youngest to the oldest of both sexes, and it was truly ludicrous to see tiny mites of certainly not three Summers—stark naked—with pipes in their mouths. The women and girls carry their pipes of tobacco stuck in their hair, somewhat in the style of the *liangpat'ou* head-dress of the Pekingese ladies, and keep the tobacco-bags hung round their necks. They at once offered me a smoke. Some of them were playing upon a curious kind of jew's-harp, made out of a slip of bamboo with threads at each end, whilst one girl, of about sixteen, danced. The dance was neither a fandango nor a bolero, nor yet a minuet, but had some resemblance to all three; it was so intensely grotesque that I laughed uncontrollably. No sooner had she finished than the girls came to me, and offering me a jew's-harp, made signs to me to dance.

The harp alone was a sufficient mystery to me, but when the minuet was added the tableau was complete; my audience threw themselves down and screamed with laughing.

From this performance I passed to a scene of somewhat different character: a few yards along a path, a step to one side, and I stood before a scaffold of camphor-branches, on which reposed a grinning row of human skulls, the heads of Chinese slain in raids.

LITTLE TIM.

I.

Over the paling peeped little Tim,
With a roguish look in his bright black eyes;
He called to the children to come to him,
And help him catch the butterflies.
Browned and burned by the Summer's sun,
Under a hat of plaited straw,
Hopeful, healthy, and full of fun,
Was the cheerful face I saw.

II.

I heard the hum of the honey-bees,
The chirp of grasshoppers still and clear;
The robins singing amid the trees;
The clattering scythes in the meadows near;
The rustling wind through the apple boughs,
The murmuring sound of the hillside stream;
The tinkling bells on the distant cows,
While I sat in a sweet day-dream.

III.

I fashioned a future for my boy,
As only a hopeful mother can;
My soul seemed filled with a sense of joy—
I saw him grow to a goodly man:
The prop and stay of my feeble frame,
The pride and hope of my later days;
He mounted the splendid heights of fame—
Men uttered his honest praise!

IV.

To-day, while the Winter winds blew shrill
Through the moaning pines in the vale below,
We bore him sadly over the hill,
And laid him under the drifting snow,
Under the willows blank and bare,
Under the dark clouds cold and gray,
Under the snow-flakes white and fair,
We buried our hopes to-day.

V.

I dream again, while to-night I stand
By my window and gaze at the howling storm,
Of my little boy in the Better Land;
And I seem to see his shining form
Through a rift in the clouds, while I watch and wait
For the joyous summons to go to him.
Yes! Peeping over the golden gate,
I shall meet my little Tim!

THE STORY OF A STORY.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"The ruby and crystal and pale-emerald of the wine-glasses, the burnished gleam of the silver—all made a picture in the softened glow of innumerable wax-candles. The table groaned——"

The young girl who was writing groaned also very dismally.

"Dear me, I shall go wild if I go on describing that wedding-breakfast. I am so hungry. With a stroke of the pen I can give those people the rarest and most delicious cakes, and yet I can't get anything but dry bread myself. It's hard lines, so it is! My fancy will soon flag at this rate. I sha'n't be able even to *imagine* a beef-steak after a while. I don't get any brain-food or any other kind. My articles will soon be as weak as the tea and as dry as the crusts on which I live."

And with these thoughts the young girl laid down the pen, pushed it away with the slips of paper on which she had been writing, and turned to a dismal little stove that had long ceased to send out any heat into the desolate room.

"Why, the fire's out!" exclaimed the young lady, with considerable temper. "Who would not believe in the depravity of inanimate things. There's the element of fire, for instance. How sly and vicious it is! If it can get a chance at destruction, how it creeps along and feeds on nothing; when it bursts out, how it riots and triumphs and licks up everything with its flaming tongue as if it relished the banquet; but when you want it to burn, how you must coax and fan it and humor its whims, and if your back's turned and you forget it, bah! it is out in a moment!"

The girl threw herself in a great old-fashioned arm-chair, which was in reality the only comfortable thing in the room. She was a slender creature, with an essentially high-bred look about her. Her hair, of a golden-brown, was piled up with careless grace on her well-poised head. Her sombre eyes held golden gleams in their brown depths. She had a Greek face, a skin full of glow and bloom, and a mouth curved like Cupid's bow, and quite as able to "send the bitter arrows out."

"So, no supper to-night but water and a crust, for there's no kindling," she said, gloomily. "Now, if the *Gazette* had taken that last story I should have been rich to-night. I would have indulged in a wild revel—reed-birds, perhaps. I would——"

At this there was a knock at the door, and the person did not wait to be invited in.

There was a sound of puffing and blowing as if a small steam-tug had arrived; the door opened and a roly-poly little woman with the tint of an Autumn apple on her plump cheeks, with very round blue eyes, and an odd, old-fashioned cap under a queer poke bonnet, entered the room.

She wore a wondrous shawl with strange palms straggling over it, and a cotton velvet dress, which had once been of a rich crimson, but had faded into the tint now known as crushed-strawberry.

This little woman rolled over to our heroine and clasped her in two very short arms.

"And how is my precious?" she said, kissing her again and again.

"Oh, grinding away!" the girl answered, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"That's what *he's* a-doin' from mornin' till night," said Mrs. Dod, looking at the manuscripts, "but a savage, my dear, when the fit's on, which I 'ears 'im often a-ravink like mad, a-pacink of his room, an' a-talkink to himself, as give me a most onpleasant turn at first, an' I sez to 'im, 'Wotever is it, Mr. Collamore?' sez I; 'if it's colic there's a little preparation of cardamus seeds an' gin as is quite 'armless, 'avin' tried it myself,' an' 'e larfs like a 'ouse a-fire, an' sez 'e, 'Dod, my good woman, them's the spasm of composition.' 'Well,' sez I, not being much on fits, though my sister, Mrs. Baldie's second darter, Sophonisba, had 'em dreadful as wos enough to 'ant a body for life a-turnin' of her eyes inside out; sez I, 'You did ought to see a doctor immediate, Mr. Collamore,' an' 'e larfed more and more, and went on a-h'explainin' as 'e was a-makin' up 'is romances as 'e calls 'em."

"Well, you like your place, do you, Dodkin?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes. I'm quite the mistress of everythink, an' as snug as snag, only it's 'artbreakin' to 'ear 'im a-takin' 'is heroines through sich wales of misery. There was poor Polly last week, 'e butchered 'er reg'larly, an' I couldn't

"OVER THE PALING PEEPED LITTLE TIM,
WITH A ROGUISH LOOK IN HIS BRIGHT BLACK EYES."
—*See Poem on page* 307.

eat my dinner a-thinkin' uv the pretty dear all steepled in her gore; and there was Miranda who lived in a cave for weeks; but, my precious, no matter about them air flictitious characters. I want you to come home with me to-night for company. I've got the nicest little supper cookin'—a love of a chicken a-brilin' with a bit of sweetbread, an' coffee like h'amber, as I must say cook is a good creater, an' knows I'm pertickler about the romeo of my coffee. Come along with yer old nurse, my dear. To think of one of the Thorndykes a-grubbin' in this 'ere 'ole. We little thought of this, my pretty, in the old days when you 'ad your birthday-parties, an'——"

"I HEARD THE HUM OF THE HONEY-BEES,
WHILE I SAT IN A SWEET DAY-DREAM."

"Never mind, Dodkin. I'm not going to be mournful to-night. How can I, when I think of that chicken? You extravagant creature, wasting your substance in riotous sweetbreads when you ought to be laying up for old age."

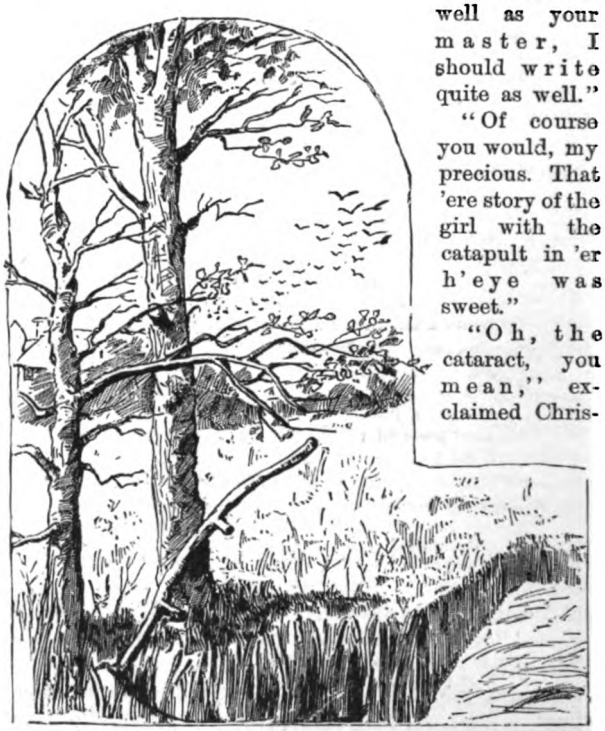
While talking Christine Thorndyke had assumed a long straight ulster of a dark-blue shade, and had crowned her shining braids with a broad-brimmed blue felt, decorated with a long plume of the same color.

So attired, with the sudden bloom that had come into her face, she was as dainty and lovable a young woman as one could see in a day's walk.

"It's wonderful what an inspiration is in the very thought of a good dinner," she said, as they moved swiftly along over the crisp, frozen streets. "I dare say if I lived as well as your master, I should write quite as well."

"Of course you would, my precious. That 'ere story of the girl with the catapult in 'er h'eye was sweet."

"Oh, the cataract, you mean," exclaimed Christine, with a merry laugh. "How I do delight in you, you dear old Dodkin."



UNDER THE WILLOWS BLANK AND BARE,
UNDER THE DARK CLOUDS COLD AND GRAY."

"Which I 'eered 'im a-talkin' about a man as 'ad the h'eye of an obelisk," said Dod, returning the laugh with great good nature.

"The eye of a basilisk, my dear Dodkin, which you haven't."

"No, nor don't want 'em," exclaimed the good woman, "as is satisfied with natur's pervisions, not bein' magnifyin' glasses of h'extra power, but werry good h'eyes, nevertheless, notwithstanding; an' 'ere we are now, my pretty."

They were standing before quite a handsome brownstone house in a wide street. The house was not very wide, but bay windows with rich curtains gave it a pleasanter aspect than its grander neighbors.

"Writing pays him well," exclaimed Christine, with a sort of envy.

"Lor', yes, 'es on the 'igh road now; but your turn will come, my pretty. Why don't you try one of them reg'lar stunnin' ones, full of murderin' willin's sich as raises the very 'air on yer 'ed, and makes yer feel as if a ghost was a-pursuin' ye out of yer seat?"

Christine laughed a merry, silvery laugh.

Those tones reached a man who was sitting alone in his study, belaboring his brains in order, like the Ephesians, to find out some new thing.

"Old Dod has company," he said; "but what a strange echo of cultivation there was in that laugh."

In the meantime Dod has issued her charge into the snug little sanctum she called her own. There was a grate-fire of the clearest and rosiest kind. There were curtains of turkey-red that shut out stray breezes at the window. A cheery carpet of mossy tints, with scarlet berries half hidden here and there, covered the floor. There was a little round table already set, and Dod held up an odd little squat milk-jug, with a sort of mist in her eye.

"It used to be on your dear mamma's table," she said; "but it was nicked, and I got it at the sale as made it within my means, which I believe is Japanese, as 'as a werry good style of their own, bein' 'eathens."

Christine was soon established in the comfortable cushioned chair in which Dod generally took her *siesta*, and from that coigne of vantage surveyed the delicious little repast that was speedily set upon the table. The

"UNDER THE SNOW-FLAKES WHITE AND FAIR,
WE BURIED OUR HOPES TO-DAY."
—*See Poem on page* 307.

"romeo" of the coffee was quite up to Dod's recommendations.

"I think you are an enviable creature, my Dodkin," Christine said, as they sat together enjoying the meal. "I think I shall apply for a situation as housekeeper for a single gentleman myself."

"Which you ought to 'ave the werry best," answered Dod, "an' I 'opes soon to see the day as you'll set under yer own wine and fig-tree, as the sayin' is—though why fig-tree, sez I—which is that deadly sweet, as I tasted once a-visiting my cousin Sararann in the Carliny, as I can't abide 'em, and give me apples or pears, any day. But, my dear, I'll not deceive you—chicken and sweetbreads is not on the bill of fare for an 'ousekeeper's table."

The young man who sat alone at a writing-table not far off heard again a peal of merry laughter, and he was almost ready to go and have a look at his housekeeper's companion. His thoughts wandered considerably from the page he was writing.

"There is a great want in my romances," he said, "and I wonder the public don't detect it. I have never had a real sorrow, and I have never been in love. Passing fancies I have had like the rest, but a great, genuine, overmastering passion is needed. This proposal has not a true ring about it. How would I do it? I don't know. I really ought to fall in love if only to be able to portray it correctly, though"—with a laugh—"as the charity-boy said of the alphabet, when he got a whipping over

"I DREAM AGAIN WHILE TO-NIGHT I STAND
BY MY WINDOW AND GAZE AT THE HOWLING STORM."

every letter, whether it's worth going through so much to get so little, is a question."

Christine, who had been established for the night in a pretty little room, all pink and silver, so that she seemed surrounded with a rose-bloom, sat dreamily in a sleepy hollow of a chair, and gazed into the fire. How pleasant and cheering it was to be really comfortable, and how drear and hard and flinty seemed the road that lay before her; so lonely, too, for the girl had a loving heart, and there was no one in the wide world but Dod who seemed to belong to her! Would the skies ever brighten—would the wilderness ever bloom?

She was quite startled by hearing a clear voice that seemed to answer her thought: "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the dim and shadowy future without fear and with a steadfast heart."

"OF MY LITTLE BOY IN THE BETTER LAND;
AND I SEEM TO SEE HIS SHINING FORM."

"It is the author," she said to herself, with a certain awe. "His room must be next to mine. How I would like to know him. What a clear, strong, expressive voice

he has—no weakness in those tones. I can almost read his character in his voice."

If that were the case, Christine had time to read it, for the gentleman was reviewing aloud one of his own stories. He had quite forgotten the merry laugh which had touched him, and fancied himself alone in that part of the house.

So Christine heard him to the end with the greatest attention. She was quite thrilled with the story, and was therefore surprised to hear him say aloud at the end:

"Bah, I can make nothing of it! I'll throw it in the waste-basket to-morrow. I can make nothing of a mere love-story, because——"

Well, he did not state the reason, and Christine, who had begun a train of conjecture, lost it in dreams.

The next morning, before she went away, Dod threw open the study-door.

"Wouldn't you like to see the place he brews 'em in?" she asked, with a deprecating grunt. "Not as I can keep it h'orderly as I would wish, which ain't allowed to lay a 'and on a paper, and a pretty litter they is, to be sure, only the waste-basket as seems overflowin' this mornin'."

And Dod pounced upon that as if glad to be able to set something in order.

Christine saw the manuscript of a story half torn and lying amid the other scraps.

"It wouldn't be wrong for me to take this, would it?" she asked. "I'm curious to read it."

"Lor', no, child, you're welcome!" exclaimed Dod. "I throws 'em all into the h'ashes."

So Christine rolled up the manuscript and put it in one of the deep pockets of her ulster.

"Which it wrings my 'eart-strings to see you go," Dod said, with a tear in her eye, "but it won't be long, my precious, and don't worrit too much over them air stories."

Christine did not dream that she would not see that friendly face for months, or she would have gone away with a heavy heart.

But so it happened. Christopher Collamore went suddenly to Europe for the Winter, and Dod was called to the bedside of a sick aunt, from whom she had expectations. She had tried to see Christine, but the young girl happened to be out, and she left a misspelt note as follows:

"My Precious: It's aggerawatin' but can't be 'elped as Aunt Patience is a-dyin' this time, and I think it will probably be the last time, 'as 'ad a many false alarms—h'awakenin' the 'ouse-'old in the dead of night and makin' bequests as she took back reg'lar in the mornin', which 'appened to me an' a silver teapot called for after I 'ad it packed in my trunk as was onpleasant, to say the least. But, my pretty, keep up, and all will come right. My master is off to a German place that begins with 'Swine——,' not fit for a Christian, I should say, as is one, if h'ever there was, an' give me leave to stay till the last, an' wages the same. Your own nurse and friend, Hannah Dod."

Christine cried over the ill-spelt letter. She felt horribly alone in the world and very helpless.

Her privations were beginning to tell upon her powers. Her imagination flagged, and she found herself utterly unable to work.

She had steadily refused taking any of Dod's hard-earned money; but with famine staring her in the face, she would have laid aside her pride.

Her head ached and she could not think. Her landlady had dunned her for the rent of the miserable room. She had eaten nothing but a crust of bread all day. Dod had been away for a month, and there was no word. Hope seemed gone, and grim despair settled down on her young life.

She had even allowed the landlady to take away some of her clothing to pawn for her from time to time, and now there was nothing left to send, and Mrs. Cluppers was growing insolent.

Poor Christine, in all her misery she was haunted by memories of the days when life had been like a holiday to her.

"No shade had come between
Her and the sun—
Like some long childish dream
Her life had run."

On one dreary night in particular, she sat watching the sleet beat against her pane. The last candle burned in the socket, and her last cent was spent. She had nothing written—she was not able to write. She turned over her few belongings to see if she could find anything to pawn—she searched her papers to see if there were anything to sell, and found Chris Collamore's manuscript.

A sudden temptation assailed her. The writer was away, and he had cast this into the waste-basket. Having thus cast it away, it was the property of any one who found it. If it had gone into the "h'ashes," as Dod called them, some one might have picked it out.

So she reasoned, and a sort of fever of hope burned in her veins.

"I think a low diet must confuse one's notions of right and wrong," she said, as she sat down to copy the torn manuscript. "I suppose before I was so reduced I would have scorned this ignoble action, but now it is life or death, and that is a wonderfully strong argument. The public may like the story, though the author did not. I should not feel any scruple about selling a cast-off garment that he had thrown away, and this is exactly the same."

The young girl was indeed not wholly herself at this juncture. Her privations did affect her reasoning, and she took her way to the office of the *Mistletoe* with a beating heart.

She had sold things there before. She courageously asked more for this story than she had ever received, and begged the editor to read it before he answered her demand. She would wait for his verdict.

"Checkmate.' That's a good title," the gentleman said, after he had cast his eye over it. "And it seems to me you have made a new departure. It is in a different style."

"Well, is it an improvement?" the girl asked, in a trembling voice.

"I will give you your price," replied the editor, and Christine considered her question answered.

She took the money, which seemed like the reprieve of one sentenced to death, but her heart was heavy.

She went out into the clear Winter sunshine. There seemed a blur over everything. Some subtle change had passed over the face of the world. She could not

"——lift her head
Serenely in the sunshine as before."

A slight thrill of pleasure came to her as she settled her landlady's bill, and there was of course some comfort in having invigorating food, but as her strength increased, conscience awoke to new life and tormented her horribly.

The story came out. Worse than that, it was a success. Every one who knew her *nom de plume* congratulated her. Invitations came from other magazines, and she found herself in a serious dilemma. There was nothing for her to do but to attempt an imitation of the style that had proved so successful.

As is usually the case, "Checkmate" had made enough mark for her to float a half-dozen inferior stories on the current of its favor.

She found matters improved for her in every way. She no longer wanted for anything save the approval of her own conscience, and wanting that, all else had lost its flavor.

In the midst of her work one day Dod suddenly burst in like a whirlwind, and smothered her with embraces.

"Which I thought the time would never come," she panted, "not wishin' anybody out of the way 'fore the appointed day, but when it comes to makin' wills and tearin' of 'em up once a week, and dyin' intestines after all, it's that aggerawatin' as flesh an' blood can't endure; but it's all right as I'm next of kin, my pretty, an' she went off like a lamb, as wasn't 'er disposition in life, I must say, though not one as would speak h'ill of the dead. Let 'em rest in peace, as is better off, say I, an' their friends, too; an' glad I am to see you're a picture of 'ealth, my dear. You're comin' 'ome with me."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Christine, feeling a horrible shame at the way she had betrayed such loving hospitality. "I—I am so busy."

"Now I ain't goin' without you!" exclaimed Dod, positively. "'E's away, you know, an' the 'ouse is like a grave."

"And when do you expect Mr. Collamore home?" Christine asked, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Well, 'e did talk of stayin' for the carnival, as you've 'eered on, I suppose, where they rides mad 'orses, an' throws lime in each other's faces, as is ways I don't 'old with, but 'ighly entertainin' to some folks. So 'eres your 'at, an' you must mind yer old nurse as 'as bin gone from you so long."

Christine could not find it in her heart to refuse, and once domiciled with the old woman, she was coaxed to remain and spend a week with her.

So it happened that Mr. Collamore, who had been overtaken in foreign parts by a yearning for his home and his work once more, on letting himself into his own house one morning, was greeted by the sound of a merry laugh.

He had heard it before, and he had not forgotten it. This time he had an excuse for going directly to the housekeeper's room.

Dod was never taken by surprise, and greeted him effusively, but his eyes wandered to the graceful girl who had started to her feet, with a face at first suffused with blushes and then paling under his glance.

"My old master's daughter, Miss Thorndyke, Mr. Collamore," Dod was saying, "as I brought up, an' was born to affluence, with a silver spoon in 'er mouth, but the changes and chances of this mortal life 'as——"

Mr. Collamore saw the young girl's confusion, and to help her began on another topic.

"A curious thing has happened, Mrs. Dod," he said. "Do you know what becomes of the torn scraps from my waste-basket?"

"They goes into the h'ashes," she said, promptly.

"Oh, then you make me eat my own words!" he exclaimed, with a laugh; and as Dod stared in bewilderment he hastened to say: "The fact is, somehow a story of mine has been purloined and published. I would like to find the scoundrel and pull his nose for him. I'll unearth him yet—all things come round to those who wait. What do you think of such an action, Miss Thorndyke?"

"I think it was dishonest," she said, in a low tone, and her eyes dropped before Mr. Collamore's somewhat ardent gaze.

The young man carried the remembrance of that glance with him to his study, and something warm and sweet stirred in his heart. He was holding the magazine that contained "Checkmate" before him in a half-angry mood, when a low tap at the door startled him.

The next moment Christine stood before him.

"You will not have far to look for the culprit, Mr. Collamore," she said; "she is before you."

"What!"

"I mean that I am the dishonest person that stole the manuscript," Christine went on, determined not to spare herself by using mild terms. "I can make no other reparation now than to confess it all. In time I will give you back——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Collamore, with a strange throbbing in his heart; "do not speak of that."

"I picked up the story from the waste-basket," she went on, "and in a moment—of need——"

She hesitated, choked, and stopped utterly.

"It was justifiable," he began, hurriedly.

"No—no, do not defend it," the girl cried; "there is no temptation that can make wrong right. I despise myself! I am humiliated in my own eyes. But if you will tell me that you forgive me, I can have some heart to go on."

"So you are a writer also?" the young man asked, with a keen sympathy. "Of course I forgive it all. I had thrown the thing away, and it was mine no longer."

"But you were going to pull the recreant's nose," began Christine, with a gleam of fun.

"But I did not anticipate a little Greek nose, that is sculptured after an ancient gem," answered, the gentleman, laughing. "You must let me be of use to you, Miss Thorndyke; promise me that."

And he won the promise from her before she left.

* * * * * *

"There is only one true way of righting the matter," said Collamore, one evening in Spring, as he walked by Christine's side under the budding trees in Central Park; "are you willing to do it? You ought to make some reparation, you know."

"Of course I am willing," answered Christine, with a flush.

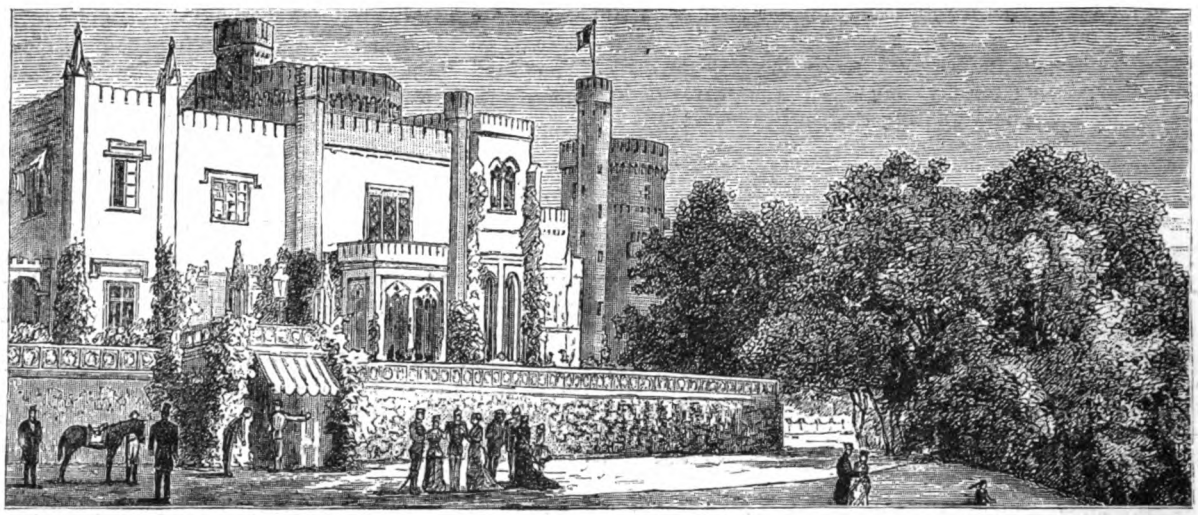
"Then you must agree to marry me. That will make you Chris Collamore, don't you see, and you can claim all his stories."

"But what confusion it will make," Christine, answered, with a smile; "only no one could mistake mine for yours."

"I shall not let you write except to me, so there will be no confusion," answered Collamore; and so all was settled in an amicable manner, and Dod heard it with great rejoicing.

A NEW PROTECTIVE AGAINST TORPEDOES.

When, some years ago, the masonry of the quays in the Seychelles Islands was found to be constantly needing repairs at great expense, in consequence of the deterioration due to violent seas, a plan was devised of protecting the portions exposed to the action of the waves by a palisade of bamboo-canes, the space between which and the structure of the quay itself was filled in with the fibre forming the husk of the cocoanut. This cellulose, or cofferdam, as it is called, was found to behave like a sponge, and offer the most effective shield to the masonry of the quays.



BABELSBERG, COUNTRY-SEAT OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

The great success of this expedient has led to some experiments, which have just been conducted at Toulon, with a view of utilizing cofferdam as a protective against projectiles, shells, and torpedoes in naval warfare, and with a result that seems to indicate what may become a very extensive employment for the cocoanut fibre, which has already found so many uses in commerce, and the trade in which has recently been largely developed in the South Sea Islands.

Cofferdam, copra, or coir are various commercial terms for the ligneous envelope of the cocoanut. This is disintegrated and comminuted by various mechanical processes, which we need not here describe. The cellulose itself is one of the lightest substances known, weighing about five times less than cork. The material used for the experiments was in every case a mixture of fourteen parts of pulverized cellulose and one part of fibres, the latter acting like hair in mortar or cement as a binder. This mixture was compressed so as to form a kind of felting, of the density of 120 kilogrammes to the cubic metre, and thus condensed was placed in a case, which was covered with boarding about five inches thick, the depth of the cofferdam being about two feet. These particular thicknesses were chosen as of dimensions practically applicable to vessels which it might be desired to protect by this means.

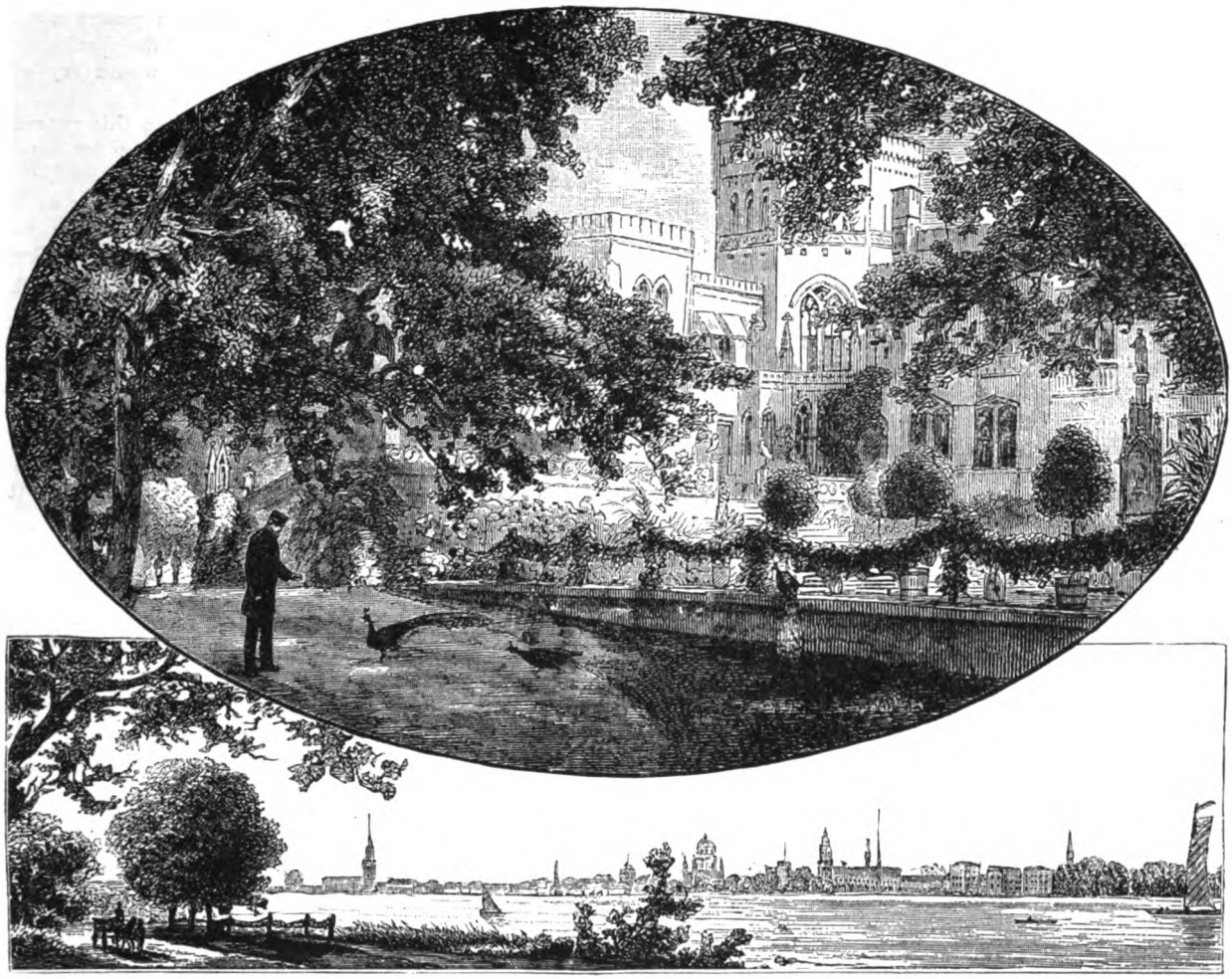
The first experiment was designed to test the effect of an ordinary projectile which was fired from a cannon of nine inches calibre, at a distance of only sixty yards, against the case of cofferdam above described. The projectile pierced the case through and through, carrying away a quantity of the cellulose, but a remarkably small quantity, when the cubic content of the projectile is considered. The most important feature, however, of this experiment was, that, immediately after the shot, the perforation was found to be filled up by the cofferdam, so that it was impossible for a man to thrust his arm through the place penetrated by the projectile. It was then attempted to force water through the place where the shot had passed; but even after several minutes, only drops were found to ooze through. In proportion as it absorbs liquid, the cellulose augments in volume and density, and tends thereby to withstand the further entrance of water.

MODEL CANNON.

The next experiment was made with a view to show the incombustibility of the cofferdam, and its power to resist or extinguish explosive projectiles and shells. First, a portion of its contents was removed from the above-mentioned case, and a large quantity of burning charcoal was placed in it, and covered with the cellulose to the depth of from three to four inches, when the charcoal was speedily extinguished. Next, from the former distance of sixty yards, shells of nine inches in diameter were shot into the case of cofferdam and burst there—the fragments nearly all remaining in the cellulose, into which no water was found to have entered. Moreover, the material is said to have offered such obstruction to the few splinters of the shell which passed through it, that they would scarcely retain velocity enough to be dangerous.

The third experiment was one for testing the resistance of the cofferdam to the effects of torpedoes. Here the case used to contain the cellulose was of sheet-iron. The torpedo was attached to it on the under side, and exploded. In this instance the effects were more violent—a side was blown off the case, and the mass of the cofferdam was found to have been pierced through and through with a small longitudinal perforation. But even in this case it is considered that the force of the blow inflicted by the torpedo was considerably attenuated. The question is now under serious consideration, whether vessels of war should not have a protecting envelope of this cofferdam, which, in conjunction with water-tight compartments, would, it is thought, prove the best defense against all kinds of artillery.

THE CAVALIER HAUS.



BABELSBURG, WITH GENERAL VIEW OF POTSDAM.

BABELSBURG AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

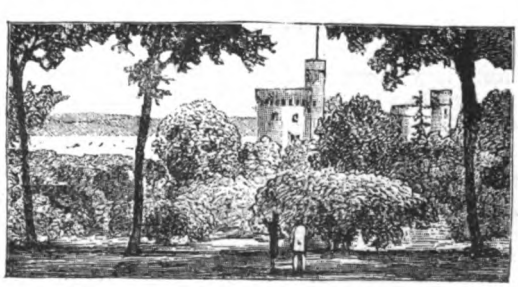
By Sarah K. Bolton.

A half-hour from Berlin, through a lovely country, we reach Babelsburg, the Summer home of the Emperor. Sometimes he visits Ems and Gastein for the baths, but here he comes for rest and refreshment. Here he is the simple-hearted, home-loving man, watching his chickens and his peacocks, and enjoying his grandchildren.

The palace, of light brick, stands in the midst of ample and beautiful grounds, well filled with flowers and statues. The house has an air of comfort, as though nothing were too good for use. As you enter, two bear-skins, one white and the other black—the animals were shot by the Emperor—are on the floor of the hall. The living-rooms are mostly in blue, this being the Emperor's favorite color, while the rooms at the great palace in Berlin are in red-and-gold. The concert-hall has blue frescoes, blue curtains, and blue-velvet chairs with gold fringe. The dining-room has ceiling-panels of oak and walls of the same wood, along which are vases of glass engraved with coats-of-arms, the Prussian standing between those of England and America. The table is oak, with high chairs standing about it, richly embroidered.

A pretty suite of rooms is that in which the Crown-princess Adelaide lives, when she comes here with her children. These are furnished in blue-and-white plaid

THE FLATOW SPIRE.



THE ROUND TOWER, FROM THE PRINCE'S HEIGHT.

chintz, with a line of red, just as they were twenty years ago, when Frederick-William, the Emperor's only son, brought her a bride from the home of Queen Victoria. Fearing that the young girl, who had always been the idol of Prince Albert, would be lonely in her German home, these rooms were furnished just like her own in England.

Especially interesting is the study and workroom of the Emperor, who, though he comes here for rest, is never idle. As is his custom at Berlin, he rises at six, takes a cup of coffee, and usually at eleven a cup of bouillon and bread, dining with his family in the afternoon. Here the chairs and sofas are of yellow leather, with yellow curtains, making a pretty combination with the drab carpet sprinkled with red roses in green leaves.

Adjoining is the sleeping-room, furnished in chintz, with blue walls, the bed a plain and narrow one, not broad enough to turn over, for "when a man desires to turn over it is time to get up," says the hardy soldier. His desk shows the alert, active brain. All is in perfect order, and yet books and maps in abundance are close at hand for use. The two pens sticking in the ink-bottle are steel, one with a common cork handle, just like the one he uses at Berlin; the other of wood, costing, perhaps, a cent.

Everywhere are tokens of affection. Pictures of his children and grandchildren are always before him. Here is the exquisite hand of Helen, the sister of Alexander II., who sent it to him before her death. Here is another picture, and also a bust, always found near the Emperor—that of his mother, Louise of Prussia, the most beautiful and remarkable woman of the German nation. To her, Germany owes its union; to her, Emperor William turns with the adoration of his boyhood. Her love and her sorrows have been the central point of his life; her grave is his Mecca; her wishes, his law.

Married at Christmas, 1793, to Frederick-William III., she dazzled Prussia with her beauty and her loveliness. Her deep-blue eyes, auburn hair, dainty form usually in white, beaming face and melodious voice, charmed peasant and king alike. Goëthe said of her and her sister Frederika: "I could only compare them to two celestial beings, whose impressions on my mind could never be effaced." When Frederick met her he loved her at first sight, and said, in the words of Schiller, "'Tis she, or none on earth." "She was," says Bishop Eylert, "affable, cheerful, sympathetic, poetic, ideal, playful, tranquil, full of grace and love." At her triumphal entry into Berlin, the day before her wedding, little girls in white strewed flowers along the way, and one read a poem of welcome. Louise seized her in her arms, and, scarcely more than a child herself, kissed her several times. The hearts of the people were won by such spontaneous affection, and she at once became their idol.

On her eighteenth birthday her husband's father, the King, presented her with a beautiful castle. Seeing her surprise, he asked her if she had any other wish."

"Yes, a whole handful of gold for the poor," was her reply.

"And how large would the birthday-child like the handful to be?" asked the King.

"As large as the heart of the kindest of Kings," was the ready answer.

Of course the request was granted.

At twenty-one she was called the "Mother of her Country." She used all her spare moments in studying ancient and modern history, taking especial delight in old Greek tragedy, Goëthe, Schiller and Shakespeare. She encouraged men of letters, science and art, superintended charitable institutions, and was a devoted wife and mother. When she attended the Berlin yearly fair on foot she would buy baskets of cakes and distribute them among the poor, while young and old would cry out, "Give me some, Frau Queen."

But she was not long permitted to live this peaceful life. Frederick-William II. had left the country impoverished, and weak in men and money. Frederick-William III. was a good man, but not able to cope with a Bonaparte who was sweeping over Europe. In vain Louise urged that Prussia ally herself with the Great Powers against Napoleon. Frederick wanted to avoid war; Napoleon wanted nothing so much as war. Alexander came over from Russia to urge the dilatory King to action. Then Louise, with her heart beating for her nation, arranged that the two sovereigns should stand together at midnight, at the tomb of Frederick the Great, and form a sacred alliance against France.

At once Prussia raised 130,000 men, and with high hopes the King and Queen left Berlin at the head of the army. The beautiful young mother wore the uniform of her soldiers, and went among them to inspire courage and valor, saying to them, "My children, fight like Prussians."

Napoleon marched his whole army against them. The decisive battle of Jena was fought, when 40,000 Prussians were either killed or taken prisoners. The Royal family escaped first to Königsberg, and thence to Munich. Bonaparte entered Berlin in triumph, took possession of the beautiful home of Louise, and as an insult to the Queen, whom he shamefully libeled in his press, he slept in her bed of lilac satin. After the battle of Friedland, Prussia was prostrate. She was compelled to lose half her territory, have all her fortresses controlled by the French, support 20,000 French soldiers, and pay a war tax of $120,000,000.

In view of these humiliating conditions, Alexander of Russia urged that Louise visit Napoleon and obtain concessions, if possible, for her beloved country. She shrank from it, writing in her diary: "What this costs me God only knows; for, although I do not hate this man, I look on him as the cause of the King's and the nation's misery. To be courteous to him will be difficult, but this is required of me, and I am accustomed to make sacrifices."

Napoleon, to gratify his love of show, sent a magnificent state carriage, drawn by eight horses, with an escort of dragoon guards, to convey her, with the King, to his presence. Upon reaching him, at Tilsit, Napoleon addressed some complimentary words to her, of which, like a sensible woman, she took no notice, but kindly inquired after his health and that of Josephine. At the sumptuous banquet her manner and her beauty charmed him. He afterward said to Talleyrand, "I knew I was to see a beautiful Queen, but I have found at once the most beautiful of queens and the most interesting of women." He was inclined to yield to her requests, when one of his generals bluntly asked, "If he thought every tear shed by a woman was to efface the blood of hundreds of his soldiers!"

To Frederick-William III. Napoleon was contemptuous. "There shall be no King of Prussia—not even a Margrave of Brandenburg," he said; and "I will make the *noblesse* of Prussia so poor, they will have to beg their bread."

This became almost literally true. The gold service of Frederick the Great was melted down, and the Royal family were obliged to receive contributions for their support from the people. Louise lodged two of her six

children with a merchant, because their own house was too small for them, and devoted herself to their education, not forgetting the interests of Prussia. She consulted with the great Minister, Stein, on all projects for the progress of her country, and helped as greatly by her brilliant mind as by her loveliness and tact. She wrote in her journal: "If posterity will not place my name among celebrated women, yet those who know what I have gone through will say, 'She suffered much, and endured with patience.'"

She loved her husband devotedly, writing to her father: "The King is more tender to me than ever; a great happiness and consolation after a fourteen years' union. We are always new and indispensable to each other." Not less was she indispensable to her children, as she animated them with patriotism in the midst of their sorrows and privation. "You see me weep," she said to her sons. "I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these unhappy hours, when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I now weep for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears; act, develop your powers. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your nation. Do not be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be men, and strive for the name of soldiers and heroes. If, with all your efforts, you fail to raise your fallen state, then seek death." How well her noble William has "raised his fallen state" to a great nation!

The seeds of disease had been sown at the fatal Peace of Tilsit, and when, December 3d, 1809, the French having evacuated Berlin because of the Napoleonic disasters, the Royal family returned to the capital, death had already set its seal upon Louise. She was paler than when she entered the city sixteen years before, a bride, and more like an angel than ever. At her next birthday, she said, "I think this will be the last time I celebrate my birthday here." Going soon after to visit her father, the Duke of Mecklenberg, she was taken seriously ill. The King brought her two sons to her bedside, and, gazing long and wistfully at them, she said: "My Fritz! my William!" and then, as her husband placed his arm about her, she said, between her spasms, "Lord Jesus! make it short!" and, with a deep sigh, expired, July 19th, 1810, at thirty-four years of age.

All Germany was filled with mourning for their "Angel Queen," as they called her. Hospitals, asylums, and schools were built in her honor. The Order of the "Iron Cross," given to the brave, was established in her name. Rauch, the great sculptor, whom she had aided, built her an exquisite mausoleum at Charlottenburg. Her boy William grew to young manhood, brave and noble. At seventeen, in the war of the Allies with Napoleon, he won the "Iron Cross" for his bravery, and the Cross of St. George from Alexander of Russia. At eighteen, he wrote his "Life-principles": "I will never forget that a Prince is also a man, and before God, only a man, sharing with the meanest of his people the weakness and the wants of human nature, and that he, like others, will one day be judged according to his conduct. I will maintain an honest and hearty good will toward all men, even the humblest, for they are all my brethren. Flatterers I will firmly repel. I will hold those to be my best friends who tell me the truth, even when it may seem likely to displease me. For all good things that may fall to my share, I will look up gratefully to God, and in all misfortunes that may befall me I will submit myself to God, in the firm conviction that He will always do what is best for me."

When he was twenty, he journeyed to St. Petersburg with Charlotte, who had become the bride of Nicholas. When they reached Königsberg, whither the mother had fled from Napoleon, they found the room trimmed with blue corn-flowers, and when Charlotte crossed over into Russia she wore a wreath of these flowers upon her head. And why was this?

Years before, when Prussia was gloomiest, a young girl brought some of these flowers to Louise and asked her to buy them, as her mother was poor and ill. The Queen's heart was deeply moved with the sufferings of her people, as she purchased the flowers, and calling William and Charlotte, told them that in character, as in nature, plainness and simplicity coexist with beauty. Then she made a wreath and placed it upon her daughter's head. No wonder that the corn-flower is now ever upon the Emperor's desk, and painted on many pictures about his homes.

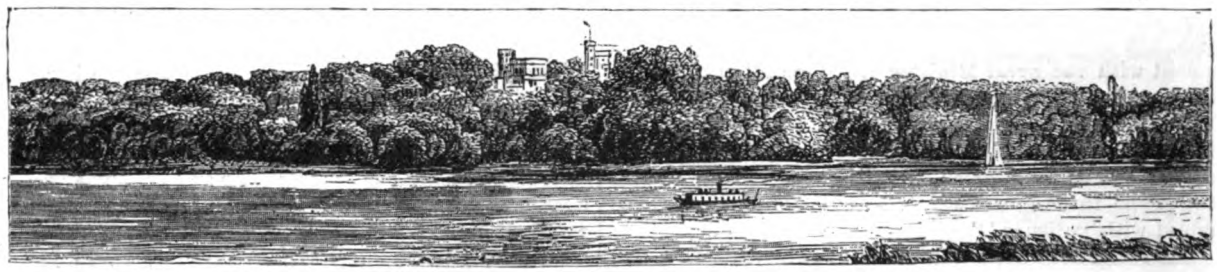
When William was thirty-two, he married Princess Augusta, of Saxe-Weimar, a lady who was selected for him by his father, an early disappointment, it is said, having disinclined him to matrimony. He had now become every inch a soldier. In the Revolution of 1848, when his brother Frederick-William IV. was upon the throne, and the Liberals demanded a Constitution, so bitter was the feeling against him, from his supposed conservatism, that he went to England. That he is less liberal than his son will be, is generally believed. When he became King, October 18th, 1861, when he was sixty-four years old, he put his crown on his own head, exclaiming, "I receive this from God's hand!" showing His belief in the right of kings. At once he greatly increased and disciplined the Prussian army. The Liberals had their fears at such a course, and refused the grants of money requested. The King took the needed funds, however, and finally overturned his Diet, with the aid of his kingly Bismarck, and made every Prussian enter the army for a term of years.

In 1866 it became evident that a bold measure must be attempted for the reconstruction of Germany, or Austria would become too powerful. The King had made the Prussian army ready for work; now he gave it work to do. In seven days a great revolution was effected: the small German provinces were conquered, and King William of Prussia was at the head of Northern Germany, making a treaty with the Southern part of the country.

At Königgrätz, where a decisive battle was fought, William was nine hours in the saddle, with only a crust of bread to eat. At once the tide was turned, and the King had become popular.

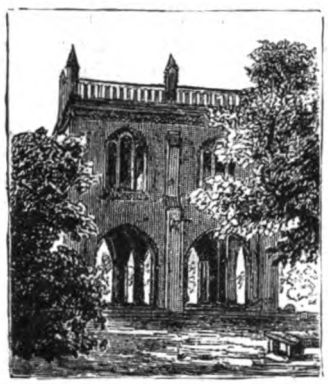
Although a year later he visited the Paris Exhibition, and was regally entertained by Napoleon III., the latter was jealous of the growing power of Germany. The attempt to place a Hohenzollern King on the Spanish throne was made the occasion of war. Von Moltke had studied the enemy's country, and was ready for the conflict. Just before King William left Berlin for battle, he visited the tomb of Louise, spending an hour there alone. Then, past seventy, he went out to avenge his beautiful and heroic mother.

He was present on every battlefield, to show his men how deeply he was in earnest. At Gravelotte he was under fire, and only sought a place of safety when General von Roon said to him that "he failed to apprehend why his Majesty deemed it desirable to risk his life." After the fall of Sédan, when the nephew of Napoleon I. laid his sword at the feet of Louise's son, Southern Germany sent a request that William be made Emperor of United Germany. In the Hall of Mirrors, January 18th, 1871, on the anniversary of the founding by Frederick I. of the Hohenzollern line of Kings, Emperor William I. was



VIEW OF BABELSBURG FROM THE GLIENICKER BRIDGE.

crowned. Then came the humiliation of France, when she surrendered Alsace and Lorraine, and paid fourteen hundred million dollars to Germany, nearly fourteen times as much as Napoleon I. demanded of Prussia. The Emperor came home the idol of his nation. His first act was to lay a laurel wreath upon the tomb of the "Angel Queen" who had asked him in his boyhood to "reconquer from France the glory of his ancestors." For seventy-five years he has visited her grave each July 19th. The grand old man, now eighty-eight years old, leads his people like a father. He lives a single, soldierly life, honest, upright, with his morality and honor untarnished. When his golden wedding was celebrated in 1879, it was intended to purchase for him a complete set of regalia—crown, sceptre, and coronation robes—but at his request the money was used for the poor.



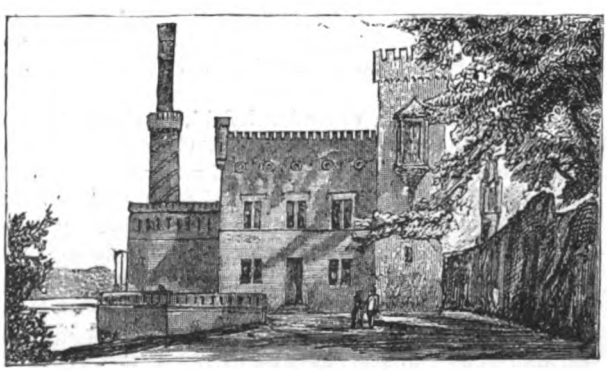
THE GERICHTS LAUBE, OR BOWER OF JUSTICE.

When in Berlin, he is often seen at his window looking out upon his loyal subjects. Sometimes he loosens a button of his soldier's coat when he is at his desk (dressing-gown and slippers are unknown to him), but when he hears a body of troops going by, he at once buttons it to his throat before letting any one see him. "I am bound to show my soldiers an irreproachable example," he says. "They have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend they ever shall. It is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of the army." Thus devoted is he to system, and to duty even in the smallest things.

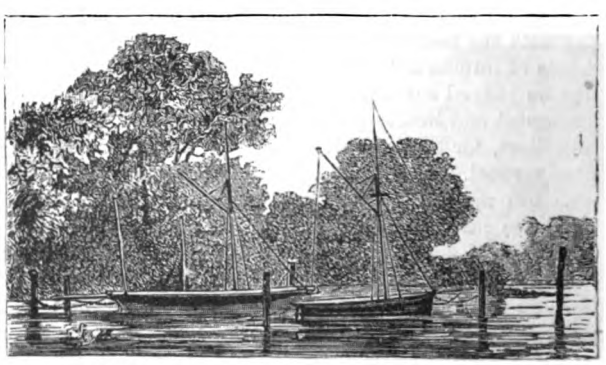
His kind heart is shown in numberless ways. It is said that when his grandson, the heir to the throne, wished to marry a girl beneath his rank, against the wishes of his parents, the Emperor ordered that he marry where he loved. One day at Babelsberg a party came to look at the royal home. Not wishing to disappoint his people, Emperor William opened a narrow cupboard used for storing old glass, and squeezed himself into it, waiting for several minutes in the dark till the visitors had departed. At another time, one of his old servants had inadvertently removed a seat from before the mirror when he was being shaved. Not noticing the absence of the chair, he sat down, falling heavily to the floor. The servant burst into tears, asking forgiveness. "Do not be alarmed," said the kind man; "it is nothing. You were not to blame at all, but only my own carelessness in not looking behind me before I sat down." The world will hear with sorrow when the Summer home is in mourning for its honest and true-hearted royal occupant.

THE FOUNTAINS.

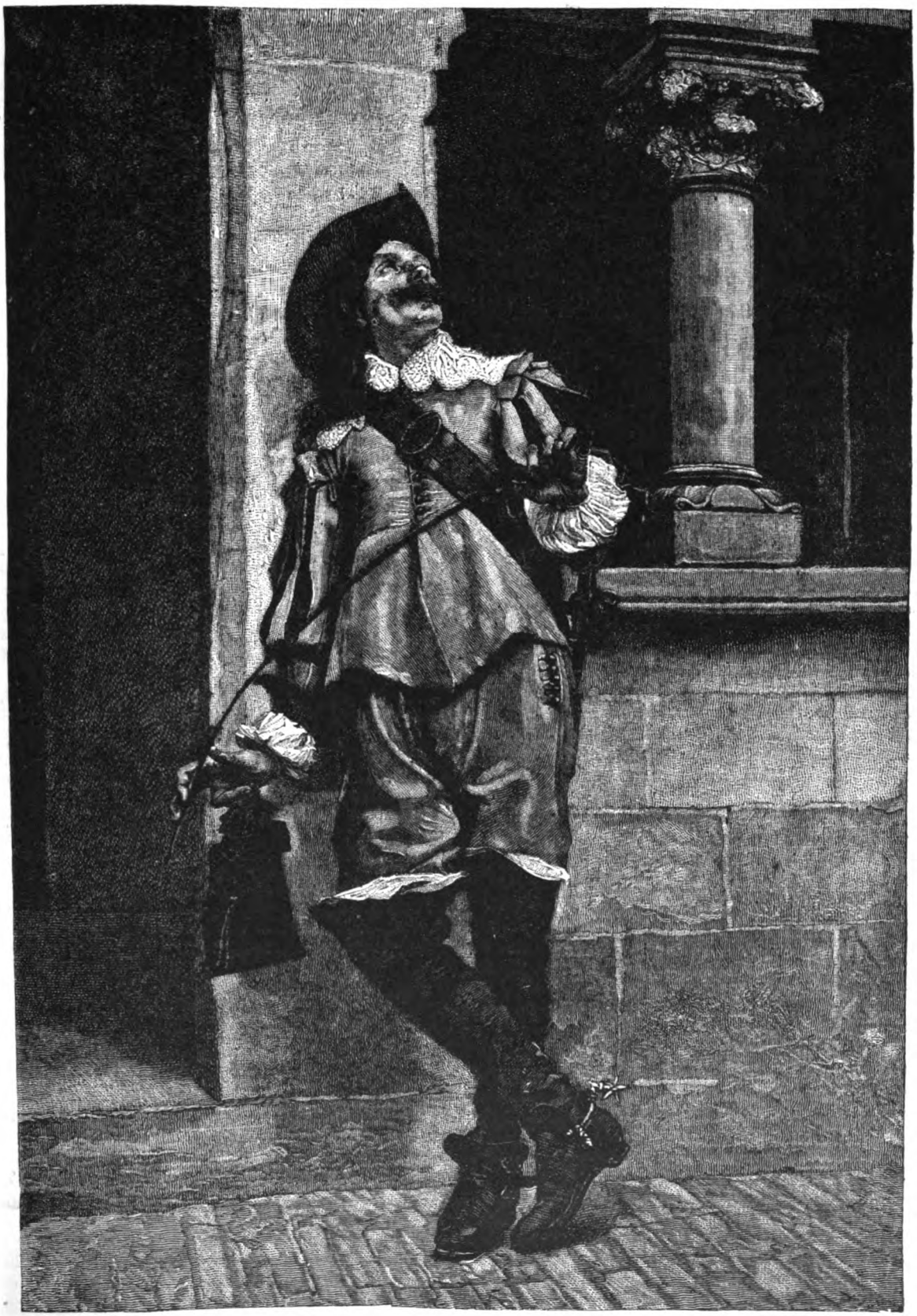
Let us take our last glance of this Imperial retreat from the Glienicker Bridge, where we entered the grounds, and look back on the scenes which have afforded us so much pleasure. There is the Havel flowing calmly in the foreground, the castle rising amid the masses of foliage, the distant spire of Flatow, and bear away the pleasant memories of the place, where every tree, every path, every view has a history, and the labyrinths and mementoes imprint themselves indelibly on the memory. The castle more intimately associates itself in the mind with reminiscences of the members of the Imperial house.



THE WATERWORKS.



IMPERIAL PLEASURE-BOATS.



UNDER THE GALLERY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONNIER.

GRAY HAIR.

By A. A. G.

Older! oh, yes;
And my hair must grow old,
But one lock will ever be young.
One lock—shall the secret be told!
The tress that you kissed, love,
Will never grow old.

Gray-haired! Oh, yes;
And white-haired some day,
But e'en in my coffin
One lock, brown, will stay;
For the lock that you kissed, love,
Will never grow gray.

THE PRAYER-CARPET.

By H. Schütz Wilson.

Osman was a merchant residing at Gaza, and from time to time his affairs compelled him to cross the desert from Gaza to Cairo. He could not always find a caravan starting at the period at which he had to make the journey, and he had learned from experience not to fear the great, terrible desert, but to traverse it alone. He allowed about ten days for his solitary journey, and had been taught to trust to Allah for protection and guidance across the pathless waste. He arranged with the Bedouins for a safe conduct, and when he wished to go to and return from Cairo, he bought a *heirie*, or swift dromedary, which he sold again when his journey was happily completed. He had many times traversed in perfect safety the huge sea of sand, and he had confidence in himself and in Allah; for Osman was a devout and pious Mussulman, who trusted, without a doubt, God and his prophet. He was sedulously observant of all the forms and obligations of his religion, and never failed at the hours of prayer to hobble his dromedary, to spread out his praying-carpet upon the arid sand, and to pray fervently as a good Mussulman should.

That which men have done often they do easily, and without dread, as sailors occupy their business in the great waters without much thought of fear; and Osman was neither daunted nor dismayed when, one day, his business compelled him to make another voyage across the desert.

He bought a fine young dromedary, very fleet and willing, though without as yet much experience. He packed upon the animal his provisions, as dates, beans, cakes of barley; and you may be sure that he did not forget his prayer-carpet.

So, on one early morning, before the heats had begun, Osman perched himself high upon the hump of his dromedary, and started with pious cheerfulness upon his long and lonely voyage on the "ship of the desert." His conscience was serene, his heart was calm, and he hoped to perform the journey as safely as he had so often made it before.

And then for three or four days he traveled steadily on. He had one oasis, that of Gatieh, to look forward to as a cool, restful break in the monotony of his long ride; and he exercised his fancy in picturing to himself the shade of palms, and the fair fountain of fresh, pure water. The desert is very lonely and very silent, and a man's voice, as he cheers on his dromedary, sounds strangely in the void waste. Himself the centre of a round horizon, with a flaming sky and a branding sun burning above and about him, Osman rode over the shifting sand-hills, blinding in their dazzling heat-glare, and stopped from time to time to allow his beast to graze upon the poor, prickly shrubs in which camels manage to find nourishment. The hot air was dry and fine, the utter silence was at times oppressive, but Osman was used to these things, and voyaged on, steadfast in his purpose and secure in his faith in the divine protection.

The hour of prayer! Osman descended from his high hump perch, hobbled his beast, and spread his praying-carpet in the shade thrown upon the sand by the lofty dromedary.

Then he prayed, and bowed his face to the earth as a good Mussulman should. He heard a soft sound of flat steps, and lo! when he looked up he saw the dromedary had got loose from his shackles, and was speeding away in long, shambling, rolling strides over the wide plains of glittering sand.

Osman's first wild impulse was to pursue the faithless animal; but he soon saw that pursuit was hopeless.

He was alone, and unprovisioned. All his stores of food, all the water, were being borne swiftly away from him by the fleet animal, which became every moment smaller and smaller in his aching sight. Should he—could he—try to walk homeward, or onward to the oasis? Could he walk in that heat? Could he subsist without food or water? His heart beat fast, his brain throbbed, his sight became dim. He was in sore stead, and succumbed to a burning delirium of horrible despair. He felt sick with dread. . . . He had absolutely nothing left with him—except the small prayer-carpet.

After a period—he never knew how long it lasted—of blank stupor, Osman awoke again vividly to the horrors of his position, and, in his anguish of spirit he uttered an exceeding bitter cry. To die alone of hunger and thirst in the sad desert seemed to the wretched man a terrible doom, and his soul sickened within him at the appalling prospect. The pitiless sun scorched his very brain; and there, beside him, on the burning sand, lay the little red carpet. Almost mechanically he knelt upon it and tried to pray. His thoughts were confused, and words would not come, but he repeated passages from the Koran which appealed to Allah, the compassionate, the merciful. His spirit fainted within him, and he fell into a kind of swoon. When consciousness returned the sun was sinking, his shadow fell upon the sand, and his mind was calmer. Suddenly, as he gazed over the far desert, he thought he saw, at a great distance, a little speck, which yet seemed to move, and to come slowly nearer to him. The speck was yet afar off when Osman fancied that he could discern a rapidly approaching dromedary on which sat a man. His heart beat violently, and he strained his eyes to gaze yet more intently. Soon he became certain that his impression was not mere fancy. Help was surely coming, and was coming swiftly. The rider seemed to see him, and the dromedary came directly toward him. Oh, the sense of aching relief in poor Osman's strained mind as he felt sure that the rider saw him and was steering toward him.

Soon he saw—and he thought that his eyes were playing him false—that the animal which was so swiftly swinging toward him had more than four legs. This perplexed his mind and occupied his excited thoughts. Nearer and nearer came the swiftly moving mass, and larger and larger grew the coming camel and his towering rider. Presently Osman noticed that the high heap which, with its attendant shadow, glided so swiftly over the smooth, noiseless sand, seemed to sunder into a second dromedary led by the Arab on that side which was hidden from Osman's eyes by the camel on which the rider sat. Then Osman fancied that the led camel resembled his own beast. Then at last the heap became

quite distinct, and halted just by the kneeling Osman. On the one animal sat a swarthy Bedouin Arab, in the white burnoose of the desert; and the beast which he led was—Osman's own dromedary.

Silently the grave son of the desert descended and hobbled the two camels. Then he turned to Osman and said, "Osman of Gaza, son of Ahmed, thou art at peace with our tribe, and it is well with thee. Lo! I bring thee thy *heirie*, and I will guide thee to-morrow to Gatieh. Eat, drink, and rest. Allah hath been gracious to thee, for thou, verily, art one of his honored ones."

So all Osman's terror and dole turned to joy and gratitude, and joy was greater even than sorrow had been. The stars came out, large and lustrous, and night covered the desert. The Bedouin and Osman ate together, and lay down beside the camels. Then Osman looked up to the dark, soft, starry heavens, and repeated from the Koran, "He aideth whom He will; and He is the mighty, the merciful." And then Osman slept peacefully.

The next day the Bedouin brought Osman where he would be, to the green oasis of Gatieh; but as they journeyed on, the rescued man thought that no one thing that was laden upon his beast was of such value as "The Prayer-carpet."

A MOUSE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN who was exceedingly averse to that little animal denominated a mouse, was one day traveling in one of the northern counties of England, and, as night set in, put up at a country inn. After dinner, and the customary libations "for the good of the house," he retired to his room, carefully examining the corners and crevices to ascertain if there were any holes from which these little marauders might be likely to issue forth; but, finding none, he divested himself of his wearing apparel and consigned himself to the guardian care of Morpheus. After sleeping soundly for about three hours, he again became conscious of his existence in this world of transitory bliss, but, being still in a somewhat dreamy state, he had no clear perception as to what might disturb his disordered imagination.

As he was thus lying, midway between sleep and consciousness, he heard something going pit-pit-pit-pit upon the table, which was closely approximated to the head of the bedstead on which he was sleeping. He listened more attentively, and observed very softly to himself, "As I live, this house is beset with those abominable mice, and there is one now gnawing at something on the table." So saying, he slipped as noiselessly out of bed as possible, and feeling for his boot, took hold of the toe part of it, and, the heel upraised, very softly approached on tiptoe his intended victim.

When close enough to be within striking distance, he again listened, and to his delight found the noise still there; he then raised his arm, and, with unerring precision, let fall the head of his boot upon—his own beautiful gold repeater, that he had placed upon the table on going to bed, that had made the noise, and that now lay smashed and destroyed.

BEE AND ANT PHENOMENA.

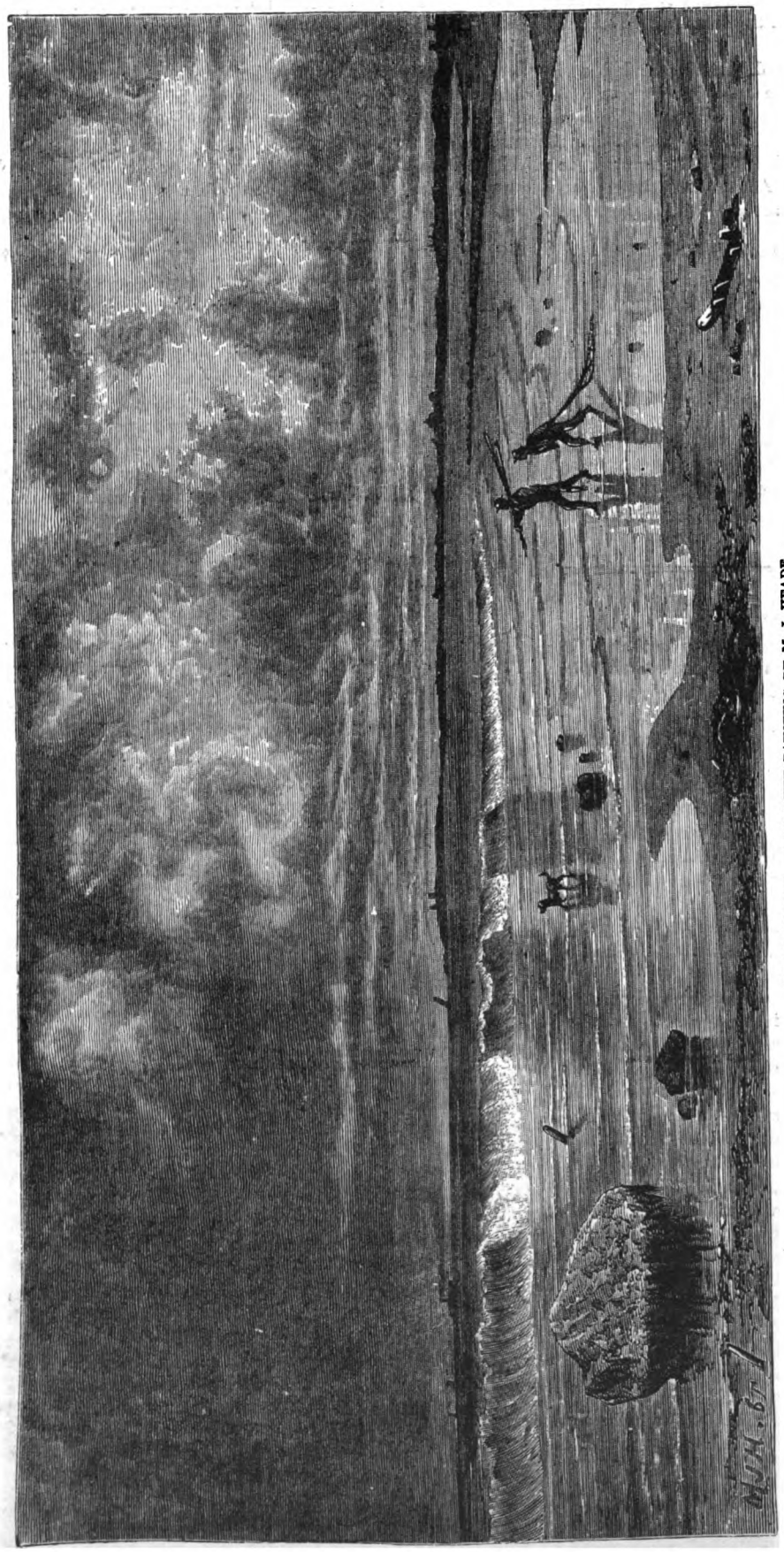
VERY important and highly interesting discoveries have been lately made on this subject, which enable us easily to account for hitherto unexplained phenomena in bee-life. It is well known that the honey of honey-bees when mixed with tincture of litmus acquires an unmistakably red tint, a fact no doubt owing to the subtilized formic acid it contains; the presence of which acid likewise imparts to the raw honey its power of "keeping" for a considerable length of time. Honey which has been clarified by means of water and exposure to heat—the so-called "syrup of honey"—spoils more easily than the ordinary kind, because the formic acid in it has in a great measure been expelled. The honey of very fierce tribes of bees has a peculiarly acrid taste and pungent smell; this is due to the excess of formic acid contained in such honey.

Till lately, complete ignorance prevailed as to the manner in which this so essential component of honey, formic acid, found its way into the substance secreted from the stomach or "honey-bag" of the busy workers; recent discoveries have, however, enlightened us on this point. These show us that the sting serves the bee not only as a means of defense, and sometimes of offense, but possesses likewise the almost more important power of infusing into the stored-up honey an antiseptic substance, not subject to fermentation. It has been lately observed that bees in hives, even when left undisturbed, from time to time rub off against the honeycomb, from the point of their sting, a tiny drop of "bee-poison"; in other words, formic acid. This excellent preservative is thus little by little introduced into the honey. The more irritable and vicious the bees are, the greater the quantity of formic acid conveyed into the honey by them; a sufficient admixture of which is essential to the production of good honey.

The praise, therefore, that has been so often lavished by adepts in such things on that indolent member of the bee-tribe, the Ligurian bee, which scarcely ever stings, is in point of fact misplaced. The observation just made above will explain, too, why the stingless honey-bee of South America collects but little honey; for it is notorious that when trees have been felled which have been inhabited by the stingless "Melipone," but little honey has been found in them. And indeed, what inducement have the bees to store up honey that will not keep, since it contains no formic acid? Of the eighteen different kinds of North Brazilian honey-bees known to the naturalist, only three possess a sting.

A very striking phenomenon in the habits of a certain species of ant is now amply accounted for. There exist, as is well known, various tribes of grain-collecting ants. The seeds of grasses and other plants remained stored up by them, often for years in their little granaries, without germinating. In India there is a very small red ant which drags into its cell grains of wheat and oats. But the creatures are so tiny, that, with their utmost efforts, it takes from eight to ten of them to carry off even one single grain. They move along in two separate rows, over smooth or rough ground, as the case may be, and even up and down-stairs, in steady regular progression. They have often to traverse more than a thousand metres to carry their booty into the common storehouse. The celebrated naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their granaries, the seeds in the granaries began to sprout. The same thing happened in storehouses that had been abandoned by them. We must infer, then, that ants possess the means of suspending or arresting the action of germination without destroying or impairing the actual vitality of the grain, or without impairing the vital principle that lies latent in the grain.

The famous English scientist, Sir John Lubbock, in his work entitled "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," relates these



POINT JUDITH.—FROM THE PAINTING BY M. J. HEADE.

and similar facts, and adds that it was not yet known how the ants prevented their provision of grain from sprouting. But now it has been proved that this is due simply to the preservative power of the formic acid, the effect of which is so powerful that it can either arrest the process of germination, or destroy it altogether in the seed.

We will further mention that there exists among us a kind of ant that lives on seeds and stores them up. This is our *Lasius niger*, which, according to the statement made by Wittmack, at a meeting of naturalists, carries seeds of violets, and likewise of ground ivy *(Veronica hedœræfolia)*, into its cells. In his description of an Indian ant *(Pheidole providens)*, Sykes relates that the above-mentioned kind collects large stores of grass-seeds. He notices likewise that after a monsoon storm, the ants bring their stores of grain out of their granaries, in order to dry them. It seems, therefore, that excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of the formic acid; hence this drying process.

We see, then, that the Winter provision of honey for the bees, and the store of grain which serves as food for the ants, are preserved by means of one and the same fluid — namely, formic acid. The use of formic acid as a means of preserving fruit, and the like, was first suggested by Feierabend in the year 1877.

THE woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is just as much an ornament to her sex, or even more, than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and ease.

A FREE people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.

THE LITTLE PURITAN MAIDENS CAUGHT TRIPPING.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.— (CONTINUED).

It was midnight. Some clocks with a vicious tendency to be fast were already striking the hour. Some of those more ambitious of accuracy than of speed were waiting and pointing with steady hands to the fact that it was only fifty-nine minutes past eleven.

Ward Dellerton was dying. He had been dying for hours. The doctor had been by his side since nine o'clock ; his face sad and quiet, his grief as purely professional as were the black garments he wore, and certain, under some other name, of course, to find a place in his his bill.

There wasn't a relative at Dellerton's bedside. He hadn't a friend there. The doctor was a most excellent one, and had done his best—because his success or failure made or marred his reputation. He cared nothing for Ward Dellerton ; he rather despised him than otherwise. Sometimes he had thrown himself, body and soul, into some case where friendship or love or pity had been an element. Sometimes he had lain awake nights to think regretfully of failure. Sometimes he had mixed prayer with his pills and powders. He was a grand man, a good man, a man to be loved and honored.

But in Ward Dellerton's case he had been only a machine, a grand machine, a perfect machine, a thinking machine—but merely a machine, for all that. He had done his very best ; he had been prompt ; he had met every emergency with skill Had it been his own brother, he could have done no more. He had nothing in his treatment to regret. But Ward Dellerton was dying, and the doctor didn't care.

Nor did the servants care. They had done their duty, most of them ; they meant to be paid well for it. Some had secured other places, and were to begin their new duties with another day. Others meant to remain, since some one must take care of the house and property. One or two believed that the law would let Mortimer go, under the pressure which Bluff & Bragg could bring to bear, and were his adherents and apologists already. It would not have been a pleasant deathbed, this, without love and without friends, had Ward Dellerton lain upon it with all his faculties alert. But up to fifty-nine minutes past eleven o'clock he had shown no trace of intelligence at all.

Suddenly, just at that moment, he sprang upright in

bed, There was reason in his eyes for a second or two, reason which changed to a mad dread more fearful than the utter lack of anything had been. He stretched out his hands, as though to ward off an impending blow.

"Annette! Annette! Don't, don't! I—I——" and he sank back again into the place where he had lain for so many, many hours.

I cannot explain it. I will not try. A bloodclot may be responsible. Only the All Wise knows.

But the look on the dead man's face was so horrible that the doctor turned away his head and shuddered. He had never seen anything like it.

There was a quick and sudden ring at the doorbell.

* * * * * *

The man outside rang the bell.

The servant who answered it was in a very demoralized condition. Ordinarily it would have been a very difficult matter for a stranger to have gone into the Dellerton mansion, past the man whose business it was to meet all sorts and conditions of men at the door. In a sort of dim and vague way the midnight visitor had realized this, and he had said over and over to himself a few very plausible lies which he hoped would make his path easier than would otherwise be true. Then, as a sort of last resort, he had a keen friend up his sleeve, the hilt where he could grasp it easily, and the sheath so placed as to be but little in his way. For some reason, protection possibly, he had another and a noisier weapon in the side-pocket of his coat—a weapon with seven deaths in it, if the power to evolve its might were quick-eyed and steady-handed enough.

Once upon a time another person, a servant of a State, had stood before a door which this man meant to pass. And he had gone out through the door, because freedom was outside.

To-night, let him but know that the man he sought was beyond the door at which he had rung his summons, and he would go in. He would go in, though it condemned him to another twenty years of living death; he would go in, though it was the road to the gallows.

But the servant was, as I have said, in a very demoralized condition. His stupidity, caused by lack of sleep, or the recent nearness of death, or whatever else it might be, was of a peculiar and especial value to him that night. A man who is occasionally a fool has some advantages, sometimes, over the one who is always and for ever quick and clever. Sometimes he lives longer.

"Is Ward Dellerton in?" was the quick question.

"Is—is—— Yes, he is in," was the doubtful answer.

"I must see him."

"Yes, but—I—I think——"

He who hesitates is lost. The servant hesitated.

The man who had hunted over New York for half a night to find Ward Dellerton's house pushed his way into the hall. He took the servant roughly by the shoulders and turned him toward the inside of the house.

"Show me the way!" he commanded, as he kicked the front door shut.

"But, I——"

"Cut it short. Never mind announcing me. Show me the way."

"You're a—a friend——"

"Show me the way to where Ward Dellerton is, and do it now. Say another word, and I'll——"

He didn't have to say what he would do; he didn't have to do it. The servant grumbled a little to himself, under his breath, but he obeyed the man, and with remarkable alacrity. The more distant midnight bells were sounding through the night as they stood on the landing.

"He—he's in there," said the servant, pointing to a door.

"Ah, he is, is he? That is good, very good indeed," said the other, letting his hand fall carelessly into the side-pocket of his coat; "now, my good fellow, you can go down-stairs again; your master won't need you for ten minutes, perhaps."

You may call it animal magnetism or will-power, as you please, looking at it from the visitor's standpoint; and fear or foolishness or anything else, from the point of view of the servant. He turned and went down-stairs.

The man of the midnight stood with his hand on the knob of the door. Success is a strange thing; it unnerves many men to stand where they have only to stretch out a hand to grasp it; this man waited a little to let his riot heart slow its mad pace to something like a healthy rate. His eyes gleamed like those of some wild beast; his lips were drawn away from his white and cruel looking teeth, and they glittered in a ghastly way in the half-darkness. His white hair hung in a tangle about his neck and brow. His hat had not been removed.

Looking at him, one might have almost guessed his thoughts. Not thoughts of his boyhood's home, and of the mother who had loved him; no, not that. Not thoughts of the years when he had been a criminal, nor of those later ones when he had been a hardened vagabond, hiding from the eye of justice; no, no, not such thoughts as these. He remembered cruel words and cruel blows; he remembered the fate to which the easy hint of Ward Dellerton had sent him back; he remembered the tears which would almost have sufficed to wear away the stones which had shut him in; he recalled the nights when he had leaned against his iron door until it seemed as though his heart must melt the icy barrier away; he thought of the twenty years he had suffered. And he knew now, now that he stood so near the end and aim of all his ambition, that they had never been patient years—never—never—never.

He drew in his breath. It was a gasp.

He let it out. It was like the snarl of a starved wolf with his helpless prey in sight.

He opened the door.

He sprang, rather than walked, into the room.

He stood silent, first gazing from the doctor to the servants, then from the servants to the gaunt figure on the bed, and then back to the doctor again, for a minute or two.

Then he staggered forward to the side of the bed, and looked down into Ward Dellerton's face.

He took his hand from his pocket. His hand was empty.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he cried; "and I never thought of that. Dead! after all these years of horror! Dead! dead! dead!"

There are men who can ill endure any *finale* but the one they planned; men who will look on just the end they had hoped, and curse Providence that they cannot say, "*I did it.*" This man was one of these.

"Dead!" he wailed, as he turned away and left the room; "dead! I would have given a year of my life to have been an hour earlier!"

"Dead!" he moaned, as he opened the outside door, and stepped into the night again; "dead! And I would have given ten years of my life to have found him alive and well."

"Dead!" he groaned, as he stood irresolute and despairing on the sidewalk; "dead! I wonder when I can get a train to Pleanton. I shall die!—die! or be raving mad, *unless I can go fishing!*"

Chapter XIV.

John Braynor Ampstead, young, strong, full of ambition and its dreams, was a very happy man.

He was poor, as yet, but he saw honestly-earned gold in the future for him. He could afford to wait.

Love had not touched his heart yet. That experience was for his future, unless he should be fortunate enough to escape it. He had never yet seen a woman who had had power to make his heart gain—or lose—a single beat a minute. High above all others, his loyal heart exalted and enshrined his mo—that is, Mrs. Ampstead. The man he called father, less fortunate, perhaps, shared the father's portion of love with another man ; young Ampstead loved the man whose name had been given him, and whose money had made much of his present possible and his future promising, with a love that was very like that which a son might have given.

John B. Ampstead had chosen his future. He would be a lawyer. He would be a good one. No pains nor money had been spared in making his past education as excellent as possible ; none would be spared in the future —he had had that statement from John Braynor's own lips. In fact, John Braynor had himself selected the office in which his young friend was to read law. He was not willing that the chances his namesake had for fame and honor should be less than the best.

So John Ampstead was in the office of one of the most prosperous and successful law firms in New York.

Bluff & Bragg were among the best lawyers in the city.

Ampstead was the student of Bluff & Bragg.

Bluff & Bragg were already the hired defenders of Mortimer Dellerton. Ward Dellerton had fallen at Mortimer's hand. Ward Dellerton had deserted his unowned wife. His child, and hers, had been stolen from the Braynor mansion and changed for the little one born to the name of Ampstead.

Take it all in all, there was a fine sarcasm of fate in these things. Only those most interested knew nothing of it.

It is almost literally true to say that they knew nothing. Mortimer Dellerton had undoubtedly never heard Mrs. Ampstead mentioned ; he had never even heard of Annette ; he did not know that there had ever been such a person as John Braynor ; he did not know that Martin Glugg had ever darkened the earth with his presence ; he had no more knowledge of the existence of such a place as Pleanton than he had of that of some nameless hamlet in the wilds of Africa. His knowledge of these many things which were of such great concern to him was narrow—narrow as the stone cell which had closed about him.

And John Ampstead knew but little more of those facts, so vital to his happiness, than did the other. Pleanton people were not in the habit of indulging in gossip about one they knew and loved as well as they did John Braynor.

Ampstead had heard of Annette, and of her sad story, but it was only a youthful memory now, vague and sad and indistinct ; indistinct, because it had been of little interest to him ; sad, because he felt in a troubled and uncertain way that John Braynor had not outlived and outgrown the pain which this evil past had brought him. He did not connect it with the name of Dellerton. That name meant nothing to him. Fate had woven well its net.

Will murder out ? Is there no deed so hidden that the noonday sun will not some time shine down upon it, showing it as it is, in all its hideousness ? I know not.

But these things I do know. There was the Braynor confession—I say confession, for we may as well call things by their right names—in the hands of Seth Barcase. (Though neither Ampstead nor Dellerton knew it yet.) And—there was Martin Glugg. (Though no one knew, just yet, that he still lived—no one interested in the tale he could tell of a dark compact and an evil intent, I mean.)

When I think of the sealed package which went into the keeping of Seth Barcase, I am reminded of the hidden treasure of Captain Kidd. You know the tales they tell of weary search for it on moonless nights, and how the fleshless hands of devils would drag the old treasure-chests away from beneath the shovels of the searchers, while the gusty winds rolled the loose soil into the rude holes again, much faster than the toilers could throw it out.

A very Captain Kidd's treasure, it was, or a veritable Cup of Tantalus. But I must not get ahead of my story. We shall see. Let us wait.

When I think of Martin Glugg— But I don't like to think of him at all.

It was what I believe it is the fashion to call a "nasty" morning. New York seemed in a shroud. What wasn't rain, was fog ; what wasn't fog, wasn't sunshine either. It seemed as though all nature was weeping sullenly, only half sorry, at the discomfort of last night. Last night, you remember, was an August night of almost preternatural heat.

John Ampstead arose early. He dressed quickly. He ran down-stairs to the breakfast-room of the house in which he boarded. He was early. Breakfast was not yet ready. Let us take a look at him as he stands looking at the morning paper while he waits.

Pale, strong, full of life. Muscles that might almost be an inheritance from the man whose name he bears. A good face, not a handsome one. Clear, honest, straight-looking gray eyes. Dark-brown hair, evidently undecided whether it had best curl, and so waving into graceful lines by way of compromise. A man for men to like ; a man for women to love—when love comes to mean home, and a future reaching to death and beyond. This was John Ampstead.

He found a more than usually interesting item in the paper. But he read it with a leisurely grace that had nothing of excitement or sorrow or horror in it. Why should it mean anything to him ? He knew not that the child of Ward Dellerton had been laid in the humble home where he had grown to manhood. Why should he weep or turn pale or faint ? This was the item :

"Mr. Ward Dellerton died at midnight. He never really gained consciousness from the time he was found wounded, and consequently there is nothing in the way of a statement from him on which to base an opinion of his son's guilt or innocence. Just at the last, there was a change in his mental condition which gave the physician a momentary hope of something rational from his lips ; there was only a minute of delirium, however, and then he was a dead man.

"A reporter visited the place of confinement of Mr. Mortimer Dellerton at two o'clock. He found on inquiry that Mr. Dellerton was restless and wakeful because of the heat, and on asking for an interview, he was surprised at having it granted. The young man manifested no emotion on being informed of the death of his father. He seemed unwilling to talk upon the subject of the murder, but conversed freely about other matters. His mind is evidently unaffected, and he seems to be in excellent health and good spirits.

"The only statement our reporter could draw from him was the assertion that the shooting was done in self-defense. It is probable that that will be the line of the defense. We understand that Bluff & Bragg are his lawyers in this unfortunate affair.

"One strangely pathetic circumstance connected with Mr. Ward

Dellerton's death deserves especial mention. He had scarcely ceased to breathe when a man who had forced his way past the servant who answered the doorbell rushed into the room. His grief was something terrible to witness, and his heartrending cries drew tears from all who heard them. He rushed from the house before he could be questioned, and search for him has been unavailing. He seemed a very common sort of man, and is not believed to have been a relative of Mr. Dellerton. He was probably one who had been befriended by Mr. Dellerton, and assisted by his generosity."

Probably!

Probably, there are two ways of telling a story!

Probably, men and nations sit on mines of explosives, while malice or madness with lighted torches runs riot through their secret avenues!

Probably, ignorance *is* bliss!

"It is more than probable that the "painstaking and accurate reporter" had a very vivid imagination; it is not probable that he enjoyed the acquaintance and confidence of Mr. Martin Glugg.

John Ampstead laid down the paper. What cared he for Ward Dellerton's death? There was a glow of pride at his heart as he thought of Bluff & Bragg, of the square and definite issue they and their client had now to meet, of the difficulties they must meet and overcome, and of the final triumph which would most likely be theirs.

Breakfast was brought in. The other boarders came down-stairs. There were pleasant greetings all around. They drew their chairs about the table.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A servant answered it. The message was for John Ampstead—a telegram.

There is a tingling thrill to electrical communication, much as though one had received a touch of the current itself. A telegram is so apt to mean death or financial ruin. I pity the man so worldly wise that a message by telegraph has no power to startle him; I pity the man who had not rather be by himself when he opens and reads it.

John Ampstead ran up to his room. His steps were not so rapid nor so light as they had been when he came down. His face was pale. His hands were nervous and unsteady. Was it from home? Was it mother?—or father? or—or——

He tore it open.

Brief, pointed, pitiless. Telegrams are likely to be all these. Possibly the wordier letter might cut deeper still.

This was what it said:

"PLEANTON, *August* —, 1880.

"JOHN B. AMPSTEAD—

"Care of Bluff & Bragg, New York.

"Braynor had accident. Died this morning. Come at once."

"SETH BARCASE."

Dead! The man who had made his past so easy, his present so pleasant, his future so hopeful! Dead! It was a terrible blow and a sickening one. The room seemed to whirl with him. The dark morning, with its drifting masses of fog and rain, grew darker yet. He sat down. He could not stand. Dead! It was too horrible for belief. He had loved him so, this good man Braynor, as he had known him. Had he known the truth——

It is a good Providence which keeps back some things from our weakness. Did you ever think of that?

Ampstead put a few things into a valise. He sent a few hastily written lines to the office of Bluff & Bragg explaining his absence. He caught the first train which would get him to Pleanton, not waiting for the express which would start several hours later and land him on the platform at Pleanton Station forty-five minutes after he would reach it by starting at once. He was willing to ride in a poorer car; willing to ride slowly; willing to change cars many times. The one thing he must do was to keep moving; the one thing to which he could not bring himself was waiting. Besides, forty-five minutes saved was much, very much, though the message said his friend was dead. And he said it over again and again—"Dead, dead, dead."

"Braynor had accident. Died this morning. Come at once." He said it over to himself many times. Then he would take out the slip of paper and read the message, as though there were something in it which he had not fathomed yet, and which fascinated and baffled him. What was the nature of the accident? When had it happened? Had all been done that might have been? Thus he tortured himself, as the hours went on, with the same questions that have crushed and numbed the sensibilities of men and women ever since telegrams have brought the brief vagueness of the story of irreparable loss.

"Can you tell me when we shall reach Pleanton?"

It was not a pleasant voice that asked the question; it was not a pleasant face toward which John Ampstead turned his eyes as he gave the desired information. A man with "*repression*" written in every wrinkle on his countenance; a man with repression stamped on his stooping shoulders, and signaled in his servile air; a man with something shining in his eyes which seemed a mockery and defiance of what his wrinkles, and his stooping posture, and his mean air, confessed.

He was a man to shock one's finer feelings; a man whose type was new to John Ampstead's experience. He looked the sort of man one would expect to find following the footsteps of the tyrant Czar, or flinging dynamite across the path of progress; the type of face one would have found behind the broken barricades when law's servants had driven back and crushed down the men whose lives had been given in service of the Paris Commune.

But this man had nothing more dangerous in sight than an elaborate outfit of fishing-tackle.

John Ampstead gave the facts regarding the time of arrival in Pleanton. He added that he was himself going to Pleanton. I don't know why he said it. He would have done nothing to encourage conversation with the man who had questioned him. But he said it; we have all of us, most likely, done a similar thing again and again.

"Ah," said the man, evidently much interested, "so you are going there too? Are you much acquainted there?"

"Pleanton is my home."

"Indeed? I used to know Pleanton people, long ago. What might your name be?"

"Ampstead—John Braynor Ampstead."

A terrible change came over the face of the other man. He turned as white as this sheet of paper on which I am writing. His head fell back against the back of the car-seat. His eyes closed. He gasped for breath.

Some one had brandy. It was brought quickly. But the man raised himself up in the seat, opened his eyes, and pushed the flask away.

"I—I am all right now, I think," he said, huskily; "all right; all right. But I wouldn't touch a drop of that accursed stuff, not a drop, if I knew it stood between me and death."

"Don't you like it?" asked the half-offended owner of the flask, as he put it away again.

"Like it! Does a child like the air and the sunshine? Like it!"

"Then why——"

"Don't you see I must keep my head clear and my

"TO YOUR HEALTH."— FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCISCO MASRIERA.

hand steady?" asked the man, fiercely; "how dare a man touch the wretched thing?"

There was silence then, for a time, and the other passengers gradually went back to their interrupted interest in their books and papers, in the scenery, in the weather, and (in one or two couple's cases) in each other.

But Ampstead, having been duly shocked at the vehemence with which his new acquaintance had refused that which it had seemed so natural for a man like him to take, could think of nothing but this strange person who had been so affected on learning his name.

He leaned across the aisle, after a little, and touched the man on the arm.

"Did you know my father?" he asked.

"I know—know——" said the man, seeming to be thoroughly startled and embarrassed; "I—I knew Mr. Ampstead. I knew Mr. Braynor, too."

The latter was said hesitatingly.

"Did you? He is dead."

"Indeed? When did he die?"

"This morning."

"This morning," cried the man, looking again as though brandy might be of use, if he could be induced to take it; "did he—he—did he say anything—about—about—*about anything?*"

John Ampstead handed his telegram to the man across the aisle.

"That is all I know about it," he said.

"Why do they send for you?" asked the other; "why is it that you have much interest in this man?"

"He has been my best friend all my life," said Ampstead, warmly, "and has spent money and time in making me what I am. I love him!—I love him!"

"Hm!" grunted the other; "and you have education, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And you're good, no doubt?"

"I try to be."

"Hm!"

And the man looked away out of the car-window for a long time without saying anything, while John Ampstead pulled his hat down over his eyes and wondered how it had happened that he had talked so freely of himself and his affairs with a stranger, and especially with such a man as the one opposite him. He wondered whether it had been quite prudent. He wondered whether, in his place, Mr. Bluff or Mr. Bragg would have done it.

The man turned from the window, suddenly, and asked him another question.

"Ever know Ward Dellerton?"

"No."

"Ever hear of him?"

"Yes."

"What?"

The tone was a little imperious and a trifle menacing. Ampstead remembered having heard Bluff cross-question a witness once, and use much the same tone as the one this man now used. Not liking the idea of being put upon the stand by this stranger, he nevertheless replied readily enough. He felt that he had little interest in this phase of the conversation.

"What have I heard? Not much. What little I do know has come to me in a professional way."

"A professional way! What do you mean by that?"

"I am a law-student. The gentlemen with whom I study are engaged to defend Mr. Dellerton's murderer."

"Indeed! I did not know he was killed."

"Oh, yes; he died last night."

"I—I knew—that is, I heard that he was dead. But I didn't know that any one killed—killed——"

"His son killed him."

"His son?" cried the man, his face ghastly again—"his—his son?"

"Certainly. His son, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, who is in confinement in New York, and who confesses the deed."

"But you said something about defending him."

"Yes; he claims the murder was done in self-defense."

"Hm!" said the man, going back to the occupation of looking out at the window at the landscape which fast flew back behind them.

These two did not speak again during the journey. One was thinking of the telegram which had come to him, and wondering how much that was sad and sorrowful he had to learn before the day was done. The other was thinking of many things—many things.

At Pleanton Station there was a carriage waiting for John Ampstead. Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Barcase had come to meet him.

But no one came to meet Martin Glugg; no one knew him; and he tramped away alone, his bundle of fishing-tackle under his arm, up toward the hills where he had worked out the greatest problem of reform and self-renunciation that had ever come into his life—and where he had turned himself toward deeper wickedness than had before been his

Chapter XV.

It is not strange that hasty messages are sent from beside beds of sickness to distant friends, nor that there is many a hurried journey in answer.

But why "come at once" should be the burden of the request when death has really come, and all is over, is past finding out.

There was nothing for young Ampstead to do, in the interval between his arrival at Pleanton and the day set for the funeral; and, since those who had been by the bedside of the dying man had agreed to say nothing of the terms of the will until the time came for reading that document, there was little for him to learn. No one could tell more of the accident than that his horse had dragged John Braynor home, and that he was beyond hope when they found him.

So John Ampstead wandered between the humble home of his boyhood and the larger mansion of the Braynors', during the day or two of waiting, weary, wretched, disconsolate, and seeing little of brightness in either earth or sky.

But one day there came the end. There was the gathering of all the neighbors at the home of the one who was gone. There was the long, sad service. There was the dreary walk to the graveyard, dreary though the Summer sunshine lay hot and bright over all things. There was the fall of the heavy clods upon the coffin.

Then the throng came down through the winding paths, the tall grass reaching out as though to grasp their feet, down over the stile or through the gates, and there were those who talked aloud now who had conversed in hushed whispers before. And some child laughed; and some man made a remark to another regarding the crops; and one woman criticised another's bonnet; and the groups which came down the street and scattered to their homes were of the world worldly again, and John Braynor's place among them was already a thing of the past.

"The will will be read at the home of the deceased," said Mr. Barcase to young Ampstead, as they stood to-

gether in the street; "and you are interested in it. Will you be present in an hour?"

"I will."

It was not strange, when he came to think of it, that he should have been remembered in the will of this man, who had done so much for him while still alive, but he had not thought of it until Mr. Barcase spoke to him.

A man was lounging in the shade not far from the Braynor mansion as Mr. Barcase was about to go in; a strangely agitated man he appeared to be, and far from a prepossessing one.

He reached out and touched the arm of Barcase as he went by.

"I suppose the will is to be read soon, isn't it?" he asked, humbly.

"Certainly."

"I—I used to know Mr. Braynor quite well a good many years ago. Do you think there would be any objection to my—my——"

"It is customary for only those who are relatives, or who are invited, to be present, and I see no reason in this case to do otherwise than is usual. Who are you anyway? I don't remember you."

"Probably not. I remember you, though, quite well. Have you forgotten that there was once a man called Martin Glugg, who lived in Pleanton?"

The lawyer looked keenly at the man.

"You are Martin Glugg," he said, after a little; "and I wonder I did not recognize you at first. But aren't you afraid to come here?"

Glugg smothered a half-formed curse.

"No," he said, "I am not. I have a right to be here now. I have done for the law all it had to demand of me. I've been gone twenty years. It is a very long time, twenty years is."

"Twenty years!" said the lawyer; "twenty years. So it is. So it is. It scarcely seems possible. When you were here Mr. Dellerton struck——"

Glugg threw up his hands appealingly, almost as though he were trying to ward off a real blow. The curse was too quick for him this time; he spoke it, clear and loud and full.

"He called me a vagabond. He lied. But he is dead now."

"Dead! Is he? I hadn't heard it. So the unfortunate man——"

"Don't call him unfortunate; call him lucky," growled Glugg.

"Well, well," said the lawyer, lightly, "have it your own way. I cannot wait longer now. By-the-way, you are interested in the will after all; please be present." And he mentioned the time when the document would be read, four o'clock, and hurried away.

And Glugg staggered to a stone near by, sank down upon it, and covered his face with his hands. "I wonder what he said of me?" he repeated, over and over again to himself.

The hour came, and a number gathered in the parlor of the Braynor mansion. There were Dr. Pilleo, Mrs. Johnson, the clergyman, the lawyer, half a dozen very distant relatives of the deceased, John Ampstead and Martin Glugg.

The will was read. There were some whispered comments on its contents. But no one was surprised, unless Ampstead and Glugg were. Every one else except John Ampstead himself had expected that John Braynor would leave the bulk of his property as he had.

Mr. Barcase turned to Glugg as those who had listened to the reading of the document rose to depart.

"I computed the interest on the principal which the deceased left you, Mr. Glugg," he said, "and drew the full amount from the bank this afternoon. Will you please count the money, glance over my figures, and sign the receipt I have written?"

Glugg did so. He then moved across the room to the side of John Ampstead.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune," he said.

"Thank you. But please remember that John Braynor was my best friend, and that I cannot call that good fortune which has come to me only through his death."

"I—I suppose he was your best friend," said Glugg, slowly and hesitatingly; "I suppose he was."

"Indeed he was," said Ampstead. "But what was he to you?"

"A good friend, too. By-the-way, this will make you a beautiful home, this grand estate. You will scarcely think of studying for a profession now, will you?"

"Certainly I shall. Should I strangle my ambition because I find myself possessed of money? I shall go on with my study of the law."

Glugg took a step nearer to him. He bent forward until his face almost touched Ampstead's. He spoke in a harsh whisper, his eyes glittering like coals.

"And be married soon, too, I doubt not. Will that be true?"

Ampstead laughed, nervously.

"I hope so some time," he said, frankly, not seeing at the moment that he had better have said something else.

Glugg's head fell forward upon his breast.

"Yes; I suppose you will," he said, in a tone which was a puzzling thing, but well calculated to make the listener nervous and uneasy; "I suppose you will. Most men do—or hope to."

Ampstead suddenly awoke to the probable importance of what this man was saying to him.

"You were thinking of that package in the possession of Mr. Barcase, were you not?" he asked, and looked Glugg squarely in the face.

Glugg's eyes fell before the penetrating glance fixed upon him, and he turned and walked away without making any answer.

Ten minutes later Mr. Barcase asked Mr. Ampstead for a private interview, and they went together to the library.

"I don't like Glugg," were the first words the lawyer said when they were alone together."

"Nor I."

"I never did like him, in the past; he was taken from here, an escaped criminal, back to the punishment from which he had fled. There is nothing good in him—nothing. I distrust him. He is cunning and crafty and cruel."

"Exactly," said Ampstead; "I think I understand him now. It is very unfortunate I didn't gather my wits sooner."

"Why?" queried the lawyer, sharply.

Then Ampstead gave Mr. Barcase a description of the conversations he had had with Glugg, especially the most recent one, though he did not forget to inform him of what had taken place upon the cars.

"I don't like the looks of this," said the lawyer.

"Nor do I," replied Ampstead; "but what does it mean? What connection can there have been between a good and noble man like John Braynor and an outcast like Martin Glugg?"

"I cannot tell; I cannot guess. You have heard the story of Braynor's disappointment of twenty years ago, have you not?"

"Something of it; years ago. Of course I remember little of it now."

"Let me tell you——" began the lawyer.

But Ampstead shook his head and put up his hands, appealingly.

"Don't do it. It can have no bearing on this matter; the fact that the woman he loved was not true to him. Let us be loyal to the dead."

And so he put away from him much which it had been better for him to know. In this wise he let his loyalty to the dead stand between him and his loyalty to the living—between him and his loyalty to himself. Which facts go to show that John Braynor Ampstead was a very human young man.

"Very well," said the lawyer; "of course that has, as you say, nothing to do with this matter? The questions are these: Why did Mr. Braynor leave such a sum of money to Mr. Glugg, and what interest has Glugg in this?"

"*This*" was the package which Braynor had left in trust to Seth Barcase. The lawyer took it from his pocket as he spoke, and threw it upon the table before him.

John Ampstead took it up and turned it over, curiously.

Had the two not been so absorbed in their conversation, and in looking at the outside of the package, they might have noticed that a shadow fell across an open window behind them, and that there was a strange stir and rustle among the vines which clustered about it. Birds! Possibly. Only these men would have done well to have raised their eyes to the shadow, bent their ears to the rustle, and, taking nothing for granted, have put certainty of some sort in the face of possibility.

"Glugg wants that," said the lawyer, as the young man handed the package back to him.

"I know it. Why?"

"It is easy enough to find out. Do you think the dead would blame you for doing such a thing as that? You don't know what interest may be at stake. Open it." And the lawyer extended the package toward Ampstead.

The young man drew back.

"No," he said; "don't tempt me. I trust the dead man fully. I feel sure that his secret, whatever it may be, is not one of sin or shame. And how does it concern me? What have I to do with Glugg! or he with me? Keep it until the time comes when I have a right to it."

"You are right, Ampstead," said the lawyer as he put the package in his pocket again; "you are right, and brave, and true. Forgive what I suggested, and try to forget it."

He extended his hand. The young man took it and pressed it warmly.

"I will forget it," he said; "there is nothing to forgive."

"And now," said Barcase, "having gone far from the matters which I asked you to come here to talk about, let us return to business. I must be brief, for I have to ride twenty miles into the country this evening, and it is getting late and the night promises to be dark. You will return to New York, I suppose, and carry out your plans of professional study?"

"I shall."

"And what shall you do with the estate here?"

"Leave the management in your hands, if you will attend to it for me. I shall ask Mrs. Johnson to reside in the house and take care of it and the furniture."

"That is well. Now about money; there is enough to pay each legacy and all the debts, and to leave quite a little balance to your credit in the bank. Do you need money now?"

"Not at all. Let it remain where it is until we are both more at leisure than now."

"Agreed. When shall you return to New York?"

"Not for a day or two."

"I shall see you again, then. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

The shadow went away from the open window as the lawyer took his leave, and not because the sunshine was gone, though it was true that the last lingering rays were turning the hilltops into glory. Some little birds which had been frightened away from the vines about the window, strangely enough, came flying back.

The lawyer hurried home to eat his supper and prepare for his drive into the country. There was a new matter (not connected with our narrative) to occupy his mind, and he let John Braynor and Martin Glugg drift out of his thoughts altogether.

John Ampstead, too, had other things to think of than the mystery of Martin Glugg, and no thought entered his mind of danger lying between him and the day when he would have a right to open and read the message which John Braynor had left behind him.

Thoughtless men! Careless and heedless, as men often are, they might well have pondered several startling truths; the truth that a guilty conscience shrinks from that which looks as though it might mean accusation; the truth that the one who would himself shift the burden of a great crime upon an accomplice is ready to believe no man above doing the same; the truth that there comes a time to the man who deliberately walks the downward path of sin when he no longer shrinks from crime, but only from detection and punishment; the truth that the utterly wicked—men who have known what it is to spend long terms of years in prison—will do anything and everything rather than risk a disclosure that would send them there again. They might have found it interesting to have considered the proposition that if Mr. Martin Glugg really wanted the package which was to go to John Ampstead—under certain conditions—he wanted it because he believed, or *feared*, it was important to him; they might have reasoned that he was a very dangerous man; they might have reached the conclusion that such a little thing as human life would not stand between him and his purpose.

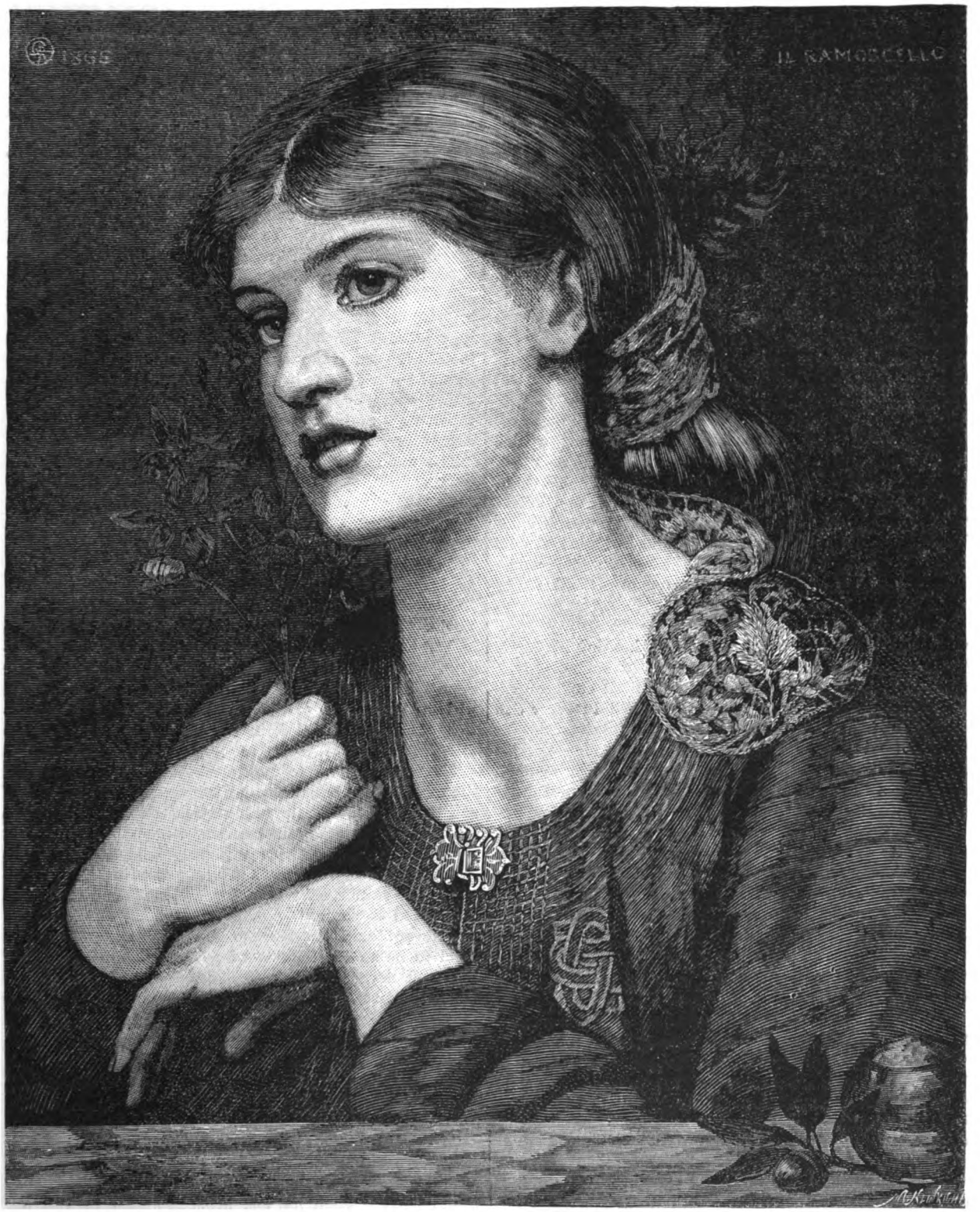
But they didn't think of the matter.

Each ate a hearty supper, his enjoyment of it shaded by the past he knew and the future he expected. John Ampstead retired early, and the memory of the good and generous friend he felt he had lost was not strong enough to long keep the sleep he so much needed from his tired brain. And the lawyer got into his buggy, and started for his evening drive, as happy and contented a man as one is likely to find among those who add to the troubles incident to a residence in this world the cares and perplexities of the profession which finds its peace and pence in the over-reachings and shortcomings of others.

Chapter XVI.

It *was* a very dark night, just as Mr. Barcase had predicted. But that worthy gentleman was used to driving here and there at any and all hours, and at any and all seasons of the year, and he gave little heed to the darkness or the heat. In fact, he congratulated himself more than once that he drove when he pleased, and only then, instead of being at every person's beck and call, night and day, as he would have been if he had been so unfor-

tunate as to have studied medicine instead of law. There is a great deal in Mr. Seth Barcase's philosophy, too; what one will is much easier and pleasanter than what one must. The fact remains that Mr. Barcase took more unseasonable rides than any man in Pleanton, the physicians not excepted. Why he went was a matter for wonder to many in Pleanton—and in the country round about. But we need make no mystery of that. I don't know that Mr. Barcase ever meant to do so himself, though *his* reason was almost always as general a one as "business." Mr. Barcase had never held a political office in his life; but many of his friends had. He had never run for office, though it was noticed that the men he supported usually won. He never made a stump speech; he



IL RAMOSCELLO.

was never a delegate to any convention. But his friends were almost always the ones to be put in nomination.

The fact was—he was a political *worker*. If he wanted to consult with a man he consulted with him, and some other person was liable to be late. He who would thrive sometimes sits up all night. The early man catches the ballot.

Mr. Barcase was on an expedition which he expected would yield fruit at the ballot-box. His purpose was entirely foreign to our story. His expectations were for nothing which need interest us.

But what happened—the unexpected—is important to consider.

Mr. Barcase was driving slowly through a dark bit of woods. He lighted a fresh cigar just as he turned an abrupt corner in the road, and taking out his watch, he looked at the time of night by the aid of the weed.

His horse stopped

Mr. Barcase looked up.

There had a shadowy form stepped out from the thicket in the darkness. Some one had his horse by the bridle-rein. It was exceedingly dark, but not so dark that he could not see that the man who had stopped him had a rude mask over his face.

I have stated that Mr. Barcase had driven long night trips all over the country about Pleanton, many a time and oft, and I have explained why it was true that he had done so. But never in his experience had such a thing as this happened. Never had he seen any one who had met with such an interruption. He had never actually known of anything like it. When he had read of outrages of this sort the hard truth had never come home to him; he had taken the items *cum grano salis*, fitted to fill up a lacking space in a newspaper, but unlikely to be found elsewhere.

But there was a man with a mask on, holding his horse by the head, all the same, and in spite of his belief that such a thing couldn't happen in a civilized community.

Mr. Barcase's first thought was of his pistol; every one in America has a pistol, you know. Show me the man who does not own a revolver, and I'll show you—— But no matter. You wouldn't find the man. The average American has his revolver as regularly as his watch or his dog. Mr. Barcase was the happy owner of an excellent specimen of the national weapon. His first thought was of that.

His revolver was in the hip-pocket of his pantaloons, the garment commonly known as his "Sunday pants," hanging on a hook in his bedroom-closet in the village of Pleanton, about sixteen miles, in a straight line, from the unpleasantly obtrusive individual who had his horse by the head. He could but admit that the pistol was out of the question.

His second thought was to wonder whether the man he meant to have seen before midnight would give his vote and influence to the right ticket (the ticket Barcase supported), when the November elections took place, if that disreputable rascal in the road should find it best to kill him. The "disreputable rascal" broke the embarrassing silence.

"You might as well give it up," he said.

"I—I suppose so," stammered Barcase. "I think I might. I haven't much money with me, thank Heaven—er—er—that is, I am sorry to say, but I've got a pretty fair watch and——"

"Never mind that. I don't want your money, nor your watch either. I want to make a bargain with you, and I want to pay you enough, so that you can afford to keep still about it."

"Exactly," said Mr. Barcase. "I see——"

But the masked man knew he didn't see, and he saved him from lying by a prompt interruption.

"I will give you——" he said, and paused.

"*Give*" is a pleasant word to a lawyer's ears, and it may be that Mr. Barcase half hoped the gentleman in the road might be an intending client. At any rate, he had his courage back, and an appreciation of the humorous side of the affair (most affairs have a humorous side!) had come with it. Besides, he meant to make the masked man laugh—if he could. The voice of the man was strange to him. It puzzled him. A voice may be disguised, but a laugh——

He smiled grimly to himself, this shrewd old lawyer. Let his enemy laugh once, only once, and he would find the mate to that laugh on some careless rascal's lips—he had an idea the search need not be either long or far—when there was neither mask nor night in crime's favor, and the two laughs should cost the luckless man his liberty, at least, and perhaps more. These things should happen, said the busy brain under the grizzled hair of the old lawyer, if the man could be made to laugh; they should happen, *if he lived!* We all have to let that condition stand over against every effort and every deed which we promise so bravely and cheerfully with our "*I will, to-morrow.*"

The masked man paused. But Barcase said never a word.

"I will give you—*two thousand dollars*——"

"Thank you," interrupted Barcase. "It is irregular, very; but, as a lawyer, I cannot refuse——"

The man didn't laugh. Perhaps he knew how much depended upon a thing like that as well as Barcase did. He came a step or two nearer, never loosening his hold on the rein; came enough nearer for Barcase to see that he had not left *his* revolver at home.

"Curse you!" hissed the man. "You make another remark like that and I'll shoot you through the head. I will give you—*two thousand dollars*—for the package—that John Braynor—left in your care—for young Ampstead."

The man seemed to lack for breath. He jerked out the terms of the bargain which he proposed, a few words at a time, and evidently with a great effort. He was undoubtedly thoroughly in earnest.

"I haven't the package with me," said Barcase.

"You lie!" said the masked man; "it is in the breast-pocket of your coat. Give it to me, and the money I've mentioned is yours."

"Never!" said Mr. Barcase, firmly; "never! I have lived to be an old man and I never gave up a trust to a foe. I never will."

"Seth Barcase," said the other, slowly, "I am going to have that package, here and now. I prefer to pay you for it, to the end that you may keep the same silence I shall preserve. But I shall have the package, whatever it costs; I will have it, if I have to kill you to get it; I will have it, if I have to go to the gallows for it. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," said the lawyer, gravely, thinking now of his wife and children; of how they would worry when he did not come at the expected time, and of how they would sorrow when he was brought home in the unexpected way; "I am sure I do. But you cannot have the package for money. You cannot have it while I live."

The man raised his pistol, and pointed it straight at the lawyer's heart.

"Think twice," he said, grimly; "you know I will

have the documents. You cannot help that. Will you save your life to your family and friends?"

"I will not give you the package. You shall never have it while I have strength enough left to keep it from you."

"Curse you then, take that!"

The hammer of the pistol came down with a sullen, wicked click, but for some reason which I cannot explain without recourse to certain debatable questions in theology and philosophy, and which I will therefore not attempt to explain at all, the cartridge failed to go off. It is quite probable that the pistol had been loaded a long time; it is possible that it had been exposed to dampness; I suppose cartridge-makers are sometimes careless or dishonest. It may not be necessary for me to say that my explanation of the escape of Mr. Barcase would not be in the direction of any of these considerations.

The man expressed himself in vigorous language, and let go the rein, taking the pistol in both hands and holding it up toward the sky in a vain attempt to see what could possibly ail it.

That was Barcase's chance.

He brought the whip down upon the flanks of his horse. The animal sprang forward, almost overturning the would-be murderer, and away they dashed through the night.

Bang! Z-z-z-pp! There was a clean bullet-hole right through the lawyer's hat. The fellow had some good cartridges, and was a marksman not to be despised.

Bang! The splinters flew from the back of the buggy-seat, just where Barcase had been leaning a moment before, an inequality in the road having swung him to the other side just in season to save him from having a pistol-ball straight through his body.

A turn in the road hid his foe then, and shut off the danger of bullets. But for many minutes the remarks of the disappointed rascal could still be heard, a fitting rhetorical background to the lawyer's silent flight.

* * * * * *

It was noon the next day when Mr. Barcase drove into Pleanton. The gentleman on whom he had called had promised that his vote and his influence (the latter term meaning the votes of a large number of his free and untrammeled fellow-citizens) should be given to "save the country" in the November elections. That settled, he would see what could be done toward finding and punishing the one who had attempted bribery, robbery, and murder.

He drove to the railroad-station at once.

He pushed his way up to the ticket-window, after he had asked a lad outside to watch his horse, as he sprang from his buggy and ran into the building. There were many persons standing about, especially Pleanton's young people, as a large number of them were going to some sort of picnic festivities a few miles down the road. Some of them were talking and laughing; others were waiting to buy their tickets. But the old lawyer did not wait for them at all. He elbowed his way straight up to the ticket-window.

"Who went on your trains to New York last night, or this morning?" he asked.

"No one," replied the agent; "no one took the cars here last night or this morning. It is a little remarkable, for though we haven't many passengers from here, we almost always have some. Why do you ask?"

"There's a man I want to trace, and I supposed he got away on the train, or at least that it was possible he had. You are sure no one went from here?"

"Perfectly sure. No one has left Pleanton on the cars, going in either direction or to any place, since dark last evening. The train will be here in a quarter of an hour, though. Suppose you watch for your man then?"

"I will," said Barcase, turning for a moment to glance over those who were in the room, "though I don't think he's waited until now before getting away."

"He may have taken the cars at some other station, either up or down the road," said the agent; "if you can give a description of the man, or any particulars, I can find out for you. Write what you'd like to send, and I'll telegraph at once."

"Thank you," said the lawyer, turning to one side and moving a step away.

He took a pocket-book from his pocket, took a scrap of blank paper, and began to write.

A man came in from outside, hurried up to the ticket-window, and asked how soon the train would be due. He was a short, thick-set man, with a look of low and brutal force stamped by the hand of experience upon his face.

The agent answered his question.

"All right. Ticket to New York," said the man, throwing down a fifty-dollar bill."

The agent looked into his money-drawer.

"That's a little too large for me to-day," he said; then turning to the lawyer: "Here, Mr. Barcase, can you give me change for a fifty-dollar bill?" he asked.

"I think so," was the answer, as the lawyer stepped back to his place in front of the ticket-window, and looked down at the bill.

A strange change came over his face as he stood there.

"Where did you get that bill?" he demanded, turning to the stranger who had presented it.

It's good, isn't it?" demanded the stranger, in his turn.

"Good? Of course it's good. But that isn't the question. Where did you get it?"

"I don't know that that is any concern of yours."

"I'll make it my concern."

"Perhaps you will; perhaps you won't. I may look like a man who hasn't money. Very well, looks are deceptive. It is no very unusual thing for me to have fifty dollars at one time."

"That may all be true. I want to know how you got this fifty dollars."

"I earned it."

"When?"

"A month ago.'

"Where?"

"That's none of your business, sir."

"How?"

"That's none of your business either."

"James," said the lawyer, gravely, turning to Pleanton's only day policeman, who had heard the words between Mr. Barcase and the stranger, and who had pushed his way nearer; "James, arrest this man!"

The distant whistle of the coming train was heard.

"Arrest me?" blustered the man; "arrest me? What am I to be arrested for? It will be a serious day's work for you, sir," turning to Barcase; "and for any officer who lays his hands on me."

"Arrest him!" commanded the lawyer.

"My train has come. I have a sick wife in New York. It is an outrage to detain me," said the man.

"Poor fellow!" said some one; "see how sad and worn he is. And a sick wife waiting for him. It is an outrage."

Quite a number of those who were present, too you

and tender-hearted to understand fully the pitiless logic of justice, decided that it certainly was an outrage. They were surprised and grieved at the conduct of a man who usually stood so high, and deservedly so, in the estimation of his townspeople, as did Mr. Seth Barcase. They waited a little, partly out of curiosity to see what would happen, and partly with a determination to see that the unknown whose cause they had taken upon themselves to champion should be allowed to board the train with them, free to go to his destination. You have all seen the fellows of these well-meaning and amiable young fools, I doubt not, in your journeys to and fro in this very humdrum and human and humbug sort of world.

"Arrest the man!" shouted Barcase.

"Stand out of my way," shouted the man, "and let me go home to my dying wife. I appeal to you all—all. Should I not be let go?"

"Certainly," said a half-dozen, in a breath. And one young fellow laid his hand on Barcase's arm, saying: "Come, Mr. Barcase, this sort of thing won't do, you know, don't you know?"

"All aboard!" said the conductor.

"Arrest the man at once," said Barcase, "or I shall do it myself."

And the reluctant and wavering officer, anxious to do his duty, did it at last. He put his hand on the stranger's shoulder and pushed him down into a seat.

"Here," said Barcase, tearing a leaf out of his pocket-book and handing it to the station-agent; "will you kindly check off what you happen to find on that list that corresponds with what we find here? We'll search this fellow at once."

"What for? What is there in your infernal list?"

"The numbers of a few bank-bills," said the lawyer; "only that and nothing more."

And the bystanders knew in a moment, as they looked into the face of the now thoroughly frightened and passive prisoner, that they had made fools of themselves. The final "All aboard!" from the conductor was a welcome relief.

The search did not last long. In five minutes it had been determined that the prisoner had about two thousand dollars in his possession, and that fully fifteen hundred of it had the letters and numbers which were on the leaf which had been torn from the pocket-book which Mr. Barcase had taken from his pocket. Most of the remainder was gold. Only two or three bills, not more than twenty-five dollars in all, of the list which Mr. Barcase had handed to the station-agent, were missing from the sum found on the person of the stranger.

The man looked up, white and shivering, into the face of Mr. Barcase.

"Wh—what's the charge against me?" he asked.

"I don't know yet myself," said Mr. Barcase; "but it is enough to lock you up for to find all this money in your possession which I paid out to another man only yesterday."

"You don't know? Then he isn't dead yet?"

"Isn't dead? Who isn't dead? What do you mean?"

The stranger stared at the lawyer.

"Haven't they found him? How did you know, if he hadn't been found?"

"What do you mean?" cried the lawyer. "Speak out at once. What have you done?"

"Robbed Mart Glugg," he said, burying his face in his hands, and rocking himself to and fro.

"And stole my horse, too, perhaps," said the hotel-keeper, sharply, from the doorway, about which a crowd of men was gathering.

The man raised his head. He spoke in a voice of weary sarcasm.

"Oh, yes, I stole your horse; of course I stole your horse."

"And where can I find——"

"Come, come!" interrupted the lawyer; "never mind your horse now. There are more important things to think of than horses." Then, turning to the prisoner, he said: "You robbed Mr. Glugg?"

"Yes, I robbed Mart Glugg, and—and——"

"And what?"

"Oh, sir, will they hang me for it? I didn't mean to do it. He struggled with me, and I thought he was going to get away from me after all, and I suppose I hit him harder than I meant to. I've been a bad man all my life, but I never killed any one before; indeed, I never, never did."

"Where is he? Where will we find him?" asked the lawyer.

"By a stream, away up in the hills. Can I—I—go—too?"

"No. James, lock this man up at once. And now let us all hurry away to hunt for the dead body of Martin Glugg."

Chapter XVII.

They found Martin Glugg among the hills, as the other had said. He lay upon his back, cold and white and silent, his legs in the pool of stagnant water near which he must have been resting when the cruel attack upon him had come. There were fallen and decayed trees about the pool. There was a green scum upon the surface of the water. There were rank weeds, poisonous and evil-looking, growing everywhere. A snake or two wound away into the dark shadows among the ferns and creepers, darting venomous looks from their evil eyes. A big black bird looked down upon the human intruders from his place of vantage, high up in a tree, and he flew lazily away when they came too near, with a cry which would have been harsh and discordant anywhere else.

The ground all about was crushed and trampled, as though an awful conflict had raged there; and there was blood on the leaves, blood on the trees, as high as a man's head; blood in the tracks in the beaten soil; blood, blood, blood; blood tingeing the green horror of the dreadful pool; blood everywhere.

The stolen horse stood not far away, tied to a sapling, but his owner had forgotten him by this time. None of all those who had hurried to this scene of horror had any thought of anything else.

They picked Glugg up tenderly and bore him to the top of a little hill, where the breezes blew and the sunlight fell. They laid him down there, ghastly and senseless, a bruised and broken man, appealing to the better feelings of those about him only by what they could see now, not at all by what he had been—sinner, wretch, outcast, with nothing in him to warrant the thought that there had ever been an innocent and loving boyhood in his life.

Dr. Pilleo bent over him. He felt of the cruel wounds which the hand of murderous greed had left upon him. He laid his hand over his heart for a minute; then stooped lower and placed his ear there.

He sprang to his feet, his face aglow.

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Get the easiest carriage which came up here, as near as you can manage to drive. And four of you strongest and most careful fellows pick him up and carry him to it. There's a chance he may live."

YOUTH AND AGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY KOLLARZ.

A chance for his life! How they worked! It was Barcase's buggy in which he was placed. It was Barcase who held him against his shoulder, supporting him by means of one arm, while he used the other hand for driving. It was Dr. Pilleo who supported him on the other side, as tenderly as if he had been his own flesh and blood. It was John Ampstead who rode behind the seat and sheltered the man's face from the sun.

A chance for his life! How swiftly Mr. Barcase drove, and with what consummate skill he avoided every rock and rut in his way.

A chance for his life! And Dr. Pilleo knew the man well enough to distrust and fear him.

A chance for his life! And John Ampstead believed that his life was a curse and a menace to him.

A chance for his life! And Seth Barcase had believed that this wounded ruffian had deliberately attempted to murder him only last night, and while he wondered at the place where they had found him, and at the train of circumstances which had led to finding him at all, he had not given up that belief yet, nor the hungry craving for the justice which is vengeance.

A chance for his life! Ah, me! Humanity is a strange, strange thing! One day an army murders hundreds of their fellow-men, and maims and cripples thousands; the next day the surgeons risk life and health to save the lives and alleviate the sufferings of the wounded foes; in a month a victorious government hangs the prisoners which untold care and boundless patience have healed; in a year love and pity scatter bright flowers over the senseless dust of the dead foemen who suffered battle and surgeon's knife, and—and all the rest; and poets sing and orators praise, and priests and preachers pray.

Will it ever be otherwise?

Is the one who advanced the theory that this world is a great madhouse, the mighty insane asylum for all the unsound minds of all the universe of worlds, much madder than the rest of us?

A chance for his life! Those who battled bravely for that chance did well. But anywhere, everywhere, in all places where civilized men live, it would have been the same. But what of the civilization which had made it possible for his life to be a perpetual danger to it?

Honor to the hand that heals! Honor to the flowers and garlands! Honor to the songs and tales which tell of the good and the brave. But what of war and battle and wholesale murder?

They took the wounded man speedily to Pleanton. Young Ampstead said he would have taken him to the Braynor mansion, had it not been for the fact that he was himself to return very soon to New York; but both he and his father insisted that to them should fall the privilege (they called it that) of offering a place of refuge to the outcast, though it should be only a place to die in.

Martin Glugg, therefore, was taken to the blacksmith's house, and was placed, strangely enough, in the very room from which John Braynor had stolen a child twenty years before; the room from which Martin Glugg himself, as guilty in intent as John Braynor was, had promised to take an innocent infant with his own wicked hands.

John Ampstead insisted that all expenses for medicine and attendance should be charged to him. And Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Barcase were as painstaking and as attentive as two men could be.

Sitting, that evening, in the blacksmith's house, after Glugg had been conscious for a little time, and had fallen into a natural sleep, which Dr. Pilleo felt would be the saving of him if it could only last long enough—say for five or six hours—the good doctor and the worthy lawyer looked one another gravely in the face. Each had evidently some questions to ask of the other.

"Well, doctor," said the lawyer, "what is it?"

The doctor started. He had not known, probably, that he was showing his thought and perplexity in his face. Then he smiled.

"I might ask you the same question, friend Barcase. But I will ask my own question first. How did it happen that you marked down the numbers of the bills that you paid to Martin Glugg?"

"Because I distrust and dislike him, and because I thought it possible it might be interesting to know sometime where his money went to. I never thought of the possibility of such a horrible thing as has really happened."

"I see. You thought of the money going in evil ways, and meant to have it in your power to know. You are very shrewd and far-seeing, very."

Mr. Barcase shook his head.

"I don't know. Sometimes I hope I am, and then I find all my theories and beliefs suddenly overthrown. I don't know."

"Well, you have some questions on your own mind. Let us hear them."

The lawyer hesitated a moment. Then he spoke, slowly and doubtingly:

"Do you ever get ideas in your mind, doctor—ideas without any reason for them that you can hunt out in your thoughts or feelings or memory; ideas that seem utterly at variance with facts of which you are certain, but in which you believe all the same?"

"Certainly I do. Every one does, I think. To-day, for instance, I felt that we should find Glugg alive, and——"

"So did I, and——"

The men sat and looked at each other for a little.

"And that it might be better otherwise," said the doctor.

"And that it might be better otherwise," echoed the lawyer.

"Who do you think stole the horse?" asked Mr. Barcase.

The doctor looked up in surprise; evidently he hadn't any ideas on that subject which were not in accord with other facts.

"Why, the man who was arrested at the station said that he did, didn't he?"

"Hm! Yes, yes, I believe he did. How long do you think Glugg had been lying where we found him?"

"That's a hard question to answer. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no very particular reason. He'd been there ever since daylight, perhaps. Do you think he had?"

"Since daylight? I think that doesn't cover the case by any means. I feel almost certain he had been there since midnight, perhaps longer."

"You feel certain of this, you say. Why do you? Is this a case in which the unreasoning and unreasonable ideas have part, or do you base your opinion on your medical experience and your observation of Glugg's condition?"

"On the latter, most decidedly. I feel so sure that, if Glugg were to say otherwise, when he has recovered, I should believe that his memory was at fault, and that he was mistaken."

The lawyer rose to his feet.

"I must go home now," he said.

He went at once. He seemed suddenly to be in a great

hurry. And he was in as great a hurry as he seemed. He went into the little room, clustered with books and papers and manuscripts, which his clients knew as "the office," which his wife dignified by the name of "library," but which he himself called his "den."

He took down a map of the county. He spread it upon the table. He took a huge pencil with a red lead and marked two crosses on the map. One stood for the place where they had found Glugg, the other for the place where he had stood so near his death last night.

He cut a slender strip of paper and copied the "scale of miles" of his map upon it. He applied it to the map in an effort to determine the distance between the two places.

"One couldn't go in a straight line, of course," he said, musingly; "and I don't just know what would be the shortest and quickest route across, nor the least time one would go it in with a good horse."

He paused from his talk and busied himself with some calculations for a little.

"The horse was a good one, a mighty good one. With fair luck one might make the distance in an hour, I think. Let me see. It is almost certain that the man who stopped me had two thousand dollars; if it was Glugg, he did it before he was himself attacked. It was half-past eleven when I looked at my watch. An hour later might fit Glugg's case almost exactly; half-past twelve would be near enough twelve for a guess like the one Pilleo made. On the other hand, if the other man did it, he had already used up Glugg, at perhaps half-past ten. 'Since midnight; perhaps longer'; that was what the doctor said. I know what I'll do. I'll go and see."

He rose from his chair as quietly and calmly as though he was about to do the most ordinary thing in the world. He went down to his stable; he saddled his horse; he sprang into the saddle. He was going over the country to the place where he was attacked the night before, to make an examination of the route between there and the place where Glugg was found.

"I can watch Glugg," he said to himself, "for I think I understand him pretty well. But if there is any one else who wants that package I would like to know it, and to have a chance to guess why."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

A CENTURY ago, in the North of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features.

And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came, and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history.

When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work among the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to the other marvelous face which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

A SUMMER SONG.

By M. Betham-Edwards.

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, so discreetly hiding
Neighbors' prying glances, curious gossips sidling;
Once more come to screen me with your sunny arras,
Shut out idle pryings, peeps that fret and harass!

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, Nature's airy curtain!
Now, indeed, I feel alone, privacy is certain,
Veiled my study-window, from keen looks pursuing,
None but little birds to peer and see what I am doing!

All day long they flutter round this upper story,
Where my neighbors' chestnuts make a July glory.
Let them peep and welcome, harmless their espying,
Little wiser are they, certes, for their prying.

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, best gift of the Summer
Hid from quizzing neighbors, now I'm in good-humor,
Now the pen moves freely till October scatters
All these green defenses, rends my curtain into tatters!

ANAHITA.

By E. M. De Jarnette.

Chapter I.

"Oh, the vampire wings! The woman's face! Oh, the horrible bat's claws!"

I hide my face and tremble. Long, long ago, miles and miles away, I had seen it all before, in the dead of night, as plainly as I do now.

It seems a hundred years ago that everybody in the wide world died and left me alone.

I was a tiny mite of a creature; but I will know him in heaven, I think, the white-haired lovely old gentleman who came and took care of me. He found me staring, half-crazed with terror, alone in a great house, my dead all around me.

I held baby-boy's curly head in my lap and thought him fast asleep; but they were dead, all dead. Father, mother, and pretty little baby-boy who had just learned to call my name.

The kind old gentleman carried me in his arms to a place filled and running over with children. Pale, thin children; chubby, rosy-faced ones; sad, silent children; weeping, sobbing children; some who loudly screamed "Mamma! mamma!" others utterly listless and apathetic.

How it was I escaped the plague, I know not. Many of the little ones died around me; some, of sorrow and heart-sickness, I think, but everything in those days assumed the type of yellow fever.

When the wild, scared look had gone from my eyes, and I had come to resemble a human, living child again, they put me in the cars with a number of others to be taken Eastward.

Oh, how generously aid and assistance poured in from our brothers of the North, when Memphis was under the curse. Political squabbles, old war-feuds, all was forgotten save that we were of one blood and of one nation. Some of us were taken by relations, and Good Samaritans placed others of us in the different schools and institutions, there to remain until it was presumable we would have become self-supporting.

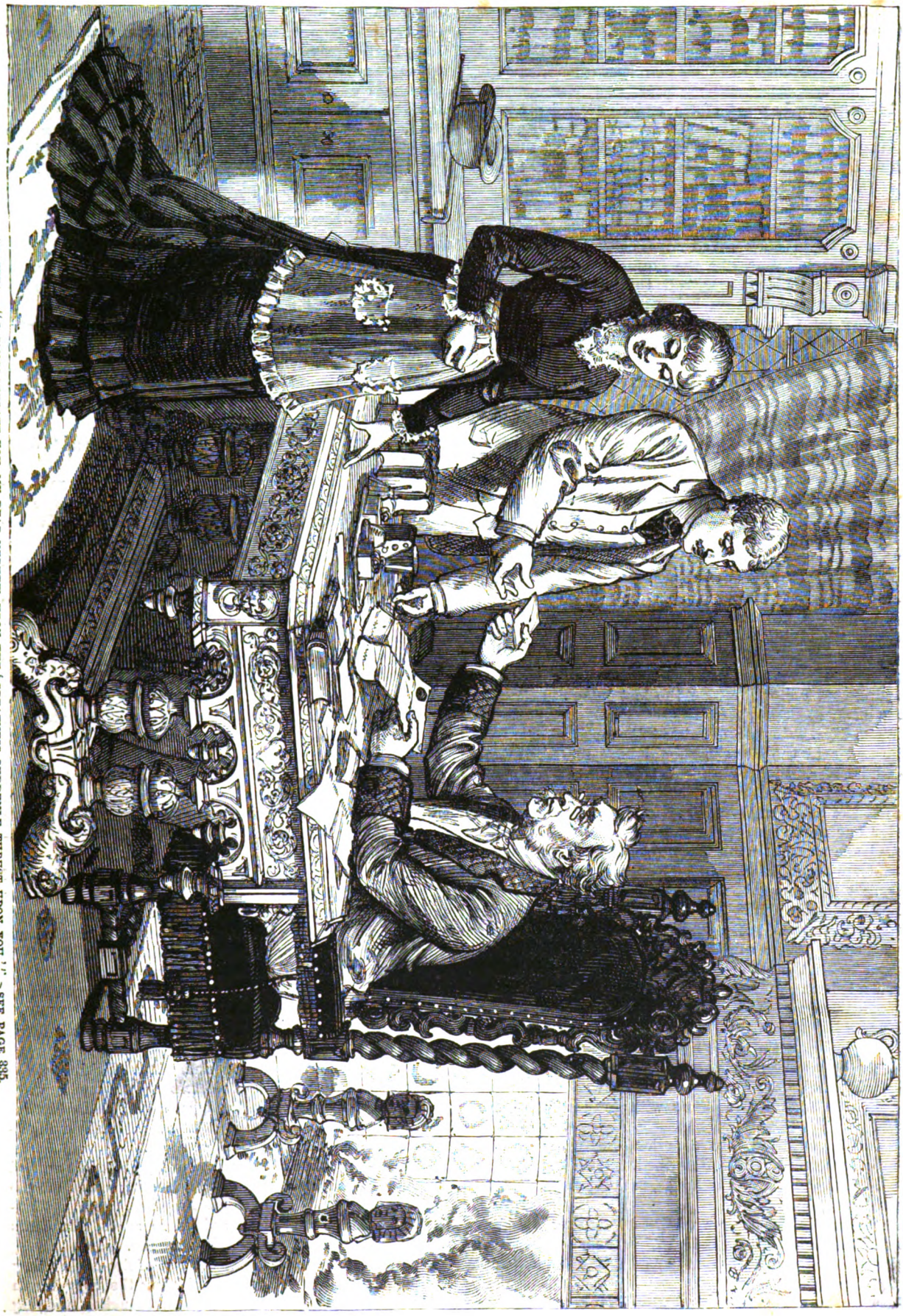
My destination was so far along the road that when

Number Sixty-seven, which was I, was called for, there remained behind only one little bit of a thing sleeping on my shoulder, who, when they waked her, cried out, piteously, "Oh, mamma, come back to me! I'll be so good, mamma!"

"But, on the whole, we had behaved very well, the conductor said. Not much crying; our tears had been exhausted long before.

How good everybody was to me at dear Mrs. Jennifer's! I was so little, so thin and elfish, that I was not treated as one of the young ladies at all. My lessons were, like the girls' "bangs," very short; like angels' visits, "few and

AN INTRUDER.



ANAHITA.—"I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR NEPHEW, UPON THE 'GREATNESS SUDDENLY THRUST UPON YOU.'" —SEE PAGE 335.

far between." I was allowed the perfect freedom of the house, and went in and out like the "necessary cat," when and where I chose.

I did not begin to grow for years; the terror and fright of the old days had left their mark, I suppose, upon my constitution.

The girls made a pet of me, and shortened my name, Sarah Nixon, into "Nixie"; and "Nix," "Trix" and "Vix"; anything that rhymed with it, and to all of which I readily answered. When birthday-boxes came, they said the little Vixen must be at the opening.

Mrs. Trimmer, the housekeeper, tried to make me grow fat by giving me more nuts and dainties than fell to my share, and the cook saved nice brown cakes for my especial lunch. But, like the Dutchman's "leedle hog dot woot never grow pig," all this extra stuffing was utterly wasted—I kept on being thin.

I knew all that went on in the house among the teachers, the girls, the servants. I carried their notes for them when they squabbled—as all schoolgirls do and will; I made friendly advances from haughty spirits, and threw myself boldly into many a breach.

When Beauty, detected in a scrape with Love, had to give up the elegant box of French candies to be confiscated, and was taken by Mrs. Jennifer into the awful *sanctum sanctorum* of the principal himself, none of the parties cared a whit that I was curled up on a sofa, over a big-pictured encyclopedia, during the interview.

Poor Beauty was made to yield the badly-spelled pink note, which love had indited without the assistance of the dictionary, for he spelled heart "bleedin' hart," and called our Beauty his "bossom's queen."

A portion of the sweets was actually conferred upon me, every candy of which had a loving motto or device, —oh, they did!—but, though sorely tempted, I knew my duty—though my wish was contrary—to my country demanded that I should return the last juicy red heart of them back at Beauty's feet.

When Mrs. Trimmer dismissed the cook who ate the cake and sold the pies she should have served, it was I to whom Mrs. Trimmer appealed to know what would become of the constitution that George Washington had won at the battle of Waterloo, if such goings-on went on under our noses.

And she thought none the worse of me when I clung with tears to cook, who had given me cake *galore*, and besought that she might be forgiven.

Little "Nixie Trixie," was sent to ask favors of the terrible Herr von Reiter, who rode roughshod over the German and music scholars; and Miss Tita Steel, who presided over the art department, manners and crocheting, had been known to cancel demerits and accept apologies when carried by the "sprite's" brown hand.

I was a tough, healthy little thing, never an ache or a pain, except sometimes the nightmare from an overdose of birthday goodies, and once a long attack of the earache. For this once "roasted onions" were of no avail, and in vain was hot molasses with laudanum poured down.

It had now settled into a sullen, dull aching, which can be suffered but not described. With any book I liked, I lounged about the house, seeking ease but finding none.

Curled up in the deep window-seat of Mrs. Jennifer's room, I fell to thinking what a bad thing it would be for a girl to have the doctor open her head to get at the root of the earache.

How ugly a sewed-up wound would look, and the ear not grown together! And how I would have to wear a cap pulled down, as King Midas, who had an ass's ears, used to wear a crown.

Between sleeping and waking, I was thinking such things, when my well ear pricked up at the sound of my own name. I had often heard myself discussed, sometimes under my own eyes, sitting on the lap of the narrator

Once I had nearly cried my eyes out at hearing Mrs. Trimmer tell my pitiful tale to the new housemaid.

Colored folks dote on funerals and melancholy. Their notion of Paradise is a place

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And funerals have no end."

My story so wrought upon Jane Crow, who was as black as the bird whose name she bore, that she incontinently presented me with green glass beads from her own neck, and, whenever the opportunity presented itself, showed the sympathy she felt by handing me the hot biscuits first of all the girls.

Now Mrs. Jennifer is telling it over to Miss Watkins, her aunt's second cousin, who has come to make her a month's visit.

"*Fat* to what she *was!*" Mrs. Jennifer is saying. "Why, she looked unearthly, poor little thing!"

"I shouldn't wonder if her eyes caused that meagerness," remarked Miss Watkins, meditatively. "There was a cousin of ours whose nose reduced his body to a perfect *atomy*. Everything went to nose."

Miss Watkins held physiological views of her own, and was accountable to no man.

"The child is no trouble," Mrs. Jennifer went on to say; "missed having the measles and whooping-cough, when the whole house was down."

"That indicates her system to be still under influence of those atoms, or yellow fever germs, which——"

Mrs. Jennifer nipped Miss Watkins's little theory in the bud by opening the mail-bag and distributing letters.

"Here is one postmarked 'Hawthorne.' And now, Theresa, you can give us the town news."

The letter contained a circumstantial account of the wedding and *trousseau* of a fourteenth cousin, and I dozed a while. When I awoke with a start Miss Theresa was still reading, while Mrs. Jennifer's knitting-needles rattled, keeping time:

"'Our old town is under deep concern for the illness of that noble gentleman, Ellsworth Marye. He lies very ill; prayers are offered in all the churches for his recovery, for it is feared that he is at death's door. He sees no one except his younger son, who nurses him devotedly. The elder son, with whom there was a misunderstanding years ago, was refused admittance. It would be a public loss to the town should we lose Ellsworth Marye.'"

Ellsworth Marye! Had I ever heard the name before? I think not; but I fell asleep repeating it.

Then a strange thing happened. The clicking of the knitting-needles; Miss Theresa's monotonous voice passed far, far away; the light grew dim and dimmer; finally it seemed to be emitted from a little silver night-lamp in the corner of a strange room.

A large, handsome room, with hard-polished floor, and here and there rich Turkish rugs, forming oases of safe standing-ground. A curious fireplace, with sphinx-headed brass andirons half bedded in ashes, like drifts of desert sand, guarding a half-dead fire.

I could hear the clinking of the bits of fire-coal as they dropped down. Over the mantel hung the ugly Virgin of the Renaissance, the blessed palm branches nodding above her.

There was an old-fashioned bed, with its faded red curtains, and I heard the heavy breathing of some one within its deep recess. There was a watcher in an arm-chair, whose face I could not see. But my whole attention became riveted upon the picture opposite the bed.

There was a cloudy throne supported in air by the wings of all night-roving creatures. Bats stretched their skinny arms; vampires' wings, the spotted feathers of the whip-poor-will, owls' eyes peered out amid strange birds' claws, glow-worms, brilliant phosphorescent insects, beetles, gauzy-winged katydids—all things that delight in darkness were there.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep," and her twin-brother, Death, floated recumbent, with children folded in their arms.

Upon that shadowy, dusky throne sat a woman, the horn of the crescent moon hanging high over her head. It is *Anahita*, sweet *Mother of the Night*, whom the Persians, not knowing the true "light of the world," have worshiped.

The *chiaro-oscuro* throws out the lovely woman's face, as purely, clearly as a star.

As I gazed entranced upon the picture, a voice whispered from the bed, "Help me, Sarah!" The eyes of the woman seemed to glow with human light; she raised her queenly arm, threw back the floating hair from her star-crowned brow, pointed upward to the crescent, smiling down upon me. Yes; I am sure she smiled. "Help me, Sarah!" sounded again in agonized accents from the bed, and I sprang up with a bound, crying out, "I will; I will!"

My eyes were blazing, my cheeks on fire. I was perfectly free from pain.

They look at me in astonishment.

"Mercy on us! Nixie, what is the matter? I only asked you to help me wind this hank of wool!"

I held Mrs. Jennifer's yarn, but no one can persuade me that I had not seen a vision. It came back to me in the dead of night, and "thrice ere the cock crew I saw it again"; the lovely woman pointing upward, the eager entreaty.

At the last time I turned my head I saw distinctly the form of the gray-haired gentleman who had taken care of me in Memphis. His lips tried to form other words; he pointed to the picture, then fell back upon the bed; and I knew that Ellsworth Marye was dead. My loud screams awakened the house. They took me to Mrs. Jennifer's own room, who soothed me as she would an infant.

But I could not be comforted, and wept as I had not done before since Baby-boy was taken from my arms.

Chapter II.

Tick! tick! went the old grandfatherly school-clock—tick! tick! tick!—measuring off the seconds and minutes, until the great hands came together at midnight like a huge pair of scissors, and clipped off another day into Old Time's waste-basket.

Calmly ticking, while our joys and griefs, our hopes and fears, are coming, going, ebbing, flowing, drifting, drifting away.

Busy as he must have been with the great affairs of the universe, the old Gentleman of the Forelock put down his scythe and hour-glass long enough to straighten my teeth nicely during the years I spent at Mrs. Jennifer's.

He pulled me up a few inches, and made my hair grow as long and thick as any slip of a girl seventeen years old could desire.

The terrible Herr von Reiter had taught me to *sprechen* the most guttural of *Deutsch*. I was able *souhaiter un très bon jour à monsieur ou madame* with a fair pronunciation, or even desire them *prenez un siège et asseyez vous*. If necessary, I could continue the conversation so far as to inquire, *A quelle heure est-ce que, monsieur à l'intention de faire raccommoder le chapeau de velours bleu du cousin de ma tante?* with great credit to the phrase-book.

Even "Our Beauty," who had graduated with all the honors and three gold medals, could not have spoken you much fairer than that.

But I couldn't graduate. When those awful examination questions were propounded, I had always missed them. My heart had a way of beating and thumping in my head and ears; my hands would tremble; I could scarcely repeat the multiplication-table correctly.

The "Beauty" had no difficulty in securing a good place in a regularly "high-toned" family, while I was obliged to be content with a position as nursery-governess for two little creatures of six and seven, at little more than servants' wages.

It comforts me, even now, to think how everybody cried when they told me Good-by. All the dear girls, Mrs. Jennifer, the housekeeper, cook and Jane Crow. Miss Tita Steel herself for once relaxed, and used her handkerchief instead of the crochet-needle. As for myself, I had the whole house to go over, and had been saying farewell for a week to the old clock, the dogs, the kittens, the big books I had loved so well. But I was whisked away on the cars, miles and miles from them all at last.

My destination was a handsome residence, a little out of the town. I was taken to a large room, somewhere about the back of the house, where a hobby-horse in a corner, some doll's tea-things and a little straw hat on the floor, gave a hint as to the regular occupants.

The family were at dinner, and I was glad to fan my hot face at the window, and take a long breath before facing the terrible ordeal of strangers.

I could see a row of outhouses, and the man watering his horses at the pump, talking with a big, long-legged schoolboy, who had lounged up with a strapful of books. I knew that they were talking about me. "Not that I was listening," as Mrs. Chippins would say, "but the voices were loud and forced themselves on my ear."

"Is she pretty, Solomon?"

"Well, Marse Phil, not to say as she is zackly pretty—kind o' furrin-lookin' like. Too much eyes and har and eyelashes. She'd make a fair to do lookin' young ooman, too, ef she were fatter-like—not so narrer-jawed. 'Tain't in my speer to judicate sech matters, but"—in a burst of impartial criticism—"Marse Phil, boy, she air not pretty; I'm afeard she's ugly!"

"Humph!" from the young man, as he patted the chestnut's flowing mane. "The governor is at dinner, I suppose?"

"He air; and you'll ketch it agin, I'm afeard."

Both laughed, a little dismally, I thought; and the boy lounged around to the door.

Of course I could not tell what "ketching it" meant then, though I did later.

Just as I had always known all about everybody's business at school, I soon knew all there was to know at Eagle's Nest. That Mr. Bernard Marye was a severe, captious, grinding man my eyes told me; also, that Mrs. Marye, poor, gentle, meek-eyed woman, was dreadfully in fear of him. His nephew, Philip, dodged him whenever it was possible.

My two charges, Bobbie and Bess, alone, stood in no awe of him, but crawled over his knees and back, pulled his hair, and committed rudenesses which made my hair almost stand on end.

I had lived in his house for months before I had ever dared say more than, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," or looked him full in the face.

He made poor Phil's life a long-drawn misery to him, whenever he was unfortunate or stupid enough to be caught near him. "Trifling vagabond!" "Idle dog!" "A blight upon the name he bore!" were some of his favorite expressions.

With the cunning of an experienced old lawyer he would enveigle Phil into some discussion, and then storm out at him, as if he were a criminal deserving of hanging.

The table was a favorite field of battle, and therefore Phil went as often without dinner as he could stand the hunger.

My seat being opposite his, I would always have the full benefit.

Snarling out a blessing, which sounded more like a curse, we would drop silently into our seats; all except the two irrepressibles, who kept up a continual skirmish on each side of their mother throughout the meal. Phil would come sidling in when we were half through our meal.

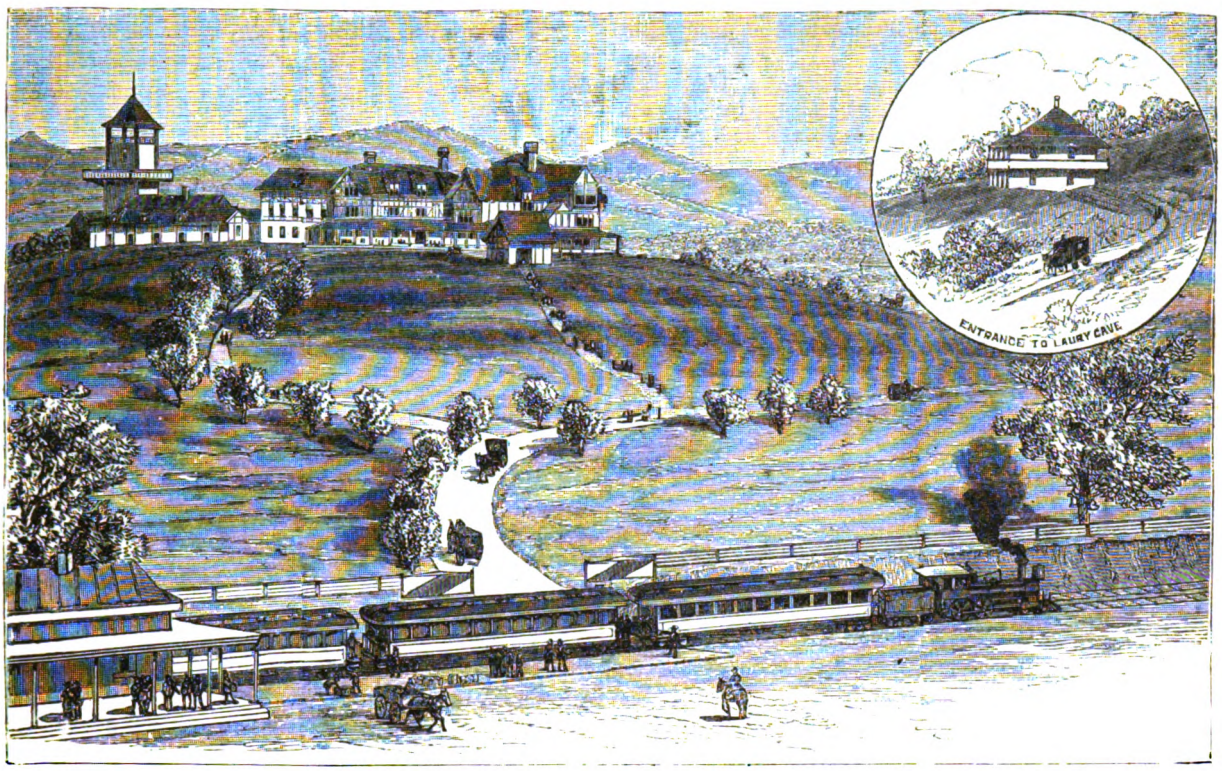
"What is the meaning of this, sir, that you cannot be punctual at meals, sir? If you are not here at the proper time again, sir, you shall have no dinner. Do you hear, Louisa? He shall have no dinner!"

A faint "Yes, my dear," from his wife, when the irrepressibles put in:

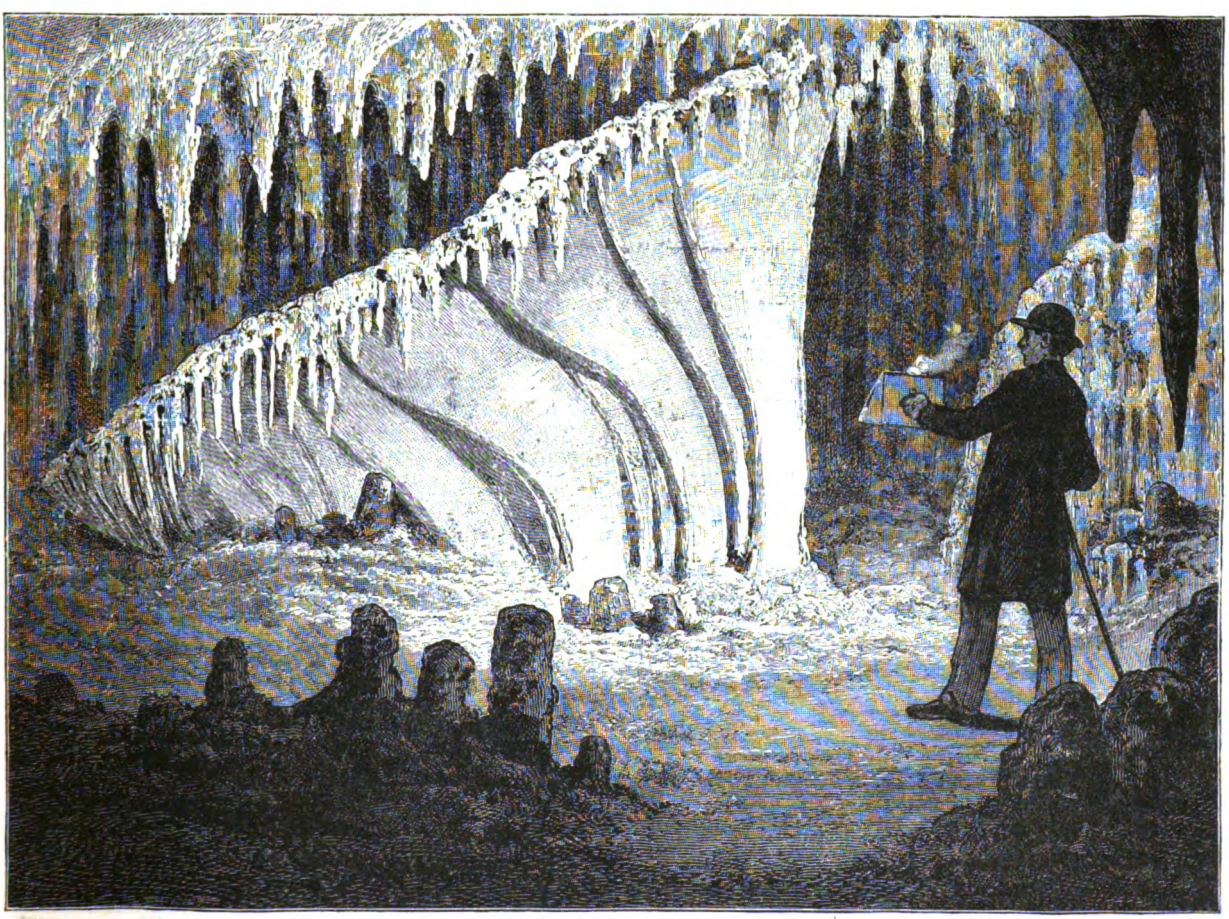
"Lor', pa, ain't you 'shamed?" from Bobby; and, "You sh'n't have no dinner yourself, sir, ef Phil don't have no dinner," from Bessie, his sworn friend.

"Louisa, cannot you make your children behave themselves?"

OUR DARLING.



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.— ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE—THE RAILROAD AND HOTEL.— SEE PAGE 343.



A CURIOUS FORMATION.

"Bobby, do hush! Bessie, I am surprised at you!" from Mrs. Marye, who must have been in a chronic state of surprise ever since her infants have been able to use their organs of speech.

Phil himself is seized with a nervous desire to laugh, and splutters over a spoonful of hot soup in his shirt-bosom, till I think he is about to have a fit or burst wide open.

"Philip, what was the subject of the lecture on literature, this morning?"

Mr. Marye knows he has him in a tight place now, and looks a trifle less angry and red and violent.

"I—I believe it was about the comparative merits of the Italian and German poets—Dante, Schiller and Goethe" (he pronounced it Geeth, to rhyme with teeth).

If he had only known when to stop talking!

"What's that you say, sir?" roars out Mr. Marye, "'Geeth'; and pray who is he when he is at home, sir!"

"Girth (he pronounced it this time to rhyme with birth), if you like that any better. He's a foreigner, and I don't care what you call him," answers Philip, sullenly.

"*Ig-no-ra-mus!*" sneers his uncle. "I really don't know, in your case, whether it would be preferable to be a bigger fool than you look to be, or look to be a bigger one than you are. I believe it is impossible for you to do either."

"Uncle! I won't stand this any longer, sir!" cries Philip, wrathfully springing up from his seat.

Bessie and Bob burst out crying loudly, and I am bidden to take them to the nursery, which I do with great thankfulness.

Phil is in a window-seat, gloomily looking out. As I pass him, I cannot for the life of me help saying, while the tears stand in my eyes, "Oh, Mr. Philip, you don't mean to go away?"

Bessie and Bob leave me, rush at him, and overwhelm him with affectionate demonstrations.

"Not this time, Miss Nixie"—he called me what the children did; "but I tell you what, I *came mighty near it, though!*"

We had grown to be old friends in a very short while, living as we did so near. My room was on the second floor, exactly over his on the first. Phil had a way of getting his lessons—one eye on the book and one out of the window.

"Hello, Solomon!" he would call out, as that functionary passed by on his way to the stables. "How do you spell *acheavement?*"

"'Tain't in my speer, Marse Phil, boy—spellin' ain't; and ef you take a pusson out of his speer, he's like a water-turcle on dry land!" And the old man plodded on, chuckling over his own wit.

Hearing me laugh at the window above, Phil's head is out in a minute, addressing me:

"Now, Miss Nixie, don't you know a fist like *that*," and he pounded it down like a sledge-hammer, "was not meant to pinch a pen? Nature has given us a broad grasp to grip a sword or gun."

I draw down my window hastily, for what would Miss Tita say?

But my children—I could fill a volume about them. With all their badness, I think they were the sweetest in the world. If Baby-boy had lived, I think he would have been just like Bobby.

Had Baby-boy been a girl, he would have resembled Bess.

I treasured their sweet sayings in my heart as, many centuries ago, a certain Mother treasured those of a most royal and kingly Babe in far Galilee.

"Miss Nixie," said Bess, solemnly, "I specks de stars are God's lamps, where de angels lights up when dey gives a party."

And then Bob, not to be behindhand, rushes up.

"Miss Nixie, Bess orter min' every word I tell her, 'cause, Miss Nixie, I saved Bess's life, I did; 'cause I see a snake, and I sed, 'Bess, don't tread on that snake,' and der snake like ter bit Bess, and then Bess 'ud be laying in the lonesome churchyard."

"And, Miss Nixie," shouts Bess, catching the word, "I'm had a heap more things than Bob am, 'cause I'm had the stung-up ake, and pepper got in my eye—and none never got in his—and teethin', and the ole hookin'-cork, and——"

"Humph! I don't call them things nothin', Miss Nixie. I had a yeast-jug stopper flewed out and hit me on de nose, and 'most chopped my toe off, but not quite. And—and a bug flewed in my eye and like ter put 'tout——"

But I have to stop their busy tongues, hear their prayers and put them to bed.

I sit by the open window a long time, singing to them, and sorrowing in my heart for poor, dear Philip.

I had heard it somewhere that Ellsworth Marye had quarreled with his elder son, Philip's father, because he fought on the Northern side; but that before his death he made a will, dividing his vast fortune between the grandson Philip and son Bernard.

Old Solomon, who had been his butler, swore that he had witnessed it with his cross-mark, "readin' and writin' bein' out o' his speer, an' he kin prove every blessed word, 'cause old master was tuk wid de apperplexy de followin' day arterward, and dat individual will disappeared den, and for ever arter hold your peace."

Poor dear Phil! Who could help of being fond of such a merry-hearted, kindly, genial old boy as he was, when his uncle's back was turned?

The two could not get on together; somehow, each jarred and rubbed the other exactly the wrong way.

But the climax was fast approaching. It came in the shape of a—*fiddle!* How it came into Phil's head that he was a musical genius I cannot imagine—for of all the singing—and I had the full benefit of all his songs—*his* was the *worst.*

But nothing would do but he must get a fiddle. He picked a night for his first practice when, unfortunately, his uncle was suffering with a violent headache.

Mr. Marye had nearly distracted his big, helpless wife with his moans and complaints, and had actually settled into a sweet doze, when Phil began fiddling—not only *fiddling*, but also *singing.*

"Good heavens, Louisa! what is that infernal noise?"

"I think all the cats must be having it out with Towser," responds his helpmeet, meekly.

"Dogs! Cats! It's that rascally scoundrel!"

And stalking wrathfully along in his stocking feet like a vengeful apparition, he broke in upon Phil's midnight warbling. The violent scene that ensued Philip described to me long afterward.

It sufficeth to say that the fiddle flew into a thousand pieces, and for a long time it sounded to me like Bedlam broke lose; then *silence.* I knelt down, sobbing and trembling, praying that he might not have killed him in his wrath.

I threw up the window and listened. No sound. I could bear it no longer.

"Philip!" I cried; "Philip, are you *dead?*"

He thrust a bushy head out and looked up at me.

"No; but I'm writing a letter. How do you spell *acheeve?*"

Next morning I saw that letter. Stupid old goose! he had put it under my plate.

Mr. Marye ceremoniously invited me "to walk into the library," the moment that meal was concluded. It was a room newly furnished in the most modern style; but as I moved across the velvety carpet toward the great table covered with books and red-tape documents, I had a curious sensation of having been there before.

"Miss Nixon," he said to me, after he had shut the door, "of course your sense of propriety will suggest to you to give me that letter."

My letter that Phil had written me, and I had never even read! But he held out that hard right hand, and I dropped it in. My poor little letter! How he sneered as he read it!

"DARLING," it said, "Bess says you love me, and that child knows everything worth knowing. Uncle makes my life a *purgitory*, and I'm going to run away. I saw in the *almanack* that 'some are born great, some *acheave*'"—he would spell it wrong, after all—"'greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' You must wait for me, my love, till I *acheeve anough* to support two. Your devoted lover, PHIL MARYE."

Mr. Marye looked at me, and I burst out crying.

He arose with an impatient frown.

"No heroics, miss! Instead, you will answer that nonsensical production with the contempt it deserves, and I will myself see it delivered!"

He drew the writing-materials before me and left the room. Then I read my first, my only love-letter. Impulsively I caught up the pen and wrote down two words. What next? I sprang up, and paced the floor! The room seemed dark and shadowy; I must have more light. I seized the tassel of the curtain before me, and it rolled swiftly up, disclosing——

Great heavens! It was the picture—the vampire wings! the bats' claws! the lovely woman!

I hid my face and trembled. I heard footsteps approaching. Jerking the cord violently, it snapped, and a yellow paper fell at my feet.

At that moment, reader, *I could swear to it*—Anahita smiled.

"Come here!" said Mr. Marye, sternly. Mechanically I picked up the paper and handed it to him. He thought it was my answer to the love-letter. How the old lawyer winced as he read the instrument, for it was to divide his riches. But he was an honorable man, and this was the *genuine lost will.*

When angry Philip had been summoned before him, he tried to smile as he said:

"I congratulate you, my dear nephew, upon the 'greatness suddenly thrust upon you,' as you remarked in that document of yours, to which this highly meritorious young woman has written a reply."

The words I had written were "*Dear Philip.*" They were enough.

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.

BY RALPH S. TARR.

FOR many years it had been known that the limestone rock underlying Page County was furrowed by crevices, and in places worn into small caverns; but previous to 1878 no one thought of such a thing as finding a cavern excelling in beauty of design and ornamentation all the other known caves in the world.

In the Summer of 1878, Mr. B. P. Stebbins conceived the idea of a more complete exploration of one of the caves, with a view of making it an object of interest to tourists, and he invited the co-operation of the brothers William and Andrew Campbell. They were unwilling to do this, but agreed to search for a new cave, and accordingly the trio went ranging over the neighboring hills, exploring every depression and peering into all the dark corners.

But they met with poor success until one day, returning tired and almost discouraged, they came across a sink-hole which they deemed worth exploring. It was in the cleared land on the northern slope, a few hundred yards from the mouth of the old cave, and had long been used by the farmers as a convenient place to toss stones and rubbish, until it was completely choked up. Upon clearing away some of the rubbish, they fancied that they felt a cold, uprising current of air, and thus encouraged, redoubled their exertions and laboriously tumbled away the huge stones until they were able to descend to the bottom by means of a rope.

The two brothers went down and staid for some time, and when they came up looked pleased, but said nothing. How pleased they would have been had they been able to tell the amused spectators what they had seen! What a relief it would have been could they have turned the tables upon the village people, who considered the entire scheme a good joke! But that would not do; they must keep perfect silence, and await their day. They went home and dreamed; and how glorious must have been their dreams! The wonderful trip of Aladdin was no longer a myth; it had been a reality, and they were the ones to prove it to the world. Every pendent stalactite, every freak of nature, was to them a gem of priceless value, bringing both fame and wealth.

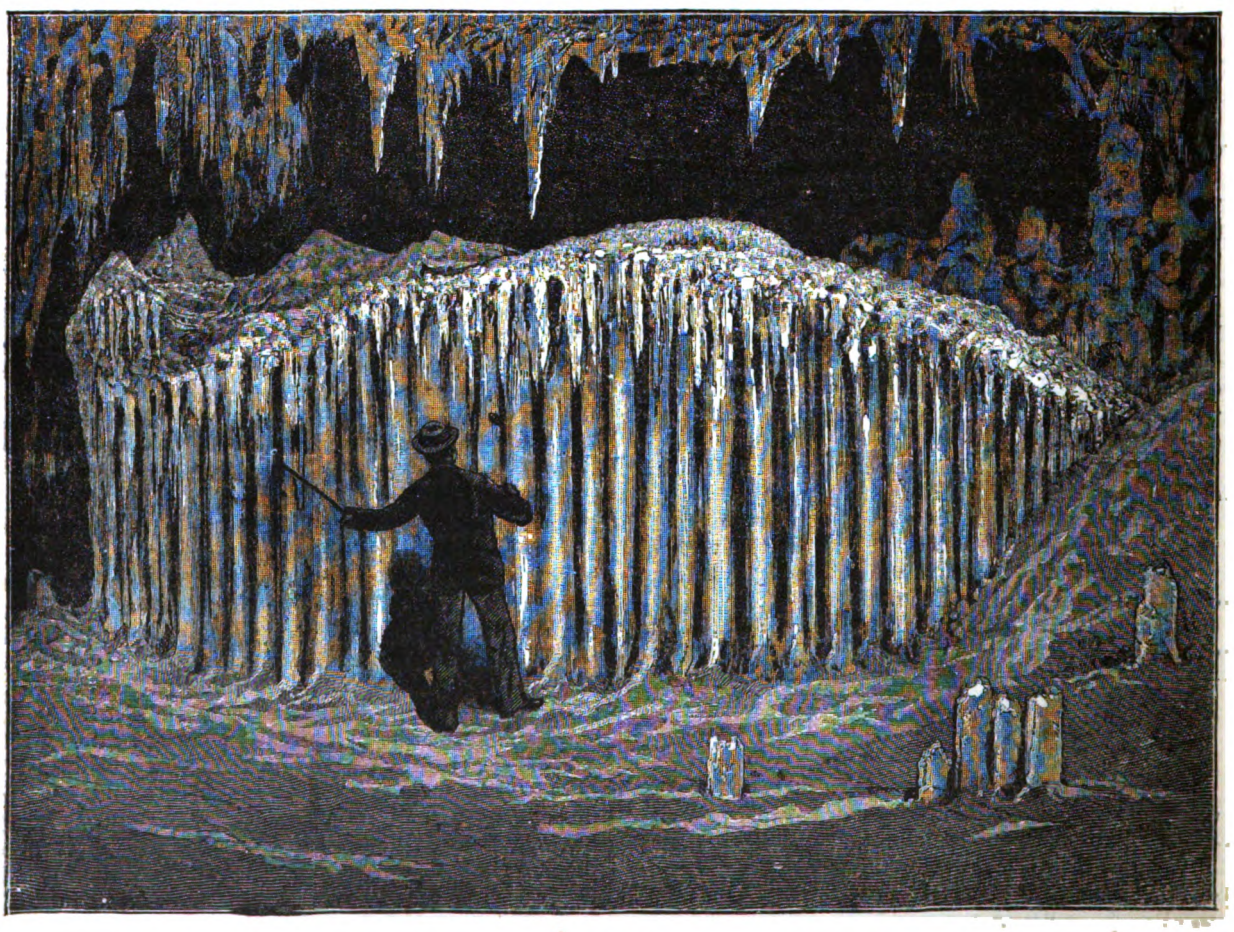
But, alas! their dreams, so grand and wild, were destined to be but dreams still. The cruel law came to the relief of the farmer who had almost given his land away without knowing of its underground value. During the two years of litigation the price of the land swelled to $40,000, the early vision of wealth had correspondingly dwindled, and the three discoverers gave up their claims to a party of Northern gentlemen who had formed a company to buy up the underground wonder. This is its history. Now we may prepare to enter.

The scenery of the valley is very diversified and quite pretty. Instead of being in the side of the mountains, as one might expect, the cave is four or five miles from the mountains on either side, having no obvious relation with them, except that its origin is partly coincident with their origin and with the excavation of the valley by erosion. This gnawing away of material has produced not only the valley, but the mountains themselves, as they now exist. The rock out of which Luray Cavern has been excavated is a compact, bluish limestone, not very evenly bedded, and the few fossils discovered indicate that their stratum is of Lower Silurian. The rocks throughout the whole of this region have been much displaced, having been flexed into great folds, the direction of which coincides with that of the Appalachian Mountains. The way in which geologists arrive at conclusions can no better be shown than in the present case. From the official report of a trip to Luray we quote as follows: "The position of the cave, in the middle of an open valley, distant from the mountains, and so much below their crests, shows that it was hollowed out toward the close of the epoch within which the formation of the valley took place. The character of the erosion leads to the conviction that the excavation was effected subsequently to the formation of the great folds (referred to

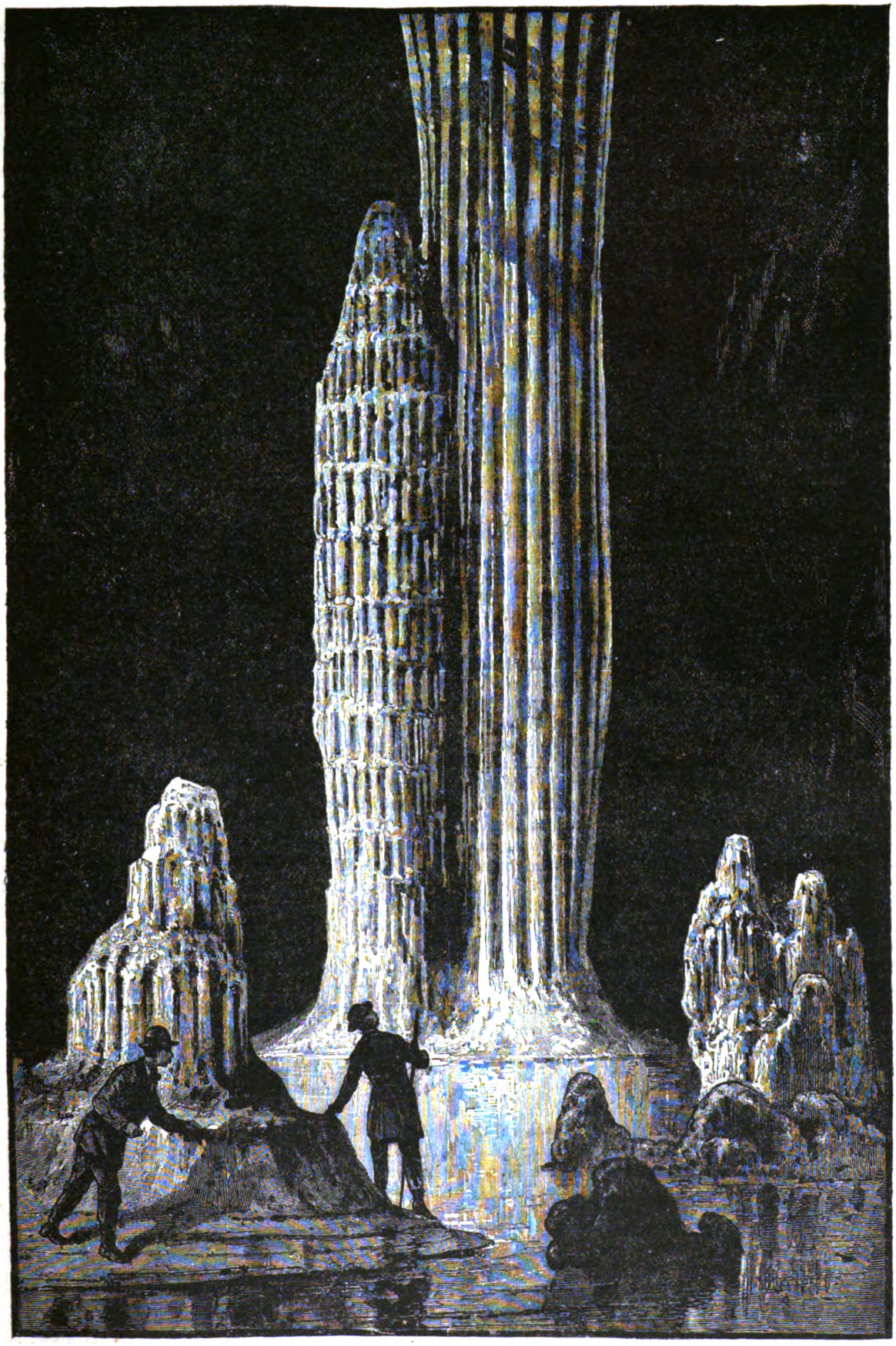
THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—IN THE LABYRINTH.

above). It is also plain that the foldings took place after the close of the Carboniferous Period, because the strata of that period and those of later date are known to have been involved. It is thus evident that the geological date of the origination of Luray Cave, although it is carved out of Silurian limestone, is considerably later than the close of the Carboniferous Period."

The history of the production of the cave is of course divided into two periods, its excavation and ornamentation. During the vastly extensive foldings which took place at



THE ORGAN.



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—THE DOUBLE COLUMN.

the time the Appalachian range was formed, great rents were formed in the heterogeneous limestone rock. A solution of carbonic-acid gas in water has a strong affinity for limy matter, and will fast dissolve away any limestone through which it may pass. This carbonic-acid gas is continually being produced by the decay of vegetable matter, and is constantly present in the surface soil. Rain descending upon the earth takes up large quantities of this gas and carries it along with it in its subterranean wanderings. This was the condition of the water when it first entered the crevices in Luray Valley, and thus acidulated, it began its work. Slowly but surely it went on, and the more it did the more it was able to do, for as it worked, a larger surface was exposed for the water to erode. Thus the process went on for ages—ages that we cannot estimate, so numerous were they. Then through some cause the flow of water decreased, and from that time the ornamentation has been going on in a more or less uninterrupted manner. The Mammoth Cave is now in the condition that Luray was before the second period began.

The ornamentation of the cave, composed of lime carbonates, in the form of stalactite, stalagmite, calcareous tufa, travertine, cave pearls and calcite crystals, has been produced by the slow deposition of that mineral from solution. The acid water dissolves more lime when under pressure than when free in the air, and as water is always slightly under pressure when percolating through the soil, it becomes overcharged, and as soon as it becomes free in the cave air, the extra amount is deposited; and as the water flows down, more is deposited by the evaporation.

Let us now enter this wonderful cave. As you approach the low rolling hill where the entrance is situated, you will see a house having a decidedly public look. In this case, however, the interest is centred in an unusual part of the house, its cellar. We first descend a broad flight of stone steps to a landing 50 feet below the surface, and the sudden change from 96° to 56° Fahrenheit reminds us that our heavy coat need no longer be carried on our arm. The air is pure, but it is damp, and its freedom from dust and water produces a most peculiar effect. The light is not nearly as well diffused as it would be at the surface, hence dark shadows are formed, and an altogether weird effect produced.

A short walk along a narrow passage leads to the Vestibule, or entrance-chamber, an irregularly shaped room 35 feet high and nearly 200 feet in diameter in the widest portion, the walls descending and contracting in an erratic and picturesque manner. As this was my first cave experience, the unexpected magnitude of the chambers, the almost tangible darkness, the great variety of massive and curious forms, the ghastly shadows flitting about with their feeble candles, filled up the measure of expectancy. Indeed, had there been no room beyond surpassing this one, in every respect all would have been perfectly satisfied. A very remarkable object in this chamber is Washington's Column, a monster pillar, nearly twenty-five feet in diameter, and very handsomely fluted.

A long arched irregular space beyond the Vestibule, studded with fungoid and stalactites, has received the name of Vegetable Garden, from the exquisite varieties of the incrustations. The botryoidal stalactites especially excited my admiration. Wandering through this space, we descended a well-built wooden staircase to Muddy Lake. It was here that the first explorers were checked in their exploration by the waters of the lake, which were then much higher than now. On the shores of this lake they found bear, fox and wolf prints, thousands in number, where they may have remained unchanged for ages in the undisturbed tenacious mud. Small bones were also found.

But we must not attempt to follow each step in the passage—this number of the MONTHLY is not large enough to contain even the individual mention of all the wonderful points of interest in the vast underground passages. I will try and give some idea of the character of the ornamental formations which make Luray the most wonderful of caves. The Mammoth is a cave of vast vaults, unornamented and changeless. There is a sense of vacancy, of awful silence, of dreadful lonely darkness, which strikes the heart with awe, and impresses the mind by its utter intangibility. Here at Luray there is nothing of the sort. Objects are near at hand which suggest familiar forms, and instead of vague terror, you feel a comfortable and lively entertainment.

Whenever the proper conditions are present, stalactites and stalagmites will form. Whenever, through some of the minute crevices in the limestone rock, a drop of water trickles down, it is sure to deposit some limestone. This deposition takes place on the circumference of the drop rather than in its centre, and we have a ring of limestone. This ring becomes the support of other drops, and the process continues until a tube from one inch to three feet long, having the diameter of the drop, is formed, when it begins to fill up, and the water to trickle down exteriorly, and to enlarge the column. The process is analagous to the formation of an icicle, except that one is formed by solidification, the other by deposition. They are larger at the top because the larger part of the lime is deposited before the end is reached; but there is a never-ceasing endeavor to reach the bottom.

This is a typical stalactite; but in Luray the typical ones are the exception, nature having reveled in the production of odd forms in these caverns. As a rule, more water flows down a stalactite than can be evaporated, and so it drops upon the floor, forming a stalagmite which continually endeavors to meet its mother above. In time the upward reach of the one and the downward stretching of the other may unite them both into one column, thick or slender, single or double, reaching from floor to ceiling. There are many such pillars, seeming to support the roof, in this cave, hundreds of them, from the size of a fishing-rod (and wonderfully resembling a bamboo stick with every node perfect) to that great column in Giant's Hall which is from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, and is ribbed like an ancient oak; pillars representing all sorts of architectural style in base and capital, for the sculpture-like growth and commingling of these stalactites and crystallizations lend themselves easily to every odd design and fantastic embellishment, which yet never seem inharmonious.

The many and extraordinary monuments of aqueous energy include massive columns wrenched from their place in the ceiling and prostrate on the floor: the Hollow Column, 40 feet high and 30 feet in diameter, standing erect, but pierced by a tubular passage from top to bottom; the Leaning Column, nearly as large, undermined and tilting like Pisa's; the Organ, a cluster of stalactites dropped points downward and standing thus in the room known as the Cathedral; besides vast beds of disintegrated carbonates left by the whirling floods that have swept through the galleries. Some exclaim as they pass through the halls, "What mighty convulsions there must have been to have produced all this." Not so! it has been a process of quiet slowness, interrupted only by the occasional falling of a vast column no longer stable. No

better example of this can be found than the Fallen Column. Once it hung from the lofty ceiling above, in company with the others, a ponderous mass 50 feet long, 14 feet in its greatest diameter, and weighing about 400 tons. Magnificent stalactites hang from the roof on all sides, like an inverted forest of blasted trunks. The only spot in all the abyss where a sense of danger and utter helplessness seizes the explorer is when he stands beneath these huge pendent tons of rocks adhering to the roof only by their own cohesion, and capable of falling, as evinced by the prostrate giant before them. This feeling quickly subsides, however, when, upon closer inspection, one sees the secondary stalactites adhering to the surface of the old one, which indicate that perhaps ages have elapsed since the crash of its downfall reverberated through the lonely halls.

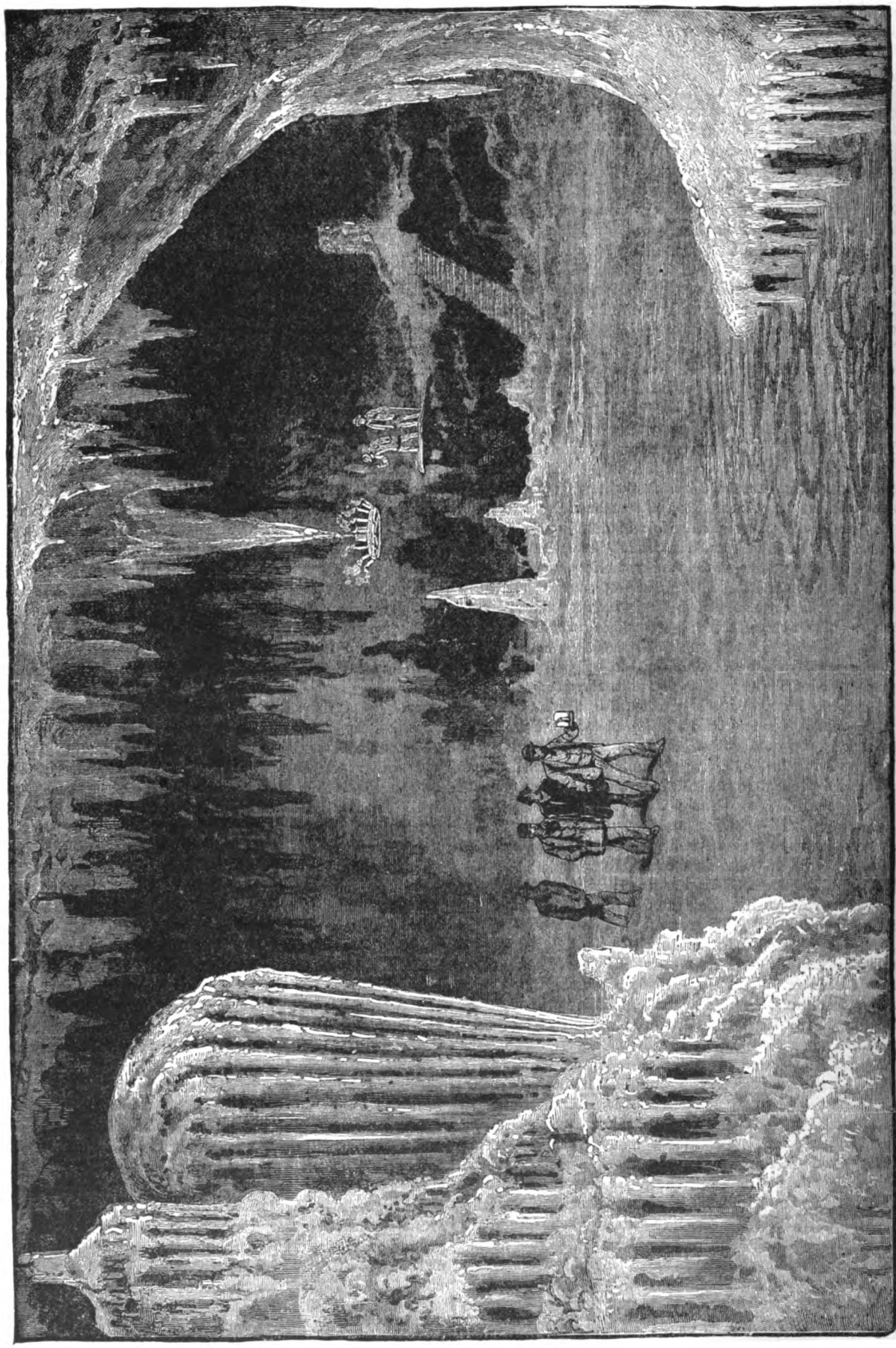
The stalactic display exceeds that of any other cavern, scarcely a yard being unornamented. The old material is yellow, brown or red; and its wavy surface often shows layers like the gnarled grain of costly woods. The new stalactites are made of hard carbonates that have been used once before, and are usually white or snowy, though often pink, blue or amber-colored. Here in this dark studio of nature are reproductions of all the objects which are wont to fill the mind with pleasure, wonder or alarm—crystal fountains, spouting geysers and flower-gardens transformed to rock, cathedrals gorgeously sculptured and frescoed, chimes and deep-toned organs, thrones; spectral beings, terrestrial, celestial and infernal—objects whose multiplicity, variety and splendor would exhaust the whole literature of mythic and fairy lore in providing names for their infinite diversity of beauty. The size of some is something startling. The Empress Column is a stalagmite 35 feet high, rose-colored and elaborately draped. The double column called the Henry-Baird Column, after the two Secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution, is made of two fluted pillars side by side, the one 25 and the other 60 feet high, a mass of snowy alabaster. All the names are more or less suggestive, but this has a peculiar fitness. There is the one, the Henry, huge and full-grown, a monument of acquired and lasting fame; the other, the Baird, a younger one, still growing and ever pointing upward, acquiring new height and resting upon the same broad base as the other. Nothing could be more fit.

The smaller pendants are innumerable; in the canopy above Imperial Spring, it is estimated that fully 40,000 are visible at once. The Cascades, pointed out by the guides, are wonderful formations like foaming cataracts caught in mid-air and transformed into milk-white or amber alabaster. The Chalcedony Cascade displays a variety of colors. Brand's Cascade, which is the finest of all, being 40 feet high and 30 wide, is unsullied and wax-like white, each ripple and braided rill seeming to have been polished. A most remarkable resemblance to a geyser in action is seen in the Grand Gulch and Geyser.

At times the plain stalactite has become transformed to a pendent flower-basket by some curious freak; again, a natural chandelier is produced, and a variety of most curious forms is found everywhere. Where ledges and table-surfaces are abundant, there the drapery is sure to be found. In the Market it crowds the terraced walls in short, thick, whitish fringes, like so many fishes hung up by the gills—"rock-fish," the guide will tell you as his little joke. As they glisten in the half-lighted chamber, they have a slimy, fishy look peculiarly suggestive. The Saracen Tent is formed by these great, flat, sharply tipped and gently curving plates, rich brown in color, depending from a square canopy, so that they reach the floor, save on one side, where you may enter as through a conveniently parted canvas. The Bridal Chamber is curtained from curious gaze with massive and carelessly graceful folds; the walls of Pluto's Chasm are hung with them as in a mighty wardrobe; Diana's Bath is concealed under their protecting shelter; Titania's Vail is but a more delicate texture of the same; Cinderella Leaving the Ball becomes lost in their folds as she glides, lace-white, away; and a Sleeping Beauty has wrapped there abundant blankets about her motionless form; while the Ballroom has its spacious walls hung as with tapestrics. The Swords of Titan are monstrous blades, eight in number, 50 feet long, 3 to 8 feet wide, hollow, 1 to 2 feet thick, but drawn down to an extremely thin edge, and filling the cavern with tones like tolling bells when struck with the hand. Their origin, and also that of certain so-called scarfs and blankets exhibited, is from carbonates deposited by water trickling down a sloping and corrugated surface. Sixteen of these alabaster scarfs hang side by side in Hovey's Balcony, three white and five crape shawls, and thirteen striated like agate with every shade of brown, and all perfectly translucent. Down the edge of each a tiny rill glistens like silver, and this is the ever-plying shuttle that weaves the fairy fabric. The best example of—"drapery formation" is to be found in the Wet Blanket, "a name calculated to dampen your enthusiasm beforehand so as to give the eye a fresh surprise." Suspended in a recess is this curious stalactite which so perfectly simulates a wet blanket, every wrinkle natural to a piece of dangling heavy woolen cloth being represented, with the water yet draining out of it.

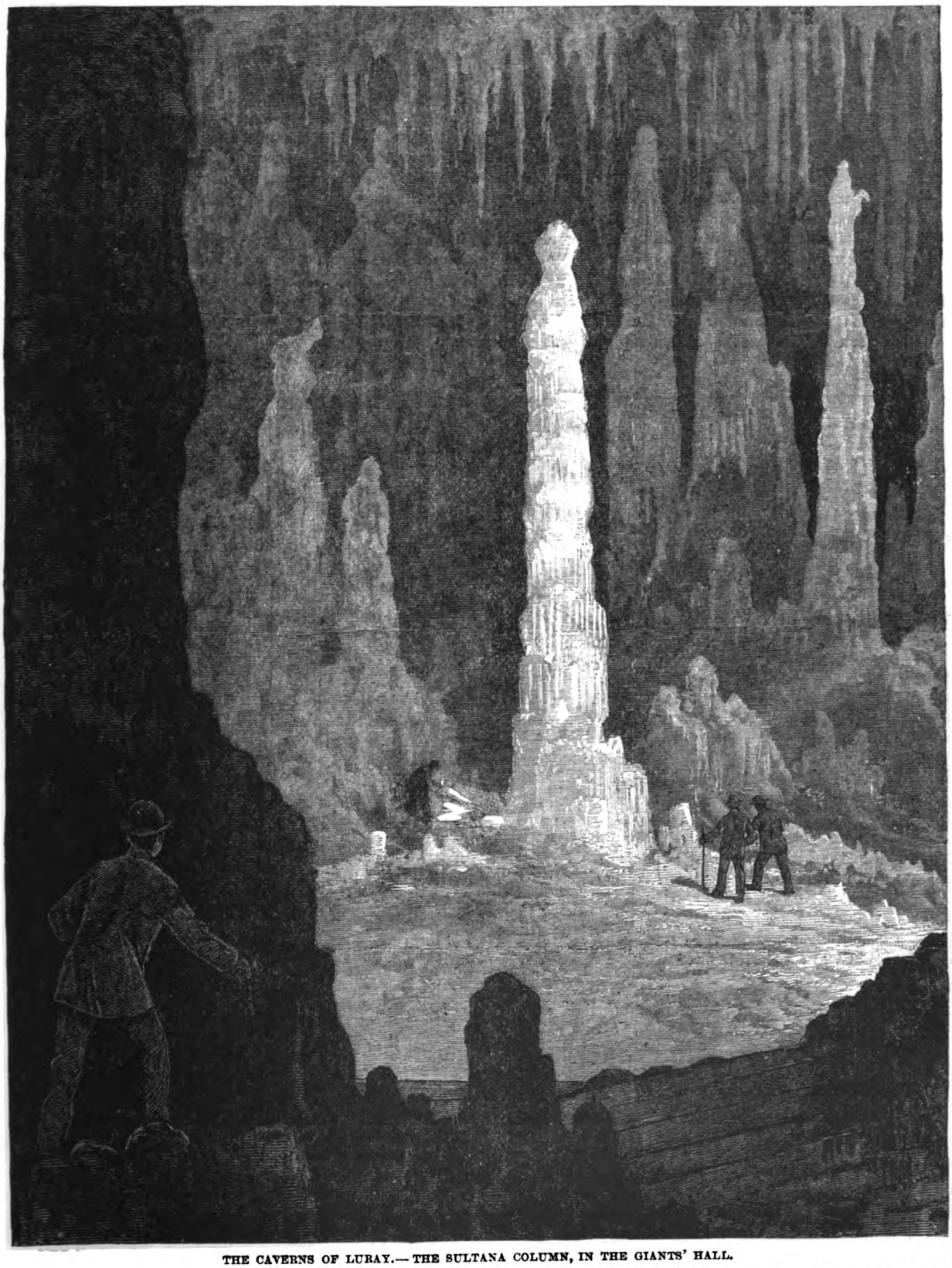
The ever-dropping water collects in small pools, but there is no river or large lake as in the Mammoth. Beautiful crystal springs of clear water polluted by no impurities except the carbonate of lime—the life of the cave. No spring is morebeautiful than the Casket, surrounded by piles of snowy carbonates, interlaced with those of a brownish hue. Here nature has produced a splendid scene, so much like ice that you almost shiver as you look. The snowy mass, hard and clear in places, is for the most part frostlike and feathery. Pendent stalactites hang from overhead, ribbed columns form a background, and on either side the flattened pieces point their ends toward the clear waters beneath. There they lie, one over the other, extending back into the walls behind, no one knows how far. But the dripping water which flows down their surface in silvery streamlets does not cease its work when it drops from the column it has helped to make. In a circular basin it collects, and from this it flows to others. A rim has been built up around the water by the never-ceasing deposition of limy solids, and they have formed a basin in which to hold themselves. By the constant but slow overflow the basin is continually growing in height. There are hundreds of similar basins, varying in diameter from 1 to 50 feet, and in depth from 6 inches to 15 feet.

In all of these nature is at work with all her ingenuity, and is ornamenting the spot to correspond with her other works in this most favored of places. There the gray stony rocks blossom forth into exquisite flowers of crystallization—rose, fawn-colored and white. Seldom will sea-anemones cluster themselves into such exquisite groups in their homes beneath the overlying ledges of a rock-bound coast as do these hard and immovable rock-flowers. Another freak of nature is common in these water-filled cavities, forming what are called cave-pearls. The water, impregnated with carbonate of lime, forms concretions called, according to size, pearls, eggs,



THE CAVE WITHIN THE ENTRANCE.

and snowballs ; while a large one is known as the Cannon-ball. These spherical growths are radiated in structure, and are always formed around a bit of sand by the very slow deposition of atom after atom of carbonate, continued throughout ages of time. Calcite crystals, drusy, feathery, or fernlike, line the sides and bottom of these pools, and indeed constitute the substance of which they are made. A most amusing collection of these quaint devices, called the Toyshop, is the result of the rise and fall of water in the cavities, causing distortions in all the formations.



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.— THE SULTANA COLUMN, IN THE GIANTS' HALL.

Luray is very irregular, branching in many directions,

and its exact size is not now known, but there are several tiers of galleries, and the vertical depth from the highest to the lowest is 260 feet. The distance that one travels to see the whole cave is very great, because one must continually retrace one's steps in returning from some very interesting nook stretching far into the earth, away from the main passageways. The way that one passes through huge chambers, then narrow passages, only to find oneself in still larger and more interesting halls, each decorated in a distinctly different style, fills the visitor with wonder.

The decorations of the Cathedral are grotesque and inspiring. There are huge Gothic pillars reaching to the lofty groined roof, and the Angel's Wing is particularly attractive, sculptured from this alabaster rock. Michael Angelo himself could not have made better decorations, with all his excellence in art. We appreciate still better the fitness of the name Cathedral to this sculptured dell when Mr. Campbell walks up to the Organ, a mass of stalactites, and plays a familiar air upon the thin sheets of rock. Each column has a rich, deep, musical resonance of varying pitch, whose tones are more like the breathings of an organ than the metallic qualities of piano or xylophone. The denizens of the cavern not only pose but speak, and our admiration is complete, and the effect of that air will not soon be forgotten.

Leaving the Cathedral by a narrow, jagged passage, where one must continually guard both his shins and his crown from painful bumps, we get an outlook into a sort of devil's pantheon, full of grotesque shapes and colossal caricatures of things animate and inanimate, casting odd and suggestive shadows, and then pass by a stairway to a well-curtained room, called the Bridal Chamber. With an unusual amount of that idiocy with which the best people, perhaps, are tinctured when about to enter matrimony, one or two couples have come into this damp hole to be married; so the place is put down in guide-books as "consecrated." We go on to Giants' Hall, "the *chef d'œuvre* of this fairy under world." From the verge of a towering cliff we behold this chamber of wonders. Stretching away to the right in a seemingly interminable row of prodigious glittering columns, they rise out of the depths of shade and are lost in the overhanging gloom. The magnesium-light successfully combats these hosts of darkness and drives them into the alcoves and recesses above, beneath, and on either side, revealing forms of giant dimensions, weird outline and infinite variety of ornament. Many feet below are the Chimes, long, sheeted stalactites, which on being struck give forth a deep, tremulous peal of varied tone.

Passing by and admiring the Empress and Sultana Columns, the Frozen and Chalcedony Cascade and the Hanging Rock, we reach the Amphitheatre, a large high-ceiled rotunda, which has been tightly floored and fitted up with seats and chandeliers for a ballroom. Here, beneath the surface of the earth, in nature's wonder-shop, gay parties frequently gather and engage in merry dances. Around the Amphitheatre are the Tombs of the Martyrs, Cinderella, and an endless number of heroes and heroines, as yet unnamed. An ascent of two long flights of stairs leads from this rotunda to Campbell's Hall, an oblong chamber, about 200 feet in the long diameter, and 50 feet high. The chief attraction of this chamber is the rich variety of coloring in the stalactites, including

A. Round Room. *B.* Giants' Hall. *C.* Cathedral. *D.* Hades. *E.* Brand's Cascade. *F.* Stonewall Avenue. *G.* Chaos. *H.* Pluto's Chasm. *I.* Elfin Ramble. *K.* Entrance. *L.* Stebbins's Avenue. *M.* Pisa. *N.* Hovey's Hall. *O.* Ballroom. *P.* Campbell's Hall.

1. The Vestibule. 2. Washington's Pillar. 3. The Flower Garden. 4. The Amphitheatre. 5. Natural Bridge over Muddy Lake. 6. The Fish Market. 7. The Crystal Spring. 8. Proserpine's Pillar. 9. The Spectral Column. 10. Hovey's Balcony and Scarfs. 11. Oberon's Grotto. 12. Titania's Vail. 13. Sarcacen's Tent and Fallen Column. 14. The Organ and Throne. 15. The Tower of Babel. 16. The Empress Column. 17. The Hollow Column. 18. Henry-Baird or Double Column. 19. Chalcedony Cascade. 20. The Coral Spring. 21. The Dragon of Luray. 22. Bootjack Alley. 23. The Mermaid or Scaly Column. 24. The Lost Blanket. 25. Helen's Scarf. 26. Chapman's Lake. 27. Broaddus Lake. 28. The Castles on the Rhine. 29. The Imperial Spring. 30. The Skeleton. 31. The Twin Lake. 32. The Engine-room. 33. Miller's Room. 34. Hawes Cabinet. 35. Specimen Avenue. 36. Proposed Exit Avenue.

MAP OF LURAY CAVE.

red, yellow, black, white, blue, gray, and brown, with an infinite variety of intermediate shades.

Returning, we again pass the Hollow Column, a huge shaft, which, rising from the floor, disappears through the ceiling like a stovepipe. As its name implies, the column is hollow, a stream of water having worn away its centre, through which, by means of a rope, an ascent can be made to a chamber nearly sixty feet above. Passing onward, we stop for a few moments to admire what seems to be the retreating form of a lady, in full party toilet. Her head is just hid in the jamb of the distant doorway, but rounded shoulders, delicate arms, shapely waist, and long, flowing skirt and train, profusely ornamented, all are there. This is Cinderella Leaving the Ball. The path leads hence across Pluto's Chasm, by the Bridge of Sighs. The Chasm is a huge rent in the rocks, 500 feet long, 70 feet deep, and 10 to 50 feet across.

Thus we pass along, ever seeing something new, and our wonder, instead of decreasing as the novelty wears away, on the contrary continually increasing because of the constant change in kind and variety of decoration. Each place had its special point of interest, and we would never have tired had we not been warned of the lateness of the hour.

The cave is inhabited only by a few spiders and flies. No stream or pool has yet been found in which an aqueous fauna might exist. The vegetable growth is far more limited in extent. The proprietors have been compelled to form the walks and balustrades through the caves of green planks. In several places the white mold hangs from the under side of these planks in long, graceful festoons, not unlike the moss upon the cypress-trees of the South. Aside from this there is no plant life.

In former times, however, when the mouth of the cave was open, it seems that a variety of mammals occasionally found their way into the chamber situated near the entrance.

In Skeleton Gulch, near Pluto's Chasm, buried beneath the calcareous floor, are the bones of a human skeleton. Some unhappy aborigine, wandering by accident into the cavern, became lost in its labyrinthic halls, and in his vain endeavor to escape from the damp underground prison, unable to see in the darkness, fell into Pluto's Chasm to be buried in the limestone rock, and to be gazed upon as a curiosity by future generations. I shuddered when I gazed upon him, and thought how different was his journey in the caves from mine. Perhaps the unfortunate person was some Indian boy, who, three or four hundred years ago, by accident or design, entered these catacombs, and falling over the high precipice and unable to move, starved to death. But the cave has guarded its trust well, for while Cæsar's bones have "turned to clay," these are durable as iron.

When we again reach the Vestibule and see the glimmer of light proceeding from the entrance, how strange it seems! How much stranger yet are our feelings when, once more out of the catacombs, we feel and breathe the pure warm air, and again see the bright sunlight as it illumes the grassy slopes on all sides! Yet, how commonplace does this all seem after what we have just witnessed! How insignificant do the trees and even the mountains seem when compared to the Cathedral, or to the columns of Giants' Hall! These are almost our first thoughts, then we come back to our true senses and remember that the wonders are wonderful simply because they are new, and that the commonplace things about us, while really just as wonderful, seem more simple because of their very commonness, and we feel thankful that we are able to live in a world that becomes only commonplace, not disagreeable. Out into the warm, sweet air again, all the world looks fairer for one's temporary occultation. Surely the Troglodytes had a hard lot. Even the Naiads under water, and the Nereids indissoluble from the growing trees, were better off.

"SEVRES FULKES."

By Isabella Valancy Crawford.

The new physician at the Rockby Asylum for the Insane found his attention particularly arrested by two cases on the books of the establishment:

"George Arleigh, age, 27; unmarried; birth, American. Admitted June 5th, 188-. Acute paroxysmal dementia. Sane between attacks. No hereditary taint. Case impossible to diagnose thoroughly, or classify correctly, owing to unfamiliar symptoms. Patient wealthy. Here of his own accord. Small, if any, probability of cure."

"John Fulkes, admitted June 8th, 188-; age, 30; unmarried; birth, American. Harmless monomaniac. Considers himself a Sèvres vase. Hereditary taint on paternal side. Placed here by relatives. Small probability of cure. Perfectly harmless."

The bell at the new doctor's elbow jingled; he lifted the telephone-tube to his ear:

"No. 100 violent. Please come."

The physician met one of his medical staff in the corridor, and, guided by him, went rapidly to a private suite of rooms in the second story, whence poured horrible outcries like nothing human, and continued in one sheet of awful sound. A warder opened the door, and Dr. Warring quietly took in the scene from the threshold.

A cheerful sitting-room, with books and papers in rich confusion; a wood fire on the ample hearth, and a breakfast-equipage on the table before it. In the windows yellow and lilac banks of Japanese primroses; a golden-haired setter, with his muzzle on, howled in a corner; and in mid-floor Case 100, a young man in a tweed shooting-jacket struggling furiously in the grasp of four keepers — shrieking, foaming, convulsed; horrible and terrible, and none the less frightful because of the delicacy of his face and the extreme attenuation of an originally fine frame.

Dr. Warring looked to his subordinate for information.

"The paroxysm will last twenty-four hours, and leave him exhausted," said the younger man. "It is an odd case; his mind never loses its balance for a second. Ask him a question, and he'll answer lucidly in the middle of his worst convulsion. His case puzzles us all, and he's dying fast from mere exhaustion ensuing on these attacks. Pity, isn't it? such a fine fellow, too. Hullo! what are you doing here, Mr. Fulkes?"

"Don't touch me, I'll retire—don't touch me, for pity's sake!" screamed Mr. Fulkes; "the least jar might crush me in a billion of pieces. I was reading the cablegrams to our poor friend Arleigh when he began to jerk. Our new medical Doge, I presume?"

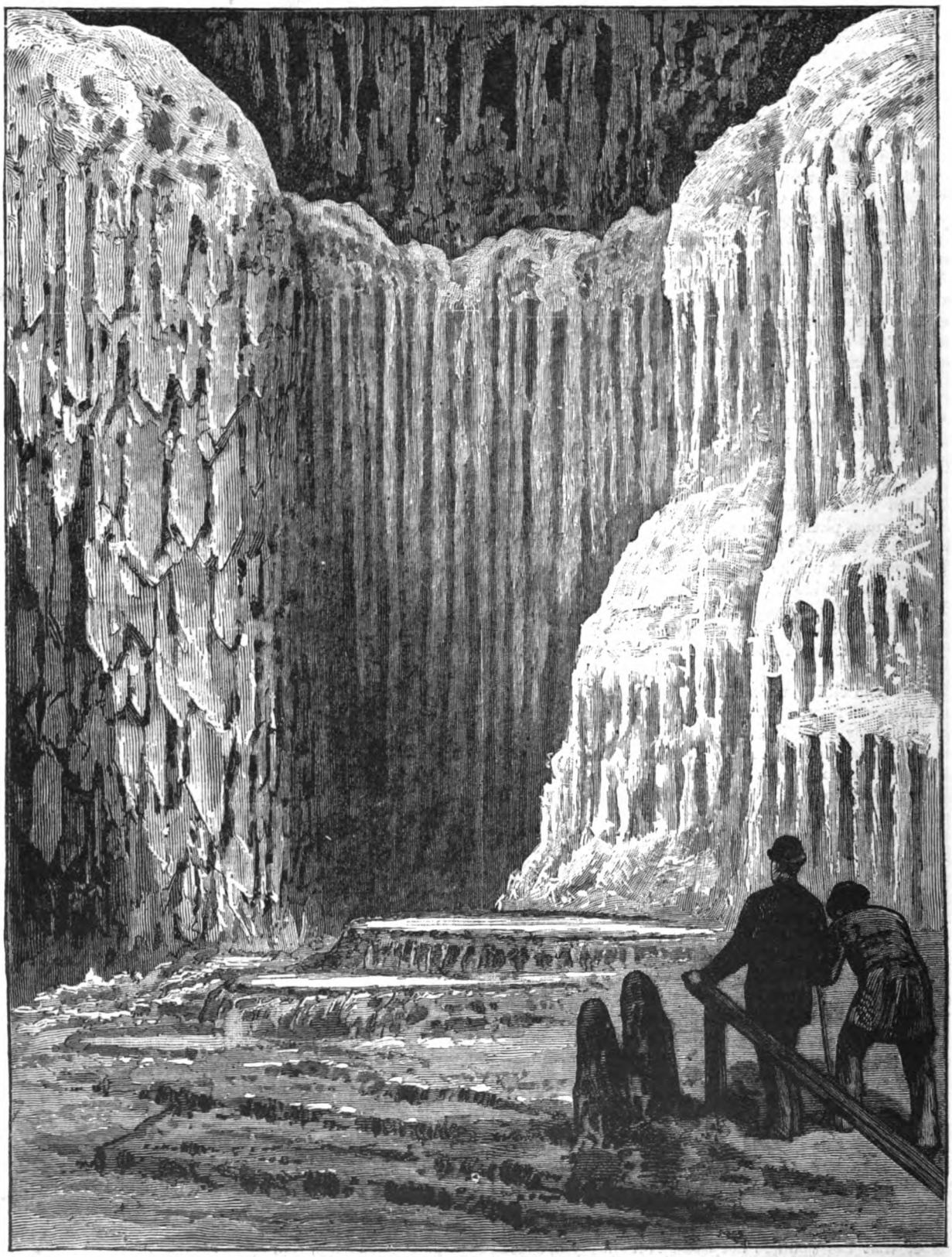
Dr. Warring bowed. Mr. Fulkes sighed.

"I am debarred from the privilege of shaking hands with you, doctor, but you see for yourself my very delicate position. I am a very rare quality of Sèvres, and though cognoscente I could be exquisitely patched in New York if broken, I don't risk to break anything. You see how careful I am, don't you?"

The doctor preserved polite gravity. From head to heels Mr. Fulkes was wound with snowy cotton-wool, secured round legs, arms, body and fingers by pack-thread. A thinner layer, with holes for sight and breath,

covered his face. And he rose in the Spring sunshine, bulky and unearthly, like a statue just looming rudely from the block under the first chisel-blows of the sculp-

"Great pity about poor Arleigh, doctor; fine fellow, but mad as a March hare. Such a pity—such an awful pity."



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—CASKET SPRING.—SEE PAGE 343.

tor. His feet were carefully packed in the same material, and he withdrew, soundlessly, shuffling rigidly for fear of breakage, and calling back, sorrowfully:

The attack lasted twenty-four hours; and during this period Dr. Warring studied the case intently. At last came quiet, and the shadow of Death, only to be driven

"SEVRES FULKES."—"ALL AT ONCE SHE FOUND THE THRESHOLD, AND STOOD SWAYING, HER HANDS MOVING BEFORE HER, PLUCKING AT THE AIR, WHILE HE STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 351.

back by strenuous efforts for a little way. On the seventh day, George Arleigh was able to sit on the lawn, while Mr. Fulkes bore him company behind a barricade of two lawn-rollers and a lawn-sprinkler erected by him to preserve his Sèvres frame from any sudden shock. He was very fond of the invalid, a singularly attractive man, who was meeting death with a very fine and gentle courage.

"You don't think you can do much for me ?" George Arleigh, and Dr. Warring answered:

"I am powerless. I don't understand your case any more than did my predecessor. Where were you when first attacked ?"

"In New York, at my hotel. I did not await a second attack, but came here at once to be cured, I hoped. That hope is dead now ; all I long for is a speedy *coup de grace.* Imagine to yourself seven devils entering into you, and expressing their diabolism through your physical being, while your mind is clear enough to take accurate note of every throe and convulsion. There you have my state. Why should I dread death ? Fulkes here dreads a crack in his delicate enamel far more than I do the immortal arrow for ever launching through the universe. I know I can't survive more than two attacks more ; and I shall be glad enough to vanish into the mists, believe me."

Poor Sèvres Fulkes groaned behind his cotton-wool.

"Don't give in, Arleigh," he said ; "your state is nothing so critical as mine. And I am so *very* valuable that I couldn't be replaced were any accident to occur. Watteau painted me himself, and I belonged to Cleopatra or Josephine, I forget which. My case strikes you as curious, doctor ? Most interesting, isn't it ? I think I'll go in—there's thunder coming up, and I quite dread the vibration, and the damp might injure my enamel."

Sèvres Fulkes shuffled rigidly away in his ghastly armor of cotton-wool, and George Arleigh turned his sad and sparkling hazel eyes on Dr. Warring, with his faint and melancholy smile.

"That man is the best of good-natured fellows. Have you seen behind his odd mask yet ? No ! his face is terribly disfigured by some accident, and they say it was this misfortune developed the hereditary taint in him—he hid his face at first from morbid shame, now he conceals it to preserve its enamel beauty from mishap, poor fellow."

"Arleigh looks much stronger to-day," pondered Dr. Warring, as he sauntered into the house ; "and, according to precedent, he won't have another attack for three weeks. I'll telegraph Brainpan to run down and take a look at him to-morrow, though he's as sane as I am. I can't make his case out ; but he's a fine fellow, poor lad —a fine fellow."

An hour later Dr. Warring was studying his case-book with reference to George Arleigh, when the telephone signal struck, and he listened, dismayed.

"Arleigh violent—please come."

"The fit may carry him off, coming before he had recovered stamina to meet it," said his assistant ; "and he is more outrageous than ever—consequently the after exhaustion will be greater."

"I am afraid the shock has injured my enamel," said Sèvres Fulkes, piteously, meeting them in the corridor. "I felt a fearful jar when he began to writhe and jump. I'll have to give up his acquaintance. A work of art like me cannot be too careful. I'll write to mother and beg her to take me home. I could stand in the alcove opposite her 'Venus de Gabii.' And she can have a stout gilt railing erected to keep her pugs from running against me. I'm beginning to find the society of lunatics like poor dear Arleigh very trying. Do send me word, doctor, when he is safely out of his fit—will you ? For a madman he's a most lovable young fellow."

Mr. Fulkes shuffled painfully away, faster than usual, to escape the piercing shrieks issuing frem his friend's room.

The attack was many degrees more violent than ever before, and Arleigh had to be conveyed to a padded room so that his outcries might not reach the ears of the other patients. He was sane through it all, and in a second's pause in the frightful tetanic convulsions he caught Dr. Warring's hand, and managed to gasp three parted and tremulous words : "Tolla—send — forgive." He could control speech no further ; his demons seized him triumphantly and almost dashed the life out of his frail body, even as his eloquent and appealing eyes remained fixed on Dr. Warring.

The latter recorded that evening in his private book : "Arleigh's case is not mental—shall telegraph for Dr. Nervepecker, instead of Brainpan, but look on the case as hopeless."

At about nine o'clock the same evening Dr. Warring paused at the door of the padded cell, a lady clinging to his arm—a slight, girlish, dusky-eyed creature, in a primrose satin down to her slender ankles, a string of pearls round her beautiful bare throat, with a bunch of yellow Japanese primroses in her dark hair. A delicate and dainty dusky creature. Her eyes, large and lustrous, were widely opened and fixed in a peculiar stare, and she had a trick of putting one small hand out in a groping fashion very pitiful to see.

This was Miss Grey, a professional singer, whom the calamity of sudden blindness, attendant on a nervous fever, had driven from the operatic stage to the concert-room. She had come, in all sweet charity and pity, with others of her profession, to sing this evening for the patients in the asylum. And Dr. Warring had said to her, "Come, be a David to a poor Saul of mine—try if you can sing the fiends out of him ; your voice has a spell in it—you will try ? That's a brave girl—come."

She cringed timidly against the wall of the corridor as the padded door opened and let out those hoarse, inhuman cries. Dr. Warring entered, and came back hurriedly.

"Sing, my child," he said. "Don't mind the uproar."

And she began, her great sightless eyes looking unseeingly at a terrible silhouette on the white wall of the corridor — three black shadows projected sharply on it from the cell, one writhing furiously, two others restraining it. Mechanically plaiting the yellow folds of her dress, or twining the rope of rare old pearls round her neck, she sang. Her voice had an odd, piercing, pleading *timbre*—an outcry that suited best the sorrowful old ballads she was famous for rendering ; and it rose on delicate wings, climbing and clamorous, sinking to indescribable pathos—murmuring like a spirit in deep waters, clinging shrilly like a lark to the very gates of heaven.

"Tolla !"

This cry rose suddenly above all past cries, and struck into her heart like an arrow. She put her hands to her breast with the physical feeling that it was pierced. She ceased singing. She beat the air for a second with her palms. She dashed herself bird-like against the wall, seeking the door. She groped furiously and began to utter low cries. All at once she found the threshold, and stood swaying, her hands moving before her, plucking at the air.

"Where is he ?" she said, shrilly ; "bring me to him !"

Then she stood dumb on the threshold, her hands fallen at her sides, her eyes fixed—a dusky, golden, glim-

mering form on which George Arleigh's eloquent and terrible gaze was fixed while he still struggled furiously. He made a wild effort—a second time he managed to cry out to her, "Tolla!" and at this call she came to him straight and swift as an arrow.

She seemed to dash the warders aside, but in reality they fell back before her as before a spirit. She wound her bare arms round Arleigh, who was suddenly quiet, as he felt the soft, wild clasp about his neck; and on her part she gave a great and awful cry

"I am come to you. I can see you. I knew I had but to touch you to see again. Oh, my love, my love! why are you here? What has done this?"

He tried to wind his arms about her, but the convulsions were returning.

"Take her away; keep her—she is——"

He looked imploringly at Dr. Warring, and his aspect was so terrible, that the doctor placed his hand on Miss Grey's burning eyes, and carried her out of the cell and into his own library. He placed her in an armchair.

"Can you still see?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," she answered, trembling. "When I touched him I *saw*—it is a miracle!"

"It is a nervous shock. Who are you, my child?"

"I am his wife, Tolla Arleigh," she said. "We were married privately two years ago. His father wished him to marry another woman. We quarreled about some trifle, and—he left me. Then I had a fever, and went blind. I never heard of him since, but I loved him, nevertheless; and he called me when he heard my voice, so you see he loves *me*. What is the matter with him, Dr. Warring?"

"We are quite at sea about his case. I scarcely think, Mrs. Arleigh, that he meant to desert you. He has been here since June the 15th, 188-."

"He left me May the 30th of the same year," she said. "Doctor, he will recover, now that *I* have found him."

She rose quite majestically, for such a slim, small creature, and looked at him intrepidly.

"I *will* find out what you sages cannot," she said. "Come, describe his state minutely, and we shall see—we shall see."

He obeyed, and she listened, bewildered, but resolute.

"I will find out—I will save him," she repeated. "Oh, thank God, I have my sight again to serve him with. I *will* find out. I will save him!"

George Arleigh's exhaustion was so like death that he lay for days only able to follow his wife's little form with those eloquent eyes as she moved about his room. He would certainly have died but for the joyful stimulus of her presence, but it became evident that it would require another attack to give him his *coup de grace*. Still he suffered extreme mental agony, for, the shock being spent, Tolla's sight faded into darkness, and she once more groped her way with those timid, appealing hands. She bore her loss bravely, full of joy to be near him, and reproaching him tenderly when her fingers touched the tears of agony for her on his face. She sung to him, she sat by his pillow, her cheek to his, whispering to him all tender words of love and hope, until he began to brighten and revive miraculously. Mr. Fulkes reappeared in the cheerful parlor, swathed from top to toe in new cotton-wool in honor of the occasion, and Tolla received him blithely. He found it cheering to drop in about five o'clock, day after day, drink the tea Mrs. Arleigh's pretty, groping hands poured out for him, and listen to her plaintive singing.

"This reminds me of *dulce domum*," he said, delightedly. "And how well Arleigh looks! What vitality you possess, my dear fellow!"

"Tolla has pulled me through this bout," said George, drawing the blind, sweet eyes to his lips, worshipfully; "and I begin to hope I have passed some crisis, and may recover. Dr. Warring holds out such a hope; and I have grown absurdly anxious to recover and live."

"You shall live!" said Tolla in his ear. "You shall live! you shall live!"

"Sometimes I think I should feel myself happier if I regained the ordinary osseous formation and cellular tissues," said poor Sèvres Fulkes, piteously—"become a mere human being, in fact, instead of a priceless work of art. Mrs. Arleigh, I'll drop in to-morrow for a cup of tea, so I'll only say *au revoir* now."

The next was a sultry afternoon, tawny with belts and stripes of black clouds, quiet and panting like a drowsing tiger.

George Arleigh lay sleeping on a bamboo couch in the parlor, and Tolla sat by his pillow, her tender face on her hand, her great eyes dilated blankly on space, as usual, listening to his every breath, smiling as she heard how full and deep they were. Sèvres Fulkes sat stiffly on a *priedieu* sipping tea from a cup with a butterfly handle, and staring admiringly through his cotton-wool at the charming picture made by the blind girl and her sleeping husband.

At last George stirred, and Tolla groped her way to the table, poured out a cup of tea and carried it softly to the invalid, who was waking slowly and luxuriously. He smiled at her gratefully,

"I am wonderfully thirsty. Hullo, Fulkes! glad to see you, old fellow. Tolla, I shall drink your china thimbleful in one mouthful."

"No," said Mrs. Arleigh, ringingly, "you shall do nothing so very foolish, my darling. We will first get Dr. Warring to ascertain what black powder Mr. Fulkes dropped into it over my shoulder."

"A lie, woman—a lie!" hissed Mr. Fulkes.

"*I saw you do it*," she said, laughing, and flaming her eyes round on him in triumph. "I did not go blind a second time. I wanted to watch my treasure, and I dissembled. How confidently you stole behind me just now! How securely you dropped your poison over the blind girl's shoulder! Ah, Harley Ferrers, was there ever a more cunning plot than to follow the cousin who had quarreled with his wife and made *you* his heir, into the asylum, to finish your work, unsuspected, and secure his wealth. I knew your voice; you could not always disguise it. I watched you day and night; I waited, and you have been delivered into my hand. O God, the joy of such a triumph!"

Silently he sprang at her as she faced him, to dash the cup from her hand, but paused midway. A red quiver of light licked over him like a flame, a horrible thunderclap shook the great building. He gave a hideous outcry.

Wreaths of smoke puffed from him in yellow rings, a hundred tongues of flame made a horrible aureole round him. The lightning had fired his disguise of cotton-wool, and for a second he stood a pillar of flame, then rushed furiously through the open French window, blind in his savage agony.

A charred outline of a man was all they could collect from the scorched turf, and this they buried, and placed above it the name, Harley Ferrers.

The contents of the teacup occupied the attention of the leading toxicologists of the day, and they decided the black powder to be a poison outside their knowledge,

and probably obtained by the dead man in the course of long wanderings in India.

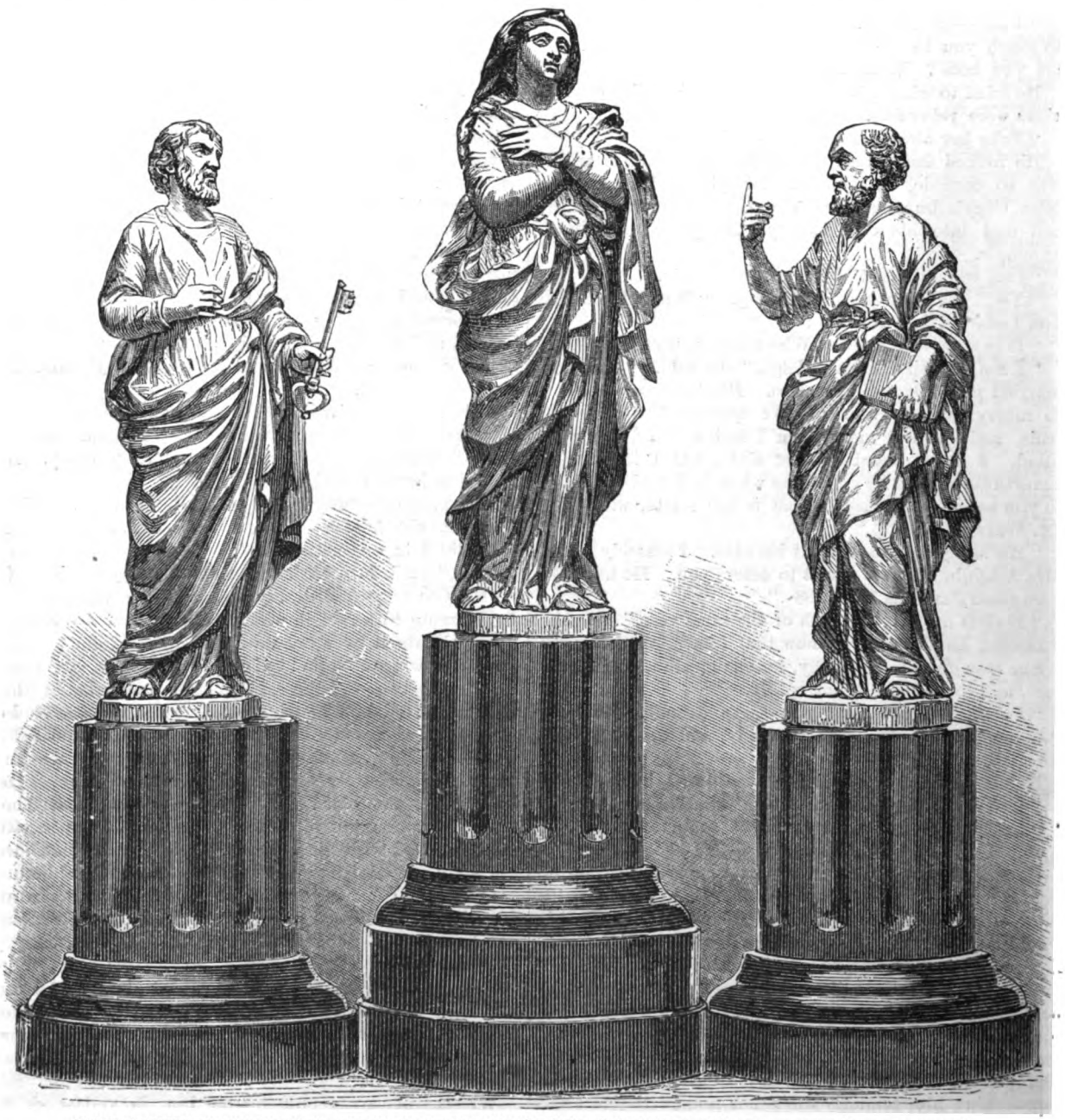
From jottings found in his note-book, it appeared that he had induced his cousin, George Arleigh, in his first foolish rage against his wife, to make a will in his favor; then began his deliberate task of slow poisoning. He had followed his victim to the asylum, and carried on his work unsuspected until Tolla's love-sharp eyes and ears penetrated his disguise, and enabled the valiant, tender creature to wrest his deadly secret from him.

George Arleigh never had another of his mysterious attacks, and at once regained complete and vigorous health; and Tolla's lovely eyes beam unclouded and serene upon the world.

ENVY no man's talent, but improve thy own.

IVORY CARVINGS OF THE FLEMISH SCULPTOR DUQUESNOY.

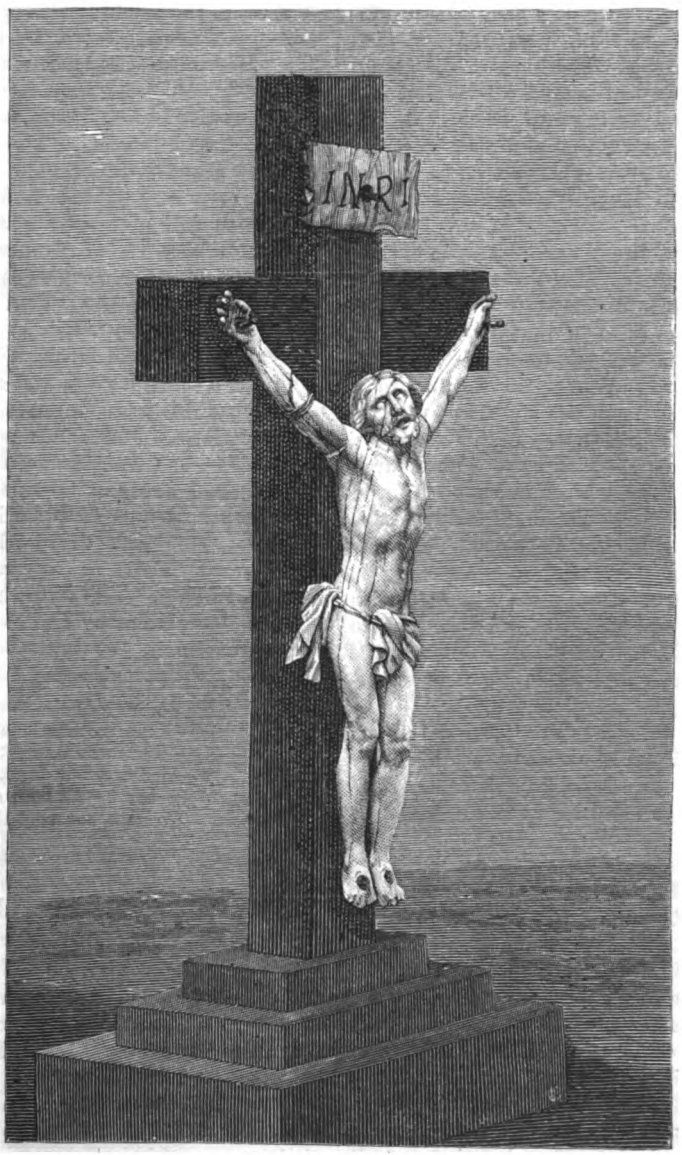
IVORY-CARVING does not often rise to be regarded as genuine art, and the work of Chinese hands generally takes its place among the multitudinous objects which constitute the collections of *bric-à-brac*. Few pieces of ivory-carving can be ascribed to any artist of known merit. Most of them are anonymous or pseudonymous, and seem to accept their fate with resignation.



IVORY STATUES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. PETER, AND ST. PAUL, BY THE SCULPTOR DUQUESNOY (IL FIAMMINGO).

Occasionally, however, a real sculptor chose this material and attained high eminence. Such was notably Francis Duquesnoy, the son of a sculptor, born in Brussels in 1594. His ability attracted the attention of the Archduke Albert, when Governor of the Low Countries, who sent him to Rome, where he studied for several years. The death of his protector left him without re-

sources at Rome at the age of twenty-five, with no friend but Poussin, then a struggling young painter. Duquesnoy had acquired delicate grace and a nobility of style. Great commissions were not easily obtained, so he carved small works in ivory, which at once won admiration, and *Il Fiammingo*, or The Fleming, became widely known. He was remarkably successful in childish figures, and the groups of children at the base of the columns of the high altars of St. Peter's at Rome are the work of this sculptor. A marble child by him, now in Marseilles, is cited as a marvel of simplicity, grace and suppleness. His "St. Susanna" at Our Lady of Loretto, and his "St. Andrew" in St. Peter's, are regarded as master-pieces. The latter is one of the colossal statues, and stands on the same pier as Raphael's "Transfiguration." When the commission was given to the Flemish sculptor for this statue, which is fifteen feet high, Bernini was greatly annoyed, and said: "You will see that Duquesnoy's 'St. Andrew' will be only an overgrown child!" But the result silenced all cavil, and the statue has stood the critical test of centuries. We give three statuettes on ivory by him, a "Blessed Virgin," a "St. Peter" and a "St. Paul," which belong to Mr. Dugat, of Lille. They are full of grace, and in figure and drapery, as well as in feature and expression, show the work of an able and gifted sculptor.



IVORY CRUCIFIX BY DUQESNOY, PRESERVED AT GREEN BAY.

A very fine crucifix by this sculptor is preserved in the Cathedral at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Bishop Krautbauer found it, neglected and injured, on the top of an old press, and struck by its remarkable merit, set to work to learn its history. The records of the church put the matter beyond all doubt. It was the work of Francis Duquesnoy, and was presented to the Redemptorist Father Sanderl and his companions by Francis I., Emperor of Austria, when they came to America in 1832, and revived the old French mission at Green Bay, which had been without resident pastors for more than a century.

After their departure from Green Bay its origin was forgotten, and it was thrust aside with little regard for its history or artistic merit.

The crucifix, placed beyond fear of further injury, can now be studied with the interest it merits as the work of a sculptor who was deemed worthy to contribute to the adornment of St. Peter's in Rome.

CREMATION IN JAPAN.

THE crematory stands a little apart from the main road —a building of a single story, with an innocent-looking, tall chimney that might be connected with a pottery or a small iron foundry. The business is always conducted privately, and there are few in Tokio, except those who are professionally engaged, who have witnessed the process. But arrangements made by the omnipotent Foreign Minister opened the doors and secured a very respectful welcome.

We were first received in the house of the manager, where tea was served in priceless porcelain cups of Kutani ware. The furnace, if so imposing a name may be used for a process so simple, stood a few paces from the house. On entering it there was nothing to be seen but what appeared to be two butter-tubs resting upon a few fagots of wood. There were several cavities about two inches deep and one foot long in the stone floor, and these were filled with shavings.

According to municipal law, no burning is to be done before half-past six o'clock in the evening. It still wanted ten minutes to that time; but under the circumstances the manager thought it would be safe to anticipate the hour, and the shavings were fired. One of the men, kneeling before the growing flame, fanned it with a piece of wood. It caught the dry fagots, greedily licked the sides of the tubs, rose high in the air, and then, with a horrible thud, the head burst outward. Quick as thought, the man seized a large piece of wood lying by in readiness, and hid from sight whatever may have protruded. It is the boast of the skillful cremator that under his supervision the contents of the barrel are never exposed to view. A heavy matting of wet straw is laid over the

length of the barrel before the fire is ignited. As the barrel is burned away, this falls in and covers the body. In three hours the work is done. Every particle of flesh is burned away, and there remains only the skeleton. The bones and the teeth the relatives collect and give them sepulture.

FAMOUS SONGS OF PRAISE.

THE Roman Catholic Church has ever been the friend of the arts of painting, sculpture and music, and without her cherishing care much that we now have as glorious relics of early art would have been destroyed and lost. This is especially true of music. The highest and grandest contributions to the musical art have been inspired by the Catholic Church, and are the work of her votaries. In the music that was sung in the churches recently some of the hymns are 800 years old, coming to us out of what we are pleased to term the darkness of the Middle Ages.

The Gregorian chant, or tones, a name given to certain choral melodies, gets its name from Pope Gregory the Great, who was himself a musician and taught at the Lateran Palace, so that this form of music comes to us from about 590-600. This ecclesiastical chant is the chant of the Catholic Church all over the world. In it we have all that the priest sings at the Mass, and it is in general use by choirs of ecclesiastics. In the course of time abuses of one kind or another crept into church music, for the reason that there was no established form, until the time of Pope Marcellus II., about 1555. In his time music had so degenerated that he thought to throw it out of the Church altogether. Before proceeding to this extreme step, however, a consultation was held with Palestrini, a great musician. He promised the Pope to introduce music that would not be chargeable with the grossness and uncouthness of that which it was to supersede.

He composed the work known as the "Messi di Papa Marcello"—the Mass of Pope Marcellus—which was so thoroughly a success that the Pope accepted him, and gave him full powers to go on and recast and remodel as he chose.

The Mass of Pope Marcellus is a magnificent work. It was given at the recent Plenary Council at Baltimore. This style of music is that which forms the basis of that made known by the Cecilian Society, which is now widely spread over the United States with the intent of encouraging good classical church music.

This Palestrina music is the style used in the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope celebrates Easter. The celebrated Misereres for which the Sistine Chapel is famous in Holy Week, composed by Baini, Mustapha, and others, are sung in that music, and to hear them during the last Holy Week people flocked to the chapel from all parts of the world.

The grandest musical achievements of the masters of the past one hundred years have been in church music, and the names of Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and later, Rossini and Gounod, are attached to numerous so-called themes. Gounod, who is still living, has composed a beautiful Ave Maria. Mercadante has composed a number of beautiful Masses. The Masses most popular in Rome to-day are those of Mercadante, Tirziana, and De Pietro, a Jesuit.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is always a favorite in Rome. Of Palestrina's music it should be understood that it was never written by him, but taught, and is traditional.

No less a person than the illustrious Charlemagne himself is the reputed author of the "Veni Creator Spiritur," who died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his crown upon his head, and his copy of the gospels upon his knees, January 28th, 814, so that it is now at least 1,074 years old.

The "O Salutaris Hostia" is a hymn sung during the office called Benediction, at the moment when the tabernacle is opened in order that the consecrated host may be removed and placed in the monstrance prepared for its solemn exposition. The custom of introducing this hymn at High Mass is at least as old as the fifteenth century, while the hymn itself is probably much older. This theme has been treated by many musical composers The "Magnificat" has been used as the vesper canticle of the Church from time immemorial, and the evening office has also been constructed as to lead up to it as its chief point of interest. The text of the "Magnificat" has been grandly illustrated by Bach, Mendelssohn, and active omposers of the modern school in the oratoric style, with full orchestral accompaniment.

King Robert II. of France, who succeeded to the throne of his father, Hugh Capet, in 997, is credited with the authorship of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" hymn, a hymn which is regarded as "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry. The King was a saint, a poet, and a musician, and his ability to compose this great hymn is not improbable.

The "Stabat Mater" is a Good Friday hymn. Its author, Jacobus de Benedictus, was born at Todi, of the noble Italian house of Benedette, and rose to distinction as a jurist. About 1268 he lost his wife, and, broken-hearted, renounced the world to join the Order of St. Francis. There are several English translations of this great hymn. The following is the opening stanza of a recent translation by no less celebrated a person than our countryman, the late General John A. Dix, while Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris:

"Near the cross the Saviour bearing,
Stood the mother lone despairing,
Bitter tears down-falling fast,
Wearied was her heart with grieving,
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving;
Through her soul the sword had passed."

ROOMING WITH A COBRA

BY AN INDIAN PLANTER.

ONE evening, while seated with my wife under our musquito-room, I had occasion to go outside its shelter into the room which we were occupying, and having also taken the lamp in my hand, I could easily discern any objects round the chamber. I had scarcely got outside the curtains when my eye was attracted almost instinctively to an object moving or gliding along the edge of the room, and I at once concluded it was a snake of some sort—such being a not unfrequent sight in our bungalow.

Had I reflected a little before acting, I certainly would have accepted discretion as the better part of valor. Contiguous to the room we were then in was a bathroom, as also a storeroom, the former having a small door leading from the room into it, and I at once saw that the reptile was making as hard as it could for that door.

It was evident that, if it could only evade me and get into the bathroom, it would escape from thence into the storeroom, and all chances of assassinating it would be gone. The only available weapon at hand was a small piece of stick, scarcely a foot in length, which had once

formed part of a chair, and was, in fact, similar to a common office-ruler.

Seizing this, I made a run at the snake, at the same moment striking at its rapidly retreating form. The floor of the bathroom was of brick, and upon this down came my stick with full force.

To my utter amazement I found that I had hit my mark only too well, but in my intense energetic attempt to catch the snake at all hazards before it entered the bathroom, I also overbalanced myself and ran past it.

To my horror I now discovered what a fix I was in, as upon facing toward the reptile I found that it was erect, and had its "hood" distended at full stretch, showing most clearly the "spectacles" peculiar to this deadly species.

I calculated roughly that it had its head nearly on a level with my waist, and could see that I had hit it very hard, as its vertebræ was evidently damaged about two feet from the tip of its tail, and from this point it had risen, the remaining portion appearing powerless and paralyzed.

I had frequently seen in Bombay and Madras the cobras exhibited by jugglers, and watched their gyrations and performances, but I had never seen a cobra, as I now did, in full anger, and unpleasant as my feelings were at my dangerous position, I could not help admiring the object before me.

The small room was barely ten feet square, and, as I had disabled my opponent very nearly in the middle of the room, I had to stand with my back against the wall to keep out of its reach, but as it surged to and fro, striking and writhing with anger and pain, it was, at times, unpleasantly close to me.

I knew that there were two doors, if I could only get out of either; but to attempt this was impossible, as to do so I must have gone within reach of its stroke, and I therefore remained stationary, meanwhile calling loudly to my wife for a stick of any kind.

As luck would have it, nothing long enough could be found, and she was running from room to room in search of a suitable weapon, while I was enjoying an earthly purgatory.

All this time the cobra kept up a fearful hissing, which I could only compare to the noise a goose makes when annoyed, only it was so sufficiently loud as to be heard in every room in the house.

At length a stick was found, and my wife passed it in at the door by which I had so hastily and incautiously entered, and this was in itself a feat requiring nerve, as she had to hand it in to me across my defiant antagonist.

Having obtained possession of the stick, matters were soon brought to a conclusion, as I at once attacked the cobra, and after a few strokes had pretty well knocked the senses out of him.

On measuring it, I found it was an average full-grown cobra de capello—his length being four feet nine inches over all—and then I fully realized what an escape I had so miraculously experienced, as, had I only touched him when I first struck at him, instead of disabling him at once, the chances are it would have turned like lightning and have struck at me, and had it done so, the consequences would have been fatal.

On first seeing it gliding round the room, I only conjectured it was a common snake, and had I known that it was a deadly cobra, I should certainly have thought twice before striking with so short a weapon. I had frequently, on previous occasions, met snakes of this species under more advantageous circumstances, but had never in my life had so fine and unsought-for an opportunity of studying natural history as I had in the present case, face-to-face with a cobra, and I never have experienced a desire to again seek such a rencontre.

THE DANISH TOWN OF AARHUUS AND ITS CHURCHES.

A NASTY, dirty, pestiferous town is Aarhuus, more beautifully situated though, perhaps, than any city of Jutland; badly drained, or not drained at all; always the first to be attacked by cholera or typhus, and never learning wisdom, when the plague is staid, from her previous visitation. We are lodged in a dirty hotel on the Grande Place, opposite the cathedral: from my window I can descry on a shield the anchor of her patron St. Clement, slung, *en pignon*, to the rosace on the tower's side.

St. Clement, Bishop of Rome, and martyr, was tied to an anchor and cast into the sea in the days of Trajan. The massive iron anchor floated, but the bishop himself sank and was drowned. He was specially the patron saint of sailors. Aarhuus Cathedral in earlier days boasted a spire 600 feet in height, the loftiest far in all Denmark; blown down by a storm many years since. At the entrance, on the left, lies the chapel of the Marselis family, with some fine white marble monuments of the seventeenth century in the style of Roubilliac. The nave, the choir, the whole church throughout, appears crowded with epitaphia, and monuments of alabaster, stone, and marble, from 1500 downward.

The large folding altarpiece of Aarhuus Cathedral, with its life-size figure of the Virgin and St. Anne, and its inscription of "Santa Anna, ora pro nobis"; and again, St. Clement, in triple papal crown, with "Sancte Papa Clemens, ora pro nobis," would scandalize many; but you must bear in mind that in these Northern lands the Reformation was accepted by the people as a political measure, not as an act of conscience.

Frederick I. himself was Lutheran or Baptist as suited his own convenience, and when the fiat went forth there was no "opror"; the people, after years of war and bloodshed, accepted anything for a quiet life, with the greatest apathy and indifference. The saying ran: "It won't make the herrings dear." Christian III., his successor, let down the Catholic clergy gently, providing for the deposed bishops, some of whom adopted the Reformed faith, and even married. The nuns were allowed calmly to die out; and very ill in some places they behaved when no longer under surveillance. Many of the aged monks were provided for. In the churches matters remained much as they were;* but the conventual

* Superstition in Denmark, until a very late day, became more rife than ever, not only among the people, but equally with the clergy themselves, who were looked upon as practicers of the black art, wizards and necromancers. "A parson who knew more than the Lord's Prayer"—as the term was to designate one who dealt in the black art—was supposed to have gained his knowledge from the Evil One, on the stipulation that he never used the word "Amen," in the course of the service. The historian of the Province of Aarhuus declares that a priest of Osterhaab, near Horsens, was never heard to pronounce it in the course of his life. By this means he gained a knowledge of all that passed in his house. He had in his service a girl who was betrothed to the farmer's servant, and who sometimes stole down into the cellar to draw strong beer for her intended. One evening this girl was missing; everybody wondered, except the parson, who paced up and down the room, laughing in his sleeve. At bedtime he said, "Poor Maren! she has got out the tap, but cannot put it in again." The next morning he took the farmer's servant with him into the cellar; and there the girl was sitting on the ground, her finger in the tap-hole, and could not get it out until her master gave her leave. A strong case of mesmerism!

buildings, being confiscated and becoming property of the crown, were mostly destroyed, or at any rate despoiled of their numerous ornaments. I myself have seen, in the remote villages of the islands, ancient censers of the Valdemerian period preserved in the same vestry cupboard with the sacramental plate, and, on inquiring why they were still retained, have received as answer, "They have always been there."

Frederick II. would allow of no dissent, no Calvinistic tendencies; the Lutheran was the recognized religion of the land, and that people must hold to, or nothing. Christian IV., his son, though he was kind to and fought for the fortunes of the "Winter Queen," the daughter of his sister Anne, never forgave his nephew for breaking the crucifixes and images at Prague. One day, on entering a room, in a corner of which he observed hanging a crucifix of the earlier faith, he apostrophized it—"Thank your stars you are safe in Denmark, and not in a church of Prague." So when you are told to look upon the stoles, copes and mitres previous to the Reformation hanging cheek by jowl with those of the present day, as here in the Cathedral Church of Aarhuus, you must not be surprised or shocked, but merely look upon it as a proof of the apathy of the nation you are dwelling among, with a quiet surmise to yourself whether their easy way of taking matters for better for worse is not, to say the least of it, less reprehensible than the fanatic passions which stirred the whirlwind, causing destruction, persecution, and misery, in so many countries.

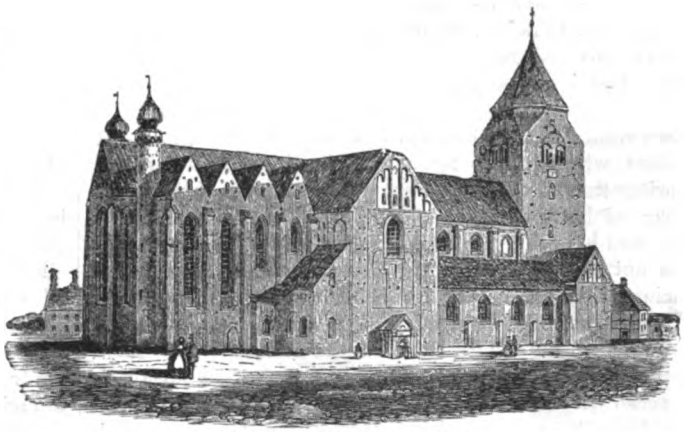
ROOMING WITH A COBRA.—"AT LENGTH A STICK WAS FOUND, AND MY WIFE PASSED IT IN THROUGH THE DOOR BY WHICH HE HAD SO HASTILY AND INCAUTIOUSLY ENTERED."—SEE PAGE 358.

If you be a draughtsman, you will do well to sketch the Church of our Lady—Frue Kirke—with its adjoining almshouse—Fattighuus—a quaint original specimen of old Danish begabled brickwork; within, like the cathedral, a very Westminster Abbey of old antiquated tombs.

What families people had in those early days! I may add, what a number of wives! If you closely examine the epitaphia, you may take as an average—three to a family of sixteen children; sons ranged on one side behind the father, the girls behind the mother, and the babes, who died in infancy, spread out upon cushions in

front, done up in swaddling-clothes, like the atoms you find in the centre of the stork sugar-tongs; then sometimes, if perchance one of the children be called away at a more advanced age, you will find him represented standing among his sisters and brothers clad in his grave-clothes, while they (not their father and mother, who are always dressed with the greatest decorum) are rigged out in all sorts of feathers and finery.

But though St. Clement be patron saint of Aarhuus Domkirke, the city itself stands under the protection of another saint, and he of Danish origin, who, after a lapse of time, has become almost forgotten. I allude to St. Niels—Niels the holy and the sainted—canonized too by the Church of Rome, which Erik never was, nor were one-half those in the Northern calendar.

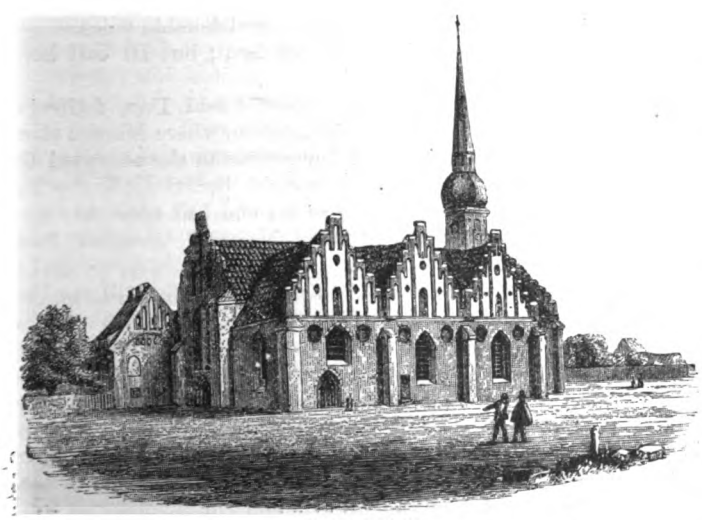


THE CATHEDRAL OF AARHUUS.

It was once, writes an early monkish chronicler, when the Danish King, Knud V., sojourned in the town of Haderslev, he was called upon by a renowned soothsayer, who pretended to have read in the stars that on that very night should be conceived a boy who would attain great renown, and be honored both by God and man. Hearing this, the King was seized with a most ardent desire to become himself the father of that wondrous child; so, passing over a few details unnecessary to relate, the boy Niels was born, but at the cost of his mother's life. He was brought up and educated by the King's sister; and when, at an early age, it was told to him how his mother had died in giving him birth, he was greatly distressed, and from that hour avoided the companions of his age, renounced the exercise of arms, in which he excelled, and was never again seen to smile—passing his time in lonely places, engaged in fasting and prayer; in fact, he became a regular anchorite, and retired to a monastery he had founded, holding intercourse with no one but his friend Hugo, who became a monk like himself. His death, in 1180, was preceded by a revelation. Hugo, who slept in the same room with Prince Niels, beheld at midnight a troop of young priests enter the bedroom, arrayed in festive garb and purple cloaks, bearing lighted tapers in their hands. At this splendid sight Hugo rose from his bed, kneeled before the couch of his young master, and related the apparition, asking him what it signified. Then the prince explained to him that the priests were the messengers of Heaven, who had come to announce that he, the prince, was to die the following night. And early the next day he sent for all the monks, and took leave of them, distributed alms to the poor, and died that very night, as he himself had predicted. He had desired to be buried in the Church of St. Olaf, near the shore—a church he had greatly enriched. But, when he was dead, it appeared to Svend, Bishop of Aarhuus, that the place he had chosen was too poor for so great a lord, and, therefore, he proposed to convey his corpse to the Convent Church of St. Nicholas. But a star was seen falling down from Heaven to the east of the Church of St. Olaf, which was interpreted to be a fresh command that Prince Niels's last wishes should be carried out; so the bishop was obliged to yield. And when he had been buried in the Churchyard of St. Olaf, there happened, in the course of a few years, several tokens which clearly proved his holiness.

There had been erected a wooden cross over his grave, and, when it was in a state of decay, a voice was heard repeating: "Cut a new cross out of an oak in the forest of Skielby, and place it upon the grave of St. Niels"; and they did as they had been ordered; but the trunk which they felled in the forest was so heavy that scarce five team of oxen could drag it to Aarhuus.

Near the grave was placed a chest, always open to receive the gifts of those whom he had restored to sight (his *spécialité*), hearing, or any other bodily defect. Once a thief took away two curiously-wrought silver eyes deposited by a blind man who had recovered his sight. The thief had come from Horsens, and intended to return immediately; but he wandered all night, and at dawn he met a priest, who told him he was still in the Churchyard of St. Olaf, never having left the same spot. But when he had confessed his sin, and given back the silver eyes, he found easily his way back to Horsens. Numerous and marvelous are the miracles related to have been worked in the name of this holy man — the only, I may say, respectable, well-conducted saint of the Danish calendar, and great were the



FRUE KIRKE.

riches deposited by the grateful pilgrims in his coffers. Valdemar II., not over-particular, coolly emptied this coffer from time to time, taking possession of all that was valuable, money, silver eyes and ears, etc., leaving those of wax and baser metal to the saint as his portion. The King declared to the priests who remonstrated, that, as St. Niels was of his own blood, he became by law his rightful heir, and that they should share and share alike.

Well, matters, went on prosperously: the shrine became richly endowed, notwithstanding his cousin's peculations, when, in the reign of Erik Glipping, the clergy fearing that the perfume from his tomb, as well as the riches of his shrine, might attract the cupidity of Marsk Stig and his robber band from the Isle of Hjelm, which lies not far from Aarhuus, determined to remove his shrine to the cathedral church. But the saint was greatly incensed at this conduct, and from that time he has wrought no more miracles; all the sweet odor from his bones vanished, and never returned, notwithstanding, to appease his wrath, the Bishop wrote to Rome to request the Pope to canonize him, which prayer was granted. Such is the legend of St. Niels, patron saint of Aarhuus.

OUR MARTHA.

"HERE, Martha, hurry! You'll be late as sure as you don't, and 'twill be too bad to keep them waiting," said Mrs. Blakely, the minister's wife.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm hurrying all I can," answered the girl, who stood before the mirror, arranging the lace at her neck.

"Here, Martha," cried Nellie, Mrs. Blakely's little daughter, "do put my rosebud in your hair, won't you? I've saved it all week for you."

"Thank you, darling," said Martha, and she stooped and kissed the sweet lips of the generous little giver.

Then she took her dress—a pretty garnet cashmere—from her bed, where it had been spread in state all the afternoon, and hastily put it on.

Now whom do you suppose Martha was? Mrs. Blakely's daughter, or cousin, or sister, think you? Then you are wrong, every time, for Martha was simply "our Martha," our "servant-girl," as I suppose some folks would say, and she was getting ready to go to a sleighing party, and Mrs. Blakely was my mother.

For weeks we children had talked only of the party, for it was the grand event of the season in our town, and the very cream of the society of Pointers was to go, and, best of all, Tom Prince, or "The Prince," as we children called him, was going, too.

This wonderful creature was Sue Prince's cousin from New York, and was very rich, and very handsome, and all the girls in Pointers were crazy after him.

Oh, how we did long for a big brother or sister who might become acquainted with this wonderful Prince, who took the small children of his acquaintance to the store and fairly deluged them with candy, and peanuts, and raisins, and figs, and all the delicacies he could buy.

But it was no use wishing for impossibilities, for Jack was only ten years old and I nine, and our careful parents would not allow us to go to any of the festivities, and so, just when we had given up all hope of even hearing anything about the sleigh-ride from some member of our family who would go, and of recounting the same to our schoolmates the next day, in walked Dan Flitters, a great awkward, stammering young farmer, and asked for "our Martha."

I was glad for her sake as well as ours, for we children thought there was no one in the county so altogether lovely as "our Martha," and I guess between Jack and me and the children the poor girl was wellnigh distracted before she was ready to go. For we all, from mother down to tiny Dot, went with her when she went to dress—mother to help her, and we children out of curiosity, but she bore with us bravely.

"Isn't our Marfa a very pwetty dirl?" asked little three-year-old Rob.

"Beautiful!" cried Jack and I, in concert, while Martha's cheeks glowed faintly at the honest praise.

I glanced at the face that looked from the mirror out into the room upon us all—a fair, pure face, lit up by a pair of wondrously dark eyes, with thin, delicately-penciled eyebrows and long curling lashes, cheeks glowing with excitement, and her sweet mouth smiling out upon Rob, while above all was a wealth of dusky hair, brushed smoothly back from her forehead, except for some little tendrils of curls that clustered about her temples as though they were where they belonged and meant to stay there.

"There, ma'am," said Martha, putting the last pin in the ribbon at her neck, and bending her tall, young figure for my mother's circumspection—"will I do?"

"You look very nice, my dear," said mother, proudly, for this fair young person had been touched by her beauty-loving fingers and helpful hands, and from an awkward country girl had blossomed into as charming a young lady as could be found in my father's charge.

"And now, children, we must wrap our Martha up warmly. Here, put on my coat, it is thicker than yours, and I think it will fit you well enough to ride in. Jack, my boy, your scarf will be needed, and here are my mittens and my muff. And now come down-stairs and get warm before you start."

"Hoa!" shouted Jack, from the window. "Here they come! My eye! Eight horses! Ain't that prime, and here comes clumsy Dan in at the gate. Now mind, Martha," he added, as he seated himself on the banisters preparatory to sliding down-stairs, you must be introduced to the Prince."

"Yes; and ask him to call here, so we can see him," I added.

And then she broke from my grasp and followed Jack down-stairs, while we all followed after.

"I won't go out before he comes in," said Martha.

For answer there came a violent peal at the front-door bell, and Jack sprang to open the door.

"Is Marthy in?" said Dan's unmistakable voice.

"Yes, she's back in the kitchen; but Ill call her," answered Jack, obligingly.

"No, I'm comin' back myself," said Dan, following Jack through the hall to the kitchen, where Martha stood all ready to go, while in her confusion she accepted the last shawl which mother brought her, though she had already taken two others, which she had upon her arm.

"Here's your young man, Martha!" shouted Jack, ushering in Mr. Flitters.

"I've just come in," stammered Mr. Flitters, his fingers feebly clawing the air, as if looking for a stimulus—"I've come—come—come in——"

Here he gave an odd, gurgling noise, and turned so red that mother, even unmindful of her duties as hostess, told Jack to get him some water.

I ran for a chair and poked it at him, for I thought he was probably getting some kind of a fit, and might need some support; but I kept at a respectable distance from him.

Mr. Flitters took a sip of the water, sat down in the chair, raised his hand to his brow deprecatingly, found his new silk hat still covered his ambrosial locks, hastily took it off, rose from the chair, grew red in the face once more, and with a still more violent gurgle, called out:

"Marthy's ready, ain't she?"

"All ready, Daniel," said mother, the anxious expression on her face giving place to one of relief as he made his first intelligent remark.

"You ready, Marthy?" he asked again.

"Yes," answered Martha, faintly.

I could see she was almost choking with laughter.

"Well—well—well! Oh, by George! you ain't a-comin! You can't go—they won't let yer! They said I'd no right to ask yer, and I'd hev to tell yer to stay at home; and don't blame me, for I think yer the puttiest girl in Pointers. But don't blame me, for you can't come—you can't—you can't—you can't!" he roared, his oration ending with a sort of a howl.

I gave one look at our Martha. She was as white as a ghost, and the expression on her face was so piteous that I could have cried for her; then I looked at mother.

Never had I seen my gentle mother so angry before.

"Mr. Flitters, you are insulting this lady," she said. "If my husband were at home, I think he would turn you out of the house."

"Oh, don't blame me! It's them! I wanted her to come, but they wouldn't let her. They said they didn't mix with servant-girls, and if I fetched her, they'd chuck us both out in a snow-drift, and I didn't want to be chucked out," he ended, sadly.

"Say," shouted Jack, coming forward, "say, you sneak, get out o' here, will you, and let our Martha alone. Clear, with your ugly old face, or I'll let this dipper of water fly all over you, and snowball you from here to Jericho. Go, do you hear!"

The valiant Daniel, casting one agonized look of dismay at Jack and his dipper, seized his hat and ignominiously departed.

"Jack!" cried mother, aghast.

"I'll—I'll snowball that fellow!" cried Jack, making a wild plunge for the door, but Martha caught him.

"No, no, Jacky dear, let them go, and we'll make some molasses taffy to-night."

"The sneak!" said Jack, hotly. "My eye, I wish I'd a let that dipper fly!"

"We sha'n't ever know the Prince now," I said, mournfully.

"And he won't see my rosebud, and I saved it on purpose," said Nellie, sadly.

"Our Marfa's crying," added Robbie, solemnly.

"It's the children, Mrs. Blakeley. I know I'm foolish to mind what has happened, but I can't help it," sobbed the poor girl. Then, with a sudden impulse, she burst into one of her merry laughs. "But didn't he look funny! Oh, you don't need to groan so, Jennie, about the Prince, as you call him, for I know him quite well, and have had many a pleasant chat with him since he has been staying in Pointers, and I know that is the reason why they didn't want me to go to-night. So, if your mother will allow it, I'll ask him to call and see you some night, and then I suppose you'll be satisfied."

A violent peal at the doorbell ended Martha's words, and, gathering up her wraps, she retreated up-stairs, while Jack, picking up the lamp, started for the door.

"Is Miss Preston in?" asked a voice.

"She don't live here!" answered Jack.

"I think she does, my boy. Miss Martha Preston, I mean," said the stranger.

There was a faint ring of laughter in his voice that made Jack, ever quick to notice any ridicule, rejoin in a most grandly sarcastic way:

"I suppose you mean 'our Martha,' do you? Yes, she's in."

And he led the way back into the kitchen in his blundering boy-fashion to where we all stood as Martha had left us, and when the light fell upon the stranger's face, I exclaimed:

"Why, mother, it's the Prince!"

And then, abashed beyond measure, I crept into the furthest corner to be out of sight.

Mother looked horror-stricken for a moment, but a glance into the stranger's merry brown eyes reassured her, and they laughed together.

"You have a very interesting family, Mrs. Blakeley," he said. "I have never been received with such effusion anywhere before, and to carry out the character that your little daughter has given me, I'll tell you what I mean to do, with your permission. Jack, my boy, what do you think I've come for?"

"To see our Martha, I suppose. That's who you asked for," growled Jack, for he had not lost his fear that he was being laughed at.

"Well, I own up, Jack. I did come for that partly. But my sleigh is so large, and Martha, if she'll go, will only take a fraction of the room, and so, if your mother will let you, I want to take as many of you as can be tucked in for a sleigh-ride."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, in a very ecstasy of delight, and then he and I rushed up-stairs to tell Martha.

Rob and Nellie wanted to go, too, but mother wouldn't allow them to go out so late at night.

When, in a few moments, we heard the jingling of bells at the door, we were quite ready, and Jack and I were tucked snugly on the back seat, with a huge bag of doughnuts and apples between us.

Martha and the Prince were on the front seat, and we were whirled over the beautiful, glistening snow.

I don't know how Jack felt, but I don't believe Cinderella was any happier with her fairy coach than I in the Prince's sleigh.

"Jack!" said I, giving him a poke, and speaking in the faintest kind of a whisper.

"What?" growled Jack, in the same hushed way.

"We've been asleep."

"I know it. Shut up, will you, and keep still, when other people are talking."

And I, frightened by his fierce, though almost unheard, whisper, was cowed into the most abject silence, while the steady tones of the Prince went quietly on.

"Won't you tell me, Martha?" he said, oh! in such a pleading way, that I came near giving her a poke to make her tell him what he wanted to know, only Jack gripped my hand so hard.

But Martha only looked off over the white fields past which we were gliding, and answered never a word,

And then the Prince did just as I did when she teased me—he put his arm around her waist and held her fast, and made her look at him.

"Martha Preston," he cried, "do you love me?"

Even in the moonlight I could see how very pretty she looked, though she was extremely pale.

"I am only a servant-girl," she replied, faintly.

"Do you love me?" he went on, never heeding what she said.

"I'm too poor," she said again.

Then he did just what I was aching to do—he gave her a shake as he held her, though Jack says she shivered.

"I want you to answer me, poor or rich, servant or heiress. Do you love me, and will you be my wife?"

And at last she said "Yes!" in such a very miserable, squeaky way; but the Prince appeared quite satisfied, for he kissed her, he was so glad.

"Hooray for the Prince!" shouted Jack. "Bully for our Martha! Hip, hip and a tiger for the future Princess of Pointers!"

I declare I don't know which of us jumped most, I, or the Prince, or Martha, or the horses, but at any rate the Prince had to let go of Martha and tug for dear life at the reins, and we had a nice run down the hills and over the road, until at last the horses broke into a steady pace, and then the Prince looked back at us with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes.

and like all good people in fairy stories, "They have lived happy ever afterward."

Jack's postscript: "A girl never can tell a thing right. They talk enough, but they don't tell what is important. Now here is what Jennie didn't say. The Prince and Martha had known each other, and were a mutual admiration society weeks before the sleigh-ride. He had called at the house, but we were in bed when he came. Mother knew and approved of him as a 'very good young man.' Martha and Tom had had a quarrel, and out of spite Martha had accepted clumsy Dan's offer of escort, but the girls in town, who were jealous of Martha, and snubbed her because she was poor, whenever they got a chance, put Dan up to acting as he did. Tom came with his sleigh and invited us, because he knew Martha

OUR MARTHA.—"'THERE, MA'AM,' SAID MARTHA, PUTTING THE LAST PIN IN THE RIBBON AT HER NECK, AND BENDING HER TALL, YOUNG FIGURE FOR MY MOTHER'S CIRCUMSPECTION—'WILL I DO?'"—SEE PAGE 362.

"Thank you, Jack," he said; "we thought you were asleep; but if you were listening to what Martha and I were saying, you know how to get yourself a wife some day; but I know you'll never get one half so sweet as 'our Martha,' for I don't believe there are any more like her," he added, fervently.

"Let's eat the doughnuts," said Jack, yawning.

I do believe that boy was awake all the time, but he won't own it, nor will he tell me anything else they said.

It makes him sick, he says.

So this is the story of "our Martha," as it happened five years ago.

She is just like a real Princess now, and lives in the city in a lovely house, and has all the money she wants, and the Prince is as kind to her as he could possibly be,

wouldn't go a step with him alone, because she was 'mad' you know; but he coaxed her around all right. Asleep? Not much! This boy don't sleep when there's anything going on, and there's lots more I could tell, only it's mean, and it's too much trouble, and it's so soft it makes me sick to repeat it.

"But Tom's a jolly good fellow, and I don't blame Martha for giving in when she did. But Jen, the goose, she said:

'Change your name,
But not your letter,
Will change for worse
Instead of better.'

But I said: 'Pshaw when you change it to a Princess, I think it's for the better, and besides he "pressed-on" so

THE KINGFISHER.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

that he had to stop being "Preston." But Jen can never see a pun.

"I forgot to say that I caught Dan Flitters the next night, and snowballed him for a quarter of a mile down the road; so he's settled, too."

THE KINGFISHER.

THE common kingfisher can bear comparison with many of the gayly decorated inhabitants of tropical climates.

The straight, glancing flight of the kingfisher as it shoots along the river-bank, its azure back gleaming in the sunlight with meteoric splendor, is a sight familiar to all those who have been accustomed to wander by the side of rivers, whether for the purpose of angling, or merely to study the beauties of nature. So swift is the flight of this bird, and with such wonderful rapidity does it move its short wings, that its shape is scarcely perceptible as it passes through the air, and it leaves upon the eye of the observer the impression of a blue streak of light. This straight, arrow-like course is that which is generally adopted by the bird, but on some occasions the kingfishers will become very playful, and sport with each other in the air, turning and wheeling with much adroitness as they mutually chase or avoid each other in their game.

The food of this bird consists chiefly, though not exclusively, of fish, which it takes, kills, and eats in the following manner:

Seated upon a convenient bough or rail overhanging a stream where the smaller fish love to pass, the kingfisher waits very patiently until he sees an unsuspecting minnow or stickleback pass below his perch, and then, with a rapid movement, drops into the water like a stone and secures his prey. Should it be a small fish, he swallows it at once; but if it should be of large dimensions, he carries it to a stone or stump, beats it two or three times against the hard substance, and then swallows it without any trouble.

The kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and having caught more fish than he can eat, will take them to his secret storehouse, and there hide them until he is able to eat them. In one such case the bird seemed to employ its storehouse for the reception of fish which it had caught, and which were too large for it to swallow. The treasury chosen by this individual was a crevice formed by the roots of a willow-tree that grew close to the water's edge, and it usually contained one or two fish. Sometimes there would be five or six fishes lying in the hole, and some of them so large that they have been removed and cooked. The bird must sometimes have found a great difficulty in getting its prey fairly ashore, as the tracks were evident on the soft mud of the bank where the fish had been dragged, and the bird's feet had trodden. Young trout were the general occupants of the storehouse, and in every case the fish had been killed by a bite across the back of the head or neck.

Sometimes the bird has been known to meet with a deadly retribution on the part of his prey, and to fall a victim to his voracity. A kingfisher caught a common bullhead, a large-headed fish, and on attempting to swallow it had been baffled by the large head, which refused to pass through the gullet, and accordingly choked the bird. The kingfisher must have been extremely hungry when it attempted to eat so large a morsel, as the fish was evidently of a size that could not possibly have been accommodated in the bird's interior.

The most complete instance of poetical justice befalling a kingfisher is one which occurred in England. The narrator was sitting on the bank of a favorite river and watching the birds, fish and insects that disport themselves upon and in its waters, when some strange blue object was seen floating down the stream and splashing the water with great vehemence. On a nearer approach it was seen to be a kingfisher, from whose mouth protruded the tail and part of the body of a fish. The struggles of the choking bird became more and more faint, and had wellnigh ceased, when a pike protruded his broad nose from the water, seized both kingfisher and fish, and disappeared with them into the regions below.

The nest of the kingfisher is always made in some convenient bank, at the extremity of a hole which has previously been occupied and deserted by the water-rat or other mining quadrupeds, and been enlarged and adapted for use by the kingfisher. Now and then the nest of this bird has been found built in the deserted hole of a rabbit-warren. It is always found that the tunnel slopes gently upward, and that the bird has shaped the extremity into a globular form in order to contain the parent bird, the nest, and eggs. Sometimes the nest is placed in the natural crevices formed by the roots of trees growing on the water's edge. It many cases it is easily detected, for the birds are very careless about the concealment of their nest even before the eggs are hatched, and after the young have made their appearance in the world, they are so clamorous for food and so insatiable in their appetite that their noisy voices can be heard for some distance, and indicate with great precision the direction of their home.

The eggs are from six to eight in number, rather globular in form, and of an exquisitely delicate pink in color while fresh, changing to a pearly white when the contents are removed. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighboring twig or other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. In a very short time they assume their yearling plumage, which is very nearly the same as that of the adult bird, and soon learn to fish on their own account.

The kingfisher is a very solitary bird, never assembling in flocks, and seldom being seen except when single. Sometimes it has been observed to engage in aërial sports with a companion, and it frequently happens that the two parent birds are seen in company, or that the whole family sits amicably upon the same branch. With these exceptions, however, the kingfisher is remarkably eremitical in its habits, and appears to suffer no rival establishment near the spot where it has fixed its home.

The color of this bird is very gorgeous, and rather complicated in its arrangement. The top of the head and back of the neck are dark-green, flecked with many spots of verditer-blue upon the tips of the feathers. The upper part of the back is also dark-green, and the lower part is light-violet or blue, gleaming vividly under a strong light, and being very conspicuous as the bird is on the wing. The tail is deep indigo, and the quill feathers of the wing are dark blackish-green, lightened by a brighter hue of green on the outer webs, and set off by the verditer-blue spots of the tertiaries. A white patch or streak passes from the eye to the back of the neck, and a dark-green streak is drawn immediately under the white patch. The throat and chin are yellowish-white, and the whole of the under surface is chestnut. The eyes are crimson, and the bill is black, with the exception of the orange-tinted base of the lower mandible. The total length of the bird is about seven inches.

ORPHANHOOD.

THY heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering, perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above:
The vows she breathed beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, winged with intenser might.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,
And thou with earnest tone didst say,
"Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,
For dearly do I love to think upon
That gracious Mother-maid, nursing her Holy One."

Then in delight, as now in woe,
Thou to that home didst turn,
Where God, an Infant, dwelt below;
The thoughts that ache and burn
Nightly within thy bosom, find
A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.
More than all music are the soothings dear
Which meet thee at that door, and whisper, "Christ is here."

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

WHO is he?—that old man with the gray sombrero pulled over his eyes? Every night as I sit here taking my ice I see him, always alone, walking to and fro there under the shadow of St. Mark's. He looks as though he had got a history."

"Most men have; and sometimes it is well worth the telling."

These remarks were exchanged by two young Englishmen, Hugh Macdonald and Stephen Hurst in the Plaza of St. Mark's, at Venice.

The band was playing in the centre of the great square, which was thronged in the golden Italian moonlight by a great multitude. Some strolled to and fro laughing and chattering; others sat round the little marble table sipping lemonade and eating ices; some lingered by the brilliantly-lighted shops, where gold, silver and jewels held out their glittering lure.

Life seemed to be at full flood-tide here, flinging its golden treasures of youth, hope and joy upon the shores of Time, as if there would be no ebb for evermore. And still that solitary figure, as of one in the world but not of it, paced slowly, with bent head, under the shadow of St. Mark's, doubly dark contrasted with the brilliant scene around.

Hugh Macdonald had just arrived in Venice, and was exactly in the mood to weave a romance from the merest shadow. He scented a mystery on the spot, and where he once smelt a rat he would have it out of its hole, tail and all.

His eyes followed the lonely figure, which moved so wholly apart from the glitter and glare of the joyous life around him, like a shadow from another sphere. It seemed to have a mesmeric attraction for the young Englishman; he could not turn his thoughts nor his eyes from it. At last he rose up, restlessly, and said:

"I *must* speak to that man, Steve."

"Best not," said Stephen Hurst, laying his hand on the other's arm; "he would resent any intrusion upon him here; but if you are really interested in him, I could present you to him to-morrow."

"You know him? Come tell me all about him."

"I know him, but I can tell you nothing except what all the world knows. He is Lorenzo Paoli."

"Lorenzo Paoli! the famous artist who took the world by storm some twenty years back? I thought he was dead."

"He *is* dead to the world—died a score of years ago—stranded in the high tide of his fame, and left upon the shores of life the wreck you see!"

"But surely such a thing could not happen without the world knowing why! What was the storm that wrecked him?"

"My dear boy, the storms that wreck human lives are rarely visible to the naked eye! I am his medical attendant. He has been my patient for the last two years, but is still a psychological puzzle to me. Of the hidden machinery which keeps his nerves continually on the rack, I know nothing."

"Is he mad?"

"Good heavens, no!—a little peculiar, that's all. I'll get leave to present you to him to-morrow, after we have gone the round of the galleries."

"Thanks. I've had enough of ancient art! Hideous Madonnas, pot-bellied babies, fleshless saints, stuck with arrows, or grilled on gridirons. Take me to Lorenzo Paoli! See, he's going—he's gone!"

As he spoke the dark, solitary figure passed like a silent shadow out of sight.

On the third floor of the Casa della Vida was situated the studio of Lorenzo Paoli. It was more like an ancient library than a modern studio, if indeed it could be called a studio, when the painter's hand had been still for twenty years, and the dust lay thick upon the last picture he had painted, which stood padlocked with its face to the wall.

Some very large leather volumes, discolored with age, chronicles of the world's ancient history, were ranged on shelves at one end of the room, and a dark, brass-bound book, in ancient Greek characters, lay open on a desk near the oriel window looking out upon the Grand Canal. A headless statue with a shattered sword, a wingless cherub, and Cupid with a broken bow, lay in the dusty corners. The unused easel held in its skeleton arms a canvas frame with a picture commenced in outline, too thickly covered in dust for a line now to be distinguishable. Palettes, paints and brushes lay here and there, as if the artist had cast them aside and never cared to take them up again. The once bright carpet was faded and worn; even heaven's sunlight seemed too weak to lend a ray of color or lighten the gloom of the dingy apartment.

Lorenzo Paoli stood at the tall desk, his head bent over the black-letter volumes spread thereon. Everything spoke of dead and buried days; and here the solitary man lived through the years alone, his story known only to God and to his own heart.

Twenty years ago a crowd of gondolas gathered about the threshold below, and the gay world passed up and down the marble steps. The artist's then brilliant studio was thrown open for the exhibition of his great work, "Cleopatra," and the fair patricians of Venice filled the gorgeous apartment with their languid grace. Flattery fell sweetly from fashionable lips, while the would-be wise uttered their ignorant criticisms glibly, and the artist—tall, handsome, stately, his chestnut curls clustering about his broad brow, and the fire of genius sleeping in his great dark eyes—moved like a prince among his court.

That evening he was the honored guest of a noble

company at the Palazzo Pisani; and at midnight he happened to cross the Rialto alone, to take his gondola from the other side.

Beneath the arch at the bottom of the steps he nearly fell over something—a bundle of rags it seemed at first, but it was something alive. He stooped and looked closer. Was it the face of a child or a woman that he saw lying in a sleep so deep it was like a swoon? There were dark circles round the closed eyes; it seemed as though the girl had sunk down in sheer weariness.

ORPHANHOOD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 367.

Such a frail little forlorn figure it was! he could not bear to leave it lying there. He lifted it up tenderly and laid it at the bottom of his gondola, saying:

"Poor little creature! We will take it home to thy wife, Jacopo; she will look after it till the morning."

Jacopo, in his white costume, a typical Venetian gondolier, pushed off, and the gondola glided with light plashing of oars along the canal. Once or twice the artist lifted the ragged mantilla and looked upon the sleeper's face.

Which was it? child or woman?—so small, so fragile, with dimpled hands apparently unused to labor, with pale, hollow cheeks, and ragged dress!

The little waif was given into the charge of Jacopo's wife, a crabbed old woman, but who loved her master, and was wont to do his bidding, and for his sake acted kindly by this frail morsel of humanity.

In the morning Lorenzo Paoli rose up unrefreshed and anxious; his rest had been broken by evil dreams, through which the sweet childish face had frowned, darkened and distorted.

When Ursula brought his coffee, his first inquiry was for the poor little stranger.

"Ah, *la poverina*, it's a grateful heart! I told her how the good signor had picked her up out of the dark night and brought her home in his arms, as the holy St. John carried the lost lamb back to the fold——"

"Bah!" exclaimed the "good signor," stirring his coffee vigorously.

"And her eyes filled with tears," continued Ursula. "She swept across the room like a whirlwind, and it was all we could do to prevent her breaking in upon the

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.—"SHE UTTERED A CRY OF HORROR, FLUNG HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS, AND CLUNG TO HIM AS IF FOR PROTECTION."—SEE PAGE 367.

signor, and—— Holy Mother! here she is!" A slight figure had glided silently as a sunbeam into the room, and Paoli felt a kiss, soft as a roseleaf, followed by a burning tear, fall upon his hand.

The little waif sank on her knees beside him, and burst into sobs.

Ursula began to chatter and scold like an angry magpie; but the master bade her begone, and she flounced out of the room with an angry face.

The artist raised the girl kindly, bidding her dry her tears and tell him her trouble. She lifted a pair of April blue eyes, half-smiles, half-tears.

"There's no trouble any more. I was miserable yesterday—I've always been miserable; but I am happy now!"

Lorenzo Paoli looked down with an artist's eye and a poet's appreciation of the lovely face uplifted to his.

Large, lustrous blue eyes, the tears still beading like dew the long, dark lashes; a Cupid's bow of a mouth, with half-parted lips revealing the little pearly teeth; the cream-white complexion of the *fair* Italian—loveliest of tints!—the rich russet-golden hair curling round her brow.

She might have been a girl of fifteen, she might have been many years older; for, in spite of the round baby face and fairy figure, now that he saw her features awake and expressive, there was a look upon them, a shadow, an indefinable something, which told of a heart that had suffered, perhaps even of a soul that had sinned.

The artist almost unconsciously echoed the last word that had fallen from her lips :

"Happy ! Why, my child ?"

"Because you will keep me here, good signor," she answered. "You will let me stay with you. I shall be able to say my prayers in peace, and the good God will forgive me—I know He will."

Paoli smiled at this startling proposal.

"My poor child," he said, laying his hand kindly on her curly head, "that cannot be ; but you must tell me about yourself, and how you came to be in this sad plight."

He paused for a reply.

None came. Her lips closed tightly. Her brows knitted. A cloud lowered over all the fair young face.

"You must tell me, child," he added, more gravely, "who are your friends and where you have come from. I must restore you to your home. No matter what has gone wrong, I dare say we shall be able to set things right again."

"No !" she answered, passionately, "Wrong things are never set right. I have no friends—I have no home. I came from nowhere—I'm nobody—and I don't live anywhere. If you turn me out, when the night comes you will find me there under your window, dead, at the bottom of the canal ; and I shall stare at you for ever and ever with my eyes wide open, for it will be you who killed me."

It was vain to ask her questions—she would tell him nothing.

In the face of her desolation, her distress, her youth—and perhaps last, not least, her beauty—what could he do but let her stay and help Ursula in her work, as she pleaded to be allowed to do ?

Besides, there was a spice of mystery in the situation which pleased Lorenzo Paoli's romantic nature.

He had picked up this waif from the wayside, and wondered what would come of it. Her name was Anita ; this was all they knew of her.

She made herself useful in a hundred different ways. She lightened Ursula's daily labors ; sometimes she sat as a model for the artist, and kept his palettes and brushes in perfect order.

Gradually this beautiful face, this bright presence, became a necessity to his daily life. Not that she was always bright. She was a creature of moods, and at times seemed lost—heart and soul and brain—in the depths of profound gloom, from which all attempts to recover her failed.

From the artist's touch at these seasons she shrank most of all, and most despairingly. On her first adoption into the household—and, indeed, for many months afterward—she would not go out, or make her appearance anywhere beyond the studio-walls ; and when visitors came there she quietly vanished.

One evening the artist persuaded her to go with him for a gondola drive on the canal. She was nervous at first, and would glance furtively around, as though she suspected they might be followed.

By degrees, as these evening drives were repeated and enjoyed, she grew bolder, and even lifted her voice in snatches of strange, sweet melody that floated far over the silent waters of the Lagune, and drew strangers passing in their swift gondolas to turn and listen.

One moonlit night, as they returned homeward from one of these excursions, a halo of romance encircling them both, looking each only in the other's eyes, while Jacopo propelled the gondola with sturdy strokes, Lorenzo Paoli said, softly :

"*Cara mia*, thou cam'st to me like the 'Lost Pleiad' from another world, and sometimes I am not quite sure that thou belongest to this. Tell me something of the life that has been——"

"No, no !" she answered, shivering beneath his tender touch. "I never lived. My soul was only born the day you found me, and it will die the day I leave you."

"That will be never," he answered, clasping her to his heart.

He knew now that he loved this waif and stray that the waters had washed up like a weed at his feet, and before the gondola stopped at the Casa della Vida steps he had pressed the first warm love-kiss on the lips of his promised bride.

His love might be madness—is love ever aught else ? He knew nothing of her past life. What did he care to know ? She was Anita—that was enough.

For a few weeks they wandered hand-in-hand through that well-traveled fool's paradise, where youth, hope and love have been so often lost before them.

This one fair face had taken possession of Lorenzo Paoli, heart and soul, and even pervaded the spirit of his art.

He no longer imagined visionary beauty. He could only idealize and glorify Anita's face. No matter what he desired to portray, her lips, her smile, her eyes looked out of the canvas, and every woman was Anita.

One most perfect portrait he painted of her as "The Lost Pleiad" wandering through space, searching through all the spheres for the the world she had lost.

It was a triumph of art, his *chef d'œuvre*, and was to be exhibited in the coming season.

Time passed on, and their marriage-day was fixed.

One glorious moonlit night they started for their usual water drive, and were returning from the Lido, her voice uprising pure and sweet as she warbled birdlike out of the fullness of her heart, when suddenly a huge black gondola, like a coffin, shot alongside of them, and a swarthy face turned and peered close into Anita's.

She uttered a cry of horror, flung herself in the artist's arms, and clung to him as if for protection.

Amazed, he tried to soothe her, and would at once have returned homeward, but she urged, breathlessly :

"No, no ! let us go on !—out to sea !—under the sea ! anywhere !—some place where he cannot follow—cannot find me !"

"Anita, who is that man ? What terrifies you so ?" he exclaimed, somewhat irritably. "Come, tell me. You are willing to trust me with all your future, yet shut me out from all your past. I will know something of your life. Anita, where have you come from ? What have you done that every shadow seems to frighten you ?"

She answered nothing, but, trembling, clung to him and hid her face upon his breast.

He tried in vain to win her confidence. Finding it impossible to unseal her lips, he said :

"Well, since you will not speak, I will scour the city till I find this man. When he and I stand face to face, I will force from *his* lips what *you* deny !"

"No, no ! not that !—you must never seek him !—never see him ! Ah, you don't know what these people are ! They would kill *you* rather than let *me* escape ! No, take me away somewhere and hide me where they may never find me !"

"*They*, whoever *they* may be, would have hard work to take you away from *me*," he answered, with a dark frown on his face. He was mystified and angered—yes, for the first time angered even with Anita.

They wandered up and down the Lido, no longer the happy lovers of an hour ago—she, tearful and agitated; he, taciturn and gloomy—till past midnight.

When at last they returned to the Casa della Vida, as they alighted at the steps and the gondola passed on, another, like a black shadow, glided into its place.

A man sprang out—the same who had crossed their path on the Grand Canal—and seized Anita's arm as she ascended the steps.

The girl uttered no shriek now. It was rather as if a blow she had long been watching for fell at last. She only looked up trembling, with something of the pathetic and terrified appeal of the hunted fawn, and remained passive in his grasp.

"*Cara mia*," he said, and though there was a touch of music in his voice, his face had the cruel expression of the tiger when he wants his prey, "at last I have found you, and I'll take such good care of thee, pretty one, now, thou shalt never be lost again—oh, no, never!"

Paoli, with enforced calmness, desired him to set the girl free, and show by what right he interfered with her.

"Right?" the stranger echoed. "Ay, true! *Bella mia*, tell him the right I have—don't be afraid! I'll not punish thee overmuch; only tell the signor that thou must return with me to thy dear friends—to thy old life——"

"Never!—never!" she exclaimed, clinching her hands distractedly, shuddering away from the stranger's grasp, yet now appealing to her lover no more, nay—even as he drew closer to her side, seeming to shrink from him, too.

"Who is this man?" Paoli demanded. "Is he indeed your father?"

"My father? No, no?"

"Anita, not—thy *husband?*"

"No," she moaned.

"Then," and Lorenzo Paoli drew a step aside as he put this last stern question, "*what* is he to thee?"

"Ay, tell him what!" said the ruffian, jeeringly.

"He is one of them," she said, wildly. "I lived with them always. I was their victim, body and soul. They made me lie and steal; they beat me—sold me!"

"All things are sold at a price, pretty one," said the man, "and our own fair Anita is too valuable for us to lose. Thou wilt come, and come now, with me."

Anita turned her despairing eyes on the artist, who stood in horror, as if turned to stone.

"You see—you see it all!" she cried. "God meant me to be pure and good, but in *their* hands I was unclean and evil. I ran away—I tried to escape. You found me—you lifted me near to heaven! Can I—can I go back to perdition? Oh, my beloved, in one week I should have been thy wife—thine and God's for evermore!"

"And now thou'rt ours again," said the brigand. "Waste no time on sentiment; thou sayest good-by to thy grand lover now and here. He will none of thee now. We claim thee again."

Anita tore herself from his grasp, and flung her arms up in the air wildly.

Something flashed cold in the moonlight—flashed and fell.

"Yes, take me now—take me now!" she cried, and staggered and sank into Lorenzo Paoli's arms, self-slain, a dagger buried to the hilt in her breast.

Thus tragically ended the tragic life of the poor little waif, more sinned against than sinning.

In that hour also ended the art-life, the world-life, of Lorenzo Paoli.

His genius was paralyzed; his hand idle for ever after. His picture of "The Lost Pleiad"—his pride, his last, best work—he padlocked with its face to the wall, and let the dust gather on palette, brushes and canvas.

This had happened twenty years ago. The story of Anita's suicide—a nine days' wonder—had been told and forgotten, and he was to-day a gray-haired, silent man of mystery—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

* * * * * *

Dr. Hurst kept his promise to his friend, and, having gained Signor Paoli's permission, presented himself with Hugh Macdonald at the studio the following morning.

They found the old artist helpless and insensible in his bed. He had been stricken down during the night, and now lay in a state of coma, attended by his faithful old servant Jacopo.

Dr. Hurst at once devoted himself to the service of the dying man, for dying Hurst perceived he was.

"He *may* recover consciousness," he said, in answer to Jocopo's voluble inquiries; "but it will be only a 'lightening before death.'"

Late in the day, when the sun was sinking, that lightening came. Lorenzo Paoli opened his eyes, felt with feeble fingers for a key, which he wore hidden in his breast. His lips moved—the watchers bent to catch the faintly whispered words.

"The picture—the padlock—unlock—turn it round—let me see her face."

Jacopo obeyed; he turned the long-hidden "Lost Pleiad" to the light, and tenderly brushed away the dust which had gathered on the canvas. The two young Englishmen gazed with interest and curiosity on the beautiful figure.

The artist struggled to raise himself on his pillow, and Dr. Hurst and Jacopo hastened to lift and support him in their arms.

Lorenzo Paoli gazed on the unvailed face of his lost love—the face unseen of mortal eye for twenty years. Never in the days of youth and love had his eyes drank in her beauty more eagerly than now, that, with a strange, wild fixity, his gaze grew to the picture his hand had painted. He tried to speak; but they could scarcely catch his failing accents.

"A lost soul!" he murmured. "Is she—is she lost? That face—is it not fair?—can she be——"

His voice died away; the dews of death gathered on his brow—its shadow over his craving eyes—while his faint lips still framed the syllable "Lost!"

"He is going," whispered Stephen Hurst, solemnly.

Suddenly the artist raised himself and stretched his arms wildly toward the picture.

"Not lost!" he cried, with sudden strength; "not lost! Anita, saved! saved! See, she smiles!"

A smile of rapture was on Lorenzo Paoli's lips as he died; and, was it a dream? was it only the rays of the setting sun? or, did Anita smile?

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," and all the three watchers fell back from the picture in supernatural awe, for all saw a light that was not of the sunset upon Anita's pictured face—all saw the glory of an angelic smile play over the lips and beam in the uplifted eyes of the "Lost Pleiad."

WE blindly follow Providence and ask no questions so long as we are led toward wealth and prosperity; but when we find ourselves drifting toward poverty and trouble, our theology too often gives way, and we suddenly begin to doubt.

SOME REPARTEES.

One of the sages of antiquity, on a friend's expressing his surprise that, whereas the practice of erecting statues in honor of comparatively obscure individuals was of common occurrence, so renowned a philosopher should not have been considered worthy of a similar distinction, replied that he preferred to hear it asked why he had no statue rather than why he had one.

The Abbé de Dangeau, happening to relate a somewhat incredible anecdote to a circle of courtiers, the Count d'Armagnac, who was present, quietly remarked that he had never heard it before. Imagining, or choosing to imagine, that this implied a doubt of his veracity, the abbé indignantly exclaimed that if everything unknown to the count were written in a book, the volume would be prodigiously thick. "Very likely," retorted M. d'Armagnac; "but if a book were filled up with all the knowledge you possess, and nothing more, it would not be worth reading."

"You are the silliest man at court," said Mlle. d'Entragues to Bassompierre, on his refusal to marry her. "Excuse me," replied the marshal; "I think I have just proved the contrary."

The rapacity of the Abbé Terray, while Minister of Finance under Louis XV., was proverbial. One of his schemes for enriching the treasury was so notoriously unpopular that a more conscientious colleague felt bound to remonstrate with him on the subject. "It looks," he said, "exactly like taking money out of people's pockets." "Where else should I take it from?" coolly replied Abbé Terray.

During a campaign of the Marshal de Luxembourg, it was reported to him that a general of the opposing army had declared he should not be happy until he had gained a victory over the terrible hunchback. "Hunchback!" said the marshal; "what does he know about my back? He never saw it."

Gaston d'Orleans, Louis XIII.'s brother, and implicated in the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, had a red beard. One day remarking that a member of his household was clean shaved, he asked him why he did not let his beard grow. "The reason is this," replied the individual addressed. "When it came to my turn to receive the beard reserved for me by Providence, finding that there were none left but red ones, I preferred going without."

At one of the sittings of the French Academy, shortly after its foundation, the poet Benserade installed himself in the seat belonging to his colleague, the Abbé Furetière, for whom he had conceived a particular dislike. "Ah," he said, "in this chair I am certain to make a fool of myself." "If you go on as you have begun," coolly observed the abbé, "you undoubtedly will."

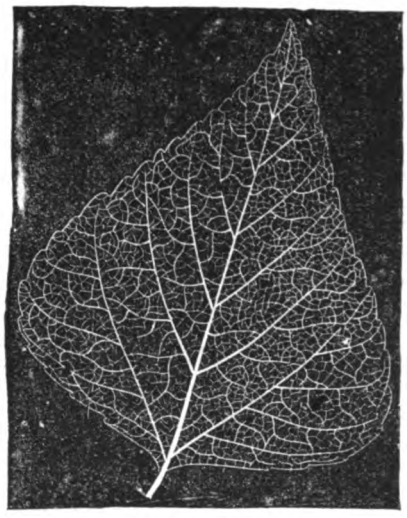
SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly tackled about Woman's Suffrage by old Miss Boreham, just as he was on his way across the room to Mary Morrison): "Will you take a Lady into Supper, if you please?"

A dispute arising between two women, the one young and handsome, and the other exactly the reverse, they gradually abandoned parliamentary language for personal invective. "The truth of the matter is," said the elder of the pair, "you are neither more nor less than a fright." "If it comes to that," replied her adversary, "you are an old witch." "That is as much as to say I have guessed right," triumphantly retorted the other.

Among the many financiers who had acquired large fortunes during the reign of Louis XIV. were two rival magnates, who, as might be expected, bore no especial goodwill to each other. At a meeting of their colleagues, where both were present, sharp words arose between them. "I recommend you not to forget," said one, "that you were once my lackey." "Granted," was the reply; "but I am so no longer; whereas, if you had been in my place, you would be my lackey still!"

(A) Poplar-leaf.



(C) Skeletonized Leaf.

(B) Fallen Leaf.

A FALLEN LEAF.— FIG. 1.— SEE PAGE 376.

The learned Mézeray, on the completion of his "History of France," inquired of the Jesuit Pétau, then considered a marvel of erudition, what he thought of the work. "I have found a thousand mistakes in it," was the ungracious answer. "Indeed!" replied the historian; "in that case I have singularly overrated your capacity; for, on examining the book myself, I have discovered twice as many."

After the Battle of Denain, in which he had lost an arm, one of Marshal Villars's bravest officers presented a petition to Louis XIV., soliciting a pension by way of recompense for his services. The king took the paper, and, according to his wont, replied that he would see about it. "Sire," objected the officer, "if, instead of attacking your majesty's enemies at the head of my company, I had contented myself with 'seeing about it,' I should still have my arm."

Among many other peculiarities, the celebrated Rigaud disliked painting the portraits of ladies of the court. "If," he said, "I represent them as they really are, they immediately accuse me of not making them sufficiently good-looking; if, on the contrary, I flatter them, the resemblance inevitably suffers." On one occasion he had consented, much against his will, to break through his

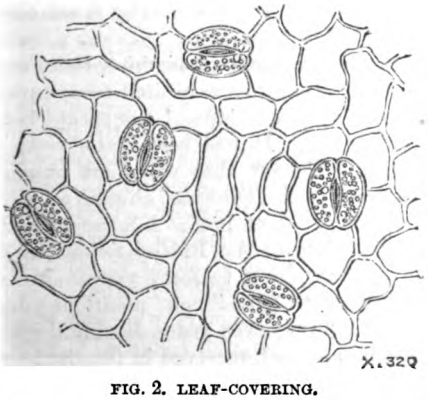


FIG. 2. LEAF-COVERING.

rule in favor of a certain countess, who persisted in disfiguring her otherwise handsome features by an immoderate application of *rouge*. In the course of the second or third sitting his model complained that the colors used by the painter were not brilliant enough for a complexion like hers, and asked where he bought them. "Madame," replied Rigaud, "if I do not mistake, they come from the same shop where you are in the habit of purchasing your own."

A young poet, after putting the finishing-stroke to two sonnets, brought them to Piron, and solicited permission to read them to him. When he had finished the first, he inquired of his auditor what he thought of it. "Decidedly," said the author of "La Métromanie," I prefer the other."

On witnessing the performance of Voltaire's "Œdipe," the Regent Duc d'Orleans was so delighted with the piece

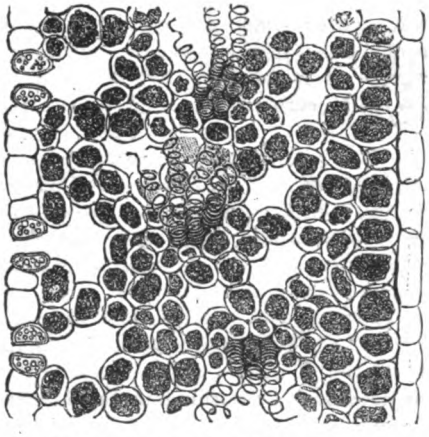


FIG. 3. LEAF-CELLS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

that its author, than a prisoner in the Bastille for libel, was, by his orders, immediately set at liberty. As a matter of course, the youthful Arouet presented himself at court, and expressed his gratitude for the favor. "Be more circumspect in future," said the regent, "and I will take care of you." "I thank your royal highness," replied Voltaire, "and shall feel doubly obliged if henceforth I may be graciously allowed to choose my own lodging."

A would-be wit, more remarkable for assurance than for brains, having offered to introduce a young provincial nobleman to a lady of high rank, did so in these terms.

"Allow me, madame, to present to you the Marquis de Tierceville, who is not such a fool as he looks." "Madame," quietly observed Tierceville, "that is precisely the difference between my friend and me."

A countryman, passing through a street in Paris, inhabited chiefly by money-changers, was surprised at the absence of merchandise in the different shop-windows; and, wishing to satisfy his curiosity, asked the proprietor of one of the establishments what he sold. "Asses' heads," was the answer. "*Ma foi!*" said the peasant, grinning from ear to ear; "you must be doing a roaring trade, for I see that you have only one left."

The dramatist Fiévée, who had once been a confidential agent of the Bourbons, was subsequently employed in the same capacity, and very moderately recompensed by Napoleon, who occasionally amused himself by playfully alluding to the writer's former patrons. "Fiévée," he said one day, "you must be a rich man." "I, sire; why so?" "Certainly; the Count de Lille (Louis XVIII.) no doubt behaved generously to you." "Your majesty," replied Fiévée, "may judge of that by what I get now."

During the brilliant days of the last Empire, a well-known dignitary of the Church was present at a court ball at St. Cloud. On entering a narrow passage connecting one *salon* with another, he found it blocked up by two ladies dressed in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, the immense circumference of *tulle* and gauze completely absorbing every available inch of room. One of them, perceiving the prelate's embarrassment, endeavored to make way for him, alleging as an excuse that the dressmakers employed so much superfluous materials for the skirts that—"There is none left for the rest," smilingly and appropriately remarked monseigneur.

That very witty spendthrift Montrond, being asked by a banker to define the meaning of the word "business," unhesitatingly replied, "other people's money."

The eccentric "Father Prout," when paying a visit to a literary lady of his acquaintance, found her engaged in conversation with a stranger of agreeable aspect, and evidently accustomed to good society, but whose outward attire, somewhat resembling that of Lord Brougham, betokened little care or attention on the part of the wearer. When the latter had left the room, the hostess, turning to Mahony, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the gentleman in question, particularly dwelling on his well-bred ease and courtly tone. "Ah," growled the cynical humorist, "your friend, whoever he may be, can well afford to put some polish in his manner, for he certainly keeps none for his boots!"

Seldom has a sharper repartee been uttered than that addressed by Lady Blessington to Louis Napoleon when President of the Republic, and recorded by Planché in his "Recollections." Driving one day in the Champs-Elysées, she was overtaken by the President on horseback. After the first salutations and the exchange of a few sentences, the Prince unfortunately asked: "*Comptez-vous rester longtemps ici?*" "*Et vous?*" was the bitter retort.

One more specimen, perfectly authentic, and noted some years ago. A certain novelist, who had disposed of his bantling to a publisher on the unpromising terms of "half-profits," finding that the long-expected check did not appear, betook himself to the establishment presided over by his Mæcenas, and inquired how it was that, although the work had been well reviewed, and had reached a second edition, he had not yet received anything. "My dear sir," blandly replied the publisher, "you are perhaps not aware that the expenses of advertising and bringing out a book are enormous, and absorb a great deal of money; there may be a trifle coming to you, but you must really have patience, for we cannot afford to pay sharp." "Suit me just as well," coolly retorted the creditor, "if you pay *blunt*."

DOUBTFUL LOYALTY.

The newspapers of Paris submitted to the censorship of the press in 1815, announced in the following terms Bonaparte's departure from the Isle of Elba, his march across France, and his entry into the French capital:

"*March 9th.*—The Cannibal has escaped from his den.

"*March 10th.*—The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan.

"*March 11th.*—The Tiger has arrived at Gap.

"*March 12th.*—The Monster has passed the night at Grenoble.

"*March 13th.*—The Tyrant has crossed Lyons.

"*March 14th.*—The Usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides.

"*March 18th.*—Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers.

"*March 19th.*—Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris.

"*March 20th.*—To-morrow Napoleon will be under our ramparts.

"*March 21st.*—The Emperor is at Fontainebleau.

"*March 22d.*—His Imperial and Royal Majesty last evening made his entrance into his Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

POWER OF ENDURANCE AND LENGTH OF LIFE OF THE HORSE.

The following anecdotes will give some idea of the hardships our four-footed friends can undergo, and also a notion of the duration of life in the horse: "A horse's life with moderate care and ordinary good usage is protracted to twenty-five, thirty-five or forty years. A gentleman at Dulwich, near London, had three monuments of three horses who severally died in his possession at the ages of thirty-five, thirty-seven and thirty-nine years. The oldest, it is to be remarked, was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but he was carried off in a few hours, by spasmodic colic, to which he was subject.

"At Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, there was a horse thirty-six years old, which exhibited no symptoms of debility, nor any external signs of age except being nearly covered with warts. It was remarkable with regard to this four-footed Nestor, that when an unusually hard day's work was required he was chosen as never failing in what was expected of him. A horse named Wonder, formerly belonging to the Riding School at Woolwich, may be quoted as living to forty years. Mr. Culley, in his 'Observations on Live Stock' mentions one he knew which lived to forty-seven years, having during all that time a ball in his neck received in the battle of Preston Pans, in the Rebellion of 1745, which was extracted at his death in 1788; thus, judging him to be four years old at the time he received the wound (and it was probable he was more), he must at his death have been forty-seven. But even these venerables were mere babies to the barge-horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation.

which was well known to have been in his sixty-second year when he died."

The hardships the horse is capable of enduring would scarcely be credited by those who have not actually witnessed his power of endurance.

According to Major Butler, the horses of North America rival those of the Tartar steppes in their powers of endurance. The following is from his "Great Lone Land": "It was the last day of October, almost the last day of the Indian summer. My five horses were beginning to show the effect of their incessant work, but it was only in appearance, and we increased instead of diminished the distance traveled each day. We had neither hay nor oats to give them; there was nothing but the dry grass of the prairie, and no time to eat but the cold frosty night. We seldom traveled less than fifty miles a day, stopping one hour at midday, and going on again until dark.

"My horse was a wonderful animal; day by day I feared that his game little limbs were growing weary, and that he must soon give out. But not a bit of it; his black coat roughened, his flanks grew thinner, but he still went gamely on. When I dismounted to save him, and let his companions go on before, he never rested till I mounted again, and then he trotted briskly on until he regained them. At the camping-place my first care was to remove saddle, saddle-cloth and bridle, and hobble him with a bit of soft buffalo leather twisted round his fore legs, and then poor Blackie hobbled away in the darkness to seek his provender.

"After a time we drove all the horses down to some lake, where Daniel (a half-breed servant) would cut little drinking-holes in the ever-thickening ice. Then up would bubble the water and down went the heads of the thirsty horses at the too often bitter springs, for half the lakes and pools between the Assiniboin and South Saskatchewan are harsh with salts and alkali. Sometimes night would come down upon us whilst still in the midst of a great treeless plain, without shelter, water, or grass. Then we pushed on in inky darkness, and Blackie stepped out briskly, as if he would never tire. On the 4th of November we rode over sixty miles, and when we camped in the lee of a little clump of bare willows, Blackie and his comrades went out to shiver through their supper on the cold snow-covered prairie, the bleakest scene my eyes had ever looked upon.

"Poor Blackie, however, came to a violent end in crossing a half-frozen river.

"We went out early, testing it with an ax and sharp-pointed poles. In places it was very thin, but in other parts it rang hard and solid to the blows. The dangerous part was in the very centre of the river. One light horse was passed safely over. Now came Blackie's turn. I was uncomfortable about it, and wanted to have his shoes off, but my experienced companion demurred, and I foolishly gave way. Blackie was led by a long line; I followed close behind him. He took the ice quite readily. We had got to the centre of the river when the surface suddenly bent down, and to my horror my poor horse plunged into the deep, black, quick-running water. The horse, although he plunged suddenly down, never let his head go under water, but kept swimming stoutly round, trying all he could to get upon the ice. All his efforts were useless. A cruel wall of sharp ice cut his knees as he tried to lift them on the surface, and the current repeatedly carried him back underneath. I got almost to the edge of the hole, took hold of the line, but could give him no assistance in his struggles. Never shall I forget how the poor brute looked at me. If ever dumb animal spoke with unutterable eloquence that horse called to me in his agony; he turned to me as to some one from whom he had a right to expect assistance. 'Is there no help for him?' I cried to the other men. 'None,' was the reply; 'the ice is dangerous all round.' I rushed back to the camp where my rifle lay, and back to the place where the poor beast still struggled with his fate. As I raised the rifle he looked so imploringly that my hand trembled; another moment and the ball crashed through his head. With one look, never to be forgotten, poor Blackie went down under the cold ice."

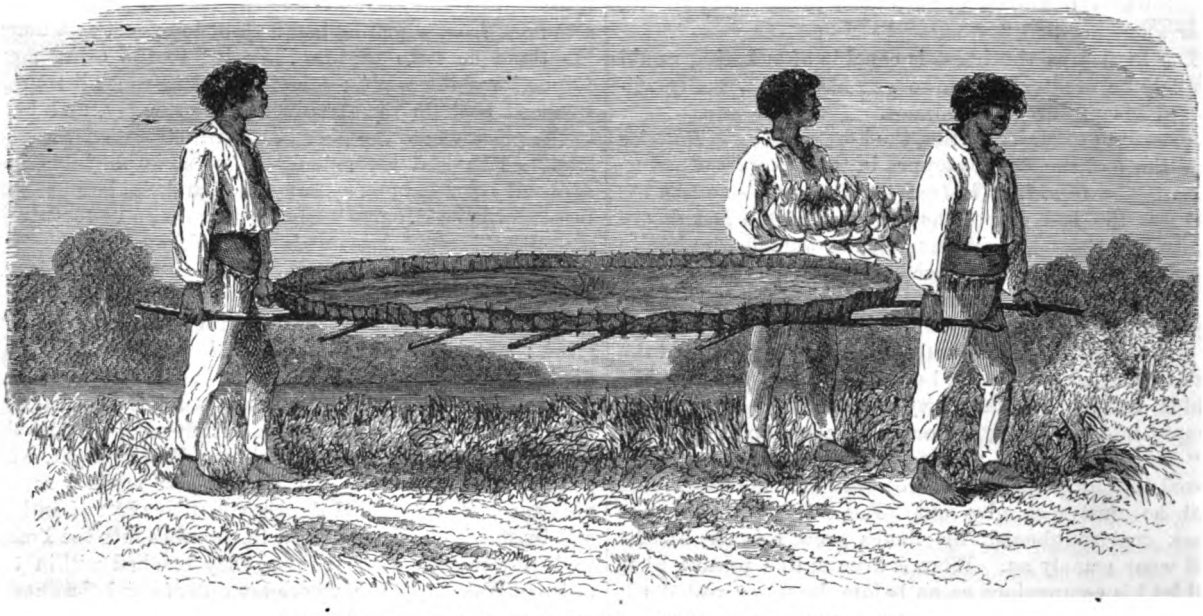
The semi-wild horses of Europe, Asia and America are supposed to be capable of almost anything; but the following is not bad for the British cavalryman and his steed: "It is often said the British cavalry soldier and his horse alike are unable to endure fatigue or travel long distances, but the following is an instance of what was done in the late disastrous and inglorious war in the Transvaal: Starting at midnight on a Friday night, with a hundred hussars, General Sir E. Wood made a reconnoissance. They crossed the Buffalo River by swimming, and by sunrise had penetrated thirty miles into the Transvaal. Continuing their course, they reached within ten miles of Wakkerstroom, where lay one of our beleaguered garrisons. Returning, camp was reached at six o'clock Saturday night; seventy-five miles having been traversed in eighteen hours. Not bad, this, for the much-despised British hussar."

Something has already been said of the speed and endurance of the Arab horses of Northern Africa. They are swift and hardy, no doubt, but the reader is not *obliged* to believe the following: "There existed in ancient times several stallions whose fame has come down to us; among others, El Koura, of the tribe of the Beni-Timin, and Aouadj, 'The Concave,' of the tribe of Beni-Helal. On the subject of this latter the following anecdote is told: His master being asked, 'What canst thou relate of a surprising nature in connection with thy horse?' replied, 'I was wandering one day in the desert, mounted on Aouadj, when I was seized with a violent thirst. By good fortune I fell in with a flock of katâa (partridges) flying toward a spring. I followed them, and though holding in my horse as much as possible, I reached the water as soon as they did, without once pulling up to breathe him.' It is a most extraordinary example of speed, for the flight of the katâa, always rapid, is greatly quickened when, driven by thirst, it makes for water. 'Had I not,' continued the owner of Aouadj, 'checked his speed by pulling at the bridle with all my force, I should have outstripped the partridges.'"

I think America may be challenged to produce a horse that can outstrip the bird in its flight.

CANDLES.

CANDLES, says a writer, denote both a low and a high state of society. The early Greeks and Romans burned candles made of wax and tallow. These consisted of oakum wicks and of the pith of bulrushes, dipped into liquid wax or tallow. But these gave way to the handier lamp, whether of terra cotta or of bronze. In a country abounding in olive and other vegetable oils, this was the easier way. In England the supply was, as indicated, from an animal source. Then a time came, especially in England, when lamps, except for the wealthy, went out of use, and candles were mostly used. Now, far more lamps are used than at the end of the last century. Before the introduction of petroleum into England candles in the country and in the city were used, either



A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 4. SPECIMEN OF TROPICAL LEAF—VICTORIA REGIA.

by the very poor or the very rich. The Queen has never given a drawing-room reception where either lamplight or gaslight was used; only waxlights must shine. No British nobleman invites his guests to a ball where the illumination is by anything else than by expensive wax-candles; and by the latter I mean either those made from wax, as we commonly understand it, or from the finest spermaceti. On the altars in churches none but lights made from beeswax and olive oil are ever used.

A FALLEN LEAF.

By Robert Brown, F.L.S., Author of a "Manual of Botany," Etc.

Summer is the harvest-time of the botanist; but Autumn is to him not without its charms. It is the season of seeds, and fruits, and late-flowering plants—last harbingers of the floral crop that Nature reaps before the arrival of the Winter, which in our northern climate reduces active life to a minimum. Above all, the autumnal months are the season of the falling leaf. Forests containing a variety of broad-leafed trees are at this season almost more attractive than during the hey-day of midsummer. In June, the unending vistas of green are fresh, but in some degree monotonous. But in September and October, the green leaves not yet passing into the "sere and yellow" are relieved by the endless colors—yellow, red, brown and motley—which the dying foliage takes; the woods seem to have changed their dress. Even in the Winter the stripped trees are not without a certain weird, ghostly beauty all their own. "Foot-bound, uplooking at a lovely tree, beneath a frosty morn," at this season, the botanist can examine the outline of the tree then revealed to him by the absence of its leafy dress, and compare—if he is gifted with the "scientific use of the imagination"—the veining of the skeleton leaves tossed about by the wind among its feet with the branching of the trunk before him. Let us, therefore, before materials for our little study get scarce, try and learn something from an examination of the leaves around us, or whirled about by gusty breezes which sweep through the woods and tree-bordered parks of the great city wherein we write this.

Here are three leaves (Fig. 1)—one (A) bright, fresh and green, whose duration of life is not yet past; we pull it off the black poplar-tree on the lawn. A second (B), getting yellowish and dry, has fallen of its own accord, its life having ended; it is dead. A third (C) we can easily find on the little bank which early in Autumn has accumulated in some by-corner near at hand. It is a leaf of the same tree, but the flesh has long ago rotted off its bones, and only shows what was once green and living, in the form of a mere skeleton outline, bleached white, though still preserving its original shape. The green leaf is more or less rounded in outline, as all leaves are, rather longer than broad, and pointed at the end, giving it roughly the form of a triangle. The blade of the leaf rests on a leaf-stalk, which seems prolonged through the mass of soft green substance which plays the part of flesh to it, in the form of a central backbone, from which are given off on either side ribs, which again branch out in a network of minor sub-divisions. The whole is covered over with a thin skin, which with care can be peeled off in little bits. Last of all, we see that the under-surface of the leaf is, like the under-surface of nearly all the leaves around us—no matter from what species they are derived—lighter colored than the side of the leaf which looks toward the sky, and is also not so glistening or smooth as that is.

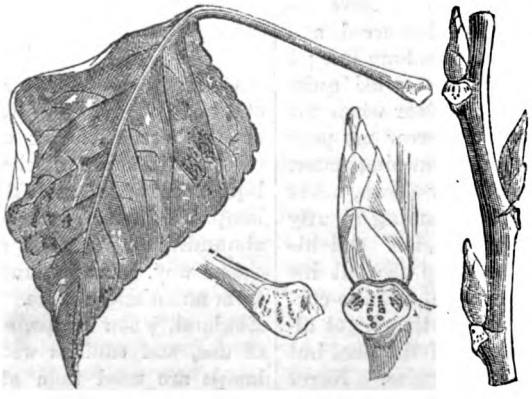


FIG. 6. END OF FALLEN LEAF-STEM, AND PLACE FROM WHICH IT FELL.

A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 5. INDIANS BOILING MAPLE-SAP.

We have seen about all that the naked eye has the power of revealing to us; but, as nearly every one has one of those artificial eyes or sets of eyes called microscopes, now to be bought so cheaply, we may for a brief period adjourn our examination from the garden-seat to the study-window. With a needle we can detach from the under-surface of the leaf a tiny bit of the skin or covering of the leaf. Press it gently on a slip of glass, and put under the microscope. Here is what is seen (Fig. 2). We perceive that the whole surface is studded over with little openings, each like the opening in the centre of the letter O. These are the pores or mouths of the leaf-skin. They are found in greater abundance on all green portions of the plant covered with this skin, and even here and there on the flower-leaves, but in infinitely greater abundance on the leaves, and especially their under-surface, than anywhere else on the plant. Beneath, these pores open into little chambers in the soft green substance of the leaf, and generally are in communication with all the air-passages, which, as we shall presently see, interlace through the substance mentioned (Fig. 3). The number of these mouths found on leaves varies from a dozen or two up to about 160,000 on a square inch. On the leaf of a lilac, 708,750 have been counted; while an entire leaf of the lime, or linden tree, has 1,053,000. It is scarcely worth taking the trouble to count them here. To examine the substance of the leaf is not so easy. But if we manage to cut a thin slice across the blade, we shall see under the microscope something like what we have portrayed in the accompanying cut (Fig. 3). It will be observed that between the upper and under skins of the leaf is a green substance, which is made up of roundish bladders—the "cells" of the botanist—each cell containing in its interior a green substance floating about in a watery or glairy fluid. This is known as leaf-green, or—if you wish a longer name—chlorophyll. This leaf-green, seen shining through the transparent walls of the bladders in which it is contained, and the skin of the plant, give the green appearance to leaves; for the skin itself, though also composed of these bladders, flattened out and arranged side by side like the bricks in a wall, contains no green matter—and, indeed, nothing but air. Ramifying through the midst of this bladder structure—and indeed supporting it, and acting as a framework, every little vacant space in which it fills up—is a thin network formed by the branching of the leaf-stalk through the blade. This framework we shall have occasion, by-and-by, to again speak of, when we examine our skeleton leaf. Meantime, this cursory examination may suffice. We may, however, add that the leaf-stalk and its branched and netted prolongation through the blade is composed of bundles of tubes or vessels placed side by side, and bound together. These tubes carry up the nourishment from the stem to the leaves; hence, from a fanciful idea of their resemblance to the blood-vessels of animals, they have been called the *veins*, and we still speak familiarly of their branching throughout the leaf as the *veining* of that organ.

We have thus concluded a cursory examination of the leaf's anatomy; and cursory it must be, considering that volumes have been written regarding what we have been forced to dismiss in a few lines. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose. If, during the time this dissection has been going on, we had placed a poplar-leaf freshly taken from the tree into a wide-mouthed glass bottle, covered it with water, and placed it exposed to the full glare of sun, we should have seen bubbles of air arising from it. If, on the contrary, the bottle is exposed to darkness, we shall also see bubbles given off. But, if we are chemist enough to learn this for ourselves, we shall find that the daylight and the darkness bubbles are composed of different gases. If not, then we must take the statement on the word of others, who assure us that in the first case they are composed of oxygen; in the second, of carbonic-acid gas. Now, both of these gases enter into the composition of the air, the first to the extent of about one-fifth of its whole mass, the other to only a small fraction. The oxygen is to animals the life-giving gas; carbonic acid is breathed out by them, and is fatal to their life. The oxygen will cause the spark in a bit of wood to burst into a blaze; if the same bit of half-ignited wood is put into a vessel containing carbonic-acid gas, it will be extinguished. The latter gas is vomited forth in great quantities from volcanoes, is breathed out by animals, given off by the rotting of dead plants and animals, etc. Small as is the percentage of carbonic acid in the atmosphere—forming, as it does, only one-millionth part of it—there must be in the air 138,616,075,892 tons of carbon, or that component part of carbonic-acid gas which, in the solid form of charcoal, is familiar to us. It is found that plants while exposed to sunlight take this carbonic-acid gas from the air, by aid of the leaves and other green parts.

Now, the chemical composition of this gas is one part of carbon and two parts of oxygen (CO_2 is the chemical "formula"). Once absorbed into the body of the leaf, a change takes place there through the aid of the sunlight and leaf-green in the cells. In other words, the carbonic-acid gas is decomposed into its original elements. The carbon is retained by the leaf, in order to help to build up the body of the plant, while the oxygen is sent out into the surrounding air. It was this exhaled oxygen which we saw ascending in bubbles through the water, and which, if collected in a corked funnel placed over the mouth of the bottle, would have revivified a spark, or even caused a blown-out taper to burst into flame. In the darkness, an experiment conducted in exactly the same manner shows that a directly contrary action takes place. The plant, instead of giving out oxygen to the air, absorbs it and gives out carbonic-acid gas, but in smaller quantities. Where this carbonic acid comes from is not very clear. It is perhaps derived from the combination of the oxygen with the carbon of the plant; or it is perhaps only the carbonic acid drawn from the soil escaping from the sap undecomposed, during the absence of sunlight. Now it may be asked if this is so—and without going into a discussion of moot questions, the reader may take the writer's word for it that it is so—is it not unhealthy to keep plants in bedrooms, or in rooms where people live? Do they not contaminate the air at night, by giving out this poisonous gas, identical with the fumes from burning charcoal, or those which kill the dogs in the pestilent Neapolitan Grotta del Cane? Of course, theoretically they do; but, practically, so little is evolved by a window-sill full of plants, that the reader may sleep even in a conservatory without serious danger from suffocation. In a greenhouse containing 6,000 plants it was found that, after being closed for twelve hours, the carbonic-acid gas only amounted to 1.39 in 10,000 parts. This "inhalation" and "exhalation" goes on chiefly through these mouths or pores which we have described (Fig. 2); and in water-plants exactly the same interchange of gases is hourly in progress. Only, in the latter case, the air is dissolved in the water, and the breathing does not go on through the little mouths—these being wanting on the surface of aquatic plants exposed to water—but

through the skin generally. The oxygen absorbed by plants goes through the mouths into the little chamber beneath, and then, by means of little air-passages or canals between the bladder-substance, circulates all through the body of the plant.

Plants are thus the scavengers of the atmosphere, removing the carbonic acid exhaled by putrefying matter, volcanoes, manufactories, etc., and giving out, instead of this gas, so poisonous to animal life, oxygen. Water-plants perform the same office—viz., "oxygenating" it; hence the use of growing plants in an aquarium. It thus appears that leaves are the lungs of plants, and the little bladders serve much the same purpose as the "air-cells" of the lungs of the higher animals. But lower down in the scale of life we find one organ having to perform many functions, just as in a low state of civilization many duties are performed by one individual.

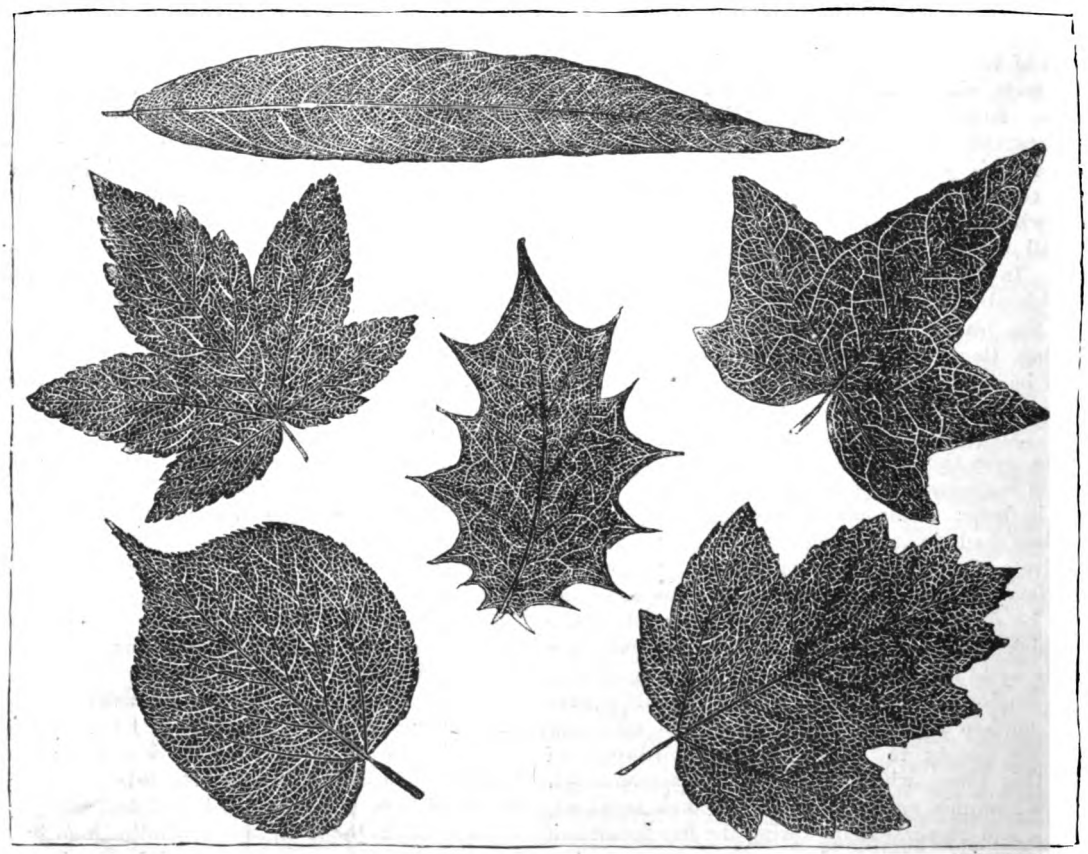
If we examine some plants, particularly in the morning, we will frequently see drops of moisture standing at the points of the leaves, or accumulated in the pits between the teeth, should the leaves have these divisions on their edges. In some cases this is merely the dew, or the insensible perspiration of the leaf condensed. But in most cases it is a true perspiration, in drops. Occasionally this fluid will have an odor resembling that of the plant which gives it off, just as the perspiration of animals will often bear the same smell as that of the animal itself. In some plants, like the so-called Ethiopian lily, considerable quantities of water exude from the points of the leaves; frequently even on dry, dewless nights, when there is no moisture in the air, drops of water may be seen hanging from the tips of the branchlets of the common horse-tail, or *Equisetum umbrosum* of botanists. All plants, however, give off moisture from their leaves, even though this is invisible to the eye, just as our skin is always perspiring, though the sweat may not stand in drops. This can be seen if a plant is grown under a glass shade in such a manner that no evaporation can be given off by the earth or water in which it is grown. Nevertheless, in a few hours the inside of the glass will be dimmed by the moisture given off by the leaves, which has condensed on it. Calculations have been made as to the amount of water thus perspired by plants. A sunflower, only 3½ feet high, with 5,616 square inches of surface exposed to the air, gives off every twelve hours twenty to thirty ounces avoirdupois of water in this form—which is more than a man does. Most of the common agricultural plants, such as wheat, beans, peas, and clover, exhale during the five months of growth more than two hundred times their dry weight of water. The Cornelian cherry is still more remarkable. In the course of twenty-four hours it exhales water equal in weight to twice that of the whole shrub. Naturally, the degree of light, warmth and dryness of the air affects the amount of fluid given off, as well as the age and texture of the leaf. However, a calculation of the amount of fluid perspired by an acre of cabbages may be curious. If the cabbages are planted in rows 18 inches apart and 18 inches from each other, it is estimated that in the course of twelve hours no less than 10 tons, 4 cwt., 3 quarters and 11 lbs. weight of water will have been insensibly perspired by their fleshy leaves. We now see why a plant gets "wilted" on a hot day if it is not watered. More water is given off by the leaves on a hot day than is naturally sucked up out of the soil by the roots. Hence the gardener has to supply the deficiency by "watering," if he wishes the plant to live. This perspiration of the leaves goes on chiefly by means of the minute little mouths which we have mentioned as being scattered over the skin of the leaves. These little mouths open and close so as to regulate the amount of moisture to be given off. If the day is very hot or the plant is absorbing much moisture from the soil, then the mouths close, and give off perspiration very niggardly, and *vice versa*. A good deal of moisture is also given off through the thin skin of the leaves. Accordingly, plants which grow in deserts (Fig. 4) have their skins much thicker than those inhabiting moist countries, so that the life-blood of the plant may be economized to the utmost extent. For the same reason, apparently, the former are also much more fleshy. The different species of cactus are examples. If leaves are smeared with oil, and in this manner perspiration prevented, the plant will die; just as, in a similar case, a human being would if the pores of the skin were all closed. All of these facts cannot be observed on the leaf under examination. But the chief points we have discussed can be seen by a very casual observation of the leaves of the plants in any field, garden or shrubbery. We have thus seen that the leaves also perform for the plant the part of the skin in the higher animals, in addition to that of the lungs. This "transpiration" of moisture through the leaves also explains how plants can be transported from country to country, or kept in a room, in the closed glazed boxes called Wardian cases. A Wardian case is closed on every side, and does not require to be opened, on the passage from one country to another, for the plants in it to be watered, a small amount of moisture sufficing, on account of the water sweated by the leaves being again and again used over, the only water consumed being that absorbed into the substance of the plant. A Wardian case thus demonstrates the economy of vegetable life, on a small scale.

The leaves are, however, even more to the plant than lungs and skin, as a very little observation will suffice to show. Pull off a piece of the bark of a tree in mid-winter, and the task will be found rather difficult, owing to the absence of any appreciable amount of moisture between the wood and inner bark. Do the same in the Spring, and it will be found that the bark comes off with the greatest ease, owing to the amount of moisture in the place where only a few weeks before was nothing but dryness. Try again the same operation in Autumn or late Summer, and it will be seen that a slimy, sticky substance intervenes between the bark and the wood. The moisture of early Spring was the sap ascending through the wood to nourish the plant, and the sticky substance we now find is the same sap descending, and in its course forming new layers of wood and bark. The ascent of the sap is not a statement that need be taken on any one's credit—the reader can see it for himself; and if he has ever lived in our American woods, he must be familiar with it, in the form of the sweet sap, which the Indians and settlers collect in Spring from the sugar-maple tree, for the purpose of boiling down to make maple-sugar (Fig. 5). Its descent in the Autumn is proved by tying a cord around a tree. The sap being thus prevented from descending, accumulates above the ligature, and being transformed into wood and bark, forms a large bulge or swelling in the branch or trunk of the tree. When the sap ascends in Spring, it is a crude, sweetish liquid. When it descends in the Autumn, it is a thick and concentrated liquid, containing starch, sugar, and other substances, in addition to those which it originally contained. Some of these it has picked up in its travels up the stem; but many of its changes have taken place in the leaf. Into the leaves the sap has gone, passing from one little bladder to another; there, we have

seen, it has been exposed to the air, in these little bladders or cells. It has been subjected to the action of certain gases, and has become thickened by the sweating or evaporation which we have described. Having thus been, as it were, digested, it leaves the leaf by the only outlet by which it could either come or go—viz., by the bundle of vessels which collectively form the leaf-stalk. The leaves also, it would appear, aid in causing the sap to ascend. The roots may pump it out of the soil, but the leaves draw it up, in much the same manner as the flame of a lamp acts as a stimulus to the oil to ascend in the wick. The sap never ascends without the leaves being expanded. This may be easily demonstrated. Observe two shrubs growing outside a conservatory. In both, the leaves are in bud; and, as an incision in the stem will show, in neither has the sap begun to ascend. By putting the budding branches of one inside the warm conservatory, and so causing the leaves to prematurely expand, then in this shrub the sap will begin to ascend; while in the one outside, growing in the same soil, but, owing to its being exposed to a different atmosphere, still in bud, the sap has not yet taken the initiatory steps in its progress heavenward. A leaf thus serves a third and very important object in the economy of the plant; it constitutes the stomach of the plant. In fact, a plant may be said to consist of a series of individuals called leaves, united, as some of the lower animals—plant-like animals, called zoophytes—are, on a common stem, each individual containing many stomachs—the bladders of the leaf-substance.

Finally, it is not carrying the analogy of plant and animal too far if we also claim for the leaves the functions of hearts. They are lungs, because they are the breathing-organs of the plant. They serve as skin, because through them the plant perspires. They are stomachs, because within their "cells" the nutritive fluid gets fitted for building up the plant. But this nutritive fluid is also, after it leaves the leaf-stomach, the blood of the vegetable. Hence the leaf is a heart which dispatches it on its body-building errand, and of course, if this simile is admittted, then the leaf-stalk is the representation of the aorta or great artery through which the blood from the heart of the higher animals is sent through the body. The leaf-stalk also bears out the analogy; for just as the aorta in very old people becomes bony, and can no longer perform its all-important functions, so in like manner the leaf-stalk in leaves which have finished their course becomes clogged with mineral matter.

This brings us to examine the second leaf in the specimens we are studying, viz., the one which, yellow and dry, has fallen of its own accord. It is yellowish—how is this? Here, again, we must call in the chemist's aid, and he will tell us that the color is due to a chemical transformation which has been going on in the leaf-green or "chlorophyll." The same is true of the red, brown, and all other colored leaves with which the ground is so plentifully strewn around us. The chlorophyll is there, as it was in the green leaf which we have been examining; but it has no longer the same composition. It is changed in its composition in that mysterious series of little laboratories which are contained within the two walls of the leaf. Some will even declare that the various autumnal colors of leaves are due to the production of new substances in the leaf. The chemist has furnished us with a long—a very long—list of the substances, with names strange to all but himself. However, we need not trouble the reader with them, more especially as the catalogue would in no possible way



A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 7. SKELETON LEAVES.

either instruct or amuse him. But we are not done with the fallen leaf. It is dry; that naturally follows. It has ceased to receive any sap, and has given off all it stored in its bladder-stomachs, and the bladders themselves, having now no longer any work to do, have shrivveled up for ever. But the leaf has not been torn off; it has fallen, in the fullness of time. Examine the end of the leaf-stalk; it is not torn, nor are the vessels composing it hanging loose in any way (Fig 6). They are neatly cut off, smooth and unopen, as may be seen if even a magnifying-glass is applied to the end of the stalk. The same

LEAF-PROPAGATION.— BEGONIA-LEAF PEGGED DOWN AND THROWING UP NEW PLANTS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

is true of the place from which it has fallen. There within the scars can be seen numbers of little "dots" showing where the different bundles of vessels entered the stem. Here let the reader at once understand that, except in familiar parlance, there is no such thing as evergreen trees or shrubs. In the plants so called, the leaves do not remain all the year round. In reality, only the leaves of last season remain attached to the stem and branches until the development of those of the next Spring, when they fall; the result being that the plant is covered with a continuous mass of green leaves, which in popular belief are the same as it was clothed with in the former season. Neither is it true that pine, and other trees of that order, do not shed their leaves. In some species, however, the leaves will remain attached for from two to even ten and twelve years; but fall they do in the end, as an examination of the ground in a forest will abundantly testify. In tropical countries, plants often lose their leaves during the dry season, and develop new ones during the rainy one. All leaves—those of grasses and similar plants excepted—thus fall.

How, then, is this important physical and physiological act accomplished? Simple as it seems, it is not easy to observe it, and endless have been the theories to account for it. It seems to the writer—and the reader can judge for himself—that the way in which it is accomplished by nature is just that way in which the surgeon divides a vessel or bundles of vessels when he wishes the operation to be performed gradually, and without causing the open ends of the vessels to bleed. If he cut them across, then their open mouths would allow the blood to escape. Accordingly, he ties a ligature or thread around the vessels. Gradually a contraction forms, and little by little the vessels are divided, the ends closing at the same time, and the severance from the body is accomplished without loss of blood. Now this is just the way nature takes to sever the leaf from the branch or stem. As soon as the leaf is developed, the process which is to sever it from the stem commences. A contraction forms near the point where the leaf-stalk is attached to the branch. Slowly it deepens and deepens, until so slight is the joint which connects it with the parent plant, that a slight twist, or even the simple weight of the blade, serves to detach it. The leaves of some trees, like the oak, for instance, though they die and become withered in the Autumn, frequently remain attached until next Spring, when the enlargement of the stem detaches them. It is thus apparent that the death of the leaf and the fall of it are not the same, and that the one does not follow the other. It appears that the death of the leaf is owing to the vessels of the leaf-stalk getting choked up with the earthy matters left behind by the evaporation of the water which held them in solution, until, no more sap being able to enter the leaf, its functions cease, and it dies. Accordingly, if we care to make the experiment, we shall find that in the Autumn leaves contain much more mineral matter than in the Spring, and that their vitality is more or less active in proportion. Thus, when the leaf falls, it returns to the soil, a certain amount of the mineral ingredients which the root extracted from it in the course of the growing season. Hence also one of the reasons why leaves form a valuable manure.

We have now examined the life, death and fall of the leaf. Let us direct our attention briefly to the skeleton one before us. What the skeleton is we have seen. If we could fancy the bones in an animal acting at once as skeleton and blood-vessels, then they would conjointly be something of the same nature as the skeletons of leaves. The only other point we shall direct the reader's attention to is the curious relation which the shape of many leaves bears to the shape of the trees which bore them. In fact, a tree stripped of its leaves often looks like a huge outline of the skeleton leaf lying under its shade. The angles at which the branches are given off from the stem also bear a close relation to the angle at which the side-ribs in the leaf are given off from the mid-rib. This is seen in the poplar-leaf before us. The shape of the leaf is really the shape of the tree, which is again determined by the angle at which the branches are given off from the

LEAF-PROPAGATION.— A LEAF OF BRYOPHYLLUM PRODUCING NEW PLANTS AROUND ITS EDGE.

trunk. The curve of the branches and the curve of the ribs in the leaf also correspond. In some leaves there is no leaf-stalk. In such a case we find—as in the beech—that the trunk is naturally branched from the ground. On the other hand, a leaf with a leaf-stalk—as in the case before us—implies that the species of tree on which it

grows has naturally a bare trunk. In the poplar and beech also may be observed a correspondence between the disposition and distribution of the branches, and the disposition and distribution of the leaf-veins. This can be readily seen by the reader in the figures of skeleton leaves (Fig. 7).

We have now finished our study of a fallen leaf. The reader will have seen that there is enough to observe in it; and yet we have not touched on many subjects of interest. We might have spoken of the beautiful hairs and scales which are frequently found on leaves of plants like the sundew, pitcher-plant, and others, which not only catch flies, but absolutely eat them, and prosper on the diet. Neither have we allowed ourselves space to describe the beautiful regularity with which leaves are attached to the branches; the study of these mathematics of plants forming a fitting subject for another lesson. Last of all, we need scarcely inform those in the slighest degree acquainted with vegetable physiology, that on all the points we have discussed there are many and rival opinions. Hence we have been forced to be eclectic, but believe that we have been, so far as our space will admit, accurate in describing the anatomy and history of a fallen leaf.

LEAF-PROPAGATION.

THIS method of increasing plants is available in many cases when seeds are unobtainable and when ordinary stem-cuttings are either useless or not to be had. Quite recently we hear that Hyacinths may be readily increased by leaf-cuttings, and the same practice has also been successful in the case of Hippeastrums and other Amaryllids, Begonias, many Melastomads, Gloxinias, and other Gesnerads; Hoyas, Bryophyllums, and other succulent plants are best multiplied in this manner, and this is especially the case with some Echeverias, Pachyphytums, and Sempervivums of various kinds. Leaf propagation has also proved very successful in the case of Cephælis Ipecacuanha in the Indian plantations, where it is now extensively grown, and this method of increase is a valuable auxiliary to the root or rhizome propagation devised so successfully by Mr. James M'Nab in the Edinburgh Botanic Garden a few years ago. Apart from the plants which are known to be easily multiplied by leaf-cuttings, there are doubtless many others which might be increased in quantity by this simple method if experiments were made with them. Leaf-cuttings of Fuchsias, for example, root very readily, as do also Hoya and Æschymanthus leaves, and when we go a step further and include the petiole with the axillary bud at its base, and a slice of the bark of the old stem, then we find that Roses, Zonal and Show Pelargoniums, Ficus elastica, and its allies, and very many other Exogenous plants, may be readily increased in this manner. Even the modified petiole or leaf-stalk has, in many Exogenous plants, the power to multiply the plant from which it is taken, as in the scales of Lily and other similar bulbs, or the pseudo-bulbs of many Orchids. Among the Cycads, again, the scale-like bases of the petioles which clothe the stem will develop their latent buds, and thus form plants if removed and placed in a gentle bottom heat. The illustration shows a Begonia-leaf pegged down on a pan of light sandy oil, before which the principal veins have been nicked or slit with a sharp knife, and it is at these slits and at the base of the leaf where it was severed from the plant that a conglomeration of thickened or descending sap is formed, and from whence the young plants have their origin. Perhaps the best example of spontaneous leaf propagation is that afforded by the leaves of Bryophyllum, which, on falling to the ground, take root around the edge, at every indentation, and send up a number of new plants.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE watershed of the Croton River and Lake, which furnish water for the City of New York, now covers 338.80 square miles, and is estimated to yield, in the driest years, 250,000,000 gallons daily, but a very large part of this now goes to waste because the reservoirs are not large enough to hold it, nor the Aqueduct to carry it to the city. To provide the additional supply needed for the growing metropolis, new reservoirs are to be constructed, the chief of which will have a capacity of 3¼ billions of gallons, or water enough to cover 9,400 acres ten feet in depth. "The dam which is to form this reservoir (the Quaker-bridge dam)," writes Mr. A. Fletey, one of the engineers, "is 178 feet high above the bed of the river, is to be built of solid masonry, and the water behind it is to be 171 feet deep. As the foundations of the dam (200 feet in width) must be extended to the bed-rock, a distance of nearly 100 feet below the bed of the stream, the total height of the masonry structure will consequently be not far from 300 feet for a length of 400 feet in the deeper portion of the valley. On both sides of this deeper portion the rock-bottom rises gradually, and the total length of the dam is to be about 1,300 feet." The height of this masonry-dam is unprecedented, and extraordinary means will have to be taken in its lower portion to meet the strain both of the water and of its own weight. The new Aqueduct will be for nearly its whole length tunneled through solid rock.

THE closing of Little Inlet, Brigantine Beach, N. J., proves a success, and a large area has been redeemed. This had been thought impossible, owing to its width (831 feet), the depth and swiftness of the tides, and the fact that no material was available except fine sand. Mr. R. B. Osborne, however, devised a plan, the success of which was predicated upon the expectation that if the inlet could be closed for a short time the sea would construct a natural bar there which would remain effectual. To bring this about, Mr. Osborne packed salt-bags with sand (12 bags equaling a cubic yard), and had them laid in the form of a breakwater across the inlet, at the times of half-low water, working from each shore toward the middle. This embankment was further protected, as it grew, by a framework and shield of timbers and planking. In forty-two days the 80,000 bags had been laid, the embankment raised above high-water mark, and the sea was shut out. As fast as this artificial barrier arose, the winds and tidal currents heaped the sand against it, and though subsequently several breaches were made by storms, these were gradually filled up, and now the whole has been so covered and enlarged by the sea as to be thought entirely safe for ever.

CONSIDERING the scheme for utilizing the power of Niagara Falls, Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard University, writes in *Science* as follows: "The true reason that large sources of water-power have not been utilized for electric lighting on a large scale is due to the fact that the small details, and what are called small items, assume great proportions, and bid fair to consume all profits which come from a saving of coal. Thus the City of Buffalo could have been lighted by the utilization of the water-power along Niagara River; and we cannot believe that the failure to do so has been due either to the opposition of the gas companies or to the lack of imagination of capitalists. In short, the facility with which energy in the shape of coal can be transported from place to place counterbalances at present the cheapness of a very remote source of energy in the shape of a waterfall. The reason for and against the utilization of the energy of Niagara Falls as a source of light apply also to the question of the electrical transmission of power, with this exception, that the electrical transmission of power has not yet reached even the perfection which systems of electric lighting have attained.

TAKING as a basis the surplus of money remaining from the Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, funds have been raised for the establishment in England of a marine laboratory. This is to be under the charge of Professor E. Ray Lankester, who made it the subject of a late lecture in London. In this lecture he pointed out that while agriculture had become a matter of science and precaution, everybody recklessly seized the produce of the sea, regardless of the consequences of the method, the time, or the extent of the depredations. "In point of fact, we know exceedingly little about the minute details of the life of marine animals; and he submitted that a laboratory on the seashore, provided with boats and fishermen, and having within its walls tanks for hatching eggs and watching seafish, and conveniences for the work of naturalists trained in making such observations, was the only way to meet the deficiency in our knowledge of the subject."

THE measures of the ancient Mexicans formed the subject of a recent essay by the learned Dr. Swinton, before the Philadelphia Philosophical Society. He says that the lineal standard was widely recognized, very exact and officially defined. In the great prehistoric market-place of the Aztec City of Mexico there were officers regularly on duty to examine the measures used by merchants, and severe penalties followed any variation from the standard. Roads were measured by the stages from resting-place to resting-place of the carriers—a seemingly vague statement to

which long usage had given a pretty definite meaning. Stones were set by the side of the most frequented highways, marked with the number of stages to the next town. Similar estimates of distances prevailed in Central America. Areas were estimated by a square measure, and the word used means literally "to count land," that is, count how many squares it contained. The Aztecs seem to have known nothing of weight-measures, and had no scales or balances, nor did they possess the plummet. In the line-measures, that derived from the length of the human foot seems to have been the unit.

TWO SCIENTISTS in Scotland have been experimenting as to the effect of extreme cold upon animal organisms, beginning with microbes. The experiments consisted in exposing for several hours, to temperatures 100 degrees or more below zero, putrescible substances in hermetically sealed flasks or bottles. The flasks were then allowed to thaw, and kept for some time in a warm room. When opened, and the contents microscopically examined, it was seen that the microbes, though frozen solid, had survived. Hence any hope of preserving meat from decay through exposing it temporarily to extreme cold must be abandoned.

INVESTIGATIONS conducted at Germany's Agricultural Experiment Station go to show that European breeds of domestic sheep are derived originally from the wild sheep (*moufflon*) now existing in Corsica and Sardinia. They have crossed well with domestic sheep, and the third or fourth generation of progeny are steadily fertile. Crossings of these and of various domestic breeds with the American wild sheep, or "bighorn," are now being conducted.

DR. GEORGE A. KOENIG announces to the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia that he has recently determined the existence at Franklin, N. J., of a mineral belonging to the spinel group, allied to Franklinite. The zinc in the latter mineral is replaced by iron, so that it is decreased from twenty or thirty to one and a half per cent., the manganese remaining unchanged. He proposed for the new mineral the name Manganoferrite.

THE experiments in ostrich-farming made in South Australia have turned out a decided success. Not only do the birds thrive well, and produce feathers of good quality, but they seem to begin feather-bearing at a much earlier age than at the Cape of Good Hope.

CALIFORNIAN trout taken to Tasmania from New Zealand breeding-ponds have been naturalized in the latter as well as the former country with great success.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual meeting for 1885 at Ann Arbor, Mich., during the last week of August.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IT is a bachelor who always knows how a child should be brought up, but he forgets it after marriage.

THE young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart has been bound in the bonds of matrimony to keep the piece.

A LITTLE girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

"WELL, I declare!" exclaimed an editor, as he inspected the baby of an old newspaper friend, "if he isn't a marked copy of the old gentleman!"

"I NEVER imagined, my boy, that your studies would have cost me so much money." *Student:* "No, father, neither did I; and I don't study much, either."

"I THINK my profession," said a violinist, "is by far preferable to any other; it is the easiest of all." "How so?" "Because I work when I play, and I play when I work."

A VOLATILE young gentleman, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my dear," said the wife, "I hope you will mend." "Madam," said he, "you may depend on it; this is my last folly."

FOOTE, dining one day with Lord T., who had recently fought a duel, and finding the wine bad and the dinner vilely cooked, remarked that he was surprised his lordship had called his antagonist out, when he could have disposed of him in a much easier way. "How?" asked Lord T. "Why," replied Foote, "you should have given him a dinner like this, and poisoned him!"

"NOT TO BE READ ALOUD.—There is in Mexico a tree, producing flowers the stamens of which bear a remarkable resemblance to the human hand. It was considered sacred by the ancient Mexicans, who showed their reverence by naming it Macpalxochiquakitl. We do not recommend any of our friends to endeavor to read this paragraph aloud; the effort might be injurious to the vocal organs.

DISCOVERY OF A BROTHER TO THAT PROLIFIC WRITER MR. FINIS.—An enterprising newspaper reporter, described as "a college graduate," recently visited an art establishment in a Western city, and wrote of one of his "finds" in the following way: "They also have a number of the works of the more prominent authors illustrated for the holiday trade. Something new in this line is the 'Longfellow Portfolio.' The engravings are by the eminent French artist De Luxe."

THE editor, in writing his address, said: "We have come to stay." But the printer set it up "starve," and is now looking for another sit.

IT is strange that everybody who attends public worship does not sing, as there is no disputing the fact that church-music is easy to a choir (acquire).

"DON'T you think my milk is pure?" said the milkman to his customer. "No, sir, it ain't, not by a long chalk," was the reply, and there was no more said.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.—*Small Boy:* "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" *Pa:* "I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I had married her."

"I AM very much attached to you, Charles," said Amy. "Then you are very much like a fog-bell." "A fog-bell? How?" "Why, don't you see, you are attached to a buoy."

"You needn't poke fun at me," said the family physician to an engraver. "There's only a slight difference between us. One makes fac-similes, and the other makes sick families."

SAILORS tell us some marvelous stories about the beauty of the seas. Mr. Scupper says he was once in a ship off Cape Horn where not only was the sea green, but the winds blew.

"YES," replied Brown, "you always find me with a pen in my hand. "I am a regular penholder, my boy." "Let's see," said Fogg, musingly; "a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it?"

"NO," SAID an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

"WELL," said Mrs. Spriggins, in response to a remonstrance from her husband, "I got tired sittin' up there all alone in solitaire, so I just went down and percolated through the crowd."

EXAMINER: "Now, can you tell me which of the planets were known to the ancients?" *Student:* "Ah—there was Venus, and—ah—Jupiter, and—and—I think the Earth, but—but—I'm not quite certain about the latter!"

"WHAT are your views of the Continent, my dear sir?" patronizingly asked the ubiquitous notebook-mauler, as he poised his ready pencil. "Mostly stereoscopic," was the curt reply of the travel-stained Member of Parliament.

ARDENT LOVER.—"I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." *Old Gent* (somewhat deaf): Pay for her dresses? Why, certainly, my dear sir! Here are the bills." He gave one glance at them and fled.

DOCTOR: "Tell me exactly what your condition is. Do you have night sweats?" *Patient:* "Yes—almost every night." *Doctor:* "My dear sir, this begins to look serious. About how long do they last?" *Patient:* "About as long as I have to carry the baby up and down."

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and of the parents, at the beginning of the term, inquired of one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman!" was the innocent reply.

WHAT A SHIRTLESS ONE ACCOMPLISHED.—"Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, sir, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time?"

THE MONTH TO COURT.—*Clara* (shyly): "Of all the months of the year, George, dear, which do you think is the happiest one for lovers?" *George* (of a thrifty nature): "May is the happiest, because it is the cheapest." *Clara:* "Cheapest? How?" *George:* "It is too late in the season for oysters, and too early for ice-cream."

A GOOD joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees and begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used; but in rising up he knocked the dust off his knees and exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard all over the House: "It's a dirty House, after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw they had failed in their object.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS K.— BY CHAPLIN.

COSACK & CO BUFFALO N.Y.

IM LENZ.

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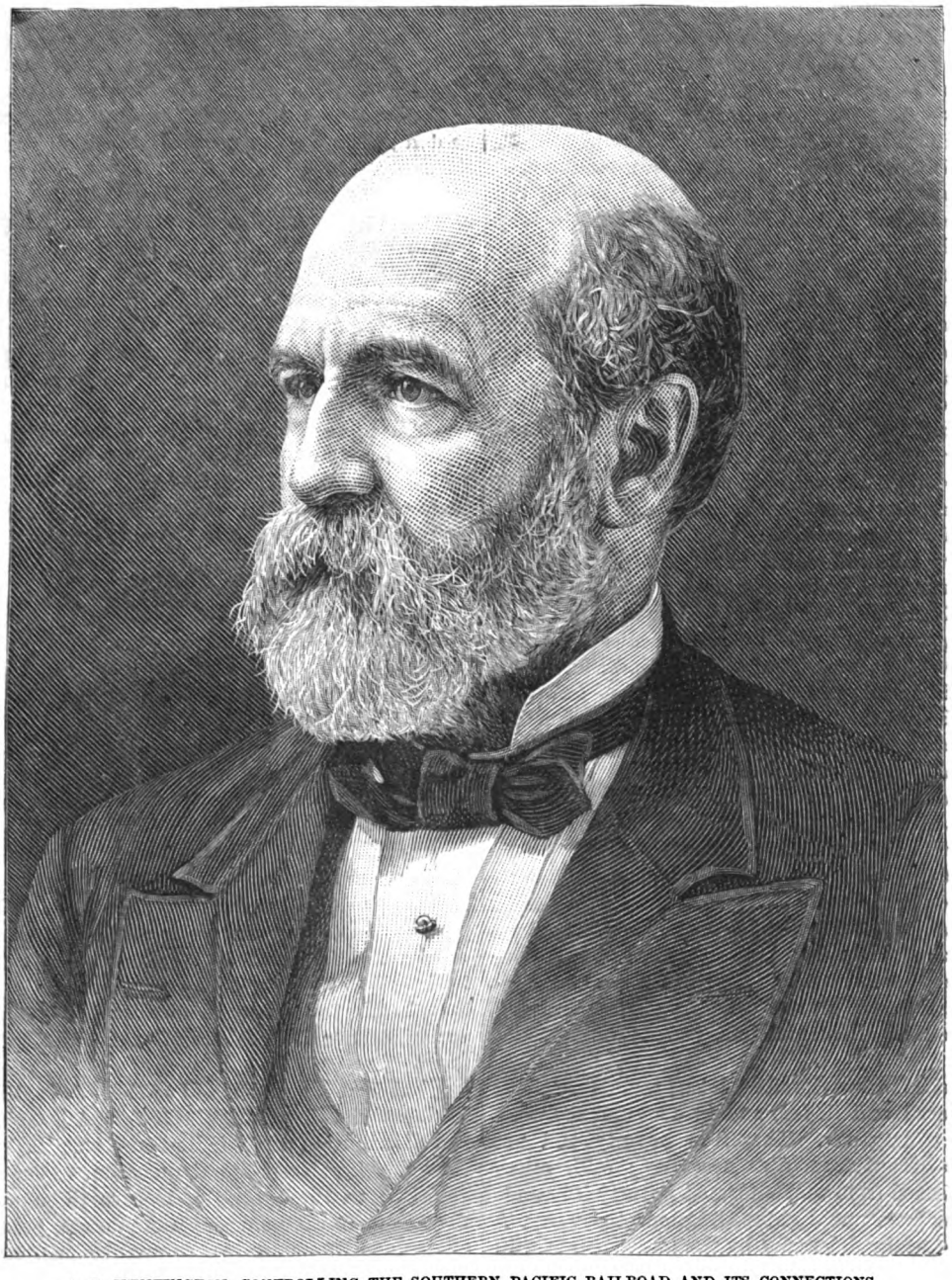
THE GOVERNING POWERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.



C. P. HUNTINGTON, CONTROLLING THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

THE GOVERNING POWERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

It is related that an English lord, on an adventurous journey in the East, was received by the chief of a large tribe which trade had brought in contact with Great Britain. The barbaric potentate was unsparing in his attentions to his distinguished guest. The lord was quite unable to understand why so much pains had been taken to honor him. His entertainer finally threw light on the subject by remarking (I reduce the Oriental hyperbole to our plain vernacular) that the English custom for keeping the aristocracy strong and powerful was similar to their own. "With us," he continued, "we put to death all the younger sons; you degrade them and leave them to starve. It amounts to the same thing—concentrating power in one at the expense of the rest of the family. But you perceive our plan is far superior to yours, and I have no doubt your Queen will adopt it on your representation."

The inequalities of human life—how do they come about? How comes it that with the uncivilized hordes of a fawn-colored despot, and the enlightened and finely cultivated subjects of Queen Victoria, a parallel could be drawn so striking that it sets everybody thinking?

Waiving this for the moment, let us transfer the subject to our own country. It is the just assertion of the citizens of the United States that we have no aristocracy by right of birth, and that such an aristocracy is impossible here; for care was taken by the framers of our constitution that no right of primogeniture should exist, while the laws of entail have been abolished in the separate States of the Union, so as to prevent overgrown accumulations in one family.

Nevertheless power has constantly been stealing from the many to the few. Complaints are perpetually heard of the tyranny of the rich, and curses are rife everywhere against those who have secured control, no matter of what. The question comes back again; the inequalities of life, how do they come about? For here certainly we had a very fair and equal start, taking possession almost in common, not so very many years back, of an uncultivated, wild region, where everybody was as nearly as might be on a par with everybody, with all laws creating a caste repudiated. I repeat here, within a limited number of years we find enormous private fortunes—fortunes, some of which dwarf the magnificent incomes of European princes and great landed lords and notable money kings; we find colossal schemes and enterprises which require a thousand-fold more than a "king's ransom" to compass, and also a general expenditure at which the Old World holds up its hands in amazement.

With all this we find poverty—poverty not sunken so low, not so absolutely and so desperately degraded as in the "old countries," but still a poverty which has ceased to be a negative principle; a poverty which is active, resolute, menacing—menacing, that is, in times of exceptional distress, times such as we are now passing through, and in the course of events shall pass through again periodically.

Poverty is in its nature humble, let us remember that; for it is ill-housed and ill-fed, and in consequence weak and far from courageous. Therefore poverty will not break bounds except from dire necessity; still, much more is to be feared from well-informed poverty if bounds be broken, than from unenlightened, ignorant poverty. A series of Sunday-school lessons by the pious agents of a complacent upper class in England has successfully enforced submission, resignation and entire subserviency. Such lessons did not serve for the well-informed and skilled workmen and artisans of Paris. Hence that terrible Commune at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, of which Bismarck observed, "Those fellows would not hold their position a week but that they represent a principle." Neither do such lessons serve for the sturdy mechanics of our own land.

What are we going to do about it? Nobody by divine right, or by any inherited right, can legally become a ruler or a titled individual in our country. But we have laws of inheritance as well as of testamentary control. An immense accumulated fortune can, even in this famed Republic, be devised to an elder son; and in the City of New York two well-known instances occur to us (in this respect the laws of France put us to shame), so that there is nothing to prevent the continuance of such a disposal of property in a family for generations. The chances may be against it; but they are merely chances. As our laws stand it is difficult to say how these overgrown accumulations are to be prevented; yet everybody admits the evil. What shall be the remedy?

There are in the City of New York many striking examples of immense accumulated wealth passing from generation to generation, increasing by careful investments and the great rise in the value of real estate. To preserve and add to this accumulated store requires prudent, methodical, clerk-like routine which, properly continued, the vast estate becomes an institution—an aristocratic institution in the midst of what we term our republican equality. We have, besides, the immense fortunes got together in trade—literally in trade—which surpass the almost fabulous incomes of the Duke of Devonshire or Richmond, while others, wrenching from the weak by the strong hand, have got control of great lines of railway, by the possession of which they come to rival in monetary power those I have just mentioned. These prominent examples might be readily added to. On the other side we have the story told of Agassiz, who, when a man of affairs sought to turn his wonderful scientific knowledge to account in some of his schemes, and offered a large sum to secure it, quietly replied that he "had no time to make money."

The reader is not to suppose, because I place this anecdote in contrast with what precedes, I undervalue the men of money. On the contrary, I think there is a great deal of senseless twaddle about them, and a great deal of uncalled-for vituperation. In the distribution of qualities and mental force and capacity among men, each does and acts and fulfills after his kind. We do not expect from the tiger the patient labor of the ox; nor can we claim of the vulture the peculiarities of the barnyard fowl. Place a colony on a desert island with nothing but their hands to commence with, and in twenty-four hours you will have indications of wealth and poverty among them.

What would you demand of these industrial, scheming business and financial giants? "A proper application and distribution of their immense wealth," you respond. Now that involves a moral question. Preach as much as you like to these people, lecture them soundly about their duty to the poor and unfortunate, enlarge upon the wickedness of overgrown accumulations, talk to them of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of

heaven, and all that sort of thing; but what is to be done if they don't listen to you? The fact is they won't listen; they will run their course, and will be succeeded by others, who will run theirs as regularly, though not in hereditary line, as Devonshire succeeds Devonshire, and Richmond, Richmond.

Therefore, with regard to the abuse of personal power and influence by a single individual, whether by reason of his immense wealth, or by reason of exceptional capabilities or acquirements, it is not easy to suggest a remedy after moral suasion has failed. There is of necessity concentration in power, and this demands exclusiveness, by which I mean the shutting out and the crushing out, if necessary, all rivalry or opposition. Neither is it always money-power. One man intellectually towers above all who surround him; in fact, he cannot help controlling, and he does control in his sphere accordingly.

It is pleasant in this connection to look at very different examples and very different achievements. Here is a man, who, by the subtle force of inventive skill, opens up new paths for the world to tread in, yet he lives and dies in poverty! Another uncovers the very arcana of science and bids us profit by his work, when for him there is no material compensation. Still another, who gives his life to the amelioration of the condition of the suffering, of those who are in despair and are ready to perish, finds in the work his only reward, and is content.

Each one of these is a power in the land, but what a contrast! For the man large-brained and skilled in affairs, no matter in what department of the world's business, concentrates his whole strength on a certain course, which course involves destruction and ruin to antagonist or rival interests, and there is no preventing it. After all, who can tell how far it would be judicious to prevent it? The rank and file of the inefficient, the indolent and the vicious, all cry out against the "bloated" man of wealth, who, as is claimed, absorbs the substance of every man with whom he comes in contact. The unfortunate are very apt to join in this cry, so do a large body of envious and detracting people generally. Yet, if we stop to consider, we shall find we cannot get along without these rich fellows. They build our fine churches, they endow our colleges, schools and hospitals, and head important lists of various charities. We accept their money and do not feel very much like scrutinizing where it came from, or how it was got together. Washington Irving describes the devotions of a bandit chief before the shrine of the Virgin in a little church in an Italian village, wherein tears and sobs and groans were mingled with prayers and pious ejaculations. These at an end, and bestowing liberal contributions and alms in abundance, he strode from the sanctuary and sped away to the mountains; there to resume his career of robbery and violence. It was noticed that the bandit received grateful benedictions and good wishes from the poor peasants as he passed along. Who will undertake to number the thousands who are ready to bless the name of many a New Yorker for erecting a church, endowing a college, founding an asylum, or inaugurating some great and deserving charity, notwithstanding that same name is sufficiently potent to strike terror in Wall Street by an unlooked-for move and to call down the anathemas of the crowd of small speculators as they learn their doom.

All this cannot well be remedied, that is as things go. To control in any line of business requires a sharp looking after your own special interests, with no recognition of those of your rivals. It will surprise the general reader when I say that two of the most truly benevolent and charitable men in the City of New York, lately deceased, who gave immensely without parade or ostentation, who were devoted to helping others, who were ever ready to listen to applications for relief, and who received and deserved the title of philanthropists, acquired their immense wealth, each in his way, by the application of great business talent in controlling the market for an article absolutely essential in human industry, controlling it in a manner to make bitter enemies of competitors and small rival producers, whom it was charged had been crushed by the relentless use of money-power, and who cried out against these men as cruel, unfeeling and remorseless.

I confess I see little to come from the mere denouncing of rich men, and I believe that a large proportion of those who indulge in these vituperations are in the same category with *Philip Faulconbridge*, when he exclaims:

> "And why rail I on this commodity?
> But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
> Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
> And say there is no sin but to be rich;
> And being rich, my virtue then shall be
> To say there is no vice but beggary."

Such is the situation touching the personal power of the individual. That conditions will in time be ameliorated without disruption of society, but through a moral solution, is the hope, if not the expectation, of thinking men.

Thus much for an introduction to the main subject. When I placed an anecdote at the beginning of this article and pointed it at the hereditary aristocracy of England, it was my design, since no danger could threaten us in that direction, to inquire from what our Republic has most to fear? In this way came the question, "What are the Governing Powers in the United States?" Dealing first with individuals, the reader will perceive I do not apprehend any special danger from the vice of large personal accumulations any more than from various other vices which certainly impair the health of the state, but about which it is difficult to legislate. At the same time, in this most favored of all favored lands, we have erected and are doing our best to strengthen a system more powerful than was the feudal system of old, more exclusive than is the aristocracy of England, and more audacious because relieved of personal responsibility. I mean the business corporations known as railroad companies, in conjunction with the telegraph companies and the express companies. I place them in the order of their importance, relative influence and power.

These corporations were created by the people in their legislative capacity to supply an overwhelming need. Our country is so enormous in extent from east to west and from north to south, its resources are so rich, so abundant and so varied, while the means of development were at first so scanty and the necessity for developing so strong, it is not to be wondered at that companies and associations formed to bring out the dormant wealth of the nation and to supply its instant pressing necessities of whatever sort, should be granted extraordinary powers and facilities, accompanied with extraordinary grants and privileges. An iron course to the Pacific was the immediate need of the nation, at a period when it was battling for its very existence, and it can be readily understood why companies which undertook to lay it received all the substantial encouragement the Government could bestow. The same thing was repeated for other large lines, and on shorter lines, and on local lines, by the action of various States rich in lands, and by the action of counties and of towns and villages. The railroad

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, EARLY CONTROLLER OF THE HUDSON RIVER, HARLEM AND CENTRAL RAILROADS.

projector, after taking the legal course to secure the enormous land grants under the national or State's provision, makes a triumphant tour over the proposed line, and is hailed as a public benefactor by the inhabitants. Grants of land are secured from individuals, labor is furnished, as well as materials ; stock in small quantities is subscribed for, and then the road is built by the creation of a large bonded debt. These are first steps only. The result, so far as the inhabitants are concerned, is all that was expected. The whole country along the line, and for miles away from it, is benefited, and the people are content to have given liberally, for the reward is great. That is the pleasant side of the picture. Time passes. The road requires repairs, the rolling stock is wearing out, the receipts are not as large as anticipated, it becomes difficult to pay the interest ; at length the company makes default. It turns out that a large corporation in making up fresh combinations, requires this particular line ; certain of their friends have purchased a quantity of the defaulted bonds at an enormous sacrifice to the holder ; the mortgage is foreclosed and the road falls into the hands of the large corporation for probably less than half its cost ; the old stock and bonds are wiped out, and a fresh issue pays the purchase-money thrice over. This is a general illustration. In this way a number of railroad corporations, by combination, co-operation and absorption, the larger roads swallowing the smaller, have come to exercise an enormous power in municipal, State and national Legislatures. There are special illustrations in abundance. The Hudson River Railroad was built through the influence, and by the generous expenditure, of the most prominent merchants in New York. Before it was constructed the city was almost literally cut off from communication with the North during the long period when the Hudson River was closed by ice. The enterprise was carried through under great difficulties, but the result was that our city was open to all comers, Winter as well as Summer, and a great additional element of prosperity was added to its other advantages. Another result was that the projectors of the road lost their money, and its subsequent history, wherein it came to form a link in one of the most powerful and important railroad combinations in the land, is well known. A similar history attends the construction of the Harlem Railroad, the stock of which fell to a simply nominal price till taken up by the same combination which controlled the Hudson River Road and placed in line and made to form still another way of communication between New York and Albany.

I beg the reader to understand I am not now criticising these operations. Whatever may be the processes of those who manage to get the control, and who consolidate various lines or companies into one, I am not at present dealing with these processes. On the contrary, there is no doubt that the extinction of shorter lines with their corps of officers, from the president down, with their separate arrangements, or rather their merger into larger companies, whose lines are managed with care and system, is of very great benefit to the public. Further, the public will not specially interest itself about these methods, except possibly in a curious way, as one regards the tactics of the fish-eagle, which from its aerie watches the persevering labors of the fish-hawk in its attempts to snatch from the water provision for his family dinner. As the hawk successfully secures his prey and mounts with it in his talons, the eagle pounces upon him, compels him to drop his capture, and then seizes it and proceeds to incorporate the fish into his own system of digestion. True, there may be weeping and lamentations in the fish-hawk's young family, as there may be sighs and tears of those whose all had been invested in the extinguished road, but the "public," as a public, are benefited by the change, to say nothing of the huge corporation.

It is difficult fully to take in and to comprehend, either by intellectual or imaginative process, the enormous network of railroads which is now laid over the whole

J. W. GARRETT, WHO CONTROLLED THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS, WITH TELEGRAPH LINES.

country. It is still harder to comprehend the scope and power of the mammoth corporations which control them, and how that power is employed. If we can manage to get an insight into this, we shall learn something about the Governing Powers in the United States.

There are to-day in the United States at least 125,000 miles of railroad in operation—more than in all Europe, and nearly as much as in all the world outside our own limits. Of these, there are now several mammoth corporations controlling by association, by lease and actual consolidation, not far from 12,000 miles each! I have referred to the extraordinary grants and privileges bestowed upon these corporations. From the period of the first Government land grant of importance, which was to the Illinois Central Railroad Company, in 1850, including the enormous grants in Texas, there have been over 100,000,000 acres of land bestowed on railroad companies. This is not all. These lands, granted mainly in alternate sections, the other sections remaining with the Government, gave in most instances a kind of control of the whole. Further, the influence of the large railroad corporations at the Land-office in Washington, has been a paramount influence, no matter under what Administration or who was Secretary of the Interior. The first extraordinary advantage gained was in 1857, when Jeremiah Black was Attorney-general, on the application of certain railroad companies for *certified* lists of their lands before the lands were earned. The Attorney-general held that these lists could properly be furnished in the light of information, and they were furnished. What next? Some years later the Secretary of the Interior held that a complete legal title was conveyed by such certified lists, and that they were equivalent to patents and that he could not review the acts of his predecessors! This was a short way of disposing of some extra million acres of land which had never been earned, but of which the country was plundered. The power of these large corporations has been a controlling power, not only in securing extraordinary grants of land, but in the successful retaining of immense areas of land after their forfeiture. They have invariably succeeded in their claims against the Government, by which I mean claims for lands alleged to have been disposed of by the United States, included in their grants; and, in a word, in all controversies touching their land grants, where the Government, or those holding under the Government, were parties. This is a broad statement, but the reader need only to look back to the record for the last thirty years to verify its truth. In other words, these great corporations have controlled in the Land-office, in the Interior Department, in the Law Department, and in the Legislature. The Indian, who, as the fable runs, expressed his three wishes by demanding—first, all the rum in the world; second, all the tobacco in the world; third, more rum, faintly shadowed forth the ravenous greed of these railroad monsters. True, the Supreme Court of the United States has from time to time by its decisions attempted to limit these illegal encroachments. But the decisions have been little else than a dead letter, in face of the *construction* put on them by the Department.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, CONTROLLING THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

Thus far I have spoken of the influence of the companies with every department of the General Government with regard to their immense land grants. This touches but one branch of an inexhaustible subject. The powers

which control at the seat of Government also control the special legislation in a majority of the States. I do not now speak of what is termed corrupt influence, that is, the influence of unblushing, direct bribery, or of the direct employment of appliances such as those whose exposure disgraced the session of Congress ten years back. I refer to the influence of *power;* that sort of power which our railroad corporations hold to an extent which should alarm every one of us. For it compasses society: it has to do with every small and large town and village; its connections are unbroken, for it is a power which in its everyday working is accommodating, not to say beneficent, and whose machinery we cannot dispense with. I say in its everyday working; but beyond this its plans for obtaining control of whatever comes in its way; its audacity in demand, its impudence in resistance; its tenacity and unyielding perseverance in consummating what it decides upon, stamp a great railroad corporation of to-day as the behemoth of industrial associations.

Put yourself in opposition to this power, and you will quickly comprehend me. Resist in the courts an illegal encroachment on your property; bring suit for damages for injury to certain vested rights; endeavor to restrain from a cruel and inexcusable trespass, and you will speedily find your proceedings crippled by interlocutory motions, by temporary injunctions, by dilatory orders, until, unless you have both money to pay for the defense against these harassing methods, and the courage to continue to the end, you will abandon the attempt to maintain your rights, or perhaps accept some humiliating sum as a compromise, which does not even serve to defray your legal expenses. This is an everyday experience here in the City of New York. Much doubtless is owing to an indolent but certainly a vicious habit with nearly all our judges in granting *ex parte* orders, leaving the error, if any, to be set right on motion without thought of the terrible annoyance caused to the other party.

But there is another and a still more humiliating view of this matter. It is what I alluded to earlier in this article. I mean the continual and never-ending robber contests between these large corporations. I have said that the public are benefited in the consolidation of railroad lines, inasmuch as a better system of travel is introduced; but I have not referred to the evil inflicted on society by a series of acts by these different corporations, not done in a corner or hid from the light, but openly, defiantly, boastfully, which informs our youth and our young men that to be smart and quick-witted, they should be grasping, deceitful and unscrupulous, and that all these are necessary in order quickly to get rich; and that to be rich is the be-all and the end-all of life. Such are the lessons taught by the action of those who control these mammoth companies.

There are to-day four routes from the East to the Pacific Ocean. To-day desperate efforts are making by four powerful combinations, each for a continuous control of a route thither, which shall have its terminus in the City of New York. Each of these combinations controls not far from 12,000 miles of railroad, yet none of them as yet has secured a clear line from New York to the Pacific. Doubtless it will be accomplished by each sooner or later, for no scruples will stand in the way, nor any judicial action will prevent any means, however unjust, which shall be employed to subjugate other lines for the purpose. No Court or Legislature will interfere to check the career of corporations more powerful than Courts or Legislatures—corporations ever vigilant, ever active, with a legal machinery perfect in every appliance, and a treasury inexhaustible.

Another terrible result is the periodical ruin brought on the country by the collapse in prices of the shares and obligations of these companies. The one-man power controls a majority of the stock, it is often a bare majority and no more, and he as absolutely controls the fortunes of the road as if he owned every share issued. But what of the remaining shares which are scattered over the country, in the hands of persons of small means, of widows and minors who are dependent on them for an income? It is a decline in these which brings distress on the land, and when these shares become worthless come ruin and misery.

The period from 1879 to 1883 was one of great apparent prosperity in railway affairs. These were halcyon days for railroad projectors and speculators; everybody was eager for shares, and everybody got shares! With the collapse of the Northern Pacific came a sudden distrust in this sort of property. This was occasioned by the immense increase of fictitious capital during the four years named. The share capital of all the roads in the United States amounts to about $4,500,000,000, the bonded debt to $4,000,000,000 (four thousand million), the floating debt to $400,000,000, making the total liabilities of the roads about $70,000 per mile, when the actual average cost could not have exceeded $30,000 to $35,000 per mile. I have remarked that combinations by which the railroads are consolidated to bring small lines under one system and government benefited the public. But what shall we say of another public who have been brought to bankruptcy and are suffering infinite distress through the manipulations of those who control railroad companies in which the public own *nearly* one-half the share capital, and perhaps four-fifths of the bonded debt? It is impossible properly to characterize the methods, or to picture the widespread distress caused by them.

In answer to this arraignment, it is idle to tell me that a company consists of a large number of stockholders, many of them of the highest and most intelligent morality, and that eminent and thoroughly good names adorn the list of directors. While the balance of power in the share list is in one or more persons in combination, it is really the one-man power which controls. Besides, if the good people who are in the board of directors take some share in what is done, it is not as individuals, but as members of an immense impersonal concern. They are mere spokes of a wheel in a corporate machine. As such, they will vote for measures to secure certain legislation, to get possession of property in their path, or to circumvent a rival, such as probably not one of them would think of entertaining in his individual capacity. The history of the past few years is filled full of these unhappy illustrations, and they are so glaring that it seems incredible the country does not take the alarm.

I have mentioned two other business associations—the telegraph companies and the express companies. Neither of these can be compared with the railroad corporations in the volume of power held and exercised. Both are American inventions. [Indeed, we may well say that the management and manipulation of the railroads, as I have endeavored to describe them, are American inventions.]

Since the eventful morning of the 4th of March, 1843, when Professor Morse, coming to the breakfast-table in Washington, was told that the Bill in aid of his telegraph which had failed to pass the evening before, was attached to another Bill and passed after midnight, the entire length and breadth of the land has been interlaced and the remotest parts brought in close connection through that subtle means of communication which we call elec-

tricity. Not so conspicuously active as the railroad or express companies, its influence is more subtle and insinuating, as its machinery is more rapid and penetrating, because it can be concentrated and brought to bear instantly on its object. The small expense, comparatively, in constructing a line of telegraph, its large compensation, the enormous quota of secret intelligence it must perforce acquire, place in its hands a responsibility and a power impossible to measure. This is not all. The last few years' experience has shown us that the demon of monopoly has taken possession of the great and powerful corporation which seeks to possess and control every avenue of telegraphic communication over the whole of the vast area of the United States. The history of the doings of this institution is a sickening one. The determination to crush every rival company, and the high-handed and audacious measures resorted to, have, of late especially, filled our journals. Imagine for a moment that success shall attend the efforts of this corporation. Imagine for a moment that only over its lines can you communicate anywhere on this continent. Picture to yourself that they who control this awful machine—for it is entitled to the appellation—also control great lines of railroad and other corporate interests *whose shares are on the various stockboards of the country*—— Why need I fill out the picture? You already comprehend what I would say, and I have your verdict that such an institution shall not be allowed to exist in this country. A healthy telegraph competition failing us, the telegraph lines, like the Post-office, must be made a part of our Government machinery.

In the latter part of the month of February, 1839, a young man by the name of William F. Harnden, of Boston, advertised in the newspapers that he would make a trip to New York as a public messenger, starting from Boston on the 4th day of March following. His route lay by Providence, and by steamboat on Long Island Sound. He started punctually and had in charge several bookseller's parcels, broker's packages, and considerable sums of uncurrent money to exchange. Almost immediately after he added freight to his list, having made arrangements with the railroad and steamboat companies which enabled him to expedite in advance of the ordinary passage. The business grew and promised so well that in the following year Mr. P. B. Burke and Alvin Adams established a similar company. Still a year later, Mr. Burke retired, and William B. Dinsmore joined Adams. Here was the beginning of the famous Adams Express Company, while Harnden ultimately, in conjunction with others, devoted his energies to the European Express business. From these two enterprises sprung the great lines, which, like arteries and veins, course the entire surface of the United States, penetrating other countries. And what an advance from the early beginnings! To undertake to deliver parcels in a neighboring city; to carry money-packages from one broker to another at different points, and to attend to matters of similar consequence was the object of the original express. Since then these companies have grown from year to year and their purposes have multiplied. They will deliver the smallest parcels, and at the same time the largest amount of merchandise in bulk. They not only do this, but they have perfected a system of "Express banking." They will collect money or pay money at any point over their numerous lines; they will attend to the presentation of drafts for acceptance and to their collection when due, or their protest if not paid, and this at remote points where no bank has correspondents or any means of communication. They will do even more. They will, to a certain extent, purchase and sell and forward for you. On every steamboat line, on every railroad line, and, when at the end of these, on every large stage line, across uninhabited or sparsely habited districts; through Mexico, into Central and over South America you will encounter the express-agent—sturdy, resolute, quick-witted—armed to the teeth, executing the orders of the "company," defending, at the risk of his life, attacks upon his consignments, and often sacrificing his life in endeavoring to protect them.

While there have been at times bitter rivalries between various companies, and while from time to time, as in railroad companies, stronger combinations have crushed out the weaker ones, there is not that perpetual, never-ending, unscrupulous warfare going on between the express companies such as we witness with the railroads. The express companies have a better understanding with each other; they are interlaced, they own each other's stock, which brings them under a kind of central control, and enables them to wield an immense influence. This influence appeared to culminate about ten years ago. For at that time the express companies were often in a position to dictate to the railroad companies, claiming to name one or more directors in the board, and claiming that certain articles formerly placed for a passenger in the baggage-car must be delivered to the express company. By degrees the express companies, as such, have come more and more under the control of the great railroad lines. In other words, these two great interests are becoming to a large extent united, and when united their joint power is nearly irresistible.

Thus much in relation to certain corporations, which contain within themselves every necessary element of a despotism—to wit, exclusive powers, rights and privileges in perpetuity. These companies have every advantage over the man who succeeds to titles and hereditary power, though these continue indefinitely from generation to generation. There is, and there always must be, a strong moral responsibility attending the action and the doings of an English nobleman. He cannot afford to defile his descent of hundreds of years. He can enter into no particular combinations beyond the link which is formed with those of his class, and which is mainly social.

The American corporation is hampered with none of these embarrassing circumstances. Power, the lust for which is ranked deadliest of human vices—power is the all-attractive, all-absorbing pursuit. Not that the ordinary work for which they were created is lost sight of; on the contrary, it is ordinarily performed with energetic efficiency. But I repeat that surely, it may be imperceptibly but with no step backward, these corporations intrench themselves in and around the vital points of our general, State, county and municipal Governments, one and all. They seek by various means a paramount and controlling influence with courts of justice, and they control efficiently its machinery by the employment of the ablest and most subtle legal talent.

In these observations I have endeavored to avoid all personal allusions. I have directed my remarks against the dangers which, as it appears to me, will surely come from these vast corporations which I denominate the "Governing Powers in the United States." I have remarked that I saw no special remedy for the vice of enormous personal accumulations beyond what lay in moral influence. Touching our corporations, the case is different. As they are creatures of the statute, laws can be employed to hold them in check. This can be done by circumscribing their powers, curtailing their profits, and

by such a careful oversight and supervision that they will be shorn of their extraordinary facilities and privileges, and brought strictly and surely within the scope and sphere of the duties for which they were created.

This will prove a most difficult matter. What if it prove to be impossible? What if it turns out that we are already so within the grasp of these corporations that we are helpless? Still there is a remedy; for if legislation fails, if the courts are stricken with paralysis, if all fountains of legitimate redress are destroyed, we have one other resource—public opinion. It is seldom stirred to its depths; but when stirred it is idle to resist it. It is that "higher power," before which wealth, though intrenched within its vast accumulations, turns pale; in whose presence corporations tremble and dishonest Legislatures quail; a power which tries the judge on the bench and the ruler in his cabinet; a power which invokes revolution—not the revolution of the barricades, but of the ballot—revolution peaceful, but which it is impossible to successfully oppose; a revolution which saves us from dynamite and the assassin; which places honest men at the front, and relegates rogues to their own place; a revolution brought about by the enlightened judgment of an educated people stirred by a sense of danger to the republic and its institutions.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS, CONTROLLING THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SYSTEM.—SEE PAGE 385.

SOME FLOWERS OF FANCY.

THAT the lily should symbolize purity seems appropriate enough, but why should parsley in olden times have been associated with death? It is recorded, as we know, that a few bundles of parsley once threw a whole Greek army into panic, because in Greece the tombs of the dead were strewn with the herb. With them "to be in need of parsley" was equivalent to being beyond hope. The name itself offers little explanation of this superstition, for it is derived from the Latin *retroselium*, which again was taken from the Greek name, signifying the "plant of the rocks." According to the myth, however, it sprang from the blood of Archemorus, or Orpheltes, the son of Lycurgus of Nemæa. Archemorus was killed by a serpent while his foster-mother was showing the soldiers of Adrastus where they might find a fountain. On the place where he died there sprang up the parsley, which the Greeks, in grief for his loss, wove into chaplets for the victors at the Nemæan games. At these games it was always customary to deliver a funeral oration in memory of Archemorus, while the participators were dressed in mourning. Hence the association of parsley with death among the Greeks, and the long-prevailing Western belief that the plant is "unlucky" is only another instance of the marvelous longevity of superstitions. Professor Dyer tells us that in Devonshire to transplant parsley is accounted a serious offense against the tutelary spirit of the herb, and is certain to be punished within the year by some great misfortune. In South Hampshire, the country-people will never give parsley away, for fear of trouble; and in Suffolk it is believed that if it be sown on any other day than Good Friday, it will not grow double. The *Folklore Record*, not long ago, gave the case of a gentleman near Southampton, whose gardener refused to sow some parsley-seed when ordered, because "it would be a bad day's work" for him to do so; the most he would do was to bring a plant or two, and throw them down for the master to pick up if he chose. To give them, however, the man regarded as fatal. But even to move parsley is regarded in some places to be unlucky, and we have read of a parish-clerk in Devonshire, who was bedridden, and who was popularly supposed to owe his trouble to having moved some parsley-beds. There is a similar superstition, we believe, in Germany, and many of our readers have probably often come across an old saying, that "Parsley fried will bring a man to his saddle and a woman to her grave." The allusion to the saddle is obscure; but it is obvious that all the superstitious dread of parsley is a survival of the old Greek fable immortalized in the Nemæan games.

That the rose should be associated with death may appear strange to some of our readers, yet so it was. The Greeks certainly used the rose in their funeral rites and for the decoration of their tombs. The Romans used it for similar purposes, and, we are told, often left legacies for the express purpose of keeping their tombs adorned with the flower. Whether it was by them that the practice was introduced into England is not capable of direct proof, but it is worthy of note that at Leckley, a place where the Romans were often located in large numbers, it was a custom of comparatively recent experience for girls to plant roses upon the graves of their dead lovers. Hence, no doubt, its origin in Gay's riddle:

> "What flower is that which royal honor craves?
> Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strewn on graves."

The answer is "Rosemary," which, although sometimes understood to mean the Rose of the Virgin Mary, was neither a rose, nor in any special way associated with the

Virgin. On the other hand, the rose is associated by most Catholics with the Mother of the Saviour, and in Italy especially, during the celebrations of May, the rose is abundantly used. By some it has been thought that the early association of the rose with death led to the expression "under the rose," applied to anything to be done in secret or silence. Others, again, have ascribed the origin of the expression to the perfect beauty of the flower, which, as language is unable to portray it, is a symbol of silence. Sir Thomas Browne, however, says the origin was either in the old custom of wearing chaplets of roses during the "Symposiack meetings," or else because the rose was the flower of Venus, "which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates, the god of silence." There is a basis of probability in both theories, and we know that the rose was peculiarly the property of the goddess of love. Indeed, according to the old fable, the flower was originally white until dyed by the blood which flowed from the foot of Venus, pierced by a thorn as she ran to the aid of her loved Adonis. Hence, Spenser says:

> "White as the native rose, before the change
> Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."

According to others, however, it was the blood of Adonis which dyed the flower. Thus Bion, in his Lament: "A tear the Paphian sheds for each blood-drop of Adonis, and tears and blood on the earth are turned to flowers. The blood brings forth the rose, and the tears the wind-flower. Woe, woe, for Adonis! he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!"

This tradition is preserved in the German name, Adonis-blume, which, however, is usually applied to the anemone. The rose, however, being the emblem of

ALVIN ADAMS, FOUNDER OF ADAMS EXPRESS.
SEE PAGE 385.

JAY GOULD, CONTROLLING THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILROAD SYSTEM AND THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH.

love, and love having a natural abhorrence of publicity, it is not difficult to see the connection with silence. It is said that the Romans used to place a decoration of roses in the centre of their dining-rooms, as a hint to the guests that all that was said at the banqueting-table was in the nature of "privileged communications," and in old Germany a similar custom long prevailed. In the sixteenth century a rose was placed over confessionals, and the inference is that the hint was then well understood. There was also an obvious meaning in the adoption by the Jacobites of this flower as the emblem of the Pretender, to whose service they were secretly sworn. It was the white rose which was especially affected by the Stuarts, and the Pretender's birthday, the 10th of June, was for long known as "White Rose Day," much as "Primrose Day" is now definitely associated with the late Lord Beaconsfield. Of course the story of the Wars of the Roses is known to everybody, and how, in consequence, the rose became the emblem of England, as the thistle is of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland.

In the East there is even more of poetic significance attached to a rose than with us. It is related of Sadi, the Persian poet, that, when a slave, he earned his freedom by the adroit use of the flower. One day he presented a rose to his master, with the remark, made with all humility: "Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this flower." This was in allusion to the Eastern fancy, which makes the white rose the emblem of life—transient and uncertain. In Persia they have a festival called "The Feast of the Roses," which lasts, as Moore tells us, during the blooming of the flowers. One of their great works is called "The Garden of Roses," and everybody knows how closely they associate the rose with the bulbul or nightingale. The belief is that the bird

derives his melody from the beauteous flower, and they say, "You may place a handful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, but he wants nothing more than the odor of his beloved rose."

Thomas Moore seizes, with happy effect, on this legend in "Lalla Rookh," which poem, indeed, is almost redolent of roses. But poetry generally is as full of the rose as the rose is of poetry, and it would take a great deal more space than we can spare to mention all the fancies and superstitious associations of the queen of flowers. Before quitting the subject, however, we should not omit to mention the Oriental traditions of how the rose received its various colors. It is said that when Mohammed was journeying to heaven, the sweat which fell from his forehead produced white roses, and that which fell from Al Borak produced yellow roses. But an older tradition is given by Sir John Mandeville. It is that of Zillah, the beauteous maiden of Bethlehem, who, being falsely accused, was condemned to be burned alive. At the stake the flames passed over her and shriveled up her accuser, while, on the spot where she stood, sprang up a garden of roses—red where the fire had touched, and white where it had passed. "And theise werein the first roseres that ever ony man saughe."

We have referred to the lily as the emblem of purity, but, curiously enough, this innocent-looking flower has its baleful superstitions as well. In Devonshire it is accounted unlucky to plant a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, and to do so is to insure misfortune, if not death, within a year. Yet this flower has always been closely associated with the Virgin Mary, and according to one legend, it sprang from some of the milk which fell to the ground as she was nourishing the infant Jesus. The Greeks, however, had a similar legend, ascribing the origin of the flower to a drop of Juno's milk. The Greeks have always made a favorite of the lily, and even to this day use it largely in making up bridal-wreaths, while the sacred significance which Christians have found in the flower may be traceable to Our Lord's use of it in imagery. In this connection, the legend of the budding lily of St. Joseph will be remembered, and we know that the mediæval painters generally depicted the Madonna with a lily in her hand. There is also a tradition that the lily was the principal ornament in the crown of Solomon, and typified love, charity, purity and innocence—a combination of virtues scarcely to be found in the character of the Wise King himself. Nor must we forget that the sacred flower of the East—the lotus—is a lily, and that even to name it seems to carry ineffable consolation to the Buddhist. Thus, the universal prayer of the Buddhist—that prayer which is printed on slips and fastened on cylinders which are incessantly revolving in Thibet—"Om mani padrue hum!" means simply, "Oh, the jewel in (or of) the lotus! Amen!" So Mr. Edwin Arnold, in "The Light of Asia":

> "Ah, Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
> I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee!
> I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good!
> I take my refuge in Thy Order! Om!
> The dew is on the lotus. Rise, Great Sun,
> And lift my leaf, and mix me with the wave.
> 'Om mani padrue hum,' the sunrise comes,
> The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea!"

It seems that the lily, or lotus, was held sacred also in ancient Egypt, and the capitals of many of the buildings bear the form of an open lotus-flower. And naturally, in a land of Buddhism like China, the lotus occupies an important place, both in art, in poetry and in popular fancy. It is recorded that the old Jews regarded the lily, or lotus (*Lilium candidum*), as a protection against enchantment, and it is said that Judith wore a wreath of lilies when she went to visit Holofernes, by way of counteractant charm.

The lotus, which is the sacred lily of the East, must not be confounded with the mysterious plant mentioned by Ulysses, and of which Tennyson has sung—the plant of oblivion and sensuousness. That there is an element of enchantment about the lily we have seen is still believed in our own country, but the association of misfortune with it is not universal. On the contrary, in some parts the leaf of the lily is supposed to have curative virtues in cases of cuts and wounds, and Gerarde, the old herbalist, even says that "the flowers of lily-of-the-valley, being close stopped up in a glass, put into an ant-hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which being outwardly applied, helpeth the gout."

We confess that we have heard of no experiments having been made with this remedy. But if not to cure gout, the flower has, it appears, been used to pay rents, for Grimm says that some lands in Hesse were held upon the condition of presenting a bunch of lily-of-the-valley every year. This, of course, would not be the whole burden, and the custom had, no doubt, a religious origin and significance. The flower is often associated with the sword of justice, and both the Dominicans and the Cistercians held it in high honor. It is worth noting, too, that some traditions make the lily the favorite flower of St. Cecilia, although the popular legend makes the angel bring her a bouquet of roses every night from Paradise.

But how did the lily become the badge of France? One tradition is that it was adopted by the French kings because it was the emblem of purity, and closely associated with both Christ and Solomon. One old legend has it that after one of the great battles of the Crusaders, the French banners were found covered with lilies. According to others, the Fleur-de-lys is merely a corruption of. Fleur-de-Luce, or Fleur-de-Louis, and was not a lily at all, but the purple iris, which Louis VII. adopted for his emblem on his departure for the Holy Land. On the other hand there is a legend that a shield of azure bearing the device of three golden lilies was presented by an angel to Clothilde, the wife of Clovis, and it is claimed that the lily has been the true national emblem since the time of that sovereign. Whatever the origin, however, of Fleur-de-lys, it certainly means lily now, and the "Lily of France" is a symbol as definite as the "Rose of England," or as the Shamrock of Ireland.

It is curious how much superstition and romance have clustered round the humble clover-leaf. Not one of us, perhaps, but, as a child, has spent hours in looking for the four-leaved clover that was to bring untold luck. What trouble to find it! What joy when found! And what little profit beyond the joy of the search! As the old couplet had it, somewhat inconsequently:

> "With a four-leav'd clover, double-topp'd ash, and green-topp'd seave,
> You may go before the queen's daughter without asking leave."

The advantage here is not very obvious, but the Devonshire people had a more defined idea of the virtue of the double clover, and they state it thus:

> "An even-leaved ash,
> And a four-leaved clover;
> You'll see your true lover
> Before the day's over."

But in Cambridgeshire it seems that the two-leaved clover is the object of desire, for there the saying goes:

"A clover, a clover of two,
Put it on your right shoe;
The first young man you meet,
In field, or lane, or street,
You shall have him,
Or one of his name."

This, while presenting a considerable amount of uncertainty in the result, at least has the merit of presaging something. In other parts, however, and in more ancient days, the carrying of the four-bladed clover was believed to bring luck in play and in business, safety on a journey, and the power of detecting evil spirits. In Germany the clover was held almost sacred whenever it had two or four blades. Now, as to luck, a curious thing is stated by the author of "The Plant Lore of Shakespeare." He says that clover is a corruption of "clava," a club, and that to this day we preserve the emblem of luck on our playing-cards in painting the suit of clubs! Somehow the etymology here does not seem very satisfying; but, at any rate, we all know what "living in clover" means. Yet, perhaps, every one does not know that in rural districts the clover is looked upon as a capital barometer, the leaves becoming rough to the feel when a storm is impending. Professor Dyer, indeed, quotes a writer who says that when tempestuous weather is coming the clover will "start and rise up as if it were afraid of an assault." It is probable that the association of good luck with the four-bladed clover arose from its fancied resemblance to the cross. Support is given to this hypothesis by the traditional origin of the shamrock as the badge of Ireland. In the account given of St. Patrick in "The Book of Days," it is stated that once when the saint wanted to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity to his pagan hearers, he plucked a piece of the common white clover. Now it seems that the trefoil is called "shamrakh" in Arabic, and was held sacred in Persia. And it is remarkable that Pliny says the trefoil is an antidote against the bite of snakes and scorpions. It is not by any means certain that the common clover was the original shamrock of Ireland; and even to this day many claim the title for the wood-sorrel. Still, for fifty years, at any rate, the popular belief has been that the trefoil-clover is the plant which was plucked by St. Patrick, who drove out the snakes from Ireland, who is still her patron-saint, and whose badge is worn to this day. But how did the name come from Arabia, and what is the connection between Pliny's theory and the legend of St. Patrick's victory over the vermin? These remain among the unsolved mysteries of folk-lore.

With the emblem of Scotland—the thistle—we shall not find so many classical associations and active superstitions, but yet it is not devoid of folk-lore. Of course opinions differ as to what was or is the true Scotch thistle, but of the several varieties of thistles many beliefs are entertained. One variety—the Carline—is esteemed in some parts as a barometer, as it closes up when rain is approaching. In Tartary there is a variety which grows to such a size that it is planted for shelter on the windward side of the huts on the Steppes. This thistle is called the "Wind Witch," because, after the heat of the Summer is past, the dried portions take the form of a ball, with which the spirits are supposed to make merry in the autumnal gales. The origin of the name thistle is probably Scandinavian, and associated with Thor. The plant was, at any rate, sacred to the Scandinavian god, and was believed by the old Vikings to receive the color of the lightning into its blossom, which thereupon became endowed with high curative and protective virtues. If we mistake not, it was a species of thistle on Dartmoor which used to be called Thornmantle, and was used in the district as a febrifuge. We have also read that in Poland some infantile disorders are supposed to be the work of mischievous spirits using thistle-seed.

The Lady's Thistle, which some believe to be the true Scotch thistle, was one of the many plants associated with the Virgin. The tradition, according to Brand, is that the white spots on the leaves are due to the falling of some drops of the Holy Mother's milk, a legend we have seen to be attached also to the lily. Then the great Emperor Charlemagne's name is blended with that of the Carline Thistle, the story being that during the prevalence of an epidemic among his troops, he prayed to God for help. An angel appeared, and indicated, by firing an arrow, a plant which would allay the disease. This was the *Carlina acaulis*, which, of course, cured all the sick soldiers, and possibly may have some of the febrifuge virtues which the Dartmoor people fancied existed in some kinds of thistle. Nettle-soup, as we know, is still a familiar housewife's remedy for some childish ailments.

In Germany there is said to be a superstition that sores upon horses' backs may be cured by gathering four red thistle-blossoms before daybreak, and placing them in the form of a square upon the ground with a stone in the middle. It is not easy to trace the probable origin of this belief, but many of the old herbalists mention the thistle as efficacious in cases of vertigo, headaches, jaundice and "infirmities of the gall." Says one, "It is an herb of Mars, and under the sign Aries." Therefore, "it strengthens the attractive faculty of man and clarifies the blood, because the one is ruled by Mars. The continual drinking the decoction of it helps red faces, tetters and ringworms, because Mars causeth them. It helps the plague, sores, boils, itches, the bitings of mad dogs and venomous beasts, all which infirmities are under Mars." This same writer agrees with Dioscoriles that the root of a thistle carried about "doth expel melancholy and remove all diseases connected therewith." In other words, the thistle was held to possess all the virtues now claimed for podophyllin, blue-pill and dandelion—a universal anti-bilious agent.

But how did the thistle become the emblem of Scotland? Well, there are as many traditions on the subject as there are opinions as to which variety of the plant is the true Scotch thistle. It is impossible here to refer to all, so we may mention that although the *Carduus Marianus*, or the Blessed or Lady's Thistle—the origin of whose name we have given—is very commonly accepted, so competent an authority as the author of "Nether Lochaber" rejects both that and all other varieties in favor of the *Cnicus acaulis*, or the stemless thistle. In doing this, he founds his belief upon the following tradition: Once, during the invasion of Scotland by the Norsemen, the invaders were stealing a march in the dark upon the Scots, when one of the barefooted scouts placed his foot upon a thistle, which caused him to cry out so loudly that the Scots were aroused, and, flying to their horses, drove back the Danes with great slaughter. Now, this could not happen, says "Nether Lochaber," with any of the tall thistles, but only with the stemless thistle, which has sharp, fine spikes, and grows close on the ground. This, at least, is as reasonable an explanation as any of the great national badge of Scotland. It but remains to add that

HUNTING THE IGUANA IN THE FORESTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

the first mention of the thistle as a national emblem occurs in an inventory of the jewels and other effects of James III., about 1467, and its first mention in poetry in a poem by Dunbar, written about 1503, to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, and called "The Thrissell and the Rois." The Order of the Thistle dates from James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, about 1687.

And now, as we began with the wreath of parsley, which symbolizes death, let us end with the crown of orange-blossoms, which, among us, now symbolizes the twofold life of the married state. Among the Greeks, the brides used to wear garlands of myrtle and roses, because both of these plants were associated with the goddess of love. In China the orange has, from time immemorial, been an emblem of good luck, and is freely used to present to friends and guests. But although the orange is said to have been first brought by the Portuguese from China in 1547, nevertheless this fruit is supposed to have been the golden apple of Juno, which grew in the Garden of Hesperides. As the golden apple was presented to the queen of heaven upon her marriage with Jupiter, we find here a definite explanation of the meaning attached to the fruit, But, besides this, it seems that orange-blossom was used centuries ago by Saracen brides in their personal decorations on the great day of their lives. It was meant to typify fruitfulness, and it is to be noted that the orange-tree bears both fruit and blossom at the same time, and is remarkable for its productiveness. It is possible, then, that the idea of orange-blossom for bridal decoration was brought from the East by the Crusaders ; but we have been unable to trace at what date the custom began to be followed in England. However introduced, and whether retained as a symbol or merely for the exquisite beauty of the flower, it will continue to hold its place in the affections of the maiden bride, to whom it seems to sing:

"Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you."

CAPTURING AN IGUANA.

THE repulsive-looking iguana is perhaps the most unattractive creature used for human food. The family is a large one, and claims America as its special and exclusive abode. Columbus, in his first voyage, saw and described the strange-looking creature.

The iguana is found in the West Indies and in nearly all parts of tropical America, there being some fifty varieties, but none that can claim beauty of form.

"Who be ye that seek admission ?
Who cometh for food and rest ?"

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 399.

The iguana is a percher on trees, living almost wholly among the branches, to which it clings with its powerful feet, and on which it finds the greater part of its food. It is almost always to be found on the trees that are in the vicinity of water, and especially favors those which grow upon the banks of a river, where the branches overhang the stream.

Though not one of the aquatic lizards, the iguana is quite at home in the water, and, if alarmed, will often plunge into the stream, and either dive or swim rapidly away. While swimming it lays its fore-legs against the sides, so as to afford the smallest possible resistance to the water, stretches out the hinder legs, and by a rapid, serpentine movement of its long and flexible tail passes swiftly through the waves.

It has considerable power of enduring immersion—as, indeed, is the case with nearly all reptiles—and has been known to remain under water for an entire hour, and at

the end of that time to emerge in perfect vigor. From the aspect of this long-tailed, dewlapped, scaly, spiny lizard, most persons would rather recoil than feel attracted, and the idea of eating the flesh of so repulsive a creature would not be likely to occur to them.

Yet, in truth, the flesh of the iguana is justly reckoned as one of the delicacies of the country where it resides, being tender and of a peculiarly delicate flavor, not unlike the breast of a Spring chicken.

There are various modes of cooking the iguana, roasting and boiling being the most common. Making it into a fricassee, however, is the mode which has met the largest general approval, and a dish of iguana cutlets, when properly dressed, takes a very high place among the delicacies of a well-spread table. The eggs, too, of which the female iguana lays from four to six dozen, are very well flavored and in high repute. It is rather curious that they contain very little albumen, the yellow filling almost the entire shell. As is the case with the eggs of the turtle, they never harden by boiling, and only assume a little thicker consistence.

Some persons of peculiar constitutions cannot eat either the flesh or the eggs of the iguana, and it is said that this diet is very injurious to some diseases. The eggs are hid by the female iguana in sandy soil near rivers, lakes, or the sea-coast, and after covering them with sand, she leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

In consequence of the excellence of the flesh and eggs, the iguana is greatly persecuted by mankind, and its numbers considerably thinned. Those who hunt the animal for sport, or merely to supply their own homes, generally employ a noose for the purpose, which they cast dexterously round the neck of the reptile as it sits on a branch, and then, by a sudden and sharp jerk, loosen its hold and secure it. The creature is very bold, having but little idea of running away, and, in general, is so confident of its capability of frightening away its antagonist by puffing up its long dewlap and looking ferocious that it is captured before it discovers its mistake.

Even when caught it has no notion of yielding without a struggle, but bites so fiercely with its sharp, leaf-like teeth, and lashes so vigorously with its long, whip-like tail, that it is not secured without some trouble and risk. It is also very tenacious of life, and does not readily die even from repeated blows with heavy sticks, so that the spear or the pistol are often employed to kill it.

Those, however, who hunt the iguana for sale are obliged to have recourse to other expedients, such as nets and dogs, the latter being trained to secure the iguana without killing it.

Many persons set out on regular expeditions of this sort, embarking in a little vessel, and visiting numbers of different islets and inlets in chase of the iguana. Those which they can succeed in taking alive have their mouths carefully secured to prevent them from biting, and are stowed away in the hold, where they will live for a considerable time without requiring any nourishment. Those which are killed are either eaten on the spot, or else they are salted down in barrels and preserved for Winter consumption.

Were the iguanas quick of foot, they would seldom be captured; but, fortunately for the hunters, they cannot run fast, and according to the quaint language of Catesby, who visited the Bahamas about 1740, "their holes are a greater security to them than their heels."

The food of the iguana seems to consist almost entirely of fruits, fungi and other vegetable substances, and it is known that in captivity it feeds upon various leaves and flowers.

The iguana is capable of domestication, and can be tamed without much difficulty by those who are kind to it and accustom it to their presence. It will even permit itself to be carried about in its owner's arms, though it will not permit a stranger to approach.

The general aspect of the iguana is most remarkable, and can perhaps be better understood by reference to the illustration than by any lengthened description. Suffice it to say that the head is rather large, and covered above with large scales. The mouth is enormously wide, and studded around the edge with those singularly shaped teeth which have already been described. Above the angles of the jaw there are generally some large, solitary, rounded scales. The chin is furnished with a kind of dewlap, large, baggy, and capable of being inflated at the will of the animal, scaly, and edged in front with a row of bold, tooth-like projections. The sides of the neck are covered with tubercles. The tail is extremely long, and very thin and tapering. The usual color of the iguana is dark olive-green, but is rather variable even in the same individual, being affected by change of weather, or locality, or temper. On the sides a few brown bands are generally seen, and the tail is marked with brown and green of various tones, the two colors being arranged in alternate rings.

The average length of the iguana is about four feet, but it often attains a much greater size, reaching a length of six feet or a little more.

MAKING GOLD LACE.

One of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. This rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

A LAUGHING PLANT.

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them; and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition

for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep; and when he awakes, he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

BOOKBINDING.

THE bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church-books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description.

At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with their tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was also a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold.

ANIMALS AS BAROMETERS.

I DO not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterward. This animal is never seen except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree-snail, two days before a rain, will climb up the stems of plants, and, if the rain is going to be a long one, will get on the sheltered side of a leaf; but if a short rain, on the outside.

Then there are species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by protuberances, which before a rain rise as large as tubercles. At the end of each tubercle is a pore, which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails, deep indentations, beginning at the head, between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows that when the swallows fly low rain is coming—continues the writer of these words, in a contemporary—sailors, when the sea-gulls fly toward the land—when the stormy petrels appear, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called—predict foul weather.

Take the ants. Have you never noticed the activity they display before the storm, hurrying, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire, as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, and frogs croak more clamorously.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening; slugs, worms and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at the windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that the cat licks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches and toothaches.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.

(1654.)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'TWAS a Saturday night, mid-winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction—
"For Heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent,
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago—
Or ever Sir George went sailing*
Away o'er the wild sea-foam—
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed: As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes a-strain:
"*See! See!*"—and the boy's hand pointed—
"*There's a face at the window-pane!*"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am Chief of the Roan-oke."

* Sir George Yeardley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia in 1626.

Straight in through the frightened children,
  Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
  From his shoulder, a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deerskins,
  With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
  Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
  Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
  Bent on him, was strange to see.
And then with a voice whose yearning
  The father could scarcely stem,
He said—to the children pointing—
  "I want him to be like *them!*

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam;
  I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
  To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water,
  To break with the plow the sod—
To be kind to papoose and woman—
  To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" And the Lady
  Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
  And drink of my Christmas beer.
My sweethearts, this night remember,
  All strangers are kith and kin.
This night, when the dear Lord's Mother
  Could find no room at the inn!"

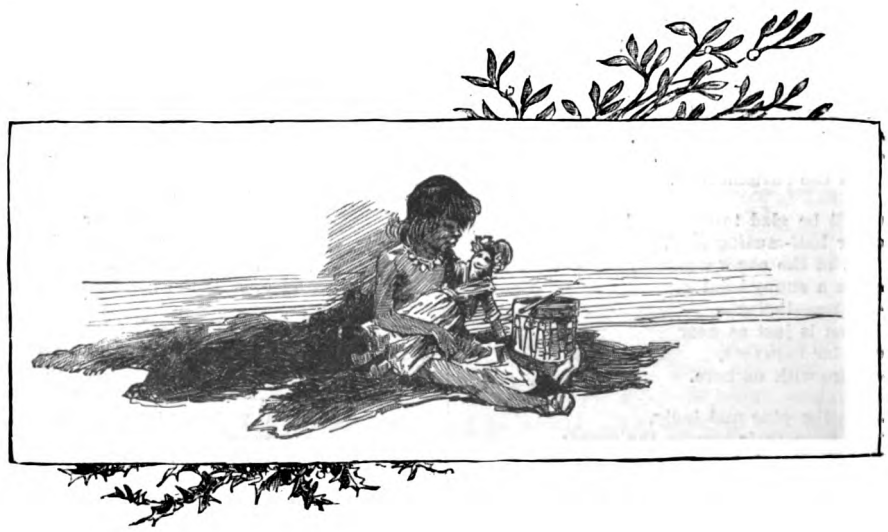
* * * * *

Next morn from the colony belfry
  Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
  Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
And the Lady with bright-eyed children
  Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the Chief in his skins and wampum,
  Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
  Broke fiercely a sullen cry:
"*Out! out! with the crafty redskin!*
  Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
  And swords from their sheaths flashed bare,
And men from their seats defiant
  Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
  As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman,
  The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
  Her hand on the Chief's brown breast,
"*Ye dare not impeach my honor!*
  Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped at her word their weapons,
  Half-shamed as the Lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
  And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
  That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
  Had shown on a Christmas Day!



THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME.—"WILD WITH INDIGNATION AND PAIN, SHE SCREAMED LOUDLY. KENT, RUSHING TO THE SPOT, BEHELD HER STRUGGLING IN DIMMICK'S ROUGH EMBRACE. PULLING OUT A PISTOL, KENT FIRED,"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WAYSIDE TINTS.

By Mrs. S. C. Stone.

Asters, sumachs, and golden-rods!
Kings and queens of the ripened year!
Bright with the first autumnal rains
And earliest suns, we find you here.

Not in the groves do you hold your court,
Rather your haunts are the hillsides bare,
The lonely lanes and the ruined fort,
And the wayside banks your liveries wear.

Lances of crimson and spears of gold,
And crowns of purple and silver sheen,
All of the wayside nooks now hold,
Marshaled against their living green.

Over your ranks the barberry leans,
Waving its fingers of loyal red,
And the wild vine mingles its tender greens
With the flame of the woodbine overhead.

Where is the painter can match your dyes?
Who, with such royal largess, fling
The rarest tints where the fewest eyes
May find them out and their praises sing?

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME;

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By Celia Logan.

Chapter I.—A Kiss and a Curse.

A sleepy old slave was drawing out the figures of what would now be called a carpet-dance. A couple of violins and a piano furnished the music for the young folks to dance to at the little merrymaking given to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of Grace, the only daughter of Dr. Morton, the most popular physician in all Kentucky at the time, at least a dozen years before the late war. In those old slave days in the South, splendor and simplicity were often found together under one roof, and so it need not be thought strange that while the birthday party was of the most informal character, Dr. Morton's present to his daughter was a magnificent diamond necklace.

After admiring the splendid gift and exhibiting it to her adopted sister Agnes, Grace ran over to show it to her bosom-friend, Miss Cameron.

Lost in wonder at the beauty of the necklace, Mary Cameron asked Grace to leave it with her until the afternoon, so that she might show it to her brother Kent. As Grace was secretly in love with the brother of her schoolmate and friend, in his name the guileless young girl would have granted any request, however foolish. Mary promised to bring the necklace to the ball, as the little dance was grandiloquently called.

So Grace left the necklace. Little did either of them foresee the terrible consequences which were destined to arise from this girlish act of trust and confidence.

Agnes was the daughter of a friend of the physician. Both had lost their wives at nearly the same hour, leaving them each with a female infant upon his hands. Agnes's father desired the doctor to care for his child while he sought to bury his grief in foreign travel. To oblige his friend and to have a companion for his own little one, the benevolent, stay-at-home country doctor consented.

Remittances were sent to him for the first eight or nine years of Agnes's life, then all communications ceased, but having abiding faith in his friend's integrity, Dr. Morton charitably concluded that he had died in some foreign land and made no sign, and so by the time Agnes reached womanhood she had come to be regarded as the good doctor's own child and was always called Agnes "Morton."

She was a brilliant beauty, but a heartless flirt, and more than one difficulty that threatened serious consequences had arisen on account of her unscrupulous toying with men's hearts. Southerners were hot-headed and rash in those days. It was usually a word and a blow with them, and the blow first.

It took all the doctor's tact to keep the peace between the lovers of his adopted daughter.

Mary Cameron was not so beautiful as Agnes, but was possessed of a far higher moral nature, and was of a quiet, self-contained bearing.

The Camerons were orphan twins who lived alone in their little home attended by their two slaves, Sue and Jacob. The house was very old, built in the old-fashioned Southern style, of two stories, and straggling over a good deal of ground. It had descended from father to son through many generations of Camerons, and had been named by some of the first of them "The Old Cameron Home," but in course of time had come to be called "The Old Kentucky Home." The last Mrs. Cameron had been a stanch Southerner, and finding herself the mother of twins, had proudly and loyally named them after the sister States of Maryland and Kentucky. Fortunately for the boy and girl, these appellations were capable of being contracted into "Kent" and "Mary," and so they were generally called. Their parents died while they were still children, leaving them to the care of a grandfather, their sole relative, who bequeathed them his possessions, but hampered by a singular condition.

And still the old slave was drawing out the figures when the twins arrived, and in the waiting-room of Dr. Morton's house they met Charles Dimmick, Grace's cousin. Mary gave him the diamond necklace to take at once to his cousin, saying:

"Tell her I'm sorry I was not here at the opening of the ball, but Kent was late and kept me waiting, and I've to take off my things, put on my slippers and scold him before I go in, so take her the necklace quick!"

Dimmick promised to give the necklace at once to Grace, and left the twins alone.

"And now," said Mary, playfully, "please give an explanation of what kept you from home all the afternoon, brother Kent."

"I have been with Agnes," he answered, with an air of "I must out with it now, or never!"

"With Agnes!" echoed his sister. "What for?"

"To try and induce her to become my wife; and she has consented."

"Consented to become your wife?—Agnes?" she said.

"Yes; I know you would sooner I married Grace, but my heart has never wholly gone out to her, and Agnes alone can make my happiness. But you do not congratulate me. Are you not glad?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a forced smile; "as glad as I can be of anything that will really cause a separation between us."

Kent said, impatiently:

"You know there must have come a time when each of us would seek a mate, and you were the first to do so. In becoming the wife of Roderic Hope, you follow the inclinations of your own heart, as I do in choosing Agnes. But, come, are you ready? There's a waltz beginning. Let's go into the ballroom."

Kent found young Hope, and turning his sister over to him, went in search of Agnes, who was not on the floor.

Maryland's betrothed was twenty-five years old, tall, and of that massive build and breadth betokening Scotch descent. His face was rather square than oval, with firm lines about the mouth and chin. Blue eyes and sandy hair softened the sternness of the countenance, and all pronounced him a handsome man, of a truly masculine type of beauty. In disposition Roderic was grave, and of an argumentative, thoughtful mind; possessing, in short, in an eminent degree those gifts calculated to insure him a brilliant future in his profession, that of the law. In point of temperament and high principles, the couple were well suited to each other, but now all they thought of was to enjoy the golden hours of youth and love, and the delights of the dance.

Charles Dimmick was one of Agnes Morton's many admirers, and she had encouraged and led him on almost until the moment of her acceptance of Kent. The first intimation Dimmick had of his being cast off, was her refusal to dance with him, but she danced with others. This so enraged the irascible and jealous man, that in watching and pursuing Agnes he forgot to give Grace the necklace. At the conclusion of a round dance with a man he detested because he thought him a favored rival, Dimmick hurried up, and drawing Agnes's arm within his, he whispered that he must and would speak to her alone. He led her out on to the veranda, and in a secluded part, unseen by the dancers, and with no one within earshot and the sound of the music distant, Dimmick, with almost a tone of command, bade Agnes be seated.

"I will not!" she answered, in a tone of cool contempt; "what do you mean by half dragging me out here, all by ourselves? Fortunately, I want a breath of air, so I forgive you, but I wish to be alone. Go, leave me!"

"I will not," said Dimmick; "not until I have had an explanation with you!"

"An explanation of what?"

"Of why you persist in breaking off with me?"

She turned away, not deigning to reply.

"Will you not answer?" he demanded, in low, resolute tones, but striving to control himself.

"You have no right to compel me to!" she answered, sullenly.

"No right! no right!" he reiterated. "So, then, you were deceiving me when you said you loved me?"

"I—I——" stammered the girl, for once abashed and hanging her head.

"Come," he said, roughly; "tell me the truth. I will be satisfied with nothing less," seizing her hand.

"Let me go!" she said, trying to pass him.

He barred the way, saying:

"Not until I have warned you of the consequences of your treachery. Remember that you pledged yourself to me, solemnly. You said you loved me, and promised to be my wife. That was but a month ago, and now you try to cast me off, without even a word of explanation; but I'll show you that I am not a man to be trifled with like that."

"Speak lower, for Heaven's sake!" said Agnes, as his voice rose with his increasing anger.

"Tell me his name, I say, that I may put a bullet through his brain. *Who* is the man that has caught your fickle fancy, and for whose sake you would not even dance with me to-night? His name, I say! Tell me!"

"I will not," she said, endeavoring to brush past him, but he caught and held her in such an iron grasp that she could scarcely repress a scream.

"Let me go!" she cried, "or I will call for help!"

"Call, call, if you like. *I* do not care. It is *you* only who have cause to fear the scandal of an exposure."

"Scandal! Exposure!" she echoed. "Why, what have *I* done wrong! Nothing, and you cannot make it appear that I have, so what can you do or say?"

"Say! Why, I will say to this new lover of yours that you were mine before you were his; that you dropped me for him. He will throw you off, and disgraced, you will be glad to take up with me again, and beg you to marry you."

"Marry you! Never! What! after this scene! this revelation of your character! Why, I would not marry you now if you were the last man in the world."

"Then I will kill the man you do marry," he said.

Agnes replied, calmly:

"Your threats do not frighten me; they only make me hate you."

"Hate me!" said the man, fairly staggering, and losing of a sudden his anger, he repeated, tenderly: "Hate *me!* after all that we have been to each other! You *cannot* hate me—unsay that! You shall love me again; I will forgive you this passing fancy; we will call this misunderstanding but a lovers' quarrel, and be all in all to each other once again."

"Never!" said Agnes, determined to pass him, for the music had begun again, and she knew some one or other would be coming to look for her, and she did not want to be found alone with Dimmick. "Never! You may forgive me, but I never can forgive you for your violence, threats and insults of to-night. Once more I ask you to end this folly and let me go quietly into the house."

"Quietly!" he retorted, with a bitter laugh. "Quietly, after you have ruined me for life? Quietly! why, woman, do you know that I have almost beggared myself for you? That to give you the costly presents which you have so lightly accepted I have committed—— But what matters it to you if I have bartered my very soul and salvation to obtain trinkets for you? See here," he said, drawing Grace's necklace from his pocket; "take it, and give me but a kiss in exchange—the last——"

He flung the necklace at her, and seizing her, kissed her savagely.

Wild with indignation and pain, she screamed loudly. Kent, who had been seeking her, heard the shriek, and rushing to the spot, beheld her struggling in Dimmick's rough embrace. Pulling out a pistol, Kent fired.

Dimmick instantly released his hold, staggered, and as he fell, hissed out:

"You light o' love! curse you!"

CHAPTER II.

THE O'ER-FRAUGHT HEART.

THE report of the pistol brought every one to the veranda, and when Dr. Morton knelt and examined Dimmick, it was to find him dead.

With the smoking pistol in Kent's hand, there was little doubt as to who had done the deed. In fact, he confessed, saying that he had had an altercation with Dimmick about the necklace which he had refused to relinquish, and for which Kent's sister was responsible. In the struggle that ensued for its possession Kent, in a sudden impulse, fired, without, however, any intent to kill. This was looked upon as a flimsy attempt to hide the true cause of quarrel—jealousy on Agnes's account. Kent was arrested on the spot.

No one believed that Dimmick had met his death because he tried to appropriate his cousin's diamonds.

The feeling in Kentucky is that a man's betrothed

A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.— SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, FORTY YEARS AGO.— SEE PAGE 410.

should be as sacred as his wife. The people believed that Kent had come between Dimmick and enticed from him his promised bride, and popular indignation ran high against Kent Cameron. The crowd was so great at Dimmick's funeral that it overflowed into the adjoining streets, and the feeling ran so high that threats were openly made of lynching his murderer. Murderer! That appalling word penetrated even to the ears of his sister in her seclusion, for since the tragedy she had resolutely refused herself to visitors, and in particular most positively declined to see or speak to Agnes Morton, whom she looked upon as the willful cause of all the trouble. Agnes deeply resented this refusal to see her, as she feared that it might create a prejudice against her, and on the day of the funeral, knowing the home would be deserted by the men, Agnes slipped into the house, went noiselessly upstairs, and opened the door and went into Maryland's sitting-room. Starting up from her chair, Mary confronted her, abruptly demanding:

"What do you want? Why do you come here?

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON—PRESENT APPEARANCE.

Did I not send word that you alone of all the Morton family I would not see ?"

"I don't see why," replied Agnes, composedly. "I am not to blame."

"Not to blame! Not you! Who, then, is to blame that my brother is now a prisoner, and in peril of his life ? Who but you ?"

"I am *not* to blame," repeated Agnes ; "not in the least. Dimmick had long been thrusting his unwelcome attentions upon me, and that night on the veranda I made him understand that I would have no more of them. For reply he seized me roughly in his arms and kissed me. At that moment Kent, who had been looking for me, came up, and driven suddenly mad—I suppose—by jealous fury, shot Dimmick dead. So you see I was not to blame."

"You were to blame for flirting with Dimmick."

"Well," said Agnes, nonchalantly, "if you call flirting admitting him to some degree of intimacy in order to learn his character before intrusting to him the happiness of my life, then I *did* flirt with him ; but *I* think that a girl should have as wide a circle of suitors as possible, because her choice of a husband, once made, must be abided by, be the consequences what they may ; so, finding upon better acquaintance that I did not like Dimmick for a husband, I rejected him in favor of your brother—that was all there was to it."

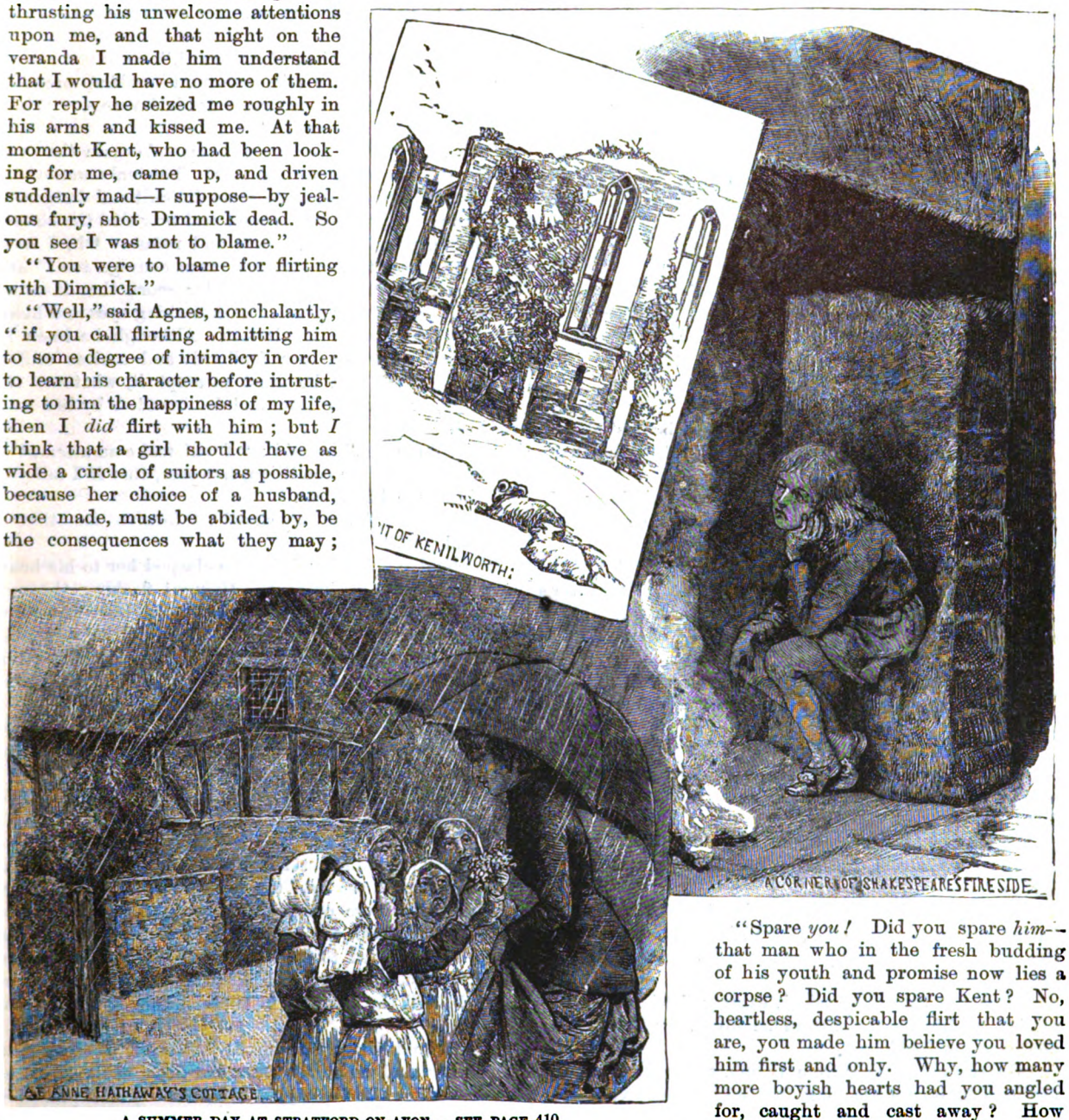
"Indeed !"

"Yes, indeed. Anything worse than that I defy you to prove. Not a ribbon, not a flower, not a note did I ever send Dimmick ; there was *nothing* he could show."

"And," inquired Maryland, "are there no other means than written words and the interchange of love-tokens that may make a man think a woman's heart is wholly his ? Oh, but there *are* looks and tones, smiles and low whispers which are the wiles of the practiced flirt. She needs little else to bring a lover to her feet, there to spurn when weary of him. And when the hour of reckoning comes she is amazed that she should be blamed, even though blood be shed for her false sake."

Agnes turned pale and gasped :

"Spare me ! spare me !"



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.— SEE PAGE 410.

"Spare *you !* Did you spare *him*—that man who in the fresh budding of his youth and promise now lies a corpse ? Did you spare Kent ? No, heartless, despicable flirt that you are, you made him believe you loved him first and only. Why, how many more boyish hearts had you angled for, caught and cast away ? How many more men would my brother have had to slay to clear his pathway to your arms ?"

"Mercy ! mercy !" entreated Agnes.

"Mercy ! You ask for mercy—you who showed none ! Well, I *will* show you mercy—the mercy of silence and contempt. Go your way in life, and let me go mine, my eyes unsullied by the sight of you."

Agnes had been groveling at Maryland's feet. Stung to the quick, she now started up, exclaiming :

"All this virtuous indignation for a harmless flirtation !"

"Harmless!" said Mary. "See what the end has been! Leave me, before I am tempted to point you out to the world as that heartless woman whose hypocritical beguiling led one man to his death, and it may be another to the scaffold!"

"Point *me* out!" cried Agnes. "Take care, you proud and stony-hearted girl, that some day you yourself be not pointed out as a creature to be shunned? For who among us may not become the victim of circumstantial evidence which will convince the world of his guilt! But I care little for what you think, so long as my own conscience does not reproach me."

So saying, Agnes left the room.

Maryland sank exhausted into a chair. Her sorrow had taken that dangerous form which sheds no tear, the hardest of all to bear, for

"——the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUING PARTY.

AGNES had not been gone half an hour when there was a light tap at the door, and Roderic entered when Maryland said, "Come in!"

"You here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered; "did you not know I would come? I thought that at first you would be best alone."

"And you did not stay away because of my brother's disgrace?"

"Oh, my darling, how could you so misjudge me?" he asked, and drawing her to his breast, he kissed her tenderly.

The tried heart suddenly melted; the floodgates of the dried eyes opened, and Maryland wept long on her lover's breast. He held her silently until the much needed storm subsided. At length she calmed herself sufficiently to ask if he had seen Kent.

"No," he replied; "they would not admit me, but they assure me that he is well, and confident of acquittal."

"And so am I," she answered, "if they will allow him to stand his trial; but our black boy tells me that the people call Kent a murderer, and threaten to lynch him."

Roderic mentally cursed the officious slave for babbling to his mistress, but all he said in reply was to urge her to be calm.

"Calm! calm! when his life is at stake? Merciful Father in heaven, I shall go mad if I sit here inactive. Can I do nothing to help; can you do nothing to save him?"

"What can I do?" he asked, eagerly, for he was ready to risk his life for the woman he loved. "What would you have me do?"

"Release my brother from prison, and quickly, before the mob in its unreasoning fury may do him violence."

"What! *I* release him, alone and unaided?"

"No, not alone. My brother has friends as well as Dimmick, and if they can break into the jail to lynch Kent, surely other resolute men can do the same to rescue him."

"It is a risky and a dangerous thing to attempt," said Roderic, musingly.

"Are you afraid?" asked Maryland.

"No, not to expose my own life; but I doubt if I have the right to enlist others in a lawless undertaking which endangers their lives, and might not succeed in liberating Kent."

"That remains to be seen."

"And if I should succeed in releasing him, what good would it do? He would soon be retaken, thrown into prison again, and compelled to stand his trial with the fact against him that he sought by flight to evade honest inquiry into his act. That would create still greater prejudice against him than already exists. Believe me, he is too well guarded to be in danger from outsiders. Let me advise you to let the law take its course. He may be acquitted, or get off with an easy sentence. Listen to reason."

"Your reason is that of a coward."

"Coward!" said Roderic, drawing himself up proudly, and a flush of anger overspreading his features. "Have I deserved that reproach?"

"Yes, for you have sworn time and again that you would risk anything for my sake. You only wanted an opportunity, you said, to do some difficult and dangerous deed to prove your love for me; and now that the chance has come, you hesitate, argue and refuse. Oh, I have put your love to the test, and your courage too!" and Maryland laughed with such bitter scorn that it stung her lover to the very quick. With flashing eyes and heaving chest he sprang to his feet. Although he knew he was being urged on to a foolhardy and useless undertaking, he felt that he must attempt it, whatever the outcome, or lose her love, and be branded by her as a coward.

"Say no more!" he said; "I will make an attempt to rescue Kent, on the condition, however, that if I fail you will hold me blameless."

"I promise," she answered; "forgive me that I doubted you."

She held out her hand, but he clasped her to his heart in a convulsive embrace, the thought flashing through his mind that it might be their last. He bent and whispered in her ear:

"I will go at once and organize a rescuing party; but be silent as the grave itself. I may succeed in storming the jail to-night. Keep cool and quiet—farewell."

Another kiss, and the brave knight of modern days was gone, to lay down his young life, perhaps, for the sake of his betrothed.

Maryland fell upon her knees, invoking Divine aid upon his efforts.

* * * * * *

Directly opposite her home stood the little old frame jail. She could see into the prison-yard from the upper window of a room over the kitchen. All that day she wandered through the house, a prey to anxiety and suspense. It seemed to her that night would never come. It did at last, and all night long she watched the prison from behind the curtains of the window overlooking the jail-yard.

A hundred times she asked herself if Roderic had failed her, and as many times her heart replied that he would be true to the end. The next day she passed in the same state of suspense and deferred hope, and still there was no sign of extraordinary moment in the prison opposite. In after years Maryland remembered those days of watching and waiting as the longest in her life.

Time wore to midnight of the second night, and Maryland, who had momentarily left her post, flew back to it as a noise of feet and a confused murmuring struck upon her ear.

Her heart seemed to cease beating in the agony of expectation.

Could it be that the rescuing party had at last begun its work?

The pale Spring moon shone brightly at times from behind the shifting clouds, heavy and black with promised rain. When Maryland reached the window there was already a crowd of men moving about in the jail-yard, but she could not distinguish their features. Their faces all looked black, and a parting cloud revealing the moon, enabled her to see that they were masked. Who were they?—lynchers or rescuers? How to determine that? She could not.

They surrounded the old jail, and for a while were strangely silent. Then they seemed to begin the attack, There were shots and shouts and groans, and among the crowd the girl could distinguish that there was one man over whom they were fighting. Between them they dragged him backward and forward, now one side of the combatants seizing him, and now the other. *Who* was it? At last a number of men got hold of him and carried him nearer to the street wall of the jail. His face was uplifted in the moonlight.

"Merciful God, it is my brother!" cried Maryland, crouching on her knees and shutting out the sight.

Oh, the alternate dread and hope of those terrible moments! Were they going to murder or to save him! Had she precipitated his fate by urging her lover on to rescue him? Terrible thought! Another wild shout brought her all trembling to her feet. Once more she clutched the curtain and strained her eyes upon the scene, but she could no longer make out the figure of her brother. With demoniac cries the mob rushed out of the yard into the street; the storm-clouds burst, the fierce rain poured down its long-pent-up fury, and completely obscured the black, surging mass of humanity. Mary's eyes grew dim; her senses failed. How long she remained unconscious she knew not, but was recalled to consciousness by a pounding upon the door which she had locked, so that no one should intrude during her gloomy and anxious watch.

Mechanically she tottered to the door, opened it, and Roderic stepped in.

"My brother!" was all she could say. He turned away. "Speak!—those men—tell me that those brave and noble men have rescued my brother—say that they have rescued him?"

"From all earthly troubles—yes" he replied, almost inaudibly.

With a heartbroken cry Maryland threw up her hands, staggered and fell prone.

CHAPTER IV.

MARYLAND'S SECRET.

Dr. Morton, the old and faithful friend of the Cameron family, had not deserted the unfortunate twins in their time of trouble and danger. At the first outbreak of the riot he had hurried to Maryland's home to endeavor to calm her fears; but finding himself unable to get in to her, and time being precious, he rushed over to the prison in the hope of preventing bloodshed, if he could not entirely succeed in quieting and dispersing the mob; but little availed the conciliatory voice of one man in that storm of wild passion.

It was not a lynching party that had attacked the prison, but Kent and Roderic's friends whom he had gathered together to make the attempt to rescue Kent.

They had been stoutly resisted by the people in charge of the jail and responsible for the safekeeping of its inmates. But the assailants were all young, strong men who had grown up with Kent and Roderic—who had skillfully worked upon their feelings by representing the fatal shooting as having been done in hot, unpremeditated passion inspired by the sudden frenzy of jealousy at surprising Dimmick in the very act of brutally embracing Kent's betrothed; such an event might have happened to any one of those hot-headed, fiery-hearted young "Southern bloods"—as they were then called—and the affair came home to them. The man, too, had been their playmate as boys, their companion as youths, and they determined to release him and send him North out of harm's way. They were met by men as determined and brave as themselves, and the hand-to-hand fight became so fierce that they were soon unable to distinguish friend from foe, especially when the moon surged behind the heavy, rain-charged clouds. Cries, shouts, shots, louder, hoarser, oftener, were heard, until, packed together, the combatants seemed a horde of struggling maniacs, and in the midst of it the man they fought about was trampled, bleeding, under foot, and in their crazy passion scarcely noticed.

Dr. Morton had managed to keep on the edge of the crowd, which for a few moments fought forward, leaving Kent face downward on the ground. Morton plunged toward him, pulled him to his feet, and dexterously flinging his large circular cloth cloak—such as Southern gentlemen then wore—completely enveloped him. The doctor was a large and powerful man; Cameron, a slim youth of nineteen years; so that he found no difficulty in now carrying, now dragging him along to the gates; and unperceived by the maddened rioters, he ran with him across the street and into the opposite yard of Maryland's home. There he laid him in the woodshed, and ascertaining that life was not extinct, he waited and waited until the storm came pouring, pealing, plunging down from the angry heavens—waited until the cries of the retreating mob, beaten back and out of the prison-yard, were heard fainter and fainter in the distance. The jailers then began to search for their prisoner, and not finding him, concluded that the mob had succeeded in getting off with him. The rescuing party supposed the jail officials had dragged Kent back to his cell, and that their efforts had resulted only in getting them broken arms, and bleeding heads, and other wounds of a more or less painful character, which they had to nurse in secret.

* * * * * *

When Mary fell unconscious, Roderic summoned the servants, and after she was restored she requested them to leave her alone.

She tottered to the window. The storm had subsided, day was breaking, and in the gray light she descried Dr. Morton signaling to let him in.

While she was coming down-stairs, he brought Kent out of the shed, and when she opened the kitchen-door he staggered in with his burden. Seeing her about to cry out, he said, in a low tone:

"Hush! He's still alive, but senseless! I can save him, I think, but there must be no intrusion into his sick-room—no fear of arrest and being dragged back to prison. His escape from death must remain a secret until his recovery is assured. Upon your silence and nursing depend your brother's life."

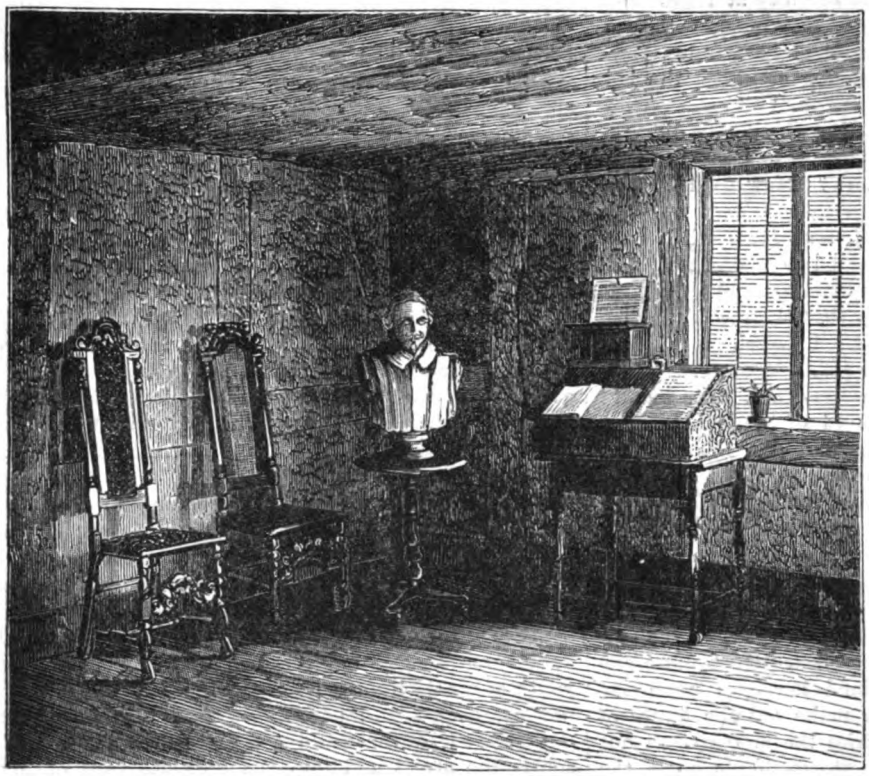
"Thank God for that!" she said.

"Are the servants abed?"

"Yes; both of them."

"Then help me get him up-stairs. Take his feet; I will carry his head. Gently, quietly now! Remember, his life depends upon our secrecy!"

They laid him on his own bed, in the room adjoining Mary's sitting-room. There were two folding-doors between the two rooms.



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.— A CORNER IN THE POET'S ROOM. SEE PAGE 410.

"When the mob dragged Kent forcibly out of jail without giving him any knowledge of what their intentions were, he doubtless thought they were going to lynch him, and the shock and fear suddenly turned his brain."

"Fear! Kent was never afraid of anything!" replied his sister, proudly.

"I do not doubt that," said the doctor; "on ordinary occasions, under ordinary circumstances, he might have faced any danger without its affecting him in this way; but this was an extraordinary occasion, extraordinary circumstances following right upon the extraordinary event in which he took a man's life, so that his highly sensitive mind, already wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, suddenly gave way under the added excitement, just as the violinist in tuning up his instrument screws the strings tighter and tighter, till suddenly one, unable to bear further pressure, snaps, and then is mute for ever."

After breakfast that morning, Maryland sent her two servants to Dr. Morton's house, explaining that she would have no one with her while mourning for her brother. In reality, she wished to be rid of their kindly but curious eyes. And so, alone save for the good doctor's visits, Maryland nursed her brother back to life, but not to health.

When he was pronounced out of danger, there was something strange about him which the young girl could not understand. He would call her by name, and when she went to him he did not seem to know her. For a long time the doctor evaded her anxious questioning, but finding she would be satisfied with nothing less than the truth, he told her that, although Kent would not die of the wounds received that terrible night, he felt certain that his mind would never again know the light of reason.

Maryland pressed the physician to explain, as she could not understand why her brother had recovered from the violent handling to which he had been subjected, and yet should lose his mind. The doctor said:

Another day passed, and Dr. Morton informed the sorely-tried girl that her brother was sufficiently recov-

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

ered for the authorities to be informed of his existence. To his surprise and perplexity, she clung to him, and wildly implored him not to reveal Kent's whereabouts, nor the fact that he still lived. After thinking a while, he said :

"Listen to reason, Maryland. You *cannot* always conceal the fact of his escape from death. As you know, search has already been made for him. Eventually he will be traced to your house, arrested and compelled to stand his trial. See the risk you run !"

"I will take that risk," she said. "Never again, if I can prevent it, shall he be exposed to the uncertainty of the law. How do I know that he would be acquitted ? Would you have me deliver him up to the gallows ? How could I reconcile it to my conscience if, after Heaven itself has miraculously restored him to me, I should plunge him into prison again ? It is almost certain that he would be condemned to death. If the charge were anything but murder, I might consent to giving him up, but as it is—never ! He was left for dead, and dead to the world he shall remain !"

"Do you know what personal sacrifices you will have to make in order to conceal that he lives ?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I do. I must renounce the joys of wife and motherhood. I must renounce the world, and be with him, dead to it, for ever !"

"What ! sacrifice your whole life ? You cannot do it."

"I can and will !" she answered, firmly.

"You know not the terrible fate to which you are condemning yourself," the doctor continued. "For all the days that he may live, Kent will be a lunatic—harmless, but still a lunatic, willful and helpless as a child !"

"Then like a child I will tend and care for him."

"Alone ?"

"Alone !" said the girl, solemnly. "Heaven helping me, I will bear my cross alone."

"There is another reason," said the doctor, thoughtfully, "why you *must* reveal the fact that he still lives. You know it was your grandfather's strange idea to consider Kent and you, being twins, as one individual, so he left his property to you and him jointly as long as both should survive, but on the death of either, the entire property goes to a charitable institution ; so that by maintaining that your brother is dead you will be obliged to relinquish the whole of your little property."

"Except the Old Kentucky Home. That was left me unconditionally by my mother. Under this old roof we were born—under it we will die !"

A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.— SHAKESPEARE ARRESTED FOR POACHING.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Die you may, Maryland, but how will you live ?"

"On the products of the little farm surrounding the homestead," she answered.

"They will barely suffice for your needs," said the doctor, shaking his head, sadly ; "but do not let that thought disturb you. As long as I have a crust, you shall share it."

Maryland's eyes grew moist as she said, "Oh, if I am sorely tried, Heaven has left me at least one friend to comfort and sustain me !"

"And he will do so to the end !"

"And keep my secret too, doctor ?" asked Maryland, pleadingly.

After a struggle with himself, the doctor replied :

"Yes, but it is against my better judgment."

Kent suddenly cried out from the inner room, and they ran to him as he kept moaning, "Help, help !—don't let them murder me !"

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

By E. Poingdestre.

The other day I paid my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, a case of love at first sight with me. I had been staying a month at a popular seaside, where idle crowds of inland mortals basked all day on the sandy shore, "drunk with gladness" beneath the glorious sunshine of 1884. But now that memorable Summer was coming to its end, and four or five successive days of over "90° in the shade" were gone for ever, when I found myself one hot September evening at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham. As I went to bed it occurred to me that Stratford-on-Avon was in the neighborhood, and that the Great Western would be ready with a "slip carriage" to take me there early next morning. I got what sleep I could between the nocturnal cries of the newspaper-boys below and the midnight reverberations under the station-roof; when I awoke at six o'clock the boys were in full cry again.

Having breakfasted, I caught the early London express at Snow Hill, and by eight o'clock was duly "slipped" at Warwick. Then retracing our steps to Hatton by a slow train, we cantered down the gradients through green pastures, till we curved in to a pretty oasis of red brick and tile amidst the meadows.

Everything was bright and warm and clean in the September sun. Just outside the station on the right was a path marked "To Shottery," and—thanks to Mr. Black—I felt at home at once. I lounged a little by the pleasant hospital, to light a pipe and watch the Stratford boys and girls trooping to school in twos and threes—the Board School opposite. Hilarious boys, and girls intent on domestic narrative; all quite unconscious of the thoughts they suggest—for they were not even "creeping" to their books. A little further on is a crossing where five roads meet, and on the corner house of one to the left a blue-and-white slip bears the inscription:

"To Shakespeare's House."

Across the way there opens out a broad street lined with trees, giving a pretty Continental air; and here, as everywhere in Stratford, the old half-timbered houses are charmingly colored with creeper and flowers.

I was so pleased at the first breath of the place that I declined to turn off immediately and see *the* house. So with no other guide than a pipe and delicious morning air, I kept on in the sunshine past the chattering children, down Wood Street, round to the right into High Street. Here was a perspective where all seemed spotlessly clean, healthy, and cared-for; the timbered fronts and gables made a rich contrast against the glowing flowers on every window-sill; a solitary dogcart stood waiting on some early errand; and a lull of scarcely-finished breakfast filled the pavements.

I strolled along Chapel Street in great contentment, past old stone buildings, past the Shakespeare Hotel (of this more anon) half smothered in flowers; a bicycle rested in the shady porch. At the next crossing on my left I noticed a tiny plot of lawn where some shallow holes were covered by wire netting; but unsuspicious of their significance I sauntered on, ignorant of topography, trusting the town to disclose itself. In front a slip on the wall said:

"Old Town,"

and sent me round to the left into the sun. More timbered villas here peeped out among the trees, trim and glossy in their cleanliness; then came the old churchyard straight ahead, with its tall spire above a rampart of elms; the early sunlight had not yet disturbed the dark peace of the limes and cedars.

My pipe was not finished, so I struck down Mill Lane, where the splash of a water-wheel soon rewarded me. Here was the Avon, with a list of its "flood-marks" painted up on a wall of the mill. The lane ends here in a footpath which crosses the river by a wooden bridge; on this I sat, enjoying the sun. The water swarmed with young fish, and a steady stream flowed noiselessly toward the Bristol Channel. Behind me the view was closed by the "E. & W. Junction" Railway, whose red brick arches divide the transparent current. In front lay the town, half hid by trees; an engine quietly fizzed on the embankment; the millwheel splashed; and an occasional voice gave or took orders for the day's work. Some hundred yards away, on the doorstep of a house withdrawn from the lane, a young girl stood rapt in a pretty attitude, reading a letter she had just received; her round cropped head leant against a luxuriant creeper bright in the sun, and a dog rejoiced on the lawn.

Upon this morning Paradise an interruption came too soon. A heavy tread shook the bridge, and a thick-set veteran drew near to me, dressed in a worthy hat of many years' service. I tipped the ashes from my pipe, and was moving off, but this ancient landsman held me captive with his eye. He began by a careless allusion to the fact that cholera in foreign parts had been the occasion of an unusual number of visitors to Stratford this year. Mere "birds of passage," he remarked; and to some it seemed a pity they should pass through such a place so hurriedly. For the town, he considered, though few might know it, had more than a Shakespearean interest.* He was one who respected independence of action in others, and was never more content than when each tourist pleased himself as to what he should see or leave *un*seen; still, to those who loved nature and beauty in general there was always—so he found—an unexpected treat "when they see the marvelous collection of quadrups and other cur-osities," which he had during many years stored up in his "museum." For I h'am a self-taught man," he concluded, "and a labor of love it is to me to watch their ways, and the cur-osity of some of my quadrups is extraordin-ary to those who have not seen them, though there's some as pass on and miss it all. The price it cannot be, for sixpence clears the whole, and the place you will find by asking *any* one, for ——— is my name, and ——— Museum is *the* Museum of Stratford."

Assuring him that I was only scamping the place that day, but hoped to return some other time with more leisure, he gave me "Good-morning," and stumped down slowly across the fields. He little knew that he was much more interesting than any of his "quadrups" so carefully collected.

The Avon flowed tranquilly again when his voice had died away, the wheel splashed round, and the sunlight made soft mist on the meadow-land. In Stratford these interruptions are easily forgiven; with Shakespeare for central figure all the others fit in; the town seems a living drama, and no one is out of place in such a nest of human nature. The charm of the spot is not spoilt by

* "In this opinion the writer thoroughly agrees with him."

noxious "touts"; there is scarcely any professional obtrusion, but rather an air of neighbors chatting a week after a funeral. Unlike the illustrations of most fine tales, which so outrage our conceptions of the hero or heroine, in the case of Stratford the concrete picture makes Shakespeare stand out much more real than before.

However, half-past nine. Descending from the bridge I returned to the churchyard and entered the shade. If Stratford as a whole seems just what we should like it, the church is the keynote of a pictured harmony. Strolling round among the gravestones, I came to the low wall which forms the river-boundary, and looked down at the Avon gliding noiselessly beneath. The pensive elms leaning over the stream from the gravel walk where I sat just stirred above their images below, the freckled sunshine crept in here and there upon the sod, and a melody of last century stole out from the pipes of the organ within. Across the river two or three cattle grazed in silence, while some sketcher's easel stood close to the water's edge. The Avon kept its course, soft and still as three hundred years ago, when Naseby had not been fought on the oolite hills where its waters rise.

A group of gravestones accosted me, to the memory of four of a family, aged twenty-seven, twenty-four, ten, and the last, one year old. The two eldest were brothers, drowned; and the father closed the list. Near these a slab related how the body beneath it was once

"A DIRECT DESCENDANT
OF THE IMMORTAL."

Another described its corpse as having been in life

"AN INOFFENSIVE FRIEND . . ."

A smaller one had the words,

"VIOLET HONORA,
DEAR CHILD,"

who died at three years and eight months—her "little life" soon "rounded with a sleep."

I was reading this stone, when a crunching heel cast its shadow before, and looking up, I saw a large-built florid-faced man of about sixty, with soft brown eyes, ripe for conversation. Yielding to fate, I suffered him to remark—his voice of velvet, and his intonation full of sweet reasonableness—that it was just such a mornin' as Shakespeare might 'a' sat watchin' the fish among the reeds. He smiled again, but perceiving no responsive rise in my pulse, he made a swift transition to a brewery distant some half-mile.

"Ah, there!" he sighed; "that man have made his fortune out of Shakespeare, more than most: for his beer weren't drunk to speak of till quite o' late; and none would drink it now that knew better, for better's to be had in many places round. But when the fuss come,* and 'twere all 'Shakespeare' here, then he cry it over the country, and paste it on the bottles, as 'twas 'Shakespeare ale,' and many've a-had a pint as never would, but for He. Dear! I know plenty o' houses where finer drink's to be got, so's any one's t'offer me. *I* shouldn't look at none o' that 'Shakespeare ale' if I was a gentleman."

His voice dropped *piano* as he went on: "For I'm just out o' the workhouse, sir—our monthly holiday; that is, 'twere monthly once, but once o' *two* months now. Staid out too late at night, some on 'em, and we all suffer as one, we do. I'm a Staffordshire man myself, when there's work; but the iron been so bad o' late, I couldn't hold on no longer, and my friends told me to come in the House. 'Tis a prison! there, that's what it is!" he exclaimed, with the only touch of temper he had shown. "Let us out once in two months, because some on 'em staid with their friends over a glass o' beer *after eight o'clock* in the evening! 'Tis slavery! Once o' two months to get a glass of ale! . . . But we got *one* Guardian the right sort," he resumed, with less rueful air; "for one day he bring an' open out a small paper o' 'baccy for each of us—and t'others they did the same when they see he do it, next board-day, and we have it reg'lar now."

I congratulated him on this warm-hearted breach of the spirit of the Poor Law by the Stratford Guardians; then he descended from these magnates to my individual self, and shot a random surmise as to the chance of my having "a pipeful" about me. I said unfortunately I had almost exactly that amount, but wanted it myself. But I might have "a copper" I didn't want, to give a man a treat once in two months, and help him enjoy the fine day? This transferred a threepenny-bit from my pocket to his, and he exclaimed with a smile that transfigured his rosy cheeks: "I *shall* have a day, to be sure!"* Then, overcome by this consummation of his oratory, he moved joyfully forward, and left me his room instead of his company.

Now for the church, I thought, ere a worse thing befall me! Entering at the northwest door, the woman took me up the oaken aisle straight to the altar-rail, inside which lies the small slab with those four lines beginning—

"GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE."

while the bust on the wall above keeps watch for the observance of this request. Since the altar-rail was put outside, the thousands of annual tourists have, at any rate, forborne to wear away the inscription with their feet, as must otherwise have happened. The most prominent objects inside the rail are three stately tombs, and as the slabs of the Shakespeare family lie so that their letters are upside down to the gaze of the public, they might easily escape notice, were it not for the paid attendant, who leads the visitor up, and spreads upon the slab a "rubbing" of the words, that he may read. There is a "practical" humor about this state of things which no one would have appreciated more than the man whose "DVST" was "ENCLOASED HEARE."

It is a refined chancel; opposite Shakespeare's bust is the "Scriven Window," a sympathetic picture in memory of those two drowned brothers whose grave is next to the Avon outside; and close to the bust the morning rays come through the "Seven Ages" of the "American Window." The bust itself is curious; perhaps from being colored it seems too business-like and well-to-do, but the other extreme would be out of harmony with the air of Stratford. The cherubs and skulls that guard the arch from which the face looks out are quite in keeping with Shakespeare. The skull at the top eyes us blankly like an inscrutable conundrum; the only visible solace is in the two last words of the distich underneath:

". . OLVMPVS HABET."

It is no use staring at these counterfeit presentments, and as it was only a few minutes to the morning service the woman hurried me through the vestry, where I performed the rites of inspecting the font, the baptismal entry, and the huge visitors' book. Then, with a glance

* An allusion to the "nationalization" of Shakespeare in 1847.

* As he afterward did.

at some pretty carving on the organ-front, I retired down the aisle into the open air, looking back to the central figure, as after a presentation at Court.

I came back to the river-wall, and sat undisturbed for half an hour enjoying the quiet of this English nook. If the church and churchyard had been consciously framed as a memorial to Shakespeare, they would have been a foolish failure; but shaped by successive accidents of time, they are all of a piece with the man and the place.

As I sat bewitched a barge came slowly with the stream, punted past the wall by two silent men; the surname *Lucy* on the stern. Where are the "Shakespeares" of to-day? Under the tunnel of the limes an old man was sweeping Autumn leaves, a veteran grave-digger, who had doubtless turned up many skulls in his time.

The barge disappeared by the mill, and the river resumed its repose. From my seat I could see a few boats moored higher up the stream, and beyond these a fringe of red cottages near the bulkier reflection of the "Memorial."

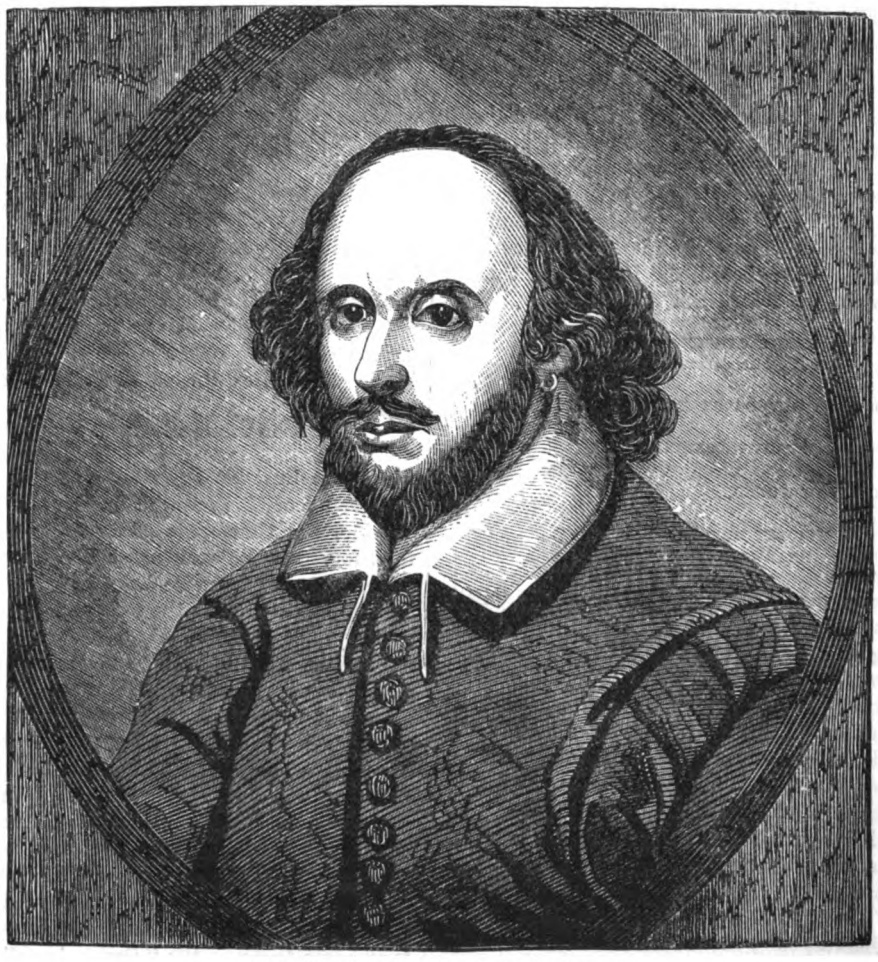
The people were coming out of church, so I followed their skirts. A short walk through "Southern Lane" took me to the Memorial, a brand-new contrast to everything else in Stratford. Having paid my sixpence (*cela va sans dire* in Stratford), I climbed the steps and ladders to the top of the tower. Here was a view worth many sixpences. The low undulation of Warwickshire hills; the mass of warm color mixed with foliage which makes Stratford a charming picture; the distant woods of Charlecote; the two railways, quiet and on their best behavior; the many-arched old Clopton bridge across the Avon where it broadens to admit the canal; the sleepy barges bright in the sun; the children playing on the pavements; but the eye always returns to a tall spire mirrored in the stream, with dear old trees for a beautiful inclosure.

Far below in some neighboring house a little girl, invisible, was playing on the piano from an "exercise-book"; every note of her "tune" came up clear with untroubled expression as she duly repeated it several times; the clock struck eleven; a locomotive whistled leisurely across the fields; and these sounds had the air to themselves.

When up on this tower any Summer's day,

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

The Avon winds its silvery surface east and west through the heart of England, bygone history haunting each bend of its banks. Far away the uplands of Naseby, nearer the sandstone romance of Kenilworth, and the great towers of Warwick just out of sight; west of us Evesham and Tewkesbury recall the tale; still further down the Severn breeze blows twice a day upon what is left of castles that were the landmarks of their time, Gloucester, Chepstow, Monmouth; it will not be hard to persuade a man who loves nature more than centralization that this Avon is *the* English stream.

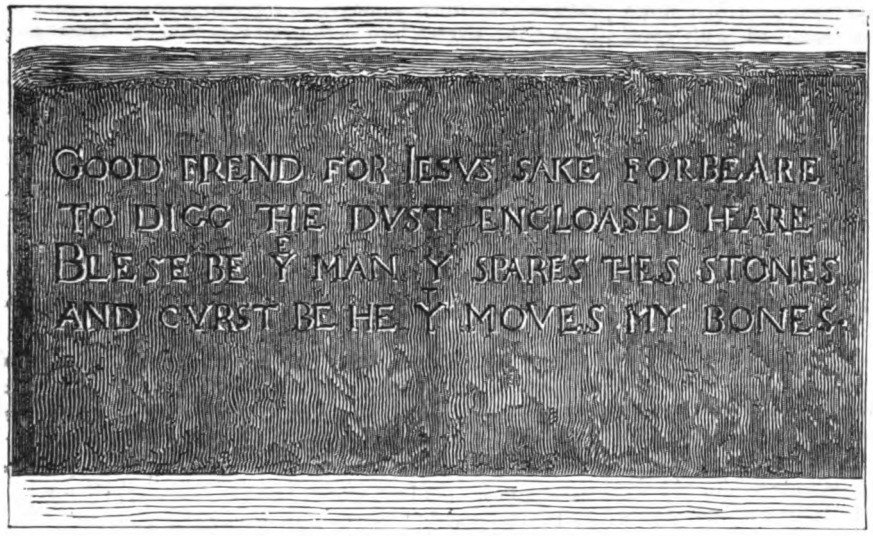


PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE BY DROESHOUT.

Come down from the lovely bird's-eye stretch, this sheltered landscape which is Shakespeare's real Memorial; the building is of use as a platform from which to survey the scene.

As for the structure itself, the effect on the whole is comic; visitors of the future will regard it as an erratic block left behind by the glacier-flow of our competition-epoch. No doubt the masonry is good and the details first-rate, while the theatre, which stands on the very edge of the Avon, has an interior admirably arranged with perfect light and ventilation; but it is all out of place in Stratford. Stonework and woodwork unabashed are redolent of freshness and newness, for 300 years passed before the English nation rose to this pitch of appreciation. It can't be helped, since this Olympian immovability is part of the English nature; but enthusiasm arriving so late reminds one of the light we catch from distant stars, which have moved on through infinite space before we see what we think is them.

In the Picture Gallery a deer hangs down over the large stone fireplace; this was shot at Charlecote and sent for the performance of "As You Like It" in 1879, together with the hounds to chase the deer across the



INSCRIPTION ON SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

stage. The stag is now kept stuffed for future presentation of the play. "'As You Like It' always goes well *here?*" the attendant said. I forbore to ask her if in the neighboring woods of Arden a Rosalind could be found as lifelike as the dogs and deer.

I made a rude survey of the Library, where they collect every edition of Shakespeare ever published, and every book concerning him: this is dust and ashes with a vengeance in honor of a man who wrote:

> "Of his bones are coral made,
> These are pearls that were his eyes;
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

The way in which "the nation" has expressed its feeling is the most depressing thing in Stratford; the well-meant Memorial—a big hybrid among red cottages and timbered houses—looking so sleek and hopelessly obtuse, yet barely a stone's throw from that

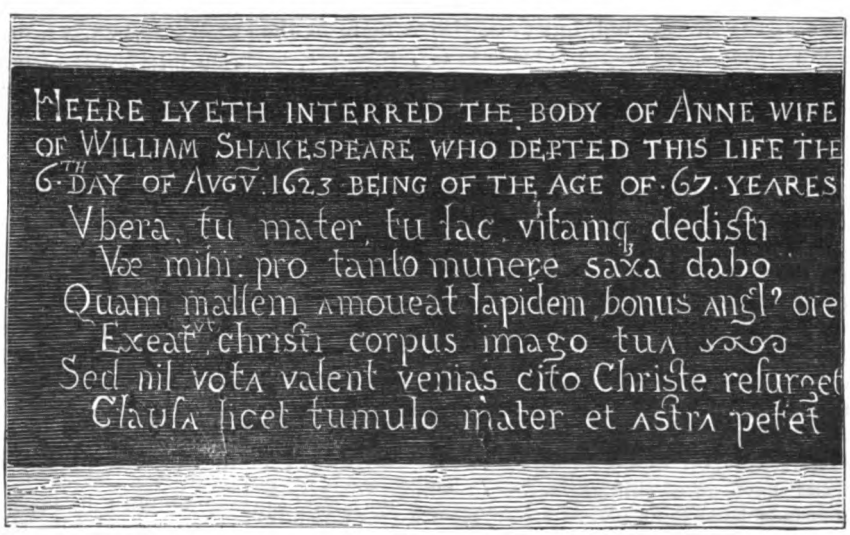
> ". . . star y-pointing pyramid."

However, we must not pretend to be better than our century; only let us stick to constructing ocean steamers and steel rails, to erecting commodious grand hotels and central stations; these things we do very well. And even this building, such as it is, is not completed. For instance, a series of lovely designs of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines waits to be carved along the headstone of the fireplace for want of funds; a nation on whose empire the sun never sets cannot afford the tenth of a farthing each which would suffice to finish it ten times over.

Come out quick and let us make for the grassy retreat of New Place Gardens, where Shakespeare ended his days. There is considerable humor about those remnants of the foundations with their wire netting. "The house," so the "Twopenny Guide" indignantly exclaims, "was foolishly pulled down by some one unworthy of the name Reverend, Gastrell, who was annoyed at people coming to see the house and mulberry-tree." And the "Shilling Guide," as in duty bound, goes a little further: "Then he left the town amid the deserved execration of the inhabitants." I felt for this gentleman so roughly held up to opprobrium. Relics which when nationalized with due "admission fee" may easily excite most important emotion, are apt to occasion very different sentiments when they form an appendage of one's own dwelling-house. Even Job could not have stood a succession of tourists. And besides, there is a pathetic interest about the razed walls that would have been absent from a well-kept original.

Having got so far, and the sun being hotter than ever, I proceeded to loaf along the clean streets, and presently found myself at the Great Western Station, where I bought a London paper and plunged into current events. Then lounging back again about half-past twelve, I fell into the arms of the "——— Hotel," and ordered lunch with a five hours' appetite. In three minutes I forgot the parsimonious "nation," forgot Shakespeare even, in the unexpected treat that tripped into the coffee-room.

"Memorial theatres be h–ng–d!" I murmured, while she went to see if the potatoes were done. "How can a theatre secure our vote when such straightforward sights as this come on us gratis out-of-doors?" What chance has a fashionable theatre against a pretty piece of naturalness like this? There, from expensive seats we watch the curtain rise on suites of superior upholstery, while the "actor" paces to and fro, pleased with his furniture, surveying the "house" for an estimate of the "gate-money." Here is a genuine English inn, its walls and passages studded with interest, Stratford life pulsating quietly outside, flowers in profusion, and an interpreter telling you how it all appears to her, with her



INSCRIPTION FOR HIS WIFE.

healthy voice and affectionate eyelashes. "We don't keep 'Shakespeare ale' *here!*" she remarked, with careless dignity. I thought of my honest pauper in the churchyard. Then she told me—as I lingered over a tomato—that "the Americans" would buy up every single thing in the house if they were allowed, and especially a certain circular mirror in a heavy gilt frame, which happened to be just behind her tangled aureole of a head as she spoke.

"*That* wouldn't do!" I exclaimed.

"No?" she rejoined, turning with a flourish of skirts to interrogate her warm reflection; then smiling happily, I was left to dispatch that tomato alone.

My grief was interrupted by the sudden entry of a friend *en route* to Worcester on a tricycle. We soon adjourned to the shady parlor behind the bar, to smoke and chat with the pleasant hostess: skirts and laughter kept the passage airy.

Good-by! and out in the glowing streets again. At the corner of Henley Street we came upon my acquaintance of the workhouse. He was one of a group of three, the other two being apparently absorbed in playing the part of props to a wall against which they were leaning with the stolidity of buttresses. The face of the ex-worker in iron, though as reasonable as ever, was suffused by a tint indicative of more than health. As he advanced, smiling a rosy welcome, I was grieved to see that his mental powers had suffered invasion since we met a few hours ago; for he now took me to be a junior partner in that same brewing firm of which he had spoken so lightly in the churchyard. He solicited my opinion as to the likelihood of his getting employment there, and awaited my reply with the deliberate air of a political economist. Whether he was by nature versatile and adapted to many industries, or whether at the moment he was under the spell of that finished article in whose manufacture he showed such a desire to assist, I will not be mean enough to decide, but suddenly softening his voice he began to broach the familiar formula, "You haven't a pipeful of——"

"Confound you!" I cried, as I hurried off, electrified; "don't you know better than to behave like a recurring decimal?"

He fell gently back against the wall, smiling ruddily at the strange language, his brown eyes full of wonder at the day he was having.

In Stratford they all seem acting parts; the town abounds in "characters." Of course it is so in most remote parts of England, but we notice it more in the neighborhood where *Jaques* is made to say,

> "All the world's a stage
> And all the men and women merely players."

We walked up the street toward the quiet gables of Shakespeare's house, pulled the iron bellhandle, and were ushered in by one of the Miss Chattaways. Some kindly Fate in gratitude to Shakespeare must have managed it so that on these two ladies should devolve the daily task of playing hostess to a stream of tourists. They could not do it better, and in consequence here is a spot in Stratford where we feel thoroughly satisfied. There is no hurry, no stereotyped recitation, or the usual paid monotony of narrative,* but you are treated like guests in a house where all share some joint recollection.

There are two rooms down-stairs and two up; the former have open chimney-seats, in which you sit, as thousands have done before you. Then we go up-stairs into the bedroom where Shakespeare is said to have been born; the once white ceiling of this room is dense gray-black with the scribbling of visitors' names—a diversion now forbidden. On one of the diamond-shaped window-panes the name of "W. Scott" can with difficulty be disentangled from the chaos of signatures scratched over it. Thanks to the Miss Chattaways, even "'Arry" behaves so well when he comes up here that it may be recorded of him, for once in his life,

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene."

The painting of Shakespeare in the adjoining room is impressive, looking out unruffled from the mercantile "safe" which forms his frame. There is a strange air about the entire scene, and we feel very childish. The visitors from across the Atlantic in particular—for they are most unaffected—regard the walls and floor, the lawn behind, the chimney recesses, put their heads out of the window and look down the rural street, then return to the bare oak beams, with a curious expression that plainly asks, "How was it done?"

Cynics smile at the hourly "pilgrimage" to Stratford-on-Avon. But the reason for these journeys is too modern to be called by such an old name. Judging from the faces of the tourists inside the house, it is not exactly blind hero-worship or reverence, but a quiet recognition of Existence at its best. There is more fascination than anything else, as with three-year-old children when they listen to a shell; so here faint echoes of the Outside are for ever detained to touch the tourist ear—if he have five minutes to spare. Barnum was going to buy up "the whole thing," house, lawn, trees, surroundings and all, and drop them down in America; but "the nation" went so far as to wake just in time to avert this disgrace.

Meanwhile the visitors come and go; every few minutes the bell rings sedately below; this is the everlasting tribute. Twelve thousand people signed their names last year in the book down-stairs, and a large proportion of these had crossed the Atlantic.

What does it all mean, these perennial groups with their look of inquiry?

The tourists know that Shakespeare had a truer perception of things—a better insight into them—than ordinary men; and by leaving us a description of what he saw, we have our own platform raised, we ourselves then look out on a more complete view of Existence. A lovelier picture of the world—lovelier because more complete—came into focus through his mind; he was a first-rate interpreter of our common environment.

Shakespeare was a real instance of what we call "expression." Existence, which laps against every pore of the bodily workings of each of us, was so entertained by him as to express itself in the splendor that tints all his plays. To use a very inadequate and misleading simile, because it is a lifeless one for illustration of a living fact, we may say that he lived inside a house with cleaner windows than the rest of us; as we listen to his language we stir ourselves, and our panes uncloud, so that we get gleams of the same hues and vistas. It is an instance of that happy vaccination which great men perform on their fellows; by simply reading their words, our actual blood and nerves learn a new liability for ever after; our nature becomes susceptible to its surroundings in a measure like theirs; we acquire part of their complaint.

> "Do you know the Medicine of Example, the healthy power of Admiration?"*

* "A striking contrast to that in the Church at Warwick."

* Jean Paul Richter (quoted in "Guide" to Stratford).

So the poor tourists of the nineteenth century finger the rafters of his house, sit in the chimney-seat, and touch everything, just as young children, nestling close when pleased by the spell of some mysterious tale, will curiously stroke the hands and clothing of the narrator. And the Miss Chattaways do not laugh, though they watch it every day of their lives.

* * * * * *

I found Shottery a proper rural hamlet hugging the bends of its lane, with drainage conspicuous by its absence. *The* cottage came in due time without any need to ask the way, and entering, I met old Mrs. Baker in the passage. "Just the very place where Judith met that young man!" she exclaimed, the moment she had said "Good-afternoon." The characters in Mr. Black's latest novel were to her quite as real as the originals—her own ancestors—of 300 years ago. Her serenity of narrative concerning the former inhabitants of the cottage, and freedom from the least touch of emotion, were rather sad. Time will do anything. She, a relative, regarded Shakespeare so completely as an outsider might, while on the other hand the Miss Chattaways seemed to have unconsciously acquired the feelings of a descendant.

"Anne Hathaway's cottage" was originally a respectable-sized farmhouse, belonging to one of those old yeoman families who vanished when steam came in. After a time it was subdivided into three small tenements, the middle one of which alone is now of interest, for this is occupied by the present descendant of the Hathaways.

It was a lovely September afternoon, and I staid half an hour chatting with the contented old woman, who from long use is never at a loss to entertain visitors. Of course I sat in the settle—which certain "courting" is supposed to have made immortal—and looked over the family tree duly inscribed on the first leaf of the big family Bible. This Bible was taken in "in parts" by Mrs. Baker's father; an expensive feat, which he finished a few days before his marriage, when it appeared newly bound. The family is so long-lived that but few steps take us back to the Hathaway of Shakespeare's time. Then I was shown over the "Visitors' Book," where I "must see *Mary Anderson's* name," that of "William Black," "W. Garfield," and thousands of others. Then up-stairs to the bedroom, with its very handsome old carved-oak bedstead, homespun sheets, and pillow-case ornamented with point lace. On the bed lay a gay patchwork quilt sent by some affectionate visitor.

Time flies—and Mrs. Baker remarked *en passant* that though she *used* to make a cup of tea for her visitors, yet now there are so many, and she an old body, she couldn't be bothered wi' it. Taking this hint that the audience was over, and with it a Michaelmas daisy she pressed upon me, I stepped out again into the quiet lane and said good-by to the hamlet. On my way back through the fields, though the sunset colors were spreading, I met more tourists making for "the cottage."

What brings them out here? and when here, why are they so fascinated that each Shottery urchin, every Stratford cow, or Warwickshire cloud, seems possessed by a secret? Is it (as some assert) "humanity" which attracts them so? or is it something else, the perception of possibilities outside, which for once—the door being open—walked in through this quiet English avenue?

The interest that fetches them here in flocks, to look for a few minutes, and then depart apparently satisfied with their journey, is something of a sort with that which makes men gape over the hole where a meteoric stone has fallen. Any new message from the outside will have this effect; people haunt the place where it arrived, even though the message be unintelligible. But here the thick-thatched cottage, the neighboring pastures, the Stratford elms and the English stream, the quiet roads, the red-roofed houses—all speak in a clear voice with notes which, like those of Orpheus, draw even stocks and stones. We hear a new *Invitation à la valse*—of Life. The commonplace character of the surroundings is what appeals to us; if a Shakespeare happened here, why not . . . . ? Each finishes according to his mood.

Then the *luck* of life arrests us. These ordinary Stratford materials are no different from those of our own locality. But in just this one case the elements (within and without) happened to be so "mixed up," the nature of the man was so disposed and developed, that Existence could come to terms with him in a way unknown to his fellows.

It is the outside Readiness—almost womanly in its attitude—as yet comparatively unknown till such personations put us in touch with it; this is what, much as he may protest, brings our tourist to linger here as many hours as would suffice to "do" a Continental capital. It is not "Humanity," but the other working partner of humanity, which draws men to Stratford-on-Avon.

Not Humanity, but Existence, which is much greater. In a century of machinery moved by gigantic power, so many thousands of sudden deaths occur in cold blood as part of our everyday work. This familiar snapping short of life, taken along with increased knowledge of physical structure, has caused a change of mood regarding death; some of the old horror has passed away. We are now struck by the character of the conditions of our tenure of life. The least little "bodily" change quite alters our "consciousness," *i.e.*, quite alters the way in which we realize Existence, the manner in which Existence whispers overtures to us. So men begin to think more about the infinite possibilities unpersonified, and less blindly of the one presentation they lose, when a friend has "died." Life and death strike them as *variations* of an Air which they have lately begun to catch. The same impression is made when watching a patient under ether or chloroform. *He* is not the "subject" of these quick fantastic variations; he is only a variation himself.

It is bad players who allow our attention to be taken by the instrument they are using; with a great player we are lost in the spirit of the Air. So when we listen to the finest men, the best specimens who have said and done, our thoughts run away from "Humanity" in admiration of Existence, which becomes so audible through the instrument of humanity. Some of these human instruments are more "expressive" than others, but the more expressive ones simply force upon us more vividly what they all express somehow—the great fact outside. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in any philosophy. And the best specimens of humanity know that "Humanity" is a childish thing compared with Existence.

Yet there are castaways of this stormy century who, hurriedly turned adrift from their snug yacht of unseaworthy "beliefs" without any solid constructive food, find themselves in a position like those poor men of the *Mignonette*, alone on the ocean with a few turnip-tins; then they feed on themselves—and this forlorn cannibalism is called the Worship of Humanity.

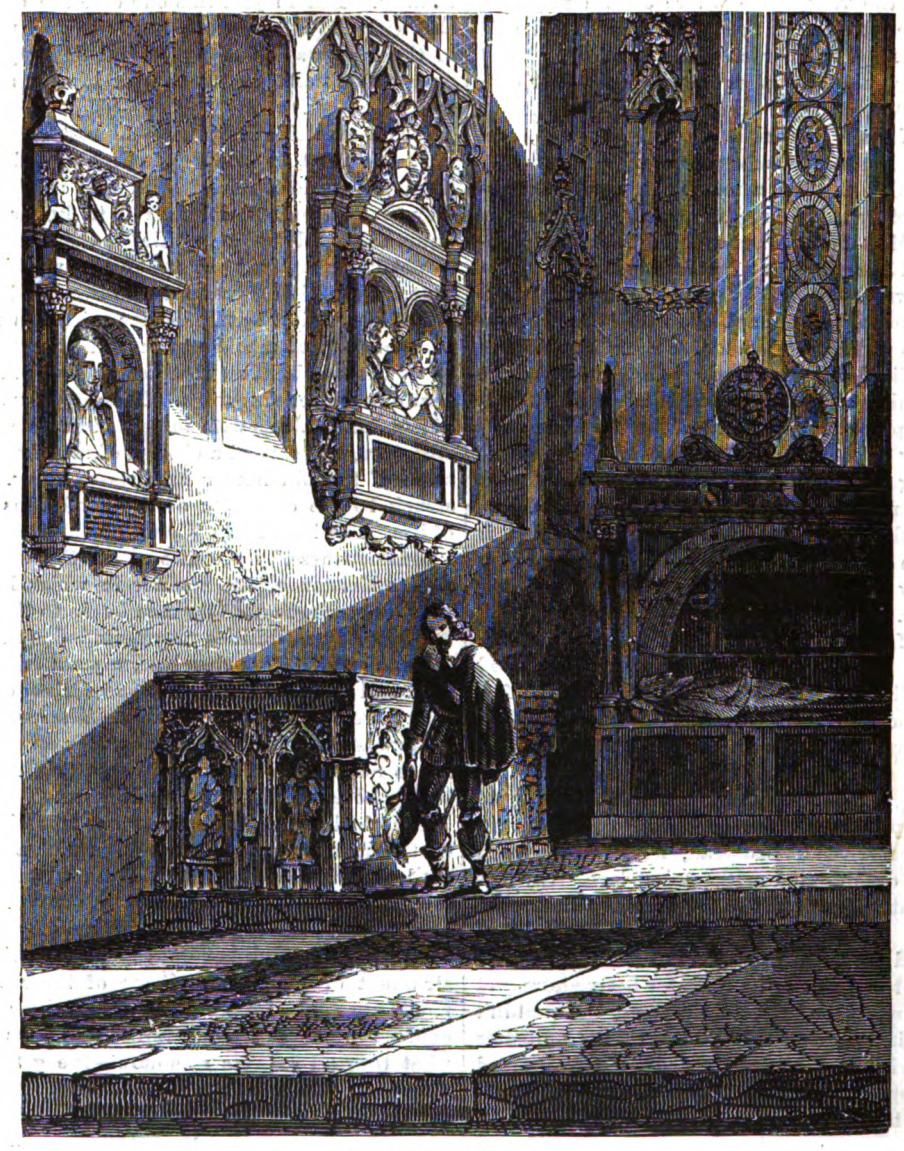
But most of those thousands who yearly step out at Stratford Station, to spend some hours in the tranquil town, when face to face with the turf and trees where Shakespeare lived and died, if they think at all, will simply wonder, as they walk, why here, in this inconspicuous

shelter of meadow and wood, Reality should have come so bright. Feeling that such an event may again be within an ace of happening at any moment anywhere for reasons similar to those that brought it here, they move to and fro among the relics with faith and hope alive inside them. The air is redolent of high stakes; each laborer they meet wears a double mask; he seems quite near, as regards the *possibility*, and yet, as regards *probability*, he is so far from something infinitely better. Comedy and Tragedy walk and talk all round. Even the Great Western goods-train rumbles on enchanted ground.

Now away from Wonderland! The children are indoors at tea, and the quiet town is still quieter. One warm-faced girl we pass on the way leans out of a doorstep, her hands crossed behind her back, watching the clouds in the west, her thoughts wandering after them. Then the train ambles off with us, while the midges ever swarm in the soft twilight.

* * *

At Hatton the sunset was streaming red along the rails, and in half an hour more the day was over and I was back at Birmingham again—a startling piece of scene-shifting. Whatever other notoriety the big town may boast, it is without controversy a convenient junction for Stratford-on-Avon.



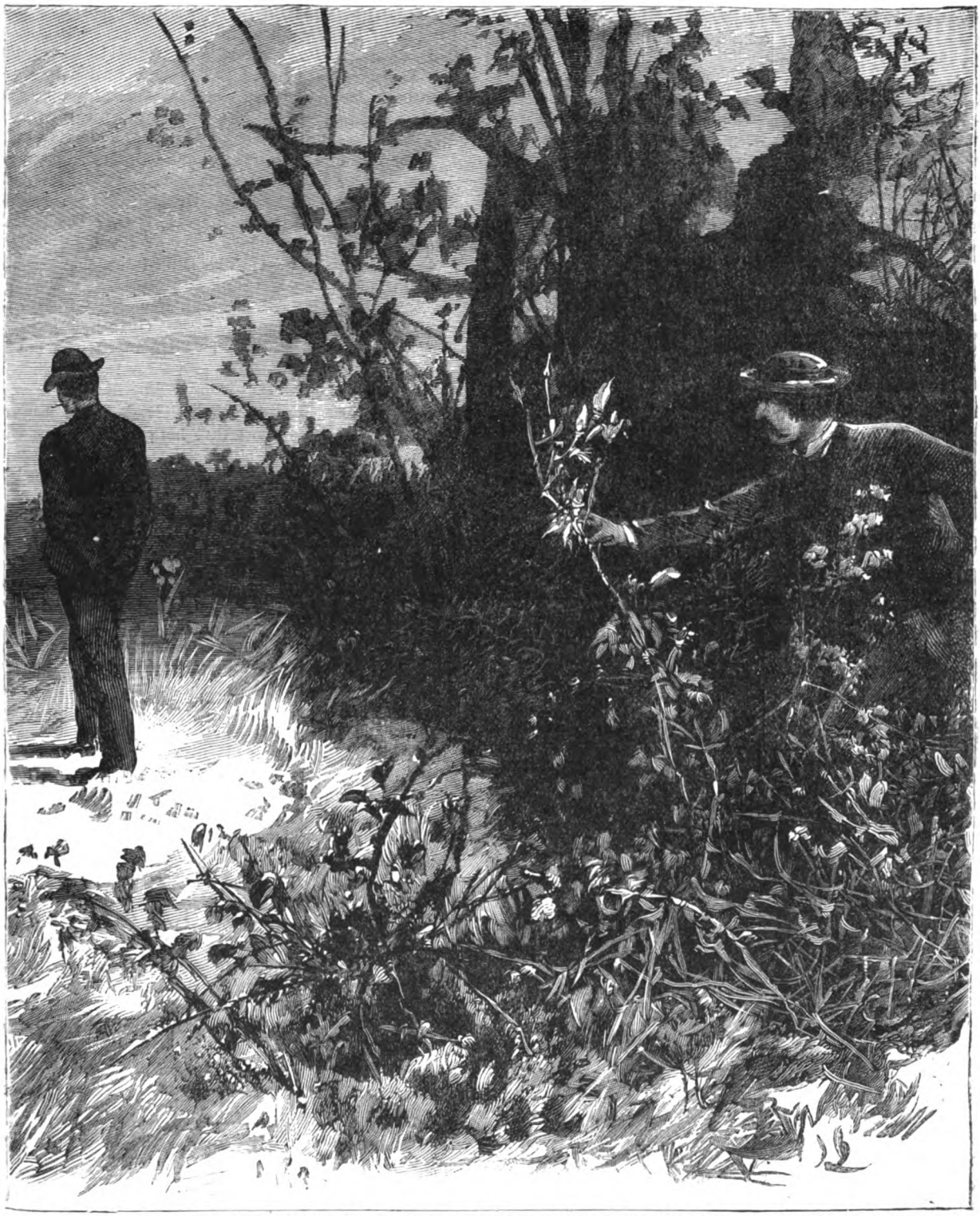
SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

* * * * * *

An hour later, as I strolled with a friend up New Street toward the broadside of Municipal Buildings, there was no doubt about the nineteenth century. Stupendous "posters" side by side announced the visit of a popular *danseuse* and the opening of the "Social Science" Congress. Crowds of philosophers, genial and sanguine from their after-dinner wine, were filing in through the lofty portals, ready to carry everything (on paper) before them. And hanging with the frankest curiosity on their skirts were dozens of creatures mostly young, some of them too pretty to need the paint which nevertheless the Corporation gas depicted vividly on their cheeks.

God is great! as the heathen say. What an Air which is capable of so much expression that all we have seen to-day is but a drop in the ocean of its variations!

The superb Summer sky; the beautiful seaside waves; the resounding station at midnight; the express with its "slip" carriage; the infinite variety of boys and girls; the kindly hospital back from the road; the placid mill-wheel dipping in and out; the quaint lover of quadrupeds; the fifteen-year-old on her sunny lawn; the silent churchyard with its melody of Mozart; the unavenging pauper; the dead "Memorial" and the immortal Shakespeare; the "soft-flowing Avon," showing pictures at every bend; the locomotive shrill in the midday heat; the London newspapers; the touch of healthy nature inside the inn; the splendor of the Summer afternoon; that timbered house empty but eloquent; "the Americans" interviewing bare boards; the devoted custodian in the museum, living every day 300 years behind the age, while the telegraph clicks at the post-office opposite; the cows on the way to Shottery unaware of it all, the rural inhabitants aware but unable to comprehend; the cheerful old lady whose orbit touched a greater one three centuries ago; the book with thousands of signatures from all the world over in a corner of the thatched cottage; the tourists hastening as the sun begins to set; the last wide view of golden-red above the elms; the myriad midges in the silent fields; then a million lights and noises in the metropolis of blood and iron.



LEFT ON THE WRECK.—"THE MAN HE HAS SO CRUELLY WRONGED FOLLOWS HIM CAUTIOUSLY, LIKE A THUG ABOUT TO CREEP UPON HIS VICTIM."

LEFT ON THE WRECK.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Chapter I.—Through the Window.

He paused but a few minutes, and then by means of the pillars of the long, old-fashioned porch, climbed to the roof and so reached the window. A moment afterward he had entered the room.

He went directly to the bureau, and, the drawer being unlocked, had no difficulty in exploring its recesses. Here lay everything in the careless confusion of young ladyhood—jewelry, perfumery, ribbons—and he lost no time in gathering his harvest. But he pauses—a letter has caught his eye—the handwriting has a resemblance

to penmanship he has seen before. He stares amazed, then plucks the letter from its sheath, and, taking it to the light, reads:

"My dearest Mary—I hope you will be delighted to hear that at last all is arranged and I am free to go. Having never met, and, under the circumstances of our engagement, notwithstanding that fact, having known each other only through correspondence, there may be, as I have before suggested, some constraint. There will be, at least so far as you are concerned, disappointment; it is always so. Young ladies invariably have romantic and flattering ideas of a lover they have never seen. But in course of time I trust to make you discover in me some better qualities than those which appear on the surface, and in the belief that I possess them I have allowed our engagement to progress as contemplated by the will of my father. Should you, however, be greatly disappointed, you are, of course, at liberty to withdraw instantly, and the whole past shall be blotted out as if it had never been. I have calculated closely, and I find that I shall arrive on the 17th. Until then believe me, impatiently yours, Clarence Kirk."

The man who read this letter folded it carefully in the envelope again, smiling darkly.

"He gave her these things," he said, standing at the bureau again and emptying his pockets of the jewelry, which he carefully replaced. "They are sacred, and I return them."

He heard a footstep, or fancied so, and quickly crossed to the window on tiptoe, and then vanished into the darkness of the night outside.

CHAPTER II.

THE FACE.

Clarence Kirk had arrived promptly, and there had not been the least disappointment. He walks there in the orchard with his betrothed—Miss Mary Redburn—a tall, handsome fellow, with black eyes and olive complexion—a rather Mephistophelean countenance, perhaps, but a a very striking one.

A very pretty girl is Miss Mary, and never was any one prouder of a lover. His fascinations, serpentine and a little sinister, have completely inthralled her.

He does everything well—sings a divine tenor, touches the guitar like an Italian, and recites in half a dozen languages. So they walk under the beech-trees and talk of the wedding.

"Next week," he says. "Think how long I have been waiting! Mary, there is no earthly reason why you should refuse."

There is none, indeed, except the feminine instinct to postpone and be won with difficulty; but even that succumbs here, and she consents to the day he names.

It is August, and the hours go by with flying feet.

Clarence Kirk is the treasure of the household and the sensation of the neighborhood. Squire Redburn is in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Not a bit like his father, who was plain and practical like myself; but that, you see, is the effect of travel and education. Those things rarely come out—marriages by will, arranged by the parents," thought the squire, on the back porch, smoking his long pipe, and the whip-poor-wills serenading in the distance; "but this fits as neatly as a glove—they couldn't be more in love with each other."

Quiet Mrs. Redburn murmured assent, but added:

"He is almost a little too fancy for our plain country ways."

"He has no notion of staying here, Malinda—it is Europe he is thinking of."

This was quite true. Clarence announced the fact next morning at breakfast. He told, in the same connection, the story of his past travels, of his recent voyage from Japan, and for the first time the perils of that journey, but far from boastfully.

"We sprang a leak, and were obliged to desert the ship. It was a singular thing," and he smiled oddly—his smile indeed, was the one disagreeable expression that his features could assume—"and my presence here is due solely to a small piece of paper. The boats would hold only the one man more, and an Englishman, or rather a sort of half Italian, named Massari, drew lots which should remain behind. He lost, and we shoved off and left him looking disconsolately over the taffrail after us."

It was a dark memory. The story-teller changed the subject.

"Destiny had resolved that one of us should die, and we compelled her to name which. Ouf! how close is the atmosphere this morning! A thunder-storm before night, I predict." He got up and went to the window. "Yes, a storm this evening."

He was a little peevish that sultry day, and toward dusk it began to be evident that his prophecy would be realized.

The clouds were frightfully black, the wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and every now and then came a dazzling flash, and suddenly one of blinding brilliancy, that smote a tree in the distance, followed by a peal of thunder that shook the house.

"For God's sake, close the window!" shouted Clarence Kirk, staggering to the middle of the apartment, his face ghastly pale.

"We shall be nearly suffocated," said Mary, rising also, and with a smile; but if you are afraid of the lightning, it must be done. Country people never think of the lightning."

It must be different with city people, for Clarence Kirk was horribly frightened.

The girl crossed to the window and was about to lower it, when she paused and gazed earnestly out.

Again the blinding glare zigzagged into the room, and the old farmhouse trembled from the dreadful peal of thunder that succeeded.

"Shut the window, I say," cried Kirk, pale with passion and fear, tottering toward her.

"Here is a strange man caught out in the tempest," said Mary, drawing back, a little frightened also.

At the same instant a man's head appeared above the window-sill—his eyes searching the room.

"Who are you?" demanded Mary.

"Louis Massari," he said; and the glare of the heavens lit up his features.

Kirk recognized them as those of the man who had been lost at sea. He uttered an appalling shriek and fell to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT DROWNED.

The strange man went round to the door and came in, and quietly assisted the others in reviving Kirk.

The storm was now pretty well over, and it was dark, and Mary brought in the lamp.

When Kirk recovered, he offered his hand to Massari, but the latter probably did not notice the gesture, for he did not touch the extended member.

"How did you escape?" inquired Kirk, his handsome features wearing a strange uneasiness.

"I was seen a few hours after you had left me by a French ship, and they took me off. I never experienced the least alarm. I had a feeling—an intuition—that I should be rescued."

So they fell to talking comfortably. This Massari, although a stranger, had singular self-possession, and a curious way of looking about him, as if to take in everything, and as he conversed he seemed to be reading his listener with analytical carefulness.

You would have almost said he was preparing minute evidence for a court. He was, however, in his way very agreeable, exact and business-like in his manner, very sound and sensible, and quite good-looking, although a different sort of beauty from Clarence Kirk's.

"It may seem a little odd that I should have come here," said Massari; "but it is a fortunate coincidence—meeting you here, I mean, Kirk," and he seemed to smile rather dryly. "I saw the rain coming up, and any port in a storm, don't they say?"

It was a cool evening, and the little party did not need to seek the porch for air. They had tea, at which Massari assisted, and afterward chatted again very agreeably.

When they were about to break up for the night Kirk said:

"I take the liberty, Massari, of inviting you to remain with us here for a few days—until, in fact, my wedding. Miss Redburn and I are on the eve of marriage;" and he spoke with a singular slowness and decision, looking all the while in the other's eyes.

"Thanks," said Massari, promptly, and with just as fixed a gaze. "I shall certainly remain for the wedding."

He took his lamp and followed Farmer Redburn up to the room he was to have.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO TOGETHER.

MASSARI read a newspaper for about an hour, and then had a visitor—Clarence Kirk, who came in very cautiously, closing and locking the door behind him, and said, standing on the floor with folded arms and a resolute countenance:

"I thought you were at the bottom of the sea; but it seems I was mistaken. You shall, however, not interrupt my plans. I intend to marry this girl. I will tell you about it. One night, some time ago, I broke into this house to rob it, and while searching a bureau found one of your letters. I knew then for the first time in whose house I was, and recollected our voyage from Japan and all you had told me about yourself. I supposed you were dead, and it was only natural that the circumstances should suggest the Tichborne case. Well, sir, I determined to try the Tichborne game—assume your identity, and act in your place. Everything has succeeded up to this point, and I don't intend that so beautifully executed a plot shall suddenly crumble to pieces."

"I shall expose you, of course, Massari," said the stranger, who was in reality Clarence Kirk.

"How can you? Our effects went down in the ship together, and you have not a shred of evidence to prove or disprove anything. In this country you are as perfectly unknown as I am, and I have the advantage of you of being in possession. You could, of course, soon substantiate your claim by producing evidence from abroad; but not before I have married the girl, which is all I desire to do. That done, I can be bought off, naming my own terms—perhaps I could be bought off now," he added, significantly, "although I have honestly grown to like the girl."

"I make no terms but those of unconditional surrender with such a scoundrel as you," said the real Clarence Kirk, in his quiet way, drumming carelessly on the table. "I shall expose you to-morrow morning before them all, and if Miss Redburn's good sense does not penetrate the truth, she is not the woman I take her for."

The adventurer leaned over him, and said, in a concentrated tone, with a villainous smile:

"She is *not* the woman you take her for. She can never be any man's wife but mine."

In one second Clarence Kirk had him by the throat and down on his knees, choking the breath out of his body. You would not have dreamed that so slight a man could have so much strength.

But his fingers were knitted in the other's throat like claws of steel.

"Unsay it, or I swear you die this instant!" he cried

The villain struggled and spluttered, and at length succeeded in gasping out:

"It is true. I married her secretly several days ago, to make sure."

Kirk permitted him to rise, returning himself to his chair, suffering cruelly.

"Is it possible, Massari, that you can have done anything so infamous?" he said, in a broken voice.

"I was afraid. I had a sort of dim presentiment that you would come back, or that something would occur to spoil my game. She is my wife, and nothing can change it."

He laughed and went out of the room, looking back over his shoulder at the broken man seated in the chair.

CHAPTER V.

MOONLIGHT.

So THE real Clarence Kirk sat thus thinking a long time, thoughts and impulses crossing and recrossing each other through his brain like animalculæ darting about in a pool of water.

He needed an anodyne, and, going to the window, he lighted a cigar and stood looking out, smoking.

The night was clear and cool, and a brilliant moon hung from the meridian. A peaceful world without, but what a tempest in his own breast!

Stay! A figure is crossing the lawn, tall and sinister, gliding over the grass like a ghost.

Clarence Kirk recognizes the spectre.

"Something tells me to follow him," he muttered.

Two minutes later he also is in the grounds of the old farmhouse, watching Massari, unseen and unsuspected.

The Anglo-Italian is also smoking one cigarette after another, like a Spaniard, and pacing up and down in the shadow of the trees, waiting patiently for time to pass. And so half an hour steals away, and he looks at his watch and briskly sets forth in the direction of the village yonder.

The man he has so cruelly wronged follows him cautiously, like a Thug about to creep upon his victim.

It was after one o'clock when Clarence Kirk came back alone.

His cigar was not out, and for some time he walked up and down, smoking; then, tossing the remnant away, he went in, and so up the stairs to the corridor above.

Just at the stair-head he was confronted by Mary Redburn, looking strangely pale and agitated.

"Miss Redburn!—at this hour!"

"Yes; I have been awaiting your return. Where is your—your companion?"

He hesitated; something in her look and voice startled

ZELATA.—BY THE GERMAN PAINTER J. R. WEHLE.

him still more.

"You mean Clarence Kirk?"

"No. I mean Louis Massari."

He was petrified. She went on:

"I saw him enter your room to-night. I followed and listened at the door, and heard all. I know the secret between you—that you are the real Clarence Kirk, and he the real Louis Massari! Oh, Heaven! what is to be done? He spoke the truth—I am his lawful wife!"

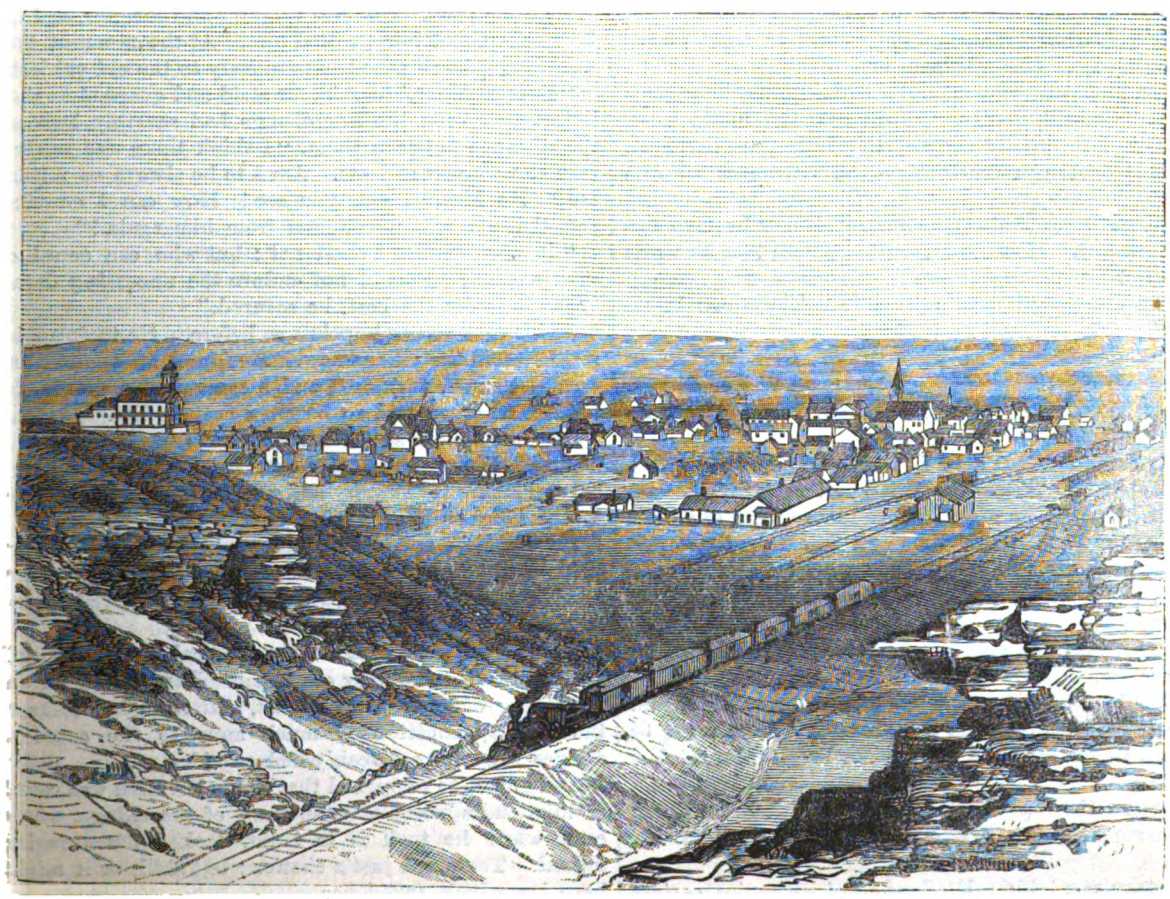
WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.— PRAIRIE-SCHOONERS CAMPING AT NIGHT. SEE PAGE 423.

He was silent for a moment—downcast.

"Miss Redburn, you are indeed unfortunate. I had intended to sacrifice myself for your sake, to give up my name and all rather than have you know how you had been deceived. But this step is now impossible, unless, knowing the secret, you still wish me to take it. I swear I will do so. I will continue to bear his villainous identity and allow him to bear mine, and leaving this neighborhood to-morrow, you shall never hear of me again. You have only once to speak the word."

"I shall not speak it. Exposure means ruin, but that I have resolved to accept. Do you know where he has gone? I saw you follow him from my window?"

"It will only distress you to learn." She made an



VIEW OF RAWLINS, WYOMING.

impatient gesture. "Well, I followed him to a low tap-room in the village yonder, where he was evidently expected, from having been there many times before, and where he was rapturously welcomed. He is still there, surrounded by congenial company, engaged in a hideous carouse."

She turned away, choking back a low sob, but without a word. Clarence Kirk watched her as she went on through the long corridor and disappeared, and then he returned to his own room. Little he slept that night, but sat at the window, smoked and mused till the first faint flush of dawn trembled in the east, when he threw himself on the bed and fell into a dreamless slumber.

Next day came, bright and beautiful, but the hours passed and Louis Massari reappeared not. Where was he? The old squire was curious and perhaps a little troubled, and sent here and there to see. At the village tavern it was learned that Massari had left with the ostensible intention of returning to the farmhouse, at a late hour the previous night. He was not sober, but wild and angry with drink.

But now, a little later, came a note which had been slipped into the box at the village post-office. It was addressed to "Miss Mary Redburn"— a tall and sloping hand—with vigorous and angry stroke, and it ran as follows:

"MISS REDBURN that was—Mrs. Louis Massari that is—I have thought over everything. You do not love me, and I know that we should not be happy. I have reconsidered. I am not fit for the serene domestic joys. A soldier of fortune, I must retain my freedom or be miserable. Mr. Clarence Kirk loves the happiness of the hearth. You are suited to each other—be happy together.

"MASSARI."

The day ended and still he did not return. Another morning, and Clarence Kirk, watching his opportunity, saw Mary Redburn alone in the garden in front of the old farmhouse. She was pale and ill.

"Miss Redburn, this cannot go on. Something must be done," he said, gently. "Your parents should know the truth—how cruelly you and they have been deceived. This man wrote you truthfully—you will never see him again."

"I do not know," she answered. "I have been so terribly betrayed. How am I even to be sure that he wrote this note?"

"Who else could have written it? There can be no doubt."

"There can be doubt of everything. One insnared as I have been can believe nothing again. I was so happy. I had not the least suspicion, and think what the awakening was!"

Clarence Kirk felt for the first time a keener pang than any yet—that of jealousy. Had she learnt to love this miscreant? Did she not still love him in spite of all?

"Of course," he said, watching her intently, "you are now perfectly free. That was no marriage. It was thoroughly a fraud, and would not hold in sight of God or man."

To his dismay and anguish she was silent. His jealous fears confirmed his worst suspicions.

"Well," he said, "your parents must know the truth. It is wrong to hide it from them longer. Mine must be the task, as indeed it is by right, to break the wretched story."

So before the day was out Clarence Kirk had a long, and, in some degree, exciting, conference with the old squire.

The story was told in detail, and not without a certain dramatic power. Squire Redburn was indeed amazed. He could not at first believe; but his daughter came, and with her evidence there could, of course, be no longer room for doubt.

"Well, daughter," said the old man, when all had been related, "what is to be done? You are again a free woman. Nothing binds you but the pledge I made to my old friend—that you should be, if I could bring it about, his son's wife. It has always been my dream. Your father, sir," he said, turning to Clarence, "and I were brothers. You know the history of our long and dear association." He took his daughter's hand. "It is for you to determine, Mary, what shall be done."

She was silent for a moment, and Clarence Kirk watched her with a beating heart.

"I can never marry any one while Louis Massari lives," she said, at last.

Kirk started like a man who had been pierced through the heart. He had half expected the answer, and yet it was agony.

CHAPTER VI.

AND now some two or three days passed, and there was no change. Nothing was heard from Massari; he had vanished utterly. Men of his stamp belong to the darkness, and come and go like evil spirits, who walk invisibly.

Clarence Kirk was not growing happier. The more he saw of Mary Redburn the more he admired her beauty—the more he pitied her and the more his love grew.

But affairs could not proceed in this fashion. He felt that he must seek a change, and so away he went on a short traveling tour. He was away four or five months; but they corresponded, decorously and soberly, and there was no word of love.

He came back. She was brighter and lovelier, and the first glimpse of her thrilled him. At the moment they were alone, he returned impetuously to the old subject.

"Dearest Mary," he said, for staid and guarded as their letters had been the interchange had sensibly lessened the distance between them, "I think there was never a man so unhappy as I am. Am I to be always so miserable? No Massari yet, you see! How can I convince you that you will never hear from him again?"

"It may be that I shall not; but who can count on such a man? I could not endure the unceasing dread. What is is for the best, be assured."

So his case was as hopeless as before. He took up his residence in the village now. He found an ancient and careful person, very deaf and a marvel of ugliness, for his housekeeper, and so began a cottage life.

He had once studied medicine and had taken a diploma, though he had never practiced. He had a natural liking for surgery and now he offered his services to the neighborhood as doctor.

He was rich, and did not care whether his bills were paid or not; and, as may be supposed, his profession, conducted on this principle, very soon prospered in one sense—he had plenty to do.

He wrote a good deal for the medical magazines, and quickly made something of a name. I am afraid he was something of an experimentalist, and the good folks of the vicinity contributed much more to the cause of science than they probably had any idea of.

And now it so happened that young Dr. Kirk was called in to attend a beautiful young lady of the village, whose case, when he took it in hand, looked discouraging indeed. There was just a chance; but skill, or it might have been luck, saved her.

Here were all the materials for a romance, and Miss

Alice Elliott was very romantic. To this handsome doctor who had almost rescued her from the grave could she feel otherwise than grateful? And is there anything that leads more surely, under proper conditions, to love than gratitude?

The physician was very quick to discern, and he was troubled.

He certainly had not got over his old passion for Mary Redburn; but she was still obstinate and impracticable, and he was approaching now the age when, if he was to marry at all, there could not be much more delay.

Moreover, in the case of Miss Elliott he had a rival—not, perhaps, a formidable one, but still, with tardy wooing, no one could tell how things might turn out.

There was an interesting young clergyman who, next to himself, seemed to find favor in her eyes. He was single, zealous, gifted, eloquent—on the whole, something of a catch.

At length the time came when Clarence Kirk must decide. He had made up his mind to ask Mary Redburn for a final answer. If she still persisted in her old course he would hold that all was at an end between them. He would then propose to Alice Elliott, and of his acceptance he had no doubt.

So he arranged it that he and Mary Redburn should ride out. It was again Summer now—a lovely June day—and gayly they set forth. The Falls of Wynderfel gave them an object for their ride—the great show place of the neighborhood, with its hotel, to which visitors came for the hot months.

The little expedition was a delightful one—in the beauty of the day and his companionship Dr. Kirk had never enjoyed himself more. But he was very guarded, and though he chatted of many things, love was not among them.

They are now returning. It is near sunset, and as they wind through the woods all the small birds are singing their vespers. "The crow flies home to the rooky wood." There is everywhere the curious charm of the hour—the soft sounds of evening; the flitting lights and shadows; the glory and the melancholy of another departing day, and so, inspired, perhaps, by the tranquil hour, Clarence Kirk returned to the old subject.

Once more he rehearsed the story of their association, and pleaded and argued as only true lovers can. She was not unmoved, as who could have been under his burning words? But still, training and repression of late had made her wonderfully self-controlled. She was silent. Perhaps she was afraid to speak.

Gently and with a smile, he placed his hand on the bridle of her horse and arrested him.

"You must answer me, Mary. I have been so true and patient."

He could see that she trembled. Hard indeed, must be the lady who turns lovers like this away. Only a moment passed, and yet how long it seemed. The physician looked on her now as he had never even watched in suspense the breath of the dying.

But what is the stir yonder where the trees open? A little group of farmers and idlers comes into view, and there is something they are carrying carefully. What is it? Somebody hurt? Somebody dead? They walk slowly and with a certain solemnity. No one appears to be speaking.

And so they come on, and Mary and her lover drew out of the little path in the woods to let them pass.

Mary Redburn is suddenly pale. A strange tremor has seized her. Her thoughts for the moment are nowhere.

And now they are here. There is a rude bier of boughs and something covered under the farmers' coats. Dr. Kirk knows what it is—a human being, past all surgery now. But he asks.

The crowd stops. The man in front, touching his hat says:

"A drowned man, sir—in the water below the mill a long time. I am sure you know him, sir; everybody knows him. It's Mr. Massari, that disappeared so suddenly."

Mary Redburn uttered a little cry, and would have fallen from her horse had not Clarence Kirk supported her. She was free at last!

* * * * * *

And quite true it proved that the corpse was that of Louis Massari, who had evidently fallen into the water while tipsy that night. At the inquest the identification was complete.

And so Mary Redburn married Clarence Kirk, the man for whom she was destined, after all. Alice Elliott, there is no doubt, was a little piqued and disappointed. She had been sure of her capture of this handsome doctor; but it was not to be. She did not attend his wedding, and it was not until she had made Rev. Mr. Slippers as happy as it is possible to be in this world by becoming his bride, that she renewed her friendship with Dr. Kirk and his wife. But now they are warm friends again, for the young lady believes she did best, after all.

Mr. Slippers is a rising man and a pet of his bishop. He has written a book with a new theory about the flood, and proving that the scriptural version is perfectly correct, which has created a great sensation, and some of the infidel scientists are said to be extremely unhappy.

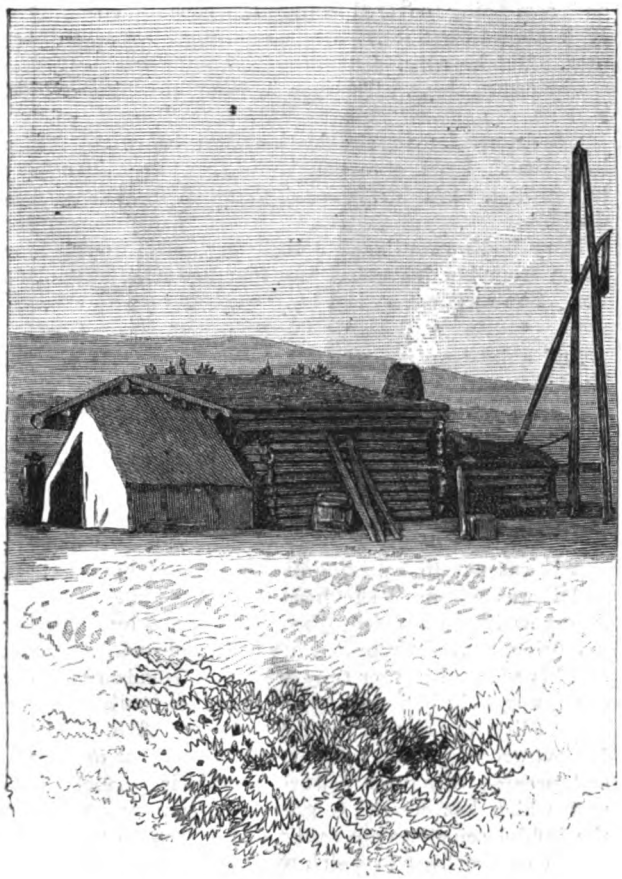
And so the lives in which we have been interested are running pleasantly on.

WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.

By Edwin H. Trafton.

Like all new sensations, one's first visit to the Rockies has its disappointments as well as its amply rewarded anticipations. For the red man of romance, for the savage before whom Custer went down to the dust—and history, it is disillusion to be obliged to hunt for your Indian on his reservation, instead of being hunted by him; in place of the frequent and affectionate grizzly of earlier experience, it is humiliating to excite only the curiosity of that saucy and exasperating wharf-rat of the plains—the prairie-dog. Nor is the ambitious owner of a handsome new rifle of marvelous mechanism put in the primest of humors on making the discovery that such bison-skins as he would possess himself of as trophies of the chase must be purchased in the form of buffalo robes in Eastern fur-stores; and where one had fancied he would be made the unhappy victim of cowboys, there is a monotony, however flattering to one's egotism, to find himself, day after day, one of a very few human beings in a vast territory.

The "outfit" of the Bothwell party, with which I made a trip of between 400 and 500 miles, going and returning, into the very heart of Wyoming Territory, was a formidable one. For the "tender-foot," and the reader unfamiliar with the vernacular of the plains, it should be explained that "outfit" is an elastic word, being applied alike to the contents of a "gripsack" or the make-up of a caravan—to the *trousseau* of a bride or the paraphernalia of a gambling hell—to the frying-pan and rubber blanket of the prospector, or the horses, wagons, camp



DURBIN'S RANCH, ON THE SWEETWATER.

equipage, provisions and miscellanies of a large party, as in our own case.

With the single exception of ex-President Arthur's outfit, which had the year before been through from the Union Pacific to the National Yellowstone Park, ours was the largest and most imposing which the part of the country has ever seen. It was made up of half-a-dozen four-horse teams, and a "bunch" of saddle-horses, with sleeping and mess tents, ample supplies in the well-stocked commissary department, ten men to do everything that could be done for the creature comfort of the explorers, and a baker's dozen of capitalists and scientific men, earnest and practical, alert to learn all that Wyoming might be pleased to impart as to her wealth of natural resources.

Our party included the inevitable Englishman, and in the same breath do I wish to put on record the fact that he never grumbled once, and that a more genial, whole-souled, companionable gentleman than this Londoner one would go far to find; but an uncompromising regard for the truth, however painful, compels me to add that this inevitable Englishman was accompanied by the equally inevitable umbrella. In a wild effort to release himself from the national thralldom, he left his silk umbrella in New York; but at Rawlins, our starting-point, and at the very last moment before departure, he weakened and fell, and became the victim of a cotton umbrella, of a low and vulgar type, and henceforth this parachute, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, was ever to be seen in the van, serenely bobbing up and down in its efforts to adjust its broad expanse to the more or less uncertain lope of the broncho.

To recapitulate, as to the make-up of our outfit:

1. Four-horse teams, or "prairie-schooners," for the tents and provisions, personal luggage and the comfort of those who preferred a wagon-seat to a saddle.

2. Thirty horses, including a mongrel broncho, named "R. B. Hayes."

3. Ten men, including surveyors, teamsters, a detail to care for the tents, a cook and his assistant, and a night-herder to guard the horses and camp, all under the direction of Joe Rankin, the scout.

4. Fifteen men, whose sole business was to ride, to see, to enjoy, to learn—likewise, to eat, drink and sleep.

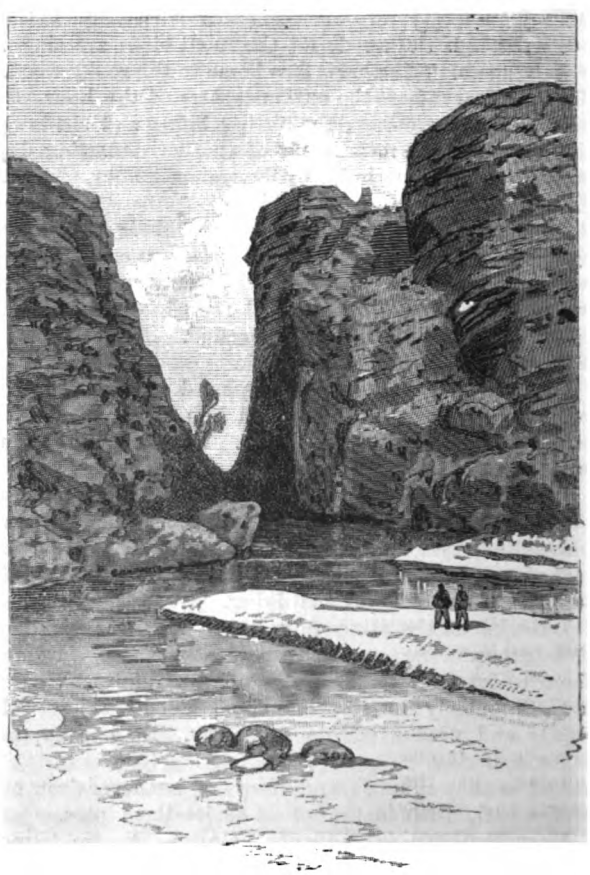
5. Julia, a small dog with a history disproportioned to her size.

6. A cot-bedstead, taken along by a young married man, as a concession to his devoted wife's imperative wishes, lashed to the side of one of the big wagons, whence it was not once removed, but where it served as a chronic source of good-humored jokes, all other topics failing.

7. The Englishman's cotton umbrella.

From this inventory it will tax neither the credulity nor make requisition on the imagination to believe that when our outfit fairly set out from Rawlins on a day in July last, with much cracking of long whips by the teamsters, much anxious and earnest conversation addressed by sundry tender-feet to the ambitious bronchos they for the first time bestrode, the hearty good wishes of a respectable gathering of Rawlins's most substantial citizens, and the noisy admiration of the untamed and irreverent small boy, that I felt very much as though I was traveling with a circus. Nor did the familiarity that came with experience wholly obliterate this first impression.

Yet the individual "outfit" should not be ignored. Each man was his own purveyor, assisted by modest sug-

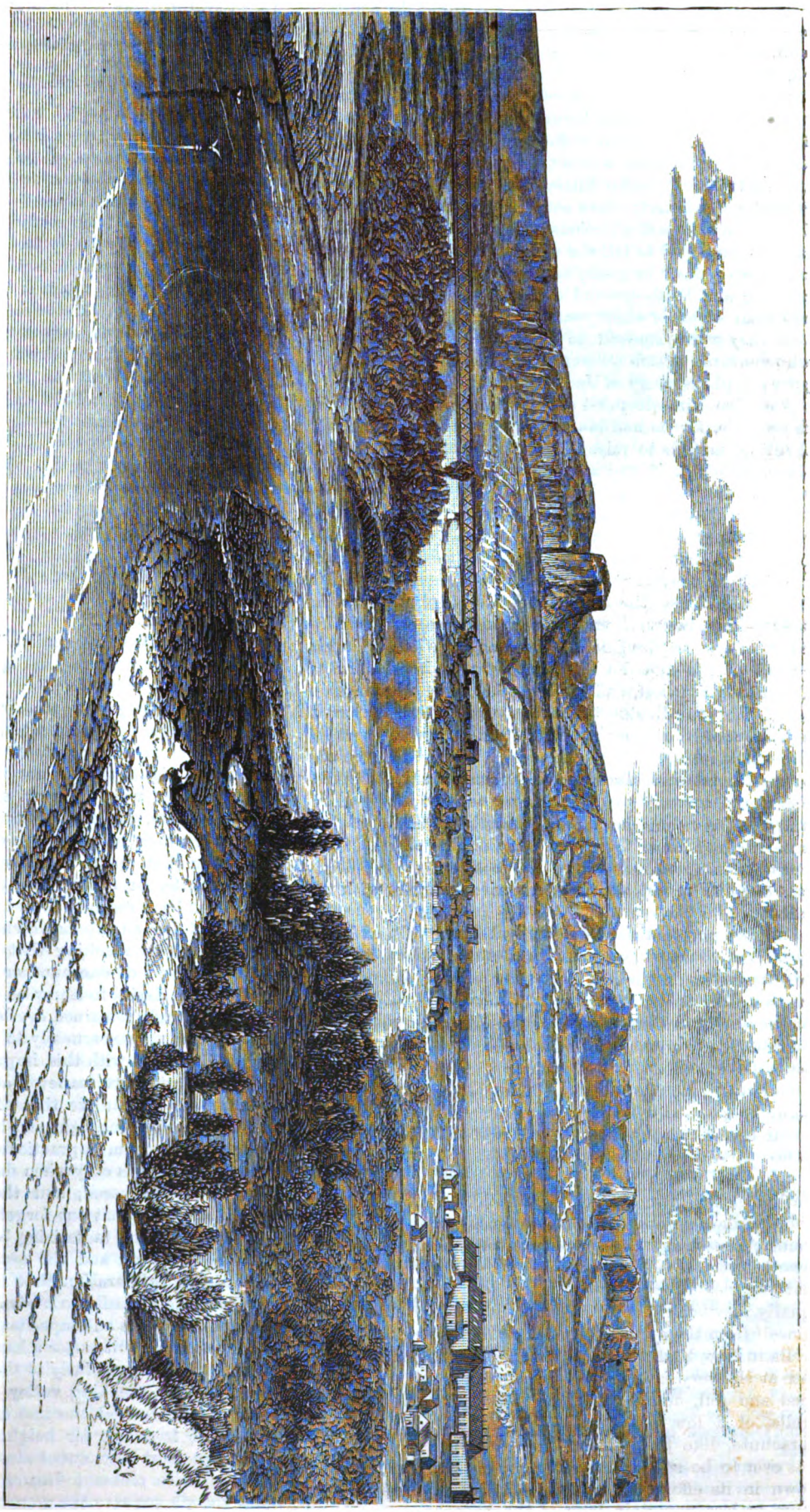


DEVIL'S GATE, ON THE SWEETWATER.

gestions from every other man in the party, and wholesale advice from the casual stranger, and the incidental chance acquaintance, very much after the manner of those who prescribe sovereign remedies for the cure of a cold. And, at the end of it all, the victim of an attempt to acquire an outfit, like the analogous sufferer, is reduced to a mental condition verging on imbecility; but he still has reasons for gratitude if, after running the gantlet of outfitting storekeepers from Chicago, through Omaha and Cheyenne, to Rawlins, he does not find himself a financial wreck. The articles of dress, the different fire-arms, the things for all sorts of use and of no earthly use to any mortal being, that are urged on one as indispensable, are legion.

With the best intentions in the world, one's friends can only succeed in making a spectacle of him when it comes to the development of an outfit; that can only be satisfactorily acquired by experience.

Our course, carefully mapped out in advance by those thoroughly familiar with the straggling trails and sporadic ranches, took us in a generally northeasterly direction, past the Seminoe Mountain, at the easterly end of the Sweetwater Range; into and up the lovely Sweetwater



BUTTES OF GREEN RIVER VALLEY, WYOMING.

Valley, like a garden of the Lord environed by sentinel peaks of the Rockies, crossing the old overland emigrant trail, making our exit through the Devil's Gate; and so on, till the Rattlesnake Mountains were crossed, and thence up the Powder River country, what is now known as Camp Aughey being the limit of our travels. This point, a little south of the Big Horn Mountains, is a sharp day's ride from where Custer made his last stand against the Sioux under Sitting Bull, from which massacre John F. Finnerty, then correspondent of the Chicago *Times* and now a Congressman, was one of a handful of men who escaped to tell the story. The entire route over which we passed in going and returning was a common hunting and battle-ground of hostile Indians no longer ago than seven or eight years, and previous to the time that they were removed to reservations the white man who ventured where we went was, in the quaint but expressive phraseology of Joe Rankin, "a good one."

And Joe himself must have been "a good one" in those days, for he had his experiences with the Indians, thrilling enough to raise the hair on the head of the listener, although it appears he had the good fortune to preserve his own scalp-lock intact. He was with Major Thornburgh at the time of the Meeker massacre, and was sent to carry news of Thornburgh's deadly peril, and to secure reinforcements. Dodging alike the Indians and the bullets they sent after him, he accomplished his journey, making the marvelous ride of 160 miles in twenty-four hours, from midnight of one day to midnight of the next, using up three or four horses in his errand of life and death. Troops were hurried on to Thornburgh's relief, and his hotly beleaguered men were saved. To hear Rankin tell it, one would think that such a ride was the most matter-of-fact, everyday sort of thing imaginable. To see him lazily loping along on old Jake, a horse that, like his master, has seen lively times, one would scarcely suppose he ever could do forty miles a day in the saddle, let alone picking him out for a man who has put himself on record as the hero of one of the most daring, as it was one of the most successful, deeds in the more recent annals of American warfare with the red men.

Having now sufficiently described our outfit, and outlined the route of our travels and observations, without attempting a journal, diary or log of our daily movements, alike tedious and distasteful to reader and writer, I will briefly catalogue some of the things seen, enjoyed or experienced, and then say something of each in turn, as per inventory:

1. "The nearness of the distance, the total disregard of the perspective for veracity."
2. Mental and physical exhilaration of living in a high altitude.
3. The scenery—with only sage-brush below, the sky above and cloud-kissing peaks on the sentry line of the horizon.
4. Ranches and ranchmen.
5. Flora and fauna, the geological eccentricities of the miocene-tertiary period, and our enclycopedia of natural history, Professor Aughey, LL. D., Ph. D., late of the Nebraska State University and now Territorial Geologist of Wyoming.
6. The game, including antelope, deer, elk, sage-hens and tenderfoot.
7. Rattlesnakes.
8. Cowboys, including a painful and improving experience at the F. L. ranch.
9. A typical Wyoming log schoolhouse and its curious connection with the Vienna Welt-Ausstellung in 1873, and the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, with Governor Hoyt as the connecting link.
10. Oil City, where women rule by a majority of one, and the aldermen pass stringent ordinances to protect the schoolchildren from being bitten by antelopes.
11. Wyoming's wealth of unsurpassed, undeveloped and comparatively unknown resources.
12. Mountain fever and a "jackpot" from the medicine-chest.
13. My last day's ride.
14. The elevated literary taste of Rocky Mountain readers.

Each one of these topics would furnish material for an article by itself; but we all know from experience that the minister who takes a whole chapter in the Bible for a text usually preaches a shorter sermon than the one who selects one clause from a single verse.

Every one knows from reading, if not from experience, of the exasperatingly deceptive distances in the mountain regions. There are more feet to the mile, more land to the acre, in Wyoming than I have found in any other part of the world. The rarified atmosphere brings distant mountains within easy reach—to the eye—and only acquaintance with the irrelevancy of apparent nearness, and the certainty that one is bound to under or over estimate distances, finally brings one to a tolerably correct adjustment of appearances with the facts.

A sample dialogue will illustrate the effect of the atmosphere on our party. The outfit had divided, and our scientific guide was asked when we would again meet the other teams.

"Over there," he said, with a comprehensive sweep of his hand.

"And where is over there?"

"On space."

"How far in miles?"

"Five or ten Wyoming miles."

"And how long is a Wyoming mile to-day."

"Oh, 8,000 or 9,000 feet."

This uncertainty was all-pervading. We were only sure of an objective point when we had caught it, so to speak; but as we were constantly traveling, making a new camp every night, we did not keep our objective points very long after we had spent so many weary hours in capturing them. Another feature of the elevated table-lands over which our course lay for days at a time, was the feeling that if one could only reach a certain sand-hill, or butte, or cañon, two or three miles ahead, he would then have reached the edge, the outer verge of all things, and find an expansive view of whatever might lay beyond; but, on reaching that certain point, there still remained ahead of one another sandhill, butte or cañon, and the same desire to hurry on to the jumping-off place that provokingly remained ever and always "over there," strive one never so earnestly to overhaul it. The exhilaration that goes with this impulse—we were never less than 6,000 feet above sea-level, and from that up to about 9,000 feet—is not unlike that of being up in a balloon. The ozone makes one light and buoyant, and at times flying seemed far from impracticable—if one's feelings were any criterion. It is only when meal-time is close at hand, or has already passed, and the "provision-wagon" is still out of sight, that one forgets the allurement to lope on and on for the tantalizing but illusive glimpse of all that lies in front; and the aerated air no longer has a tithe of the exhilaration that inheres in the first odors that deliciously assail the nostrils from the frying-pan of the cook where the antelope-steak is preparing to appease the ravenous appetite after a hard day's ride.

It grows dark gracefully in the Rockies. Twilight falls softly, silently touching valley and mountain-pass with its wand of peace, at the last kissing the luminous sky good-night from the far heights of the topmost peaks. All nature is at rest, sweet sleep enwraps the universe, night lures to pleasant dreams, and there is naught to break the silence save the mournful, wind-like wail of the

coyote wafted from the black shadows of the foothills, and the strident, self-assertive snore of the New York capitalist that emanates from one of the little huddle of tents dimly outlined by the starlight. One who cannot sleep in a camp like ours, cannot sleep anywhere. The president of a Cheyenne bank who was along had for months been the victim of insomnia. His fear at the outset was that he would not be able to sleep on the ground, with nothing but blankets between him and mother earth. In this he was so pleasantly disappointed that our last night out he said to me, with dismal foreboding: "I wonder if I really shall be able to sleep on a mattress after I get home!"

Ranches are few and far between in Central Wyoming, although in this statement of what appears to an Eastern man to be a simple fact, I fear I shall not be borne out by the opinion of ranchmen themselves. The second day out we stopped for noonday pot-luck at the cabin of Mr. Hurt, who has a ranch with 15,000 head of sheep. He is forty-five miles from Rawlins, in the Platte Valley, or, more correctly speaking, in a valley that forms a part of the Platte drainage system. When I asked him how far away his nearest neighbors lived, he said:

"They used to be a good, comfortable distance off, but now some fellows have taken up a ranch only fifteen miles away. I don't like to have 'em so close; it's getting too crowded here. I'm glad to have visitors, but I don't want neighbors as near as that. It makes bad air—'tain't healthy."

He spoke in downright earnest. Think of that, ye dwellers in city flats and east-side tenement-houses! The close connection between civilization and the frontier, between Wall Street and a Rocky Mountain sheep ranch, was shown by the interest he manifested in the recent colossal Wall Street collapse.

"The blamed outfit affects my business," he said, illustrating still another of the unlimited uses to which the word "outfit" is applied. "Usually we get fifteen cents a pound advance on wool: this year we get only ten."

"How much land have you got fenced in here?" I asked.

"Not much; only a few miles."

These "few miles" are contiguous to an enormous coal deposit, and something was said about giving him all the coal he wanted for 200 years to come.

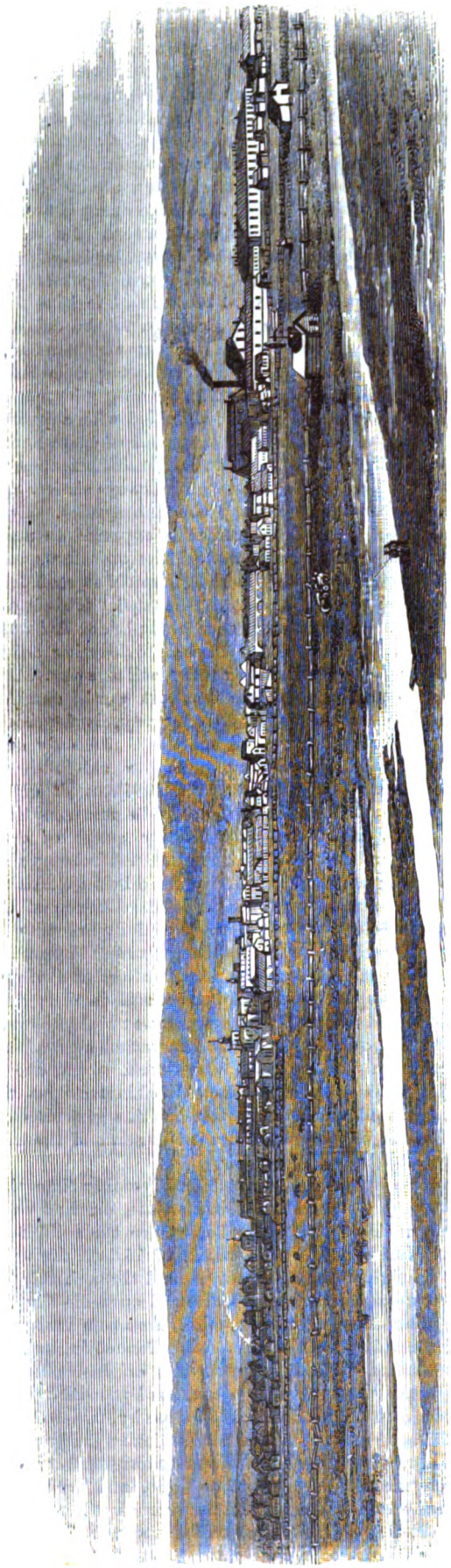
"By that time," said Mr. Hurt, quaintly, "I hope to be in a place where I won't need any more coal. I mean a better place than this, if working hard and being honest, or trying to be, will do it. Sometimes we sheepmen have to swear, but I reckon that won't count. For instance, if they get caught in a blizzard with 5,000 head of sheep, and the sheep are bound to go the wrong way."

On the threshold of Mr. Hurt's cabin a sundial is marked off, which was plain enough to understand; but I was confused by a lot of recent markings by the side of the old ones, indicating the hours.

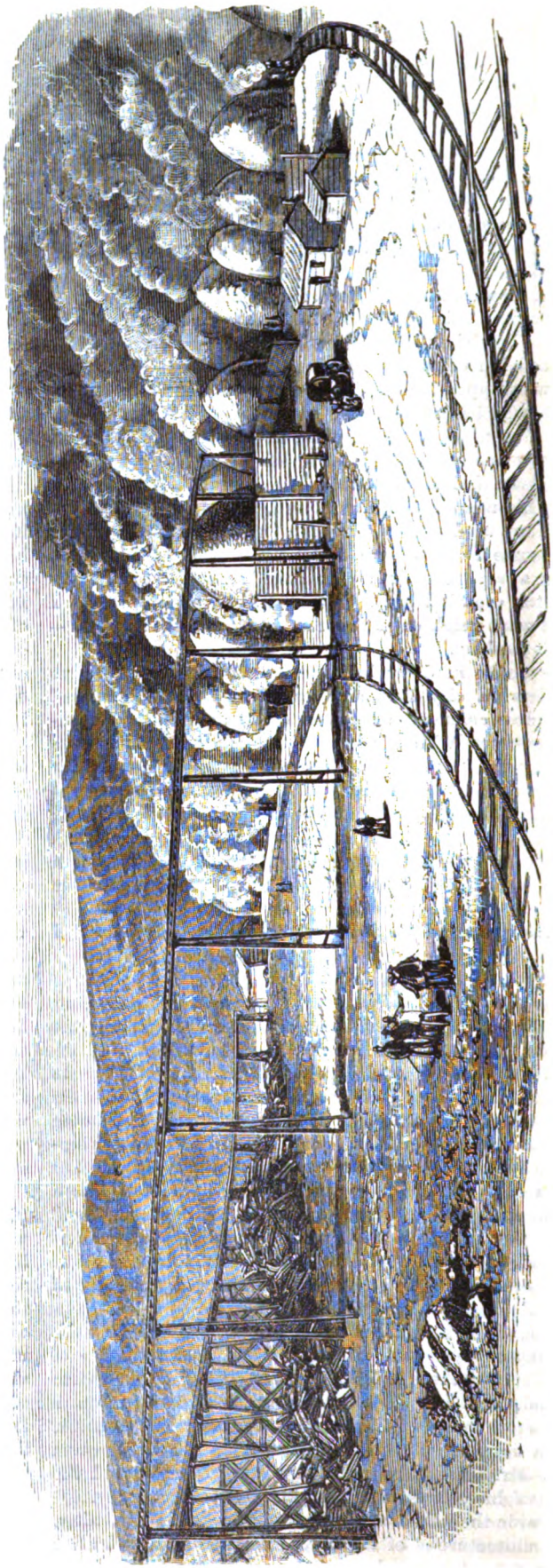
"Oh, those last marks are for the new time," he said, noticing my perplexity. What with his knowledge of the effects of the "last Wall Street outfit," his new-time sundial, and his liberal theology, not to mention a number of copies of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, which occupied the place of honor on the living-room table, Mr. Hurt is by no means isolated or behind the times, if his nearest neighbor is fifteen miles away.

Outside the half-dozen places of any size in Wyoming, the architecture is of the most primitive sort, and after one model. The word ranch is applied to either a cabin or to the land which a man owns or makes use of, and both are included and implied in speaking generally of one's ranch. The cabins are built of rough logs, with mud to fill the chinks. The roofs are flat, or with a slight slope, covered with turf, which is often found growing luxuriantly in the Summer. Originally this turf on top was useful to prevent the incendiary savage from setting fire to the cabin, and is now equally useful in the added warmth and protection from snow in the Winter. In place of the ice-chest and refrigerator of the Eastern housekeeper is the meat-pole, which the unsophisticated is apt to mistake for a flagstaff. By means of a pulley and rope the fresh meat is hoisted fifteen or twenty feet in air, where it hangs suspended above the range of hungry flies and predatory wild beasts, and is kept in a state of excellent preservation, subject to the culinary demands of the camp. To the visiting ranchman and infrequent traveler the meat-pole is always a sure index to the condition of the larder. If it be empty he may as well ride on to the next ranch; if loaded with a quarter of venison there is comfortable assurance of gastronomic satisfaction. For hospitality is the foundation-stone of the ranchman's religion, and there is always shelter and a share in the provisions for any one who applies. Even if the cabin be deserted the visitor is expected to make himself as much at home as though the proprietor were present to do duty as host, helping himself to such food as he may need to make a comfortable meal. This is one of the unwritten laws that is constantly honored in the observance, and every one's literal latch-string hangs out whether he be within or fifty miles away. The exception to this rule, where the host would consider it an insult were the guest to offer pay, is furnished by what are known as "road ranches," the only substitute for the Eastern tavern, and the old-fashioned inn, where the proprietor makes a business of entertaining man and beast for a reasonable remuneration. Most of the ranches are occupied by gangs of cowboys, or "cowpunchers," as they are interchangeably called in the vernacular, numbering from half-a-dozen up to a score in a single cabin, where, in the absence of the civilizing influence of woman, the daily routine is severely simple. The male cook is the nearest approach to a housekeeper, and every man looks after his own personal comfort in the matter of bunks, and in caring for his own limited wardrobe. A grotesque result of every man being his own tailor, I saw illustrated at Durbin's horse ranch, on the Poison Spider Creek, where one of the cowboys wore a pair of black doeskin trowsers, the worn-out seat of which was covered with a generous expanse of white bagging with the trade-mark of the mill standing out distinct and clear.

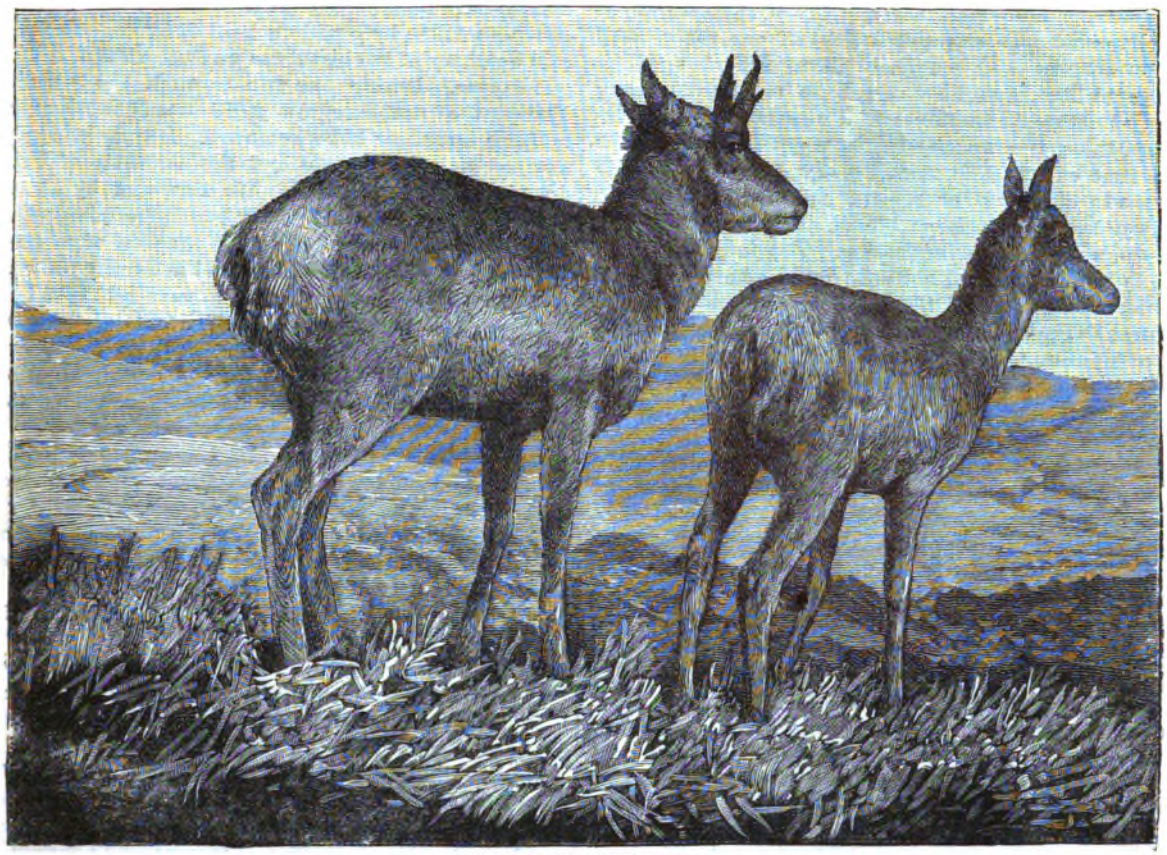
There is no better-known ranch in Wyoming than that of Tom Sun, just beyond the Devil's Gate, on the Sweetwater River. This Gate is a cañon where the solid rock has been cleft asunder to a width of 75 feet, the walls rising to a height of nearly 400 feet, and through this the river rushes—a narrow, deep and rapid current—for the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Tom Sun has seven miles of the valley west of this cañon fenced in, and for situation the land is unsurpassed. His original selection of the site was made one day when, hard-pressed by the Indians, he took refuge in the hills close by, from whence the lovely valley spread out at his feet like a living panorama. He was a famous scout and Indian-fighter in the days when there were Indians to fight, and for a long time after he built his cabin, he never knew when absent if he would find it destroyed on his return. To guard against surprises, he had rifles and cartridges *cached* in three or four places among the rocks of the hillsides



VIEW OF LARAMIE.



TIMBER-FLUME AND CHARCOAL-FURNACES, HILLIARD, WYOMING.



PRONGHORN ANTELOPES.

surrounding his cabin, so that if he had to run for it, he was sure to find ample provision for his defense. Tom Sun is now the partner of Sir John Reed in the cattle business. His ranch, one of the most comfortable we found anywhere, has always been famous for its hopitalities; but it is now doubly popular since they are dispensed by Mrs. Sun, one of the few women within a radius of a great many miles. To visit Wyoming without seeing Tom Sun is to miss one of the best known characters in the Territory, and one of the best worth knowing.

As a rule ranches take the name of the cattle-brand of their proprietor — the "71 Ranch," the "F. L. Ranch," for example — and are thus known and designated by every one. It should be further stated that, contrary to the habit in the East of putting farmhouses on the most elevated and commanding sites, Wyoming ranches wisely seek the shelter from the high winds and occasional blizzards in the lowest levels of the valleys, or hide themselves in the unpoetic but practical shelter of gullies, rivers and cañons. The only adornment of the premature, rough-hewn, dovetailed logs for cabin-walls, is the equally appropriate and almost universal display of elk-horns or deer-antlers surmounting the gables, not infrequently disposed along the ridge-pole, and often utilized indoors for holding coats, hats, newspapers, and "traps and calamities" of all sorts.

SAGE-HENS.

I do not believe there is another man in all the Rocky Mountain region who has so entirely

mastered the flora, fauna and geology of this section, as the naturalist and scientist-in-chief of our party. All things animate and inanimate have yielded up their secrets to him, and he has got so close to the very heart of nature through years of the most perfect intimacy, through researches patient, untiring and at the same time enthusiastic, that it really seemed as though there was no rock or reptile, no bird or beast, no smallest leaf, no brightest bloom, that was not to him a poem, a sermon, an inspiration. The individuality of each is recognized, and not only does he have the scientific technology and all the local names at his tongue's end, but he can at the same time entertain one with every fact of interest, whether it be concerning the fossil *Corbicula Augheyi*, found only in two localities—Fremont's Orchard, in Colorado, and near the base of the Seminoe Mountain in Wyoming; a cone of the *Pinus ponderosa*, which only opens and grows after being subjected to the action of fire; the results of his investigations into the formation of the Miocene-tertiary Period, or every last detail concerning sage-brush, grease-wood and buffalo-grass; the noble traits of the majestic elk, the domestic life of the *Centrocercus urophasianus*—more popularly known as the sage-hen, or the habits of the frequent and disgusting rattlesnake—a reptile I so heartily and cordially detest that I would not honor it by the use of its scientific name, if I knew it, which I do not. With the *materia medica* of the Indians is Professor Aughey equally at home, from the use of the beneficent *Squindellia squawrosa* to the Sioux method of giving a Turkish bath, with original and startling variations. At one time a pupil of Leidy's, Professor Aughey's contributions to scientific literature are welcomed as undisputed authority, a curious illustration of this fact having come to my knowledge in the shape of a letter containing a check from the publishers of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which reached him along with our mail in the heart of the Rockies, brought to us at Camp Hobson's Choice, on the Poison Spider Creek, by a special courier, a two days' ride from Rawlins. Besides being able to give us definite, precise and complete information on anything and everything connected with the Rockies, who has been at home here from days long antedating the driving out of the red men, there is rare entertainment in talking with a man who fought with John Brown in Kansas and tried to dissuade that radical of the radicals to give up the project of his mad raid into Virginia; a man who was a personal friend of the poet Richard Realf, and who holds in tender remembrance the days when Edgar Allen Poe gave him, while still a boy not yet in his teens, kindly encouragement and generous help in his first study of reptiles and insects. Add to this a man who has had his hairbreadth escapes and thrilling experiences with Indians; who is an expert in all the craft of hunter, prospector and camper-out; whose experience and ingenuity make him laugh at every accident and equal to any emergency of a trip like ours; who knows where and how all game is to be found and killed; who is a surgeon, cook, physician, naturalist, trapper, nurse, poet, scout, philosopher, machinist, as occasion may require; who scorns a tent and prefers the stars for a canopy, and at the same time keeps up with what the great world outside is doing in literature, art, science, legislation and diplomacy, and you have a man out of a million with whom to make a trip into the Rockies.

A quarter of a century ago 10,000,000 of buffalo, he says, used to find ample grazing-grounds in the 100,000 square miles embraced in the present Territory of Wyoming, besides vast herds of elk, deer and antelope. The buffalo have been driven out or killed off, and their place has been taken by a million head of cattle. The wholesale butchery of the bison was wanton, wicked, and without excuse. During one trip through the Sweetwater Valley, the professor saw 2,000 dead buffaloes, with nothing but their hides removed. During one trip we saw not one live buffalo, and the carcasses of but few dead ones along the trail. We were told by Mr. Clay, the Chicago cattle king, of a "bunch" of about fifty of them that were "rounded up" to the west of us the day before leaving Rawlins, but we did not verify the rumor. At one ranch up-country, also, we were told of a buffalo bull that had passed the cabin the evening before, but a few hundred yards distant. He was going at top speed, as though he had been sent for and couldn't get there quick enough, and in his blind haste charging into a barbed wire fence, carrying away several rods of it. Indignant at being pricked and torn by an enemy invisible, he came to a sudden halt, faced about, pawing the earth and bellowing forth an angry challenge. Evidently surprised that the cause of his discomfiture failed to respond, he presently headed for his course and was soon lost to sight over the crest of a sand-hill.

"Are you going to hunt grizzlies?" a member of the party was asked when we set out.

"What do I want to hunt grizzlies for? I haven't lost any that I know of," was the sufficient response.

If there were neither bison, grizzlies nor Indians to hunt, we found plenty of other game that afforded the amplest satisfaction to those of the party who cared for that sort of sport. From the first day out of Rawlins until our return we were scarcely ever out of sight of antelope, black-tailed deer and sage-hens. There was no day that our larder was not replenished by the fur or feather, of which there seemed an unlimited supply. An elk or two, also, were seen in the timber on Pine Mountain, and plenty more could have been found for the simple trouble of looking for them. The sage-hens, handsome birds, were so tame that it was like shooting barnyard fowls to kill them. At times they would actually walk toward the man who was knocking them over, and so plentiful were they that it was no feat at all to bag a couple of dozen of them inside of an hour. For two or three days it was great sport to bring them down; after that it became monotonous, and about the same time it was discovered that, good eating as they were, it was like too long a consecutive diet of quail to further include them in the daily bill of fare.

Wherever we came across a large bunch of cattle there was almost always sure to be either deer or antelope grazing near them, in groups of three or four up to a dozen. The largest number of antelope I saw together was a bunch of fully fifty, into which I rode, to my surprise no less than theirs, in a verdant, watered run between two sand buttes. One moment of curious inspection and they had gone like a flash. The cook was kept well supplied with antelope, the juicy steaks of which were fully appreciated by the entire party. To the credit of all concerned, I wish to say, however, that notwithstanding the constant temptations afforded by such lively game, no antelope was killed in wanton sport, the number being confined to what we could comfortably dispose of at table. Usually they were within easy range, 300 to 600 yards away, and there is plenty of excitement and a pleasurable thrill to the nerves in pulling trigger at such a mark. There is a feeling of triumph in bringing an antelope to earth; but it is a sad sight to see an antelope die. Life is as free, as sweet, as perfect to him as it can be to any creature. The pain, the terror, the how-could-

you-do-it look in the great, almost human eyes, and the hoarse, pitiful death-cry as the merciful knife of the hunter at its throat ends the struggle, turns the triumph into a tragedy.

In one of his exploring expeditions in the Rattlesnake range, Professor Aughey had occasion to camp on Garfield Mountain, the highest peak of the range, which rises to an altitude of 8,400 feet. In a sheltered nook, far up the mountain, he found ninety head of elk and deer, and he made his camp close by to watch them. When, in the still hours of the lonesome night, a large and hungry pack of wolves put in an unwelcome appearance, it was then, so the professor told me, that he fully understood why the elk and deer had herded together. With the instinct of true military defense, they formed a perfect ring, facing out, with the young in the centre. Several wolves that he shot were eaten by their companions, thus verifying a fact which we often read, but which is seldom witnessed. The elk and deer he did not disturb, and so tame were they, so unfamiliar with the human species, that some of them studied the professor with evident interest, at a distance of no more than ten rods. In the morning when he awoke they were lying down, still in a circle, and when he stirred, in an instant they were on their feet, the bucks ready to do battle if attacked. Parties of Indians are allowed to leave their reservations and visit their old hunting-grounds through which we passed, but they are obliged on demand to show their official permit, signed by the agent, to any white man who desires to see it. To find a lot of Indians off the reservation without permission, would suggest disagreeable possibilities that old settlers and scouts would not misunderstand. In the absence of the larger game, none is small enough to be despised by the Indian hunter.

"I've seen them before now," said Joe Rankin, "start in on prairie-dogs. They would string them and go on till they came to an antelope. Then they would kill the antelope and throw the dogs away. When they struck a deer, they'd gather him in and drop the antelope. They prefer the best there is, but they never get left by not taking what they they can get."

The rattlesnake has the reputation of being an honorable enemy. This is denied on the testimony of those of our party more familiar with with his habits than I ever wish to be from personal experience. I will do the reptile the credit of saying that he does coil himself up in a way that looks precisely like the woodcuts of him in the school geographies and natural histories; but in time of danger his rattle, instead of being a friendly warning to you, is, the rather, designed to terrify you if possible, and, in any event, to sound the alarm for assistance from any other of his loathsome species that may be within hearing. We did not see as many snakes as I had anticipated, but there was a "genteel sufficiency" as it was—quite enough to keep one on the alert. We saw some of them every day, and killed some—usually by the well-directed blow of a whip dexterously laid on the back of their necks while coiled preparatory to making a spring; the largest number encountered in any single day was no more than ten or a dozen. The one place where we did not see any at all was on Rattlesnake Mountain, our camp one night being on its side. The name was sufficiently suggestive to furnish the theme for stories and discussion after supper and along with the evening pipe, to that extent that I am sure more than one of the outfit dreamed of snakes that night. At daylight next morning we were suddenly brought up "on end," with our hair in a condition to match, by the terrified exclamation of the professional invalid, who was spooking around near the tent-door:

"It *is* alive! *Can* it be a snake?"

It *could* have been a snake. Fortunately for our nerves it wasn't. The cause of the panic was a mild and inoffensive field-mouse. Although I was told by those accustomed to life in the Rockies that rattlesnakes rarely intrude themselves into the bedfellow companionship of one rolled up in his blanket, I was none the less conscientious and regular in my nightly examination of what might be inside my blankets before lying down; and this habit of looking for snakes—not unlike a woman's looking under the bed for a man—although never rewarded by any painful discovery, was kept up, in a perfunctory sort of a way, for a night or two after I found myself in Pullman sleepers *en route* East.

THE INVENTION OF INK.

When ink was first introduced does not seem to have been decided; but given the paper and the pen, a colored medium which would show on a light surface, was so obvious a want, and one so readily found, that there is no extraordinary credit due to the unknown inventor. It appears to be only of comparatively late years that black ink has been almost universal. Roman ink was red, purple and gold; and inks of blue, green, violet, and other shades were not uncommon. It was said that simple as is the composition of ink, "we possess none equal in beauty and color to that used by the ancients; the Saxon MSS. written in England exceed in color anything of the kind." Modern ink-makers will deny the superiority of the ancients; but who shall say whether words written in the ink manufactured to-day will stand as vividly centuries hence as those Saxon MSS.? It is difficult to see how the writing materials of the present day can be improved upon, for convenience at least, setting aside questions of lasting inks, which the generation that uses them cannot settle.

WORDS FOR A WEDDING.

Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another, but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. And you sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

OUT-OF-SORTS.

Of all the little deceitful and treacherous enemies of people's comfort, is Master Out-of-Sorts.

The world is bright and pleasant; work is good; money is fairly plentiful; no debts are owing; and yet a man feels out-of-sorts, and nothing pleases him.

Or, it is some poor worried mother, who thinks that the children are unusually cross, and that everything seems to have got up out of bed the wrong way.

In both cases the explanation is the same. It is a case of out-of-sorts.

Long before this hard-worked, uncomplaining servant

of ours, the body, falls really ill, it tells us we are out-of-sorts. A trifle of medicine and of rest will often cure. It is only when the warning is neglected that worse results accrue.

Just as surely as a headache tells us that the internal provinces are in a state of irritation and revolt, so surely a feeling of out-of-sortness proves that the whole body wants a careful overhauling.

GLASS.

THE first mention of the use of glass in England to be found in any historical record is in a contract, dated 1439, for painting the windows of the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, wherein John Pludde covenants not to use for the windows any glass of England. Most of the glass at this time came from Flanders. The home manufacture was still insignificant in the days of Elizabeth. In 1589 fifteen glass-houses were at work—Glasshouse Street still recalling the old name for a glass-factory in London. "Horn in the windows," Mr. S. Dowell, in his 'History of Taxation,' tells us, "was now quite laid down in every place; and our lattices had also grown into less use, because glass had come to be so plentiful, and within very little as cheap, if not cheaper, than the old lattice."

At this time, too, drinking-glasses first came into fashion, the wineglasses from Murano being, as among those of æsthetic mind they be to-day, the fashion with the "gentility"—gold and silver being "loathed on account of the abundance." Abundance indeed! The silver plate possessed by Burghley at his death weighed from 14,000 to 15,000 pounds. And this was not considered extraordinary for a man in his position.

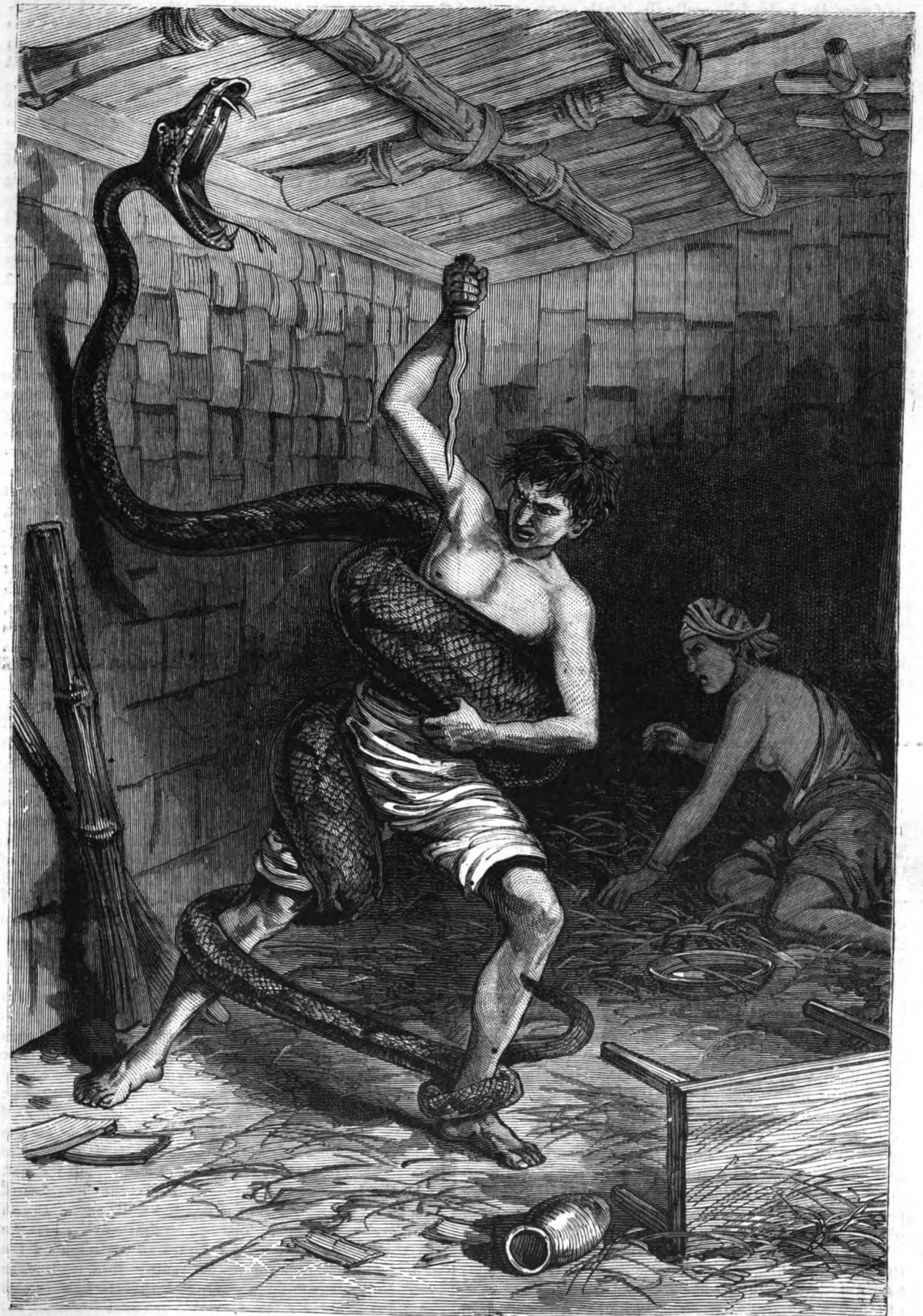
A STATE GOVERNED BY WOMEN.

AMONG the colonial possessions or—more correctly—dependencies of Holland, there is a remarkable little state which in its constitution and the original costume of its inhabitants surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights.

In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the Kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent state. The sovereign is indeed a man; but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. These Amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The capital of this little state lies in the most picturesque part of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.

WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.—INDIAN WOMAN'S METHOD OF CARRYING HER CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 423.

HARANGUING A BABY.—The worthy Malesherbes (Minister of Louis XVI.), at the head of a Sovereign Court, had been deputed to harangue the Dauphin in his cradle, who, far from understanding a single word of the address, could only cry out and shed tears to express his wants and griefs. He, the Minister, contented himself with saying: "May your Royal Highness, for the happiness of France, as well as for your own, always show yourself insensible and deaf to the language of flattery, as you are this day to the discourse which I have the honor of pronouncing before you!"



A TERRIBLE COMBAT.—"NO SOONER HAD THE BOA LOST HIS PREY THAN HE ATTACKED THE HUSBAND, WHOM HE BEGAN ENCIRCLING IN HIS FATAL COILS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

FOR EVER AND AYE.

IN the soften'd light of a Summer eve,
In the shelter'd nook of a woodland dell,
Where the late bee linger'd, loath to leave,
The last faint rays of the sunlight fell
Over her face, so fair, so sweet—
Over his words so free and fond;
Ah, never before were the hours so fleet,
Never a vision so bright beyond—
"Love, come what must, or come what may,
I will be true for ever and aye!"

Into a fair land wander'd he,
A soldier seeking to win renown;
And whether he sought it—shore or sea—
By lonely desert, or leaguer'd town,
There follow'd ever a woman's prayer;
And be he distant, or be he dead,
She hearken'd his words in the silent air
As softly the echoes whispered—
"Love, come what must, or come what may,
I will be true for ever and aye!"

In the dim light of cathedral aisles
A valiant warrior weds his bride,
A rich, proud lady, full of smiles—
Proud of the hero by her side.
Who, kneeling at the altar-rail,
Where fall the organ's deep'ning tones,
Hears not yon crouching, crush'd one's wail—
Heeds not the words she, sobbing, moans—
"Oh, come what must, or come what may,
Were you not mine for ever and aye?"

Into the depths of the silent night,
Up to the great white throne on high,
A weary spirit hath winged its flight—
A broken heart at his door doth lie;
For so women trust, and so men vow,
And the world wags on its careless glee,
Till the stricken of heart, forsaken now,
Seeks a haven of rest where perchance, there be—
Let come what must, or come what may—
Hearts leal and true for ever and aye!

A TERRIBLE COMBAT.

A SPORTSMAN, who a few months ago penetrated into the jungle lying between Buddoh and Sirangoon, came upon a lone hut, in a district called Campoing Batta, upon the roof of which the skin of an enormous boa or python—whichever may be the correct name—was spread out. The hut was occupied by a Malay and his wife, from whom our informant gathered the following extraordinary account of it: One night, about a week previous, the Malay was awakened by the cries of his wife for assistance. Being in perfect darkness, and supposing the alarm to be on account of thieves, he seized his sharp parang and groped his way to her sleeping-place, where his hand fell upon a slimy reptile. It was fully a minute before he could comprehend the entire situation, and when he did he discovered that the whole of his wife's arm had been drawn down the monster's throat, whither the upper part of her body was slowly but surely following. Not daring to attack the monster at once, for fear of causing his wife's death, the husband, with great presence of mind, seized two bags within reach and commenced stuffing them into the corners of the snake's jaws, by means of which he succeeded in forcing them wider open, and releasing his wife's arm.

No sooner had the boa lost his prey than he attacked the husband, whom he began encircling in his fatal coils; but, holding out both arms and watching his opportunity, the latter attacked the monster so vigorously with his parang that it suddenly loosed itself, and vanished through an opening beneath the attap sides of the hut. The husband's clothes were covered with blood, as was also the floor of the hut, and his wife's arm was blue with the squeezing it received between the boa's jaws. At daylight the husband discovered his patch of plantain-trees nearly ruined, where the boa, writhing in agony, had broken off the trees at the roots, and in the midst of the *débris* lay the monster itself, dead.

The Malay assured our informant that he had realized no less than sixty dollars from Chinese, who came long distances to purchase pieces of the flesh on account of its supposed medicinal properties, and that he had refused six dollars for the skin, which he preferred to retain as a trophy. It was greatly decomposed, having been some days exposed in the open air, and useless for curing.

ENGLISH AS SHE SPOKE.

THE copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is a capital illustration of the nice distinction which characterizes so many vocables. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us. A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And here we would add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the *élite*, and the *élite* of the city's rascals and thieves is called the most dangerous men in the community.

CUNNING IN CATS.

SOMETIMES cats will display extraordinary traits of cunning when lying in wait for their favorite prey—mice or birds. A cat belonging to a lady residing in one of the suburbs of London used to resort to the following trick: The back garden was separated from the garden of another house by a wall some six feet high. In the neighboring garden stood a withered tree, very little higher than the wall, whose branches were much resorted to by the birds of the vicinity. From the branches of this tree they would hop along the wall, sometimes in considerable numbers. The cat, on first coming into the neighborhood, would sit for hours at a stretch on the wall, watching for a chance to pounce on a bird. The birds, however, were too wary, and the cat finding this out, tried another method.

Instead of taking up her station on the wall, she sus-

pended herself from it, hanging on to the top by her two forepaws, and letting her body drop well out of sight. In this attitude she looked exactly as if she were dead, and had been hung up on some unseen nail. Every now and then she would stealthily raise herself, until her eyes, being on a level with the top of the wall, she was enabled to sweep its surface with a glance and note the approach of any unsuspecting bird. Many a capture bore testimony to the success of this singular plan. One day, however, a bird alighted on the edge of the wall, exactly between the paws of the cat, who, on her side, was in the act of raising herself for one of her stealthy glances. The two were within two inches of each other, and the mutual apparition proved so startling to both that neither stirred for several seconds. Then the paw was lifted, but instead of the usual success attending the movement, the cat lost her balance and fell off the wall, while the bird flew away unharmed!

JAUNTS WITH DICKENS.

By O. De Charny.

One fine Spring day—it was the 22d of April, 1868—Charles Dickens sailed down New York Bay on a tug-boat, boarded the Cunard steamer *Russia*, off Staten Island, and, after the customary farewells and friendly tributes, departed from our shores for ever. It was the close of his famous reading tour in the United States. This enterprise, probably the most brilliantly successful one of the kind ever undertaken, began in Boston, on the 1st of December, 1867, and ended, as mentioned, some five months later. Seventy-six readings were given, and the total receipts were $228,000, the author's personal profits being nearly $100,000.

Dickens's manager, secretary and confidential companion during the greater part of his career as a reader, was the well-remembered Mr. George Dolby, who has recently published a most entertaining account of his wanderings in two hemispheres, in company with his wonderful "Chief." "Dickens was my great hero," says Mr. Dolby, "in the pleasant bygone days when we were 'on the road' together—by day and by night, week after week, month after month, right through the English and American tours; and his memory is heroic now that he has gone." The inexhaustible fund of animal spirits which tided the author of "Pickwick" buoyantly over so many periods of weariness, anxiety and illness, cast gleams of geniality and jollity upon the most prosaic details of reading tours. The secretary's simple, sober and delightfully cockneyish style of narrating their adventures takes away none of their interest.

Dickens's first *début* as a reader of his own works before a public audience was made as early as 1854. The full number of these readings given by him (putting aside those given for charitable or friendly purposes), was 423. In the Spring of 1866 he made an engagement with the Messrs. Chappell to return to the platform after a considerable absence, and give thirty readings in London and the provinces, for the sum of £1,500 for the course. The popular success of this course was assured after the first night, and the engagement was completed to the satisfaction of every one concerned. The chief selections read were from "Copperfield," "Pickwick," "Dombey & Son," and the Christmas tales. Dickens's elocution, dramatic force, and powers of mimicry, were ever a source of wonder to the public, who came in crowds to hear him—such crowds, indeed, that sometimes Mr. Dolby found it a matter of great generalship to "stem the shilling tide" which kept pouring in after the houses were packed.

There was a great deal of the theatrical about Dickens's readings. He always superintended personally the arrangement of the numerous appurtenances of his platform, and took a gasman and a screen carpenter about with him wherever he traveled. At the back of the stage was a large screen consisting of a series of woodwork frames covered with canvas; this again was covered with a maroon-colored cloth, tightly stretched. In the centre of the stage or platform was the table, on which was a slightly raised reading-desk. On the left hand of the reader, on either side of the table, were small projecting ledges—the one on the right for the water-bottle and glass, the other for his pocket-handkerchief and gloves. Further forward, and on each side of the stage, ran two uprights; these were gas-barrels, secured with copper wire "guys," securing the batten and reflector, and communicating above and below with another range of lights with reflectors, so that the reader's face and figure were fully and equally distinct to the vision of the audience, and no effects were marred either by too much light overhead or by a super-effulgence from below. Wherever he read, in Europe or America, these "fixings" never varied.

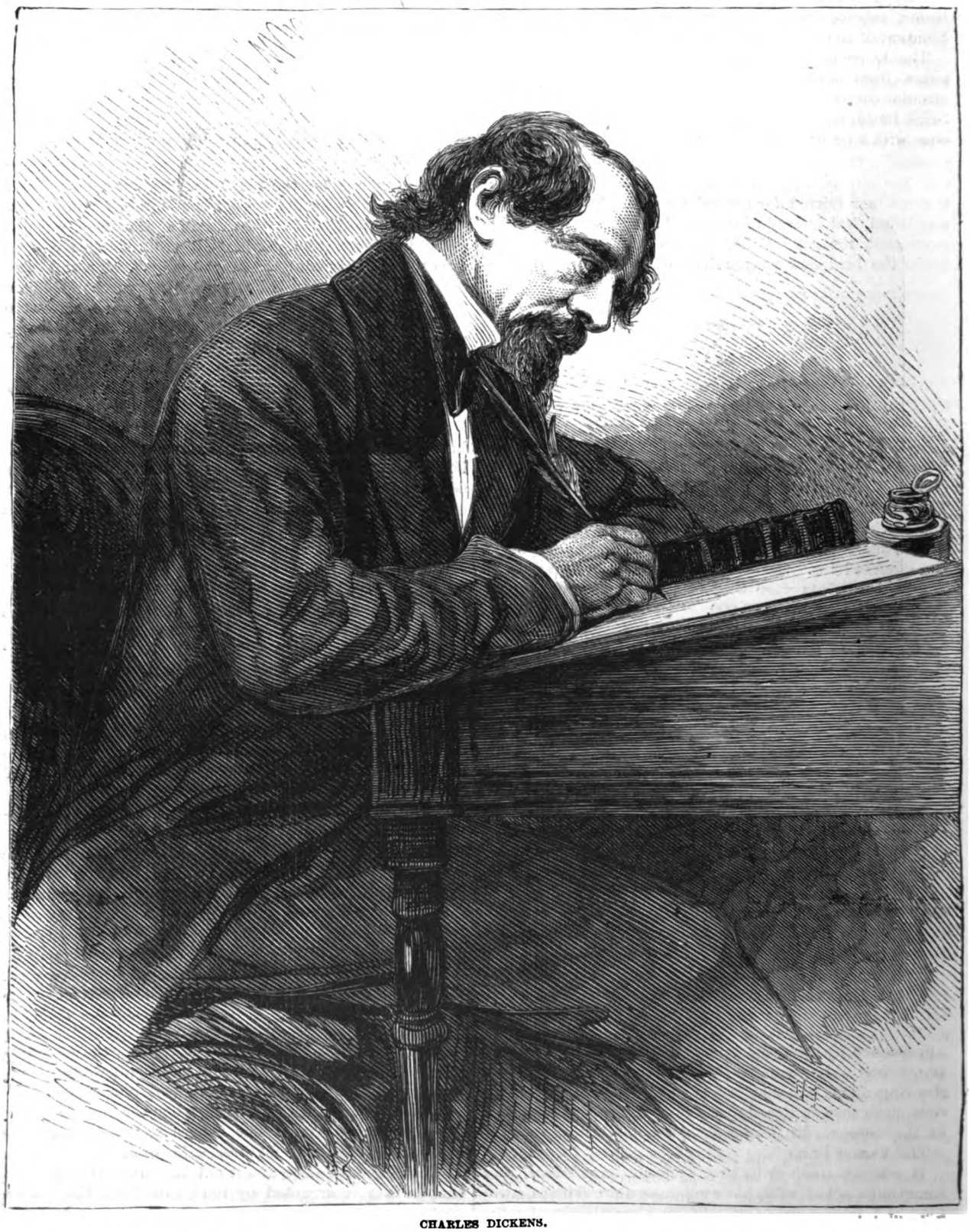
"On the road" proper, that is to say, on cars and boats, or tramping through the streets, the great novelist was less fastidious as to outward appearances. He adapted his dress to the exigencies of travel, and was not often recognized by the crowd. Dolby thus describes him, while loitering in a railway coffee-room: "A man respectably attired in the usual lower garments, well cut and well made; over which a pea-jacket or "reefer," Count d'Orsay cloak, "or "wrap-rascal"; while a hat, soft felt of the "wideawake" species, "broad in the brim," and worn jauntily on one side, gave a sort of roving appearance, or "modernized gentlemanly pirate" look, to the wearer, who was tall, upright and sinewy; his face, adorned with a wiry mustache and grizzly beard, struck one at once; deep-lined and bronzed, it was a philosopher's; the eyes, whose depths no man could fathom, were large and eloquent, and side by side lurked the iron will of a demon and the tender pity of an angel. His face had all the romance of the ancient Norseman, while his whole mien reminded one of nothing so much as a Viking."

The incognito of the chief was, however, by no means invariably preserved. Once, walking down a country road in Herefordshire, in company with his manager, they met three young men. One of them was so overcome by the apparition of Charles Dickens, whom he at once recognized, that he fell back into the wood, pulling his companions with him, and shouted: "Make way! Blow me if that ain't Charles Dickens!" This was done with such a theatrical air, that it caused the Chief to laugh uproariously. Calling the youth back, he asked him for the honor of shaking him by the hand, and at the same time begged him to accept the assurance that the surmise which had "blown" him was quite correct.

On the cars there was always more or less of story-telling, whist-playing, brewing of punch, consumption of "the artful sandwich," and kindred diversions. On one occasion the conversation turned upon the subject of the terpsichorean art, in which Dickens was an adept, and it was agreed that he should perform a sailor's hornpipe. Mr. Dolby, and Mr. Wills, the traveling companions, formed themselves into a whistling orchestra, while the dancer footed it merrily, in spite of the frequent collapses of the pipers in explosive laughter at the

absurdity of the situation and the pretended indignation of the dancer at the indifference of the music.

Another series of readings was given throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, in the early part of the next year (1867). During the interval between the two tours, Dickens worked on his paper, *All the Year Round*, and entertained friends at Gad's Hill. Gad's Hill, as everybody knows, is situated about half way between Gravesend and Rochester, on the high-road to Dover from London; which high-road divided the ground appertaining to the property into two parts—one of which contained the house, lawns, pleasure-grounds, kitchen



CHARLES DICKENS.

gardens and walled-in croquet-ground, stable-yard, stabling, etc.; and the other consisted of a well-wooded piece of ground, forming a sort of wilderness, in which stood two magnificent cedars. There were also picturesque banks, on which grew ivy, and, in the Summer, nasturtiums, mignonette and other flowers, affording a combination of color as unusual as it was pleasing to the eye.

The house itself was approached through massive oak gates, from either corner of the property, by a semicircular carriage-drive, and was a two-storied, plain, red-brick building, looking rather more ancient than it really was, with a belfry in the roof and a quaint-looking porch, approached by stone steps in front. At each side of the porch was a bay window, that to the left lighting the drawing-room, and that to the right the library—a room now more than ordinarily celebrated by the publication, at the time of Mr. Dickens's death, of the picture of "The Vacant Chair."

DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GAD'S HILL.

It was at Gad's Hill that Dickens entertained, and sometimes acted with, his numerous actor-friends, amateur and professional. His lifelong predilection for the stage is well-known, and it has often been said that a great comedian was spoiled to make the great novelist. Once he came very near undertaking the management of the Strand Theatre. He must have written during his life a dozen or more pieces for stage representation, most of which—probably recognizing their meagreness—he left unguarded by copyright. His readings he rehearsed at home as an actor "works up" his part; and it was the innate dramatic instinct of Dickens which made these readings so impressive. Like a true actor, also, he would, in the comic selections, introduce an occasional "gag." His audiences, knowing his writings almost by heart, always received these interpolations with demonstrations of intense delight. His favorite reading, from "Copperfield," was given so often, *that he could not remember it*, and used (as he said) "to go dodging about in the wildest manner to pick up lost pieces." This only occurred, however, when he had a thoroughly sympathetic audience, with which he could so identify himself as to be powerless to do other than laugh when they laughed, and cry when they cried. The scenes in which appeared Tiny Tim (a special favorite with him) affected him and his audience alike, and it not unfrequently happened that he was interrupted by loud sobs from the female portion of his audience (and occasionally, too, from men), who, perhaps, had experienced the inexpressible grief of losing a child. So artistically was this reading arranged, and so rapid was the transition from grave to gay, that his hearers had scarcely time to dry their eyes after

weeping before they were enjoying the fun of Scrooge's discovery of Christmas Day, and his conversation from his window with the boy in the court below.

Toward the latter part of 1867, the project of an American tour took definite shape. Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, although he had never heard Dickens read, sent an agent to negotiate with him for a series of readings in this country. The absolute guarantee of a considerable financial profit decided Dickens, who had an expensive family to provide for, and wanted money. Accordingly, Mr. Dolby was sent on to feel the way. He reported favorably, and in November the great novelist made his second voyage across the Atlantic. His coming was heralded by the press and by the ubiquitous Mr. Dolby, and the advance sale of tickets in Boston and New York caused a perfect *furore*.

The price of the tickets, throughout the entire tour, was two dollars, and they were sold impartially at the box-office a few days before each reading. The speculators were rampant, and exerted themselves successfully to secure many of the best seats, on which they realized enormous profits. Frequently they remained in line all night, sleeping on mattresses and around camp-fires in the street. The amount taken in by Mr. Dolby for the first four readings in New York was $16,000.

The first American reading was given at Boston, in the Tremont Temple, December 2d, 1867. The selections were the "Christmas Carol" and the "Trial from Pickwick." The audience was a particularly brilliant one, and its reception of Dickens was most enthusiastic. When everything was quiet, and the deafening cheers which had greeted his appearance had subsided, a terrible silence prevailed, and it seemed a relief to his hearers when he at last commenced the reading. The effect of the first few words (without any prefatory remark)—"A Christmas Carol in four staves. Stave one, Marley's Ghost. Marley is dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about *that*. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it, and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to"—placed the reader and his audience on good terms with one another, the audience settling itself down in rapt attention for what was to follow; and by the time the first chapter was finished the success of the readings, certainly so far as Boston was concerned, was an accomplished fact. The only dissentient voice recorded at the Boston readings was that of a "Downeaster," who approached Mr. Dolby and inquired: "Say, who's that man on the platform reading?"

"Mr. Charles Dickens," was the reply.

"But that ain't the *real* Charles Dickens, the man as wrote all them books I've been reading all these years."

"The same."

"Wall, all I've got to say about it then is, that he knows no more about Sam Weller 'n a cow does of pleatin' a shirt; at all events that ain't *my* idea of Sam Weller, anyhow."

After the delivery of this speech he clapped his hat on his head, and left the building in a state of high dudgeon.

Socially, Dickens's visit to Boston was also memorable. Old acquaintances flocked about him; James T. Fields and his partner, Mr. Osgood, with their families, were his bosom-friends, and Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Agassiz were almost constant companions.

The Boston successes were repeated in New York. The readings were given in Steinway Hall, and the Westminster Hotel, in Irving Place, was Dickens's home whenever he was in the city. An amusing incident occurred during his first stop here. He had just retired to rest at a late hour, after a fatiguing dinner-party, when Mr. Dolby discovered that the hotel was full of excited firemen.

"What's the matter now?" he inquired.

"Well," said the landlord, "to tell you the truth, the house is on fire, and we can't find out where the fire is; and until we can do so we don't want Mr. Dickens to be disturbed."

"As matters were now looking serious," writes Mr. Dolby, "it occurred to me that I would go and report to Mr. Dickens, whose apartments were at the further end of the house, to prepare him for any emergency.

"I found him on the point of getting into bed.

"'What do you want?' he inquired.

"'The hotel's on fire.'

"'I know it,' he said.

"'How do you know it?'

"'I can smell it,' he said. 'What are you going to do about it?'

"'I don't know,' I replied.

"'Where is the fire?'

"'Nobody knows; but they guess it's somewhere at the other end of the building.'

"'When do you suppose it will get here?'

"'Well,' I said, 'at the pace it has been going for the last five or six hours, I should say some time before breakfast in the morning.'

"Here a council of war was held as to the best thing to do under the circumstances. To go to bed with a view to a night's rest was out of the question, not to mention that we had a lot of valuables about us, in the way of papers, jewelry, and money (there were over $5,000 in greenbacks in my writing-table drawer), all of which had to be taken care of.

"We decided on arousing Scott, and Genge (the gas-man), the other men being in Boston. This being done, Scott had instructions to pack one suit, his master's dress-clothes, and the reading-books, with his jewelry, in a small portmanteau, and to place it, with the dispatch-boxes, near the window in the sitting-room, from which he could easily escape in case of necessity, and then proceed to pack up as many of Mr. Dickens's other matters as time would allow.

"All these preliminaries having been disposed of, we went down-stairs to see how the fire was getting on, Mr. Dickens, in his peajacket and blue sailor's trowsers, with a thick muffler round his neck, looking more like a pilot than ever.

"Mr. Dickens's entry into the burning bar was hailed by the landlord with delight, and he thereupon insisted on our joining in 'drinks round,' to pass the time until the actual seat of the fire could be discovered."

At last an idea struck one of the firemen that the cause of the smoke might be in a distant part of the house. This proved to be the case. A large wooden beam under a fireplace had become ignited, and the smoke, having no vent, traveled along under the floor and escaped in the barroom. The mischief was remedied, and most of the night was passed in congratulations all round, the whole entertainment winding up in Dickens's rooms at two o'clock in the morning.

It was during this visit to New York that Dickens spent an evening behind the scenes at Niblo's Garden, where "The Black Crook" was in the sixteenth month of its phenomenal career. Describing it afterward, he said: "The people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it is about, and never had; but after taxing my in-

tellectual powers to the utmost, I fancy that I have discovered 'Black Crook' to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers, and that the Powers of Lightness coming (in no skirts whatever) to the rescue, he is defeated. I am quite serious in saying that I do not suppose there are two pages of *All the Year Round* in the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole of the rest of it being ballets of all sorts, perfectly unaccountable processions, and the Donkey out of last year's Covent Garden pantomime."

That the great novelist took a human interest in the glittering ballet is evident, from the following extract from a letter to Macready, the English actor: "Having some amiable talk with a neat little Spanish woman, who is the *première danseuse*, I asked her in joke to let me measure her skirt with my dress glove. Holding the glove by the tip of the forefinger, I found the skirt to be just three gloves long, and yet its length was much in excess of the skirts of two hundred other ladies whom the carpenters were at that moment getting into their places for a transformation scene on revolving columns, or wires and 'travelers' in wire cradles, up in the flies, down in the cellars, on every description of float that Wilmot, gone distracted, could imagine!"

The Christmas of 1867 was spent by Dickens in Boston, where his friends, the Fields, gave an elaborate dinner-party in his honor, the table groaning with "good old" English dainties and substantials specially imported for the occasion. On Christmas Eve he gave a brilliant reading, in which the "Christmas Carol" figured most effectively. Then the reader started again on his professional tour, which took in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Providence, Worcester, New Haven, Springfield, Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, etc. Visits to St. Louis, Chicago, and other Western cities, had been fully decided on, but were eventually given up on account of the fatigue and illness of the reader, thereby causing great disappointment.

The Brooklyn reading in the middle of January was a memorable one. It was given in Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher having given up the building for that purpose, as no other place was available. The "house" was sold out in advance in about four hours, producing nearly $20,000. "The noble army of speculators," as Dickens described them, were present in greater force than ever. They had been in the line since ten the previous evening, and during the whole night had kept up an enormous bonfire in the street, sleeping around it in turns on their mattresses, and enjoying their suppers of bread and meat, with potations of Bourbon whisky. Early in the morning, just about daybreak, a body of police appeared on the scene, an idea having suddenly occurred to them that in a narrow street, composed entirely of wooden houses, a bonfire was a source of considerable danger to the whole of that part of the city. On Dolby's arrival there at eight o'clock in the morning, with his ticket-clerks and the tickets packed in a small portmanteau, he was greeted with "Holloa, Dolby!" "How's Charlie this morning?" "Look alive, old man!" "Let me carry the portmanteau for you." "So he's trusted you with the carriage, has he?" "We're frozen to death waiting for you, and will buy you *right up*, carriage, horses, and all if you like—anything to get away from this darned cold."

The police made a raid on the bonfire, the mattresses and speculators, and a terrific combat ensued, in which the people furthest off in the line took the most prominent part, until they saw that those nearest the door were being routed, and then with broken heads and bleeding noses rushed into the good places, bringing with them their mattresses, and hanging on to the iron railings round the church to keep possession of the places they had so gallantly fought for. The New Yorkers got the worst of the fight, and the Brooklyn men the best of the tickets. Many arrests were made, and amongst the arrested ones was a poor old man tricked out as "George Washington," who, however, was "let off" on promising not to come to Brooklyn any more for ticket speculation, certainly in tickets for readings in a church.

While Dickens appreciated the humorous (and doubtless the financial) side of these doings, he felt that the speculators' trade must eventually tell against him. And so, indeed, it did; but the precaution had been taken of closing up in each city at a judicious time, and revisiting only New York and Boston for farewell readings. That the labor of giving these readings was a severe strain to the popular novelist cannot be doubted. Often he found himself so "used up" that it seemed as if he could never fulfill his engagements. Yet he never disappointed an assembled audience.

"His spirit and determination," says Mr. Dolby, "were of the most indomitable character, and under the most trying circumstances he would be the most cheerful. On many occasions in America, I had been fearful that he would not be able to give his readings, and but for my knowledge of him and his power of 'coming to time' when 'time' was called, I should often have despaired of his physical capacity. It was only by a most careful observation that any one could form any idea of the extent of his sufferings, for he made it a rule, in the unselfishness of his nature, never to inflict his own inconveniences on any one else; and as for the public, he held it as a maxim that 'No man had a right to break an engagement with the public if he were able to be out of bed.'"

The second week of February, spent in Washington, was a very agreeable one. Dickens had an interview with President Johnson, and spent much time with Charles Sumner, and Mr. Stanton, then War Minister. The latter gentleman, on being started with a chapter from any of Mr. Dickens's books, could repeat the whole of the chapter from memory, and, as the author confessed, knew more about his works than he himself did.

An exceedingly droll incident occurred in the course of the Washington readings, which were given in Carroll Hall. By some means or another, a stray, comical-looking dog had contrived to force his way into the hall, unseen by the police and ushers in attendance. During the reading of a comic portion of the "Christmas Carol," this dog suddenly made his appearance from under the front seat, and stared intently at Dickens. It was fortunate that this happened during a comic scene, or Dickens, with his love of humor, would have had his gravity considerably upset, feeling sure, as he did, that the dog would take advantage of any applause that might ensue, to set up a bark. The public being too intent on the reader, did not notice the dog; but one of the ushers observing him, took an early opportunity of having the dog removed, a process which was quietly effected; but a little later the animal contrived to return to his former position, where he indulged in a prolonged howl, as if in great pain. This had such a ridiculous effect on Dickens, that he could not help laughing. Everybody laughed, but the dog was most unceremoniously ejected, receiving miscellaneous kicks and raps over the head from sticks and umbrellas. Strange to say, he returned the next night, but on his way into the hall he indiscreetly knocked his head against Mr. Osgood's

leg. That gentleman was too quick for the dog; seizing him with both his hands, he threw him over his shoulder, and the poor beast was caught like a ball by the ushers, and passed on from one to another, until he found himself in the street.

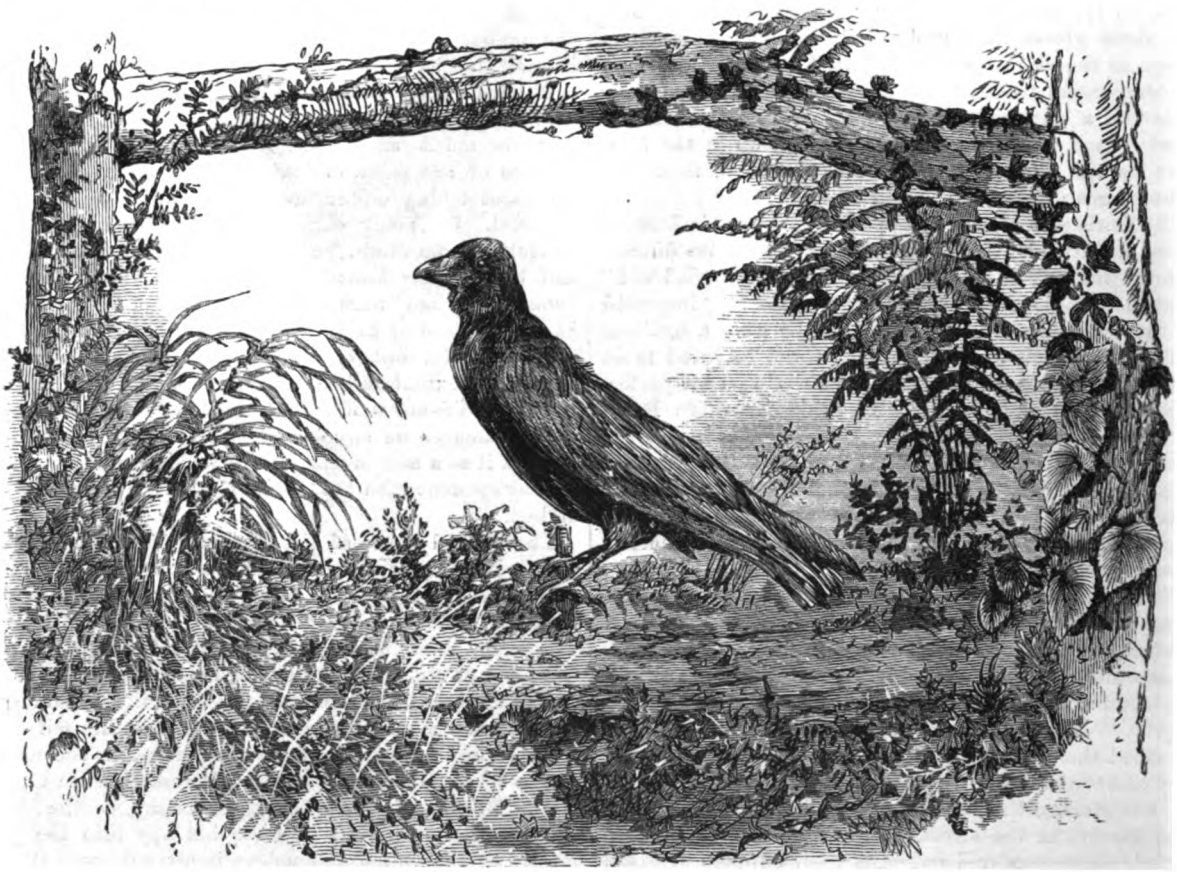
He was not, however, to be got rid of in this manner, for on the occasion of the third reading he came again, accompanied by another dog; but the staff were on the lookout for him, and he did not get in, much to his disappointment; for, as Dickens said, "he had evidently promised to pass the other dog free."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Dolby and Osgood were "training" for a great walking-match between themselves, to come off in Boston before the end of February. Dickens, himself a famous pedestrian, had entered heartily into this scheme, volunteering to draw up the articles of agreement, to act as trainer, and to write a "sporting narrative" of the match after it had taken place. The match was finally fixed to take place in Boston, on Saturday, February 29th. All the preliminaries were faithfully carried out; and in Dickens's "Articles of Agreement," the author and umpire figured as the "Gad's Hill Gasper," while the contestants went under the respective aliases of the "Man of Ross" and the "Boston Bantam." Mr. James T. Fields, the starter, was dubbed "Massachusetts Jemmy." Articles 2 and 3 of the Agreement sums up the principal conditions of the race:

"Jemmy and the Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match coming off they are to station themselves in the middle of the road at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

"The men to show on the evening of the day of walking at six o'clock precisely at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by the Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachusetts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following guests to honor the said dinner with their presence, that is to say: "Mistress Annie Fields, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. Norton, Professor James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Lowell, and Miss Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Schlesinger, and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable), and Miss Longfellow."

On the day appointed, the pedestrians and their trainers managed to elude "half Boston," which was on the lookout for them, and the race came off. It is graphically described in the following extracts from the Sporting Narrative of "The Gasper":



DICKENS'S RAVEN.

"THE MEN.

"The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer), is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff.

"The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* All-our-praises-why-should-lords, etc.), is a thought and a half too fleshy, and if he accidentally sat down upon his baby would do it to the tune of fourteen stone.

"If vigorous attention to diet could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both men might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of the Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

"THE START

was effected beautifully. The men taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from the

Gasper the warning, 'Are you ready?' and then the signal, 'One, two, three—go!' They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jemmy and the Gasper.

"THE RACE.

"In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind, before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from right to left, the Bantam slightly led. But the Man responded to the challenge, and soon breasted him. For the first three miles each led by a yard or so alternately, but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by the Gasper, the men were side by side, and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both through a heavy snow wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles the Gasper put on a tremendous spurt to leave the men behind and establish himself at the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterward declared he had received a mental knock-downer in taking his station and facing about to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly blacksmith in full work. The forcing pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out, and came in seven minutes later."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST READING.

On the tour through Central New York in the early Spring, Dickens found most of the cities which he visited

half under water from the freshets. Scarcely anybody was visible in the streets, but almost invariably there were large audiences at the readings. On the "jump" from Utica to Albany, a special struggle with the deluge was required to reach the latter place in time. A reading had to be given there on the night advertised, for which all the tickets were sold. This having been made known to one of the railway officials who was in charge of the train, he said to Mr. Dickens, "If you want to get along, I guess I'm the man as can get you along, and if I can't, why then it's impossible"; and turning out his gang of men, about a hundred strong, they preceded the train, each armed with a long pole to push away the immense blocks of ice and floating timber from the front of the locomotive. In this way the travelers journeyed along through the inundated valley at the rate of about three miles an hour, until they arrived at a part of the country where the influence of the river was not felt, and reached Albany at about five in the afternoon, just in time to make preparations for the reading.

Dickens was at this time a sufferer from what he called the "true American" catarrh, and also from gout. The exertion of getting himself up to reading-pitch, and the fatigue and excitement of reading, resulted in great depression of spirits, which fortunately did not last long; but it necessitated a departure from the usual routine of his reading life, for instead of the immediate change of costume usual on these occasions with the "rub down," it was necessary that he should lie down on the sofa in his dressing room for twenty minutes or half an hour, in a state of the greatest exhaustion, before he could undergo the fatigue even of dressing, and taking during this time about a wineglassful of champagne to give action to his heart. These attacks of nervous depression being over, he would be himself again; and on returning to the hotel would partake of a little soup or strong beef-tea, and spend an hour or two in genial conversation discussing the events of the day and the incidents of the readings, before retiring to undergo the agonies of a sleepless night.

The farewell Boston reading took place April 8th, and was a notable event. The receipts on this occasion were the largest of any one reading in America, amounting to $3,456. It was during this visit to Boston that Dickens, having been much interested in a visit to one of the Asylums for the Blind, made arrangements to have "The Old Curiosity Shop" produced in raised letters for the use of the blind in every asylum throughout the country. This was done before the following July, entirely at his expense.

On the 18th of April a brilliant banquet was given at Delmonico's, in honor of the English novelist, by the journalists of America, under the presidency of Horace Greeley. On this occasion Dickens expressed, in a fine speech, the feelings of gratitude and affection springing from his second visit to this country. On the following evening his last reading was given, and two or three days later he sailed for England.

In the course of the next two years—alas! the closing ones of his life—Dickens made a final farewell tour through the United Kingdom. His readings were more popular than ever. Under contract with the Messrs. Chappell, he gave 100 readings, for which he received £8,000, or $40,000, a goodly sum, but earned at the cost of his life. As an additional sensation, he added to his reading repertory for this tour the terrible scene of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist," which thrilled so many audiences, and astonished professional actors of tragedy. During the interval between his return from America and the commencement of the tour, he took entire charge of his paper, *All the Year Round*, and during the tour itself he began work upon his last and never-to-be-completed novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Yet, beyond occasional "bad days" and nights, and one or two partial breakings-down, there were no premonitions of the coming end. Dickens was apparently as joyous and enthusiastic as ever, and the jaunts "on the road" were as agreeable as of yore.

The following anecdote, told by Mr. Dolby, belongs to this period: "On one of our 'off' nights both Mr. Dickens and myself had accepted invitations to dine with friends in Liverpool; but Mr. Dickens, being too unwell to carry out his part of the engagement, I had to go without him, leaving him at the Adelphi Hotel alone, to amuse himself the best way he could. Before my departure, he begged of me to call at a bookseller's and to send to him a book with which to pass away the time until my return. I was embarrassed to know the sort of book he would prefer, and was met with the reply, 'Oh, *you* know! anything you like.' This not satisfying me, I pressed for more precise instructions on the point, getting only the same reply as before, with the suggestion that something of Sir Walter Scott's or *his own* would answer the purpose. As this did not assist me very much, I decided on getting for him one of his own books, and knowing 'The Old Curiosity Shop' to be a favorite with him, I purchased that. Taking it to him myself, he was delighted that I had done this, for he had not *read the book for years!* On hearing this I was naturally curious to see the effect of his own work on him when I should return to the hotel, and was greatly amused to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book, as if he had never seen it before. I was as much amused at this as he was with his book, and lest I might think he was vain of his own work, he explained to me—he was not laughing at his own creations, so much as at the recollection of the circumstances under which certain passages and incidents were written."

When produced in St. James's Hall, Tuesday evening, January 5th, 1869, the effect of the "Sikes and Nancy" reading was all that Dickens had anticipated from a financial point of view, and from an *artistic* point of view he had no reason to be disappointed; but in the vigor and the earnestness with which it was delivered, it was painfully apparent to his most intimate friends, and those who knew his state of health the best, that a too-frequent repetition of it would seriously and permanently affect his constitution. The terrible force with which the actual perpetration of this most foul murder was described was of such a kind as to render Mr. Dickens utterly prostrate for some moments after its delivery, and it was not until he had vanished from the platform that the public had sufficiently recovered their sense of composure to appreciate the circumstance that all the horrors to which they had been listening were but a story and not a reality.

Macready, after hearing this reading, said to Dickens, in his peculiar, hesitating way:

"You remember my best days, my dear boy? No! that's not it. Well, to make a long story short, all I have to say is—Two Macbeths!"

From Mr. Dolby's anxiety concerning this "Murder" reading arose the incident of Dickens uttering what the former says were the only angry words he ever heard his Chief address to any one. The two were engaged in a consultation, over dinner, concerning the programme of readings for the month to come. Says Mr. Dolby:

"I ventured to remark: 'Look carefully through the

towns you have given me, and see if you note anything peculiar about them.'

"'No,' he replied. 'What is it?'

"'Well,' I said, 'out of four readings a week you have put down three Murders.'

"'What of that?'

"'Simply this,' I said; 'the success of this farewell tour is assured in every way, so far as human probability is concerned. It therefore does not make a bit of difference which of the works you read, for (from what I have seen) the money is safe any way. I am saying this in the interest of your health, and I feel certain that if either Tom or Arthur Chappell were here, he would indorse every word I have said, and would agree with me that the "Carol," "Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Marigold," will produce all the money we can take, and you will be saved the pain of tearing yourself to pieces every night for three nights a week, and to suffer unheard-of tortures afterward, as you have to do. Reserve the "Murder" for certain of the large towns, just to keep your hand in; and if you do this you will be all the better in health, and we shall be none the worse in pocket. Even if we are, I am sure the Chappells will not regret it, but would do anything and everything to save you unnecessary fatigue.'

"'Have you finished?' he said, angrily.

"'I have said all I feel on that matter,' was my reply.

"Bounding up from his chair, and throwing his knife and fork on his plate (which he smashed to atoms), he exclaimed: "Dolby! your infernal caution will be your ruin one of these days!'

"'Perhaps so, sir,' I said. 'In this case, though, I hope you will do me the justice to say it is exercised in your interest.'

"I left the table, and proceeded to put my tour list in my writing-case. Turning round, I saw he was crying (my eyes were not so clear as they might be), and, coming toward me, he embraced me affectionately, sobbing the while:

"'Forgive me, Dolby! I really didn't mean it; and I know you are right. We will talk the matter over calmly in the morning."

During the the latter part of 1869, the new book, "Edwin Drood," was much in the thoughts of the novelist. Its composition gave him trouble and anxiety; and upon being asked, on one occasion, how he liked returning to the writing of a serial story, he replied that he "missed the pressure" of former days. It is noteworthy that one of the conditions which he made with his publisher in regard to the sum to be paid for "Edwin Drood" (the largest paid for any of his works), was that in event either of the author's death or inability from any other cause to complete the work, it should be referred to the arbitration of such persons as he then appointed to decide what amount of money ought to be returned out of his estate to his publishers.

Through much suffering and anxiety, and not without one or two partial collapses, Dickens redeemed his contract, and gave all the readings which had been announced. The final one was given before a vast audience in St. James's Hall, London, on the 15th of March, 1870. The selections were the familiar "Christmas Carol," and the "Trial from Pickwick." At the conclusion, the reader came forward amidst wild applause, and, with great emotion, spoke these words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It would be worse than idle, for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling, if I were to disguise that I close this episode of my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall, and in many kindred places, I have had the honor of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and in closely observing your reception of them, I have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which perhaps it is given to few men to know.

"In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with the sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support.

"Nevertheless, I have thought it well in the full flood tide of your favor to retire upon those older associations between us which date much further back than these, and thenceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together.'

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter in your own homes on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable,* but from these gairish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

Three months later, came suddenly the last farewell of all—the parting of the people's writer with this glad world which he loved and had made more cheerful. The chair by the window at Gad's Hill was left vacant, to be filled—nevermore.

A BOOKWORM is described in dictionaries as "a great reader or student of books," and also as a worm that eats holes in books." The *Publishers' Circular* says: "We confess that, although quite familiar with the little circular tunnel to be met with in bound books as well as in 'quires,' we have never seen the engineer that so scientifically performs this destructive kind of work, until Mr. Bowden sent a specimen." This is figured in the last number of the *Circular*. It is a white waxlike grub, exactly resembling the little white maggots seen in a well-decayed "stilton." Mr. Bowden says: "Booksellers are often made aware, in a manner that is more painful than pleasant, that there are such things as bookworms in existence. However, it is not many booksellers that have seen one; for despite its large ravages, the worm itself is very rare. Mr. G. Suckling discovered three at Messrs. Sotheran's Strand house a few months ago. They were halfway through a bundle of quires, and were evidently on their second or third journey, judging from the number of perforations made in the paper. Mr. Blades devotes, in his "Enemies of Books," some space to a description of this destructive, but withal interesting, species of worm."

REVIVAL OF HOOKS AND EYES.—For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded. But there are indications that the hooks and eyes are again coming in use, at least to considerable extent. If this should be the case, it would gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap-heap. Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufactories within her territories that produced these little articles to the value of $112,000 annually at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabouts, hooks and eyes were made by hand and sold at $1.50 per gross.

GREAT and good men should be an inspiration to us; their light should illuminate us, their enthusiasm warm us, their spirit animate us. We must not, however, lose our own identity, or quench our own powers, in the vain attempt to live their lives or to imitate their actions.

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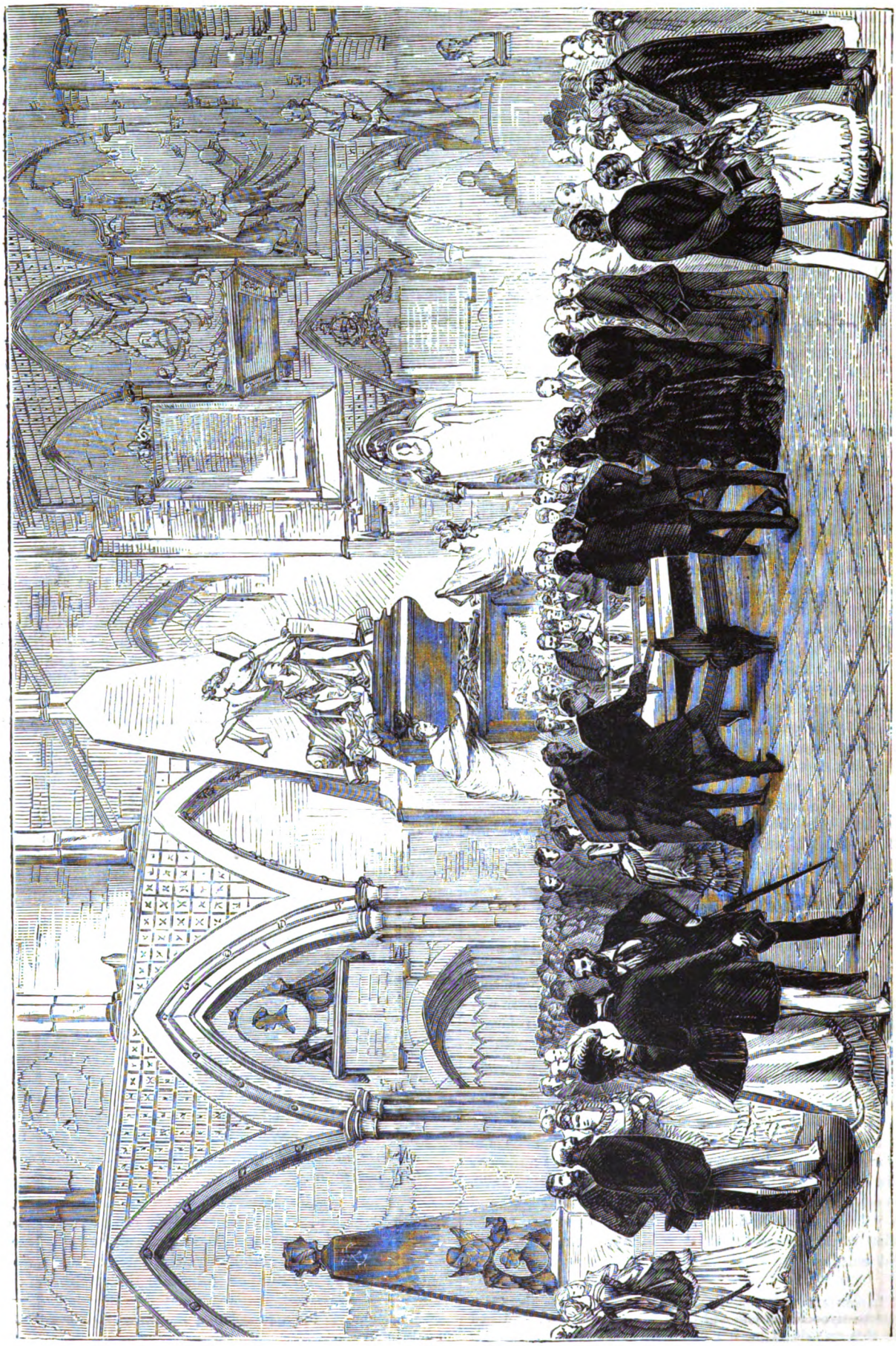
* A reference to the approaching publication of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."



BURIAL OF DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE NOVELIST AND HIS CREATIONS.

EARLY LOVE.

Our early love was only dream .
Still a dream too fair for earth;
Hallowed in a faint, far gleam,
Where the fairest flowers have birth;
Let it rest! no stain e'er trouble
Magic murmur, limpid bubble!

These two spirits in the calm
Of moonlight memory may go,
Finding pure, refreshing balm,
When life traileth wounded, slow
Along dim ways of common dust,
As dull lives of mortals must.

Early love, fair fount of waters,
Ever by enchantment flowing,
Where two snakes, her innocent daughters,
Were wont to swim among the blowing
Wilding flowers thou knowest well,
In the wood of our sweet spell!

LOVE BY REFLECTION.

In the province of Canton dwelt as next-door neighbors two rich Chinamen, retired from business. The date is of little consequence. Stories do not require an exact chronology. One of these Chinamen was called Tou, and the other Kouan. Tou had occupied high scientific posts. He was a member of the Chamber of Jasper. Kouan, in employments less abstruse, had acquired fortune and respect.

Tou and Kouan, who were connected by a distant relationship, had formerly loved one another. But their characters, which at first only indicated inappreciable disparity, became in time entirely opposed to one another, like a forked limb of an almond-tree, whose two branches are connected at the root, but are widely separated at their extremities.

Year after year Tou increased in gravity; his corporation increased majestically; his triple chin protruded with solemnity; he now only made good moral couplets to suspend at the gables of the pavilions. Kouan, on the contrary, seemed to get merrier as years increased; he sang more merrily than ever of wine, of flowers, and of swallows. His spirit, freed from vulgar cares, was as fresh and lively as a young man's.

Little by little the two friends conceived an aversion to one another. They could no longer converse without wounding each other with sharp words, and they bristled with thorns and pricks like two quickset hedges. Things at last came to such a pass that they no longer held any communication with each other, and each hung to the front of his house a tablet bearing a formal prohibition against any of the inhabitants of the next house crossing his threshold under any pretext whatever. They would have very much liked to take up their respective houses and to set them down elsewhere. Unfortunately that was not possible. Tou, indeed, did attempt to sell his property; but he was not able to get a reasonable price, and besides, it was painful to him to leave the carved wainscots, the polished tables, the transparent windows, the gilt trellis-work, the bamboo seats, the porcelain vases, the cabinets of red and black lacquer, the rolls of ancient poems, which he had taken much pains to arrange. It is hard to give up to others the garden where one has oneself planted willows, peach-trees, and plum-trees, where one has watched the may blossoming each Spring; each of these objects was attached to the man's heart with threads more delicate than silk, but more difficult to break than iron chains.

At the time when Tou and Kouan were friends they had each erected a pavilion in their gardens, at the edge of a pond common to the two. It was a pleasure to them to exchange familiar greetings from the height of the balconies, and to smoke the drop of opium ignited on porcelain bowls, exchanging good-humored puffs. But since their dissensions they had built a wall which separated the pond into equal parts, only, as the depth of the pond was great, the wall was supported on piles, forming a kind of low avenue, through the apertures of which were reflected the lengthened shadows of the opposite pavilion.

These pavilions consisted of three stories, with receding terraces. The roofs, turned up and bent at the corners, were covered with round and glittering tiles. At each corner were carvings in the form of foliage and dragons. Pillars of red varnish, joined by a frieze, slashed like the ivory blade of a fan, sustained this elegant roof. Their bases rested on a little low wall, covered with porcelain tiles arranged with a pleasing symmetry, and bordered by a railing of curious design, so as to form an open gallery before the building. Artificial rocks, in the interstices of which willows and walnut-trees hid their roots, served on the land side for a foundation to these pretty buildings. On the water side they were supported by indestructible wooden piles.

Under the crystal water sported crowds of azure fish with golden scales; fleets of pretty ducks with emerald necks paddled up and down in all parts, and broad leaves of the nymphæa-nelumbo were lazily extended under the diamond-like transparency of this little lake fed by an active spring. Except toward the middle, where the bottom was composed of a silver gravel of peculiar fineness, and where the bubbles of the spring which welled up had not permitted the aquatic vegetation to take root, the whole of the pond was carpeted with a green velvet more beautiful than can be imagined.

Without this unsightly wall, erected by the unusual animosity of the two neighbors, there would not have been in all the length and breadth of the empire, which, as we know, occupies more than three-quarters of the world, a garden more picturesque or more delightful. Tou and Kouan had gained by their dissension a limit to all perspective, and each was deprived of the sight of the other's charming pavilion; but they consoled themselves by the thought that they had inflicted an injury upon their neighbor. This state of things had gone on for some years; nettles and weeds had encroached upon the paths that led from one house to the other; branches of thorny shrubs had interwoven, as if they wished to cut off all communication.

During this time the wives of Tou and Kouan had each given birth to a child. Mrs. Tou was the mother of a charming daughter, and Mrs. Kouan of the prettiest boy in the whole world. This happy event, which had brought joy into the two houses, was ignored by each in the case of the other; for though their properties were adjacent, yet the Chinamen lived as strangers to each other, as if they had been separated by the Yellow River or the Great Wall.

The boy was called Tchiu-Sing, and the girl Ju-Kiouan—that is to say, the pearl and the jasper. Their immaculate beauty justified the choice of these names. As soon as they were a little grown up, the wall which bisected the pond and limited unpleasantly the view from that side attracted their attention, and they inquired of their parents as to what there might be behind this obstruction.

They were told that it was the dwelling of strange,

ignorant, barbarous people, very unsociable, and that this barrier had been made to defend them from such undesirable neighbors. This explanation had sufficed for the children; they became accustomed to the wall, and took no more notice of it.

Ju-Kiouan grew in graces and accomplishments. She was instructed in all the duties of her sex and in all possible feminine accomplishments. Tchiu-Sing had not profited less by his studies; his name was found first in the examination lists. Already all the mothers thought that a boy so advanced in the sciences would make an excellent son-in-law and attain to the highest literary emoluments; but Tchiu-Sing sportively replied to the negotiants whom they sent to him that it was too soon, and that he desired to enjoy his liberty for some time to come.

Never was young man more pampered, or received more attentions. But his heart seemed insensible to love, not on account of want of feeling, for a thousand trifles indicated that Tchiu-Sing had a tender soul. They said he remembered a figure known in a previous existence, and that he hoped to recover it in this.

On her part, Ju-Kiouan evinced no less waywardness; she refused all her suitors. This one bowed clumsily, that one was not careful about his dress; in short, they had all some defect. Ju-Kiouan sketched some portraits of them which were so ludicrous that her parents themselves had to laugh, and show to the door, most politely, the wretched aspirant who imagined himself to have his foot already on the threshold of the pavilion.

At last the parents of the two children grew alarmed at their persistence in repulsing everybody who was presented to them. Mrs. Kouan dreamt that she saw on the breast of her son, Tchiu-Sing, a jasper, so marvelously polished that it threw out rays of light like a carbuncle. Mrs. Tou, for her part, dreamt that her daughter wore on her neck a pearl from the beautiful East, and of inestimable value. What signification could these two dreams have?

The good matrons saw in these dreams allusions to very advantageous marriages which their children would soon effect. Unfortunately Tchiu-Sing and Ju-Kiouan persisted more than formerly in their resolution, and falsified the prophecy.

Kouan and Tou, although they had dreamt nothing, were astonished by such obstinacy, marriage generally being a ceremony for which young people do not show so determined a dislike. They thought that their stubbornness perhaps arose from some preconceived attachment, but Tchiu-Sing had made court to no young lady, and no young man walked the length of Ju-Kiouan's trellis. Some days of observation sufficed to convince the two families. Mesdames Tou and Kouan believed more than ever in the great futures which the dream pointed to.

The two women, independently, went to consult the "bonze" of the temple of Fo. The "bonze" replied to Mrs. Tou that it was necessary to bring the jasper to the pearl, and to Mrs. Kouan that it was necessary to bring the pearl to the jasper, and that their union alone would be able to end all their difficulties. Ill-satisfied with this ambiguous reply, the two women returned, without being seen by each other, by different roads. Their perplexity was greater than ever.

Now it happened one day that Ju-Kiouan was leaning her elbow on the balustrade of the rustic pavilion exactly at the same time when Tchiu-Sing was doing likewise on his side of the wall.

The weather was beautiful; no cloud in the sky. There was not enough wind to make a leaf shake, not a wrinkle that disturbed the surface of the pond—smoother than a mirror. The trees on the bank were reflected so perfectly that it was difficult to distinguish between image and reality. The fishes had the appearance of swimming in the branches, and the birds of flying in the water. Ju-Kiouan was amusing herself by contemplating this wonderful transparency, when, throwing her eyes on the portion of the pond which was adjacent to the wall, she noticed the reflection of another pavilion which reared up to there, coming through the arch.

She noticed the red pillars, the slashed friezes, the pots of queen-marguerites, the gilt weather-cocks, and, if reflection had not reversed them, she would have read the sentences inscribed on the tablets. But what astonished her most of all was seeing reclining on the balustrade of the balcony, in a position similar to her own, a figure which Ju-Kiouan, by the beatings of her heart, realized was not that of a young girl. Till then she had believed that she was without an equal in the world; but when she saw this shadow in the water she understood that her beauty had a sister, or rather a brother. Far from being angry, she was very happy. The pride of believing oneself to be unique soon yielded to love, for at that very instant the heart of Ju-Kiouan was captured for ever. A single glance, exchanged, not even directly, but by simple reflection, sufficed for that.

Tchiu-Sing had also perceived this marvelous beauty. "Is it a waking dream?" he cried. "This charming figure which trembles under the crystal of the water should be formed by the silver rays of the Spring moon, and by the most subtle aroma of flowers. Although I have never seen her I know her; it is, indeed, she whose image is graven on my soul, the beautiful unknown to whom I address my couplets and my quatrains."

Tchiu-Sing had got thus far in his monologue when he heard his father's voice calling him.

"My son," the father said, "a very rich and desirable person has proposed for your hand through the intermediation of my friend Wing. She is a girl who has imperial blood in her veins, whose beauty is celebrated, and who possesses all attributes necessary to her husband's happiness."

Tchiu-Sing, entirely preoccupied with the adventure of the pavilion, and burning with love for the reflection in the water of which he had caught a glimpse, absolutely refused. His father, incensed, lost his command, and went away uttering the most violent threats to him of imprisonment and exile.

These threats did not much terrify Tchiu-Sing. Next day, at the same hour, he returned to the rustic pavilion, and, as he watched, leaned against the balustrade.

At the end of some minutes he saw the reflection of Ju-Kiouan distend on the waters like a bouquet of submerged flowers.

The young man placed his hand on his heart, kissed the tips of his fingers, and threw the kisses to the reflection, with a motion full of grace and passion.

A pleased smile appeared like the blossom of a pomegranate in the clearness of the water, and demonstrated to Tchiu-Sing that he was not objectionable to the beautiful unknown; but as you cannot hold very long conversations with the reflection of an invisible body, he made a sign that he was going to write, and re-entered the interior of the pavilion. At the end of a few moments he came out, holding a square of paper, silvered and colored, on which he had extemporized a declaration of love in verses of seven syllables. He rolled up the poetry, inclosed it in the calyx of a flower, and wrapped

up the whole in a large leaf of nymphæa, which he placed as gently on the water.

A light breeze, which had risen just at the right time, carried the declaration toward one of the openings of the wall, so that Ju-Kiouan had only to stoop to pick it up. For fear of being surprised, she withdrew to the privacy of her apartments, and read with infinite delight the expressions of love, and the metaphors to which Tchiu-Sing had given vent. Besides the joy of being loved, she experienced the satisfaction of being loved by a man of merit, for the beauty of writing, the choice of words, perfection of rhymes, the felicity of similes, indicated a brilliant education. What struck her above anything else was the name of Tchiu-Sing. She had heard her mother speak about the dream of the pearl too often, not to be impressed with the coincidence; moreover, she did not doubt for an instant that Tchiu-Sing was the spouse which Heaven had intended for her. The following day, as the breeze had changed Ju-Kiouan sent a reply in verse to the opposite pavilion, in which, in spite of all a young girl's natural modesty, it was easy to see that she reciprocated Tchiu-Sing's sentiments. In reading the signature Tchiu-Sing was unable to repress an exclamation of astonishment—"The jasper? Isn't that the precious stone which my mother saw in a dream sparkling on my breast like a carbuncle? I must present myself at this house, for it is there the wife dwells who was prophesied by the nocturnal spirits." Just as he was going out he remembered the dissensions which divided the two owners, and the prohibitions inscribed on the tablets; and, not knowing what action to take, he recounted everything to Mrs. Kouan. Ju-Kiouan on her side had told everything to Mrs. Tou. The names of pearl and jasper appeared decisive to the two mothers, who returned to the temple of Fo to consult the bonze.

EARLY LOVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 446.

The latter replied that such was, in fact, the meaning of the dream, and that not to conform to it would be to provoke heavenly resentment. Moved by the importunities of the two mothers, and also by some little presents that were made to it, it took upon itself to influence Tou and Kouan; and so well did it convince them, that they were not able to dissent when it explained the true origin of husbands. In looking back after such a long interval, the two friends were more than surprised—they were angry at themselves for having been divided by such trifles, and they thought of how much happiness both had been deprived. The negotiations progressed; the pearl and the jasper were at last able to converse without the aid of a reflection. That they were happier for it we dare not assert, for happiness is but too often merely a shadow in the water.

A HEBREW MAIDEN WITH HER PSALTERY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

The lawyer rode slowly—the night was bright; there was no reason why he should hurry. Like many another man, he had the habit of enjoying good company when he was alone, and frequently kept up a running conversation with himself.

"How natural this seems," he said; "how natural and

how pleasant. I could almost shut my eyes and believe that I was looking out for the interests of my native land."

(The lawyer didn't see anything incongruous in what he said; the reader who does is quite welcome to his discovery.)

"Habit, it is all habit," he continued. "I have spent my life, so far as nights are concerned, so much in the buggy or in the saddle, that it seems quite the most natural way in which to enjoy myself. As I told my wife, only yesterday, I hope that when death comes it will find me riding somewhere in the night, and—but not too soon, not too soon," he hastily concluded, seeing just where his rambling speech was leading him.

He had told his wife, not only yesterday, but scores of times before, the same story he had just said over to himself; he had told it to his most loving and patient auditor, Mrs. Barcase, and to his most attentive and respectful one, Mr. Barcase, until I suppose he thought he really believed it. There is nothing which takes the conceit out of a man so thoroughly as to have Providence pretend to be about to take him at his word.

"Habit," he said, with a gesture which would have helped convince a jury of the justice of his argument, "habit is a great and a good——" He suddenly smote himself upon his right hip. "And a good-for-nothing thing," he concluded.

He had just discovered that his pistol was at home, as usual. Habit *is* a remarkable thing.

Arrived at the place of his last night's experience, he rode back and forth, searching for a trace of the recent passage of a horse. He found it at last, and found another thing at the same moment; the latter was a vivid recollection of the stolen horse, tied to a sapling near where they found Glugg; he had had one of those unreliable ideas of which he had talked with the doctor, up to that very moment—an idea which had existed in spite of what he had actually seen—the idea that the stolen horse had been free to roam about during the latter part of the night. He had come sixteen miles, only to awake with a start to the fact that the horse's journey had ended at the point where some one had tied him! No jury had ever caught him in such a maze of folly, though the reason may be that by the time the average lawyer has talked as long as this one had been in riding his sixteen miles, the average juryman would not only be unable to tell whether "the horse aforementioned" was tied or not, but would be in doubt as to which was the horse and which "the said sapling" to which the horse was "fastened, tied, hitched, fettered, or otherwise secured."

Of course the horse had gone up from this, the nearest point in this road, to the place where Glugg had been attacked. And, equally of course, that fact meant Glugg. But, since he had not admitted the possibility of a third party being the responsible one, and the guilty, but had held constantly to the belief that either Glugg himself or Glugg's despoiler had tried to buy him with Glugg's money, the lawyer was ready to decide that he might have reached the same conclusion regarding the attack upon himself, the bearing of the stolen horse upon the matter, without having left his house at all. The journey of the horse had ended where some one tied him! The lawyer said that over again to himself, scratched his head, and looked both puzzled and annoyed.

Then another thought struck him. This wild cross-country route was not often traveled over. Probably the leaves and twigs were not bruised and broken a half-dozen times in a twelvemonth. A horse had forced his way through the thicket, just at hand, presumably on a journey between this place (the loneliest spot in the yesternight trip of Barcase, as well as the scene of the most unpleasant adventure of his lifetime) and the place where Glugg had almost met his death. Suppose there were tracks leading in both directions? Suppose that the horse had been over the road twice? That might mean either man of the two, with the possibilities in favor of its not being Glugg, for two reasons: First, he would probably not have gone to the pool, whatever reason he might have had for going there at all, if he intended to waylay the lawyer, while the other might have followed him to try to obtain the money he wished to use in an attempt to bribe Barcase. Second, had he been to the pool before attempting to obtain the package, it was not likely he would have returned there.

Mr. Barcase sprang from his horse. He made a hasty examination. A horse had been over the path in each direction! The lawyer's brain fairly reeled.

It would have made a pretty case in court, this, if the lawyer had only a mere professional interest in it, instead of being his own client. Put some other person in the place of the man assaulted; give him a good fee; give him an attentive and sympathetic jury; and how easily he could hang Glugg—when care and patience had made him well; how easily he could let Glugg go free and hang the other man; surely it would not be impossible—even rogues sometimes rob one another as Glugg had been robbed—to hang them both. The trouble with Mr. Seth Barcase was that he had more than a lawyer's interest in this affair; he understood, for perhaps the first time in all his long professional life, just what an honest client's interest in a case really is; he longed to know, longed with a feverish impatience which he could not control, who had tried to obtain the documents intrusted to him—and why?

"My horse cannot be very tired," he said to himself, "for I have ridden slowly. I would like to know, and—and I will know."

He took out his watch, glanced at it, put it back into his pocket, turned his horse into the rude path through the thicket, touched the beast with his whip, and dashed away with a speed like the wind.

"I will know," he had said.

Know what?

How long it would take a good horseman and a good horse to make the distance between the two places which he had so appropriately marked with crosses of red on the map in his "den" at home; that was all. Taken all in all, Mr. Seth Barcase was a remarkable man.

Sometimes the thorns and thistles seemed to hold him back; sometimes the thicket of vines and undergrowth seemed to bar his way and try to drag him down. Now he had to bow his head to escape the low hanging boughs; then he must brace himself for tremendous leaps over narrow ravines and tiny streamlets. Sometimes the horse slipped on the glassy surface of some granite ledge; a little later he would be floundering ankle-deep in some swampy place on the margin of some sluggish stream. At one time he was on the breezy uplands, with the moonlight all about him; at another, down in the still shadows, with no light save that which the stars directly overhead let fall.

The way was long and dreary, but he made no pause. There was never a house to be seen in all the way. Not a light from some window or doorway sent a human greeting to him. A dog barked, once or twice, but it was so far away and faint that it seemed like the ghostly voice of some dead watcher of the olden time, so unfaithful to his trust that he had been sent back to stand

guard again in the long, slow moving nights, year after year, while time should be.

He reached the pool at last, darker and deadlier-looking by night than it had been by day. A shifting, wavering mist hung over its surface. Some creeping thing crawled away, noisy though unseen, and the weeds and bushes seemed to lean nearer together and to laugh and whisper to themselves about it.

There was little light here, and little sound. But the lawyer managed, by dint of careful trial, to see the time by his watch; the blood upon the ground and trees he could not fail to see, though he would have gladly faced a darkness deep enough to shut that out. It was really terrible.

He rode away from the pool, up to the knoll where they had carried Glugg.

"It could never be done," he said, "never. No one ever hurried more than I have done, and no one ever made better time than I did. And it has taken me two hours, two full hours. I do not understand it at all."

He looked away toward Pleanton, away over the route, half-path, half-road, over which they had carried Martin Glugg, not knowing whether he was alive or dead—the route over which John Braynor had been dragged to his death.

He shuddered. He could not find it in his heart to go home that way. Better, far better, the way in which he had come.

How far away home seemed! What a weary stretch of miles of forest and hill and stream lay between him and Pleanton. How lonely it was, with a strange chill in the air, despite the Summer night, and with a thin, gray mist rolling or drifting in every ravine. All human life seemed far away—far away.

He turned his horse toward the path over which he had come. How lonely, how very——

But was it?

There was something moving in the underbrush a score of rods away, on the other side of the stream and just beyond the stagnant pool. He looked eagerly at it. A man? No; yes; no. Then he came into clearer sight in a somewhat open place among the trees, and the lawyer saw that it was a man, a man beyond any doubt.

Not coming toward him. Not going from him. But taking a circuit of the pool which would lead him further and further from the road over which the lawyer must soon return. The man was hurrying, panting; his clothes were torn into shreds by the thickets through which he had passed; his hands were bleeding; his face was white. A rope, knotted into a wicked-looking noose, hung quite loosely about his neck, and the end, broken and frayed, swung from side to side behind him as he ran.

"Merciful God!" he groaned, looking neither to the left nor the right; "will they catch me? I—I never killed a man in all my life before, and Martin Glugg was not a good man. Will they catch me?"

The lawyer sat silently on his horse and watched him; watched him until he could see his features no longer; watched him until the swinging rope, suggestive of some nameless horror, was out of sight; listened until the crash of breaking boughs faded into silence.

The lawyer shivered, though not with the chill air of the later night. He passed his hand over his eyes and face, slowly, wearily, dejectedly. He wondered what he should find when he got back to Pleanton. Lynch-law was out of place in so quiet and conservative a New England community. But if anything had happened; if he should find the dead body of the man who had robbed Martin Glugg swinging from the limb of some convenient tree, *what then had he just seen?*

But he had not yet seen all. There was more to come. He took out his watch again, and glanced at the time. He looked once more toward Pleanton. Up the road from that way, under the shifting mists, some one was coming. Some one!

There were two. The one in front was straining every muscle in a mad effort to keep in advance of his pursuer. The one behind was gradually gaining, however.

They had not seen the lawyer yet, and he drew his horse into a shady thicket of stunted evergreens to keep himself and his beast from their observation. They would pass within a hundred feet of him, no doubt.

Nearer, nearer, nearer. Despairing horror stamped on the face of the one in advance. Wicked resolution written on the face of the one who was following.

Ghosts? Mr. Seth Barcase did not believe in ghosts, and it might be that a man whose life had seemed hanging in the balance a few hours since was able to run a race across rough country by the light of the moon and stars. Living or dead, the man who was flying from what seemed inevitable capture was—Martin Glugg. And the man behind? Who was he? The lawyer leaned forward, and peered anxiously at the man as he passed.

One moment of puzzled suspense. Then he put spurs to his horse and was away like a flash of light.

He passed one frightened look over his shoulder. He saw Glugg sink down by the pool. He saw the other man lay his hand on Glugg's shoulder, and shake him as a cat might shake a mouse.

"Have—have I seen aright?" said the lawyer to himself as he urged his horse to greater efforts; "has the grave given up its dead?"

Chapter XVIII.

Back through the waning night, from the dreadful pool in the horror-haunted hills to the lonely spot where he had stood nearer death than it was likely a man would stand twice and live to marvel at it.

Back along the high ridges, with their outcrop of slippery ledges and their scant garb of summer-dried grasses and stunted evergreens, with the wind whispering strange things through them.

Back through dark ravines. Back across swampy lowlands. Back under the low-reaching fingers of the forest trees.

Swifter—swifter—swifter—leaping some obstruction now; sweeping up some steep slope like a wild wind; sweeping down another with dizzying speed.

On—on—on! Never had Mr. Seth Barcase been in so much of a hurry before. Never before had he so fully understood what speed really was.

He drew rein at last in the main road. He had escaped the horror from which he had fled. Here all was quiet and calm and repose. He removed his hat; here, last night, he got that good-sized hole in it. He replaced the hat on the head the hole was meant for, and took out his watch. Daylight would not be an unwelcome visitant, even in this calm and quiet abode of peace and repose. No indeed. And the night had seemed long enough—quite long enough.

"Fifty-five minutes," gasped the astonished man, taking a second glance to be sure he had made no mistake, and giving his watch a shake to make certain that it had not stopped. "Fifty-five minutes. I have really done it in that time. I wonder—no I don't!"

The merciful man *is* merciful to his beast. On the

racecourse, when money depends upon it; going for medical help, when human life depends upon it; going from the field of battle, when the fate of a nation is at stake; on any and all of these occasions the merciful man *is* what has been so truly said. But the thoroughly frightened man is a different sort of an individual altogether. The difference between the puzzled and hurried man who rode up to the pool, and the horrified one who rode back, was the difference between two hours and fifty-five minutes.

Mr. Barcase had several reasons for wishing to get back to Pleanton as soon as possible. But the condition of his horse was such as to convince him of the necessity of being careful. So it happened that the sun had been above the horizon for some time, when he came in sight of the village. He had let the animal take very much his own gait for sixteen miles, walking when he pleased, taking a greater rate of speed when he felt like it.

Mr. Seth Barcase was a good Christian, of the New England pattern, and attended church regularly every Sunday morning, every Sunday afternoon, and every Sunday evening. He had very rarely been out of Pleanton over Sunday for a half-century, and he had never missed a sermon when he had been at home, unless he was too ill to be out of doors long enough to go from his house to the church. It was rather a severe shock to him, therefore, to hear the bells ringing as he came near town, and to remember suddenly that it was Sunday morning. He had actually forgotten it—he, Seth Barcase—and only night before last so near his death!

Despite the day and the bells, it seemed as though a sudden lack of devotional feeling had developed itself in Pleanton. Men and women were gathered in groups at the street-corners, all trying to talk at once.

The professional instinct of Mr. Barcase, aided and added to by one or two other things, perhaps, took his actions under control and acted as guide. He drove to the small, rude and somewhat insecure structure which the inhabitants of the village had provided for the detention of such persons as should, rarely and infrequently, be so unfortunate as to need the interference of the law with their liberty of action.

The door of the lock-up was broken from it hinges. A heavy sledge-hammer and a couple of crowbars lay on the ground not far away. The one small room which made up the affair *was empty!*

James, the watchman by day, was seated disconsolately on a pile of lumber not far away—the only man in all Pleanton that morning whose duties were such that he did not feel free to talk.

The night watchman, not in bed as he really ought to have been, was standing in the centre of a group of excited citizens. His face was pale, his clothes were torn, and there was a bloody bandage tied around his head.

Barcase rode up to the group.

"Sam," he said, sharply, "what has happened?"

"Well, sir," said Sam, "I don't think I really know. There's some of the hot-headed young scamps about town that think themselves a great deal smarter than they are. They do say that yesterday, when you arrested, or ordered arrested, or suggested the arrest of, or—or something, the late occupant of the jail here, if I may make so bold as to call this building a jail, which has been called such by many distinguished individuals, including one who has been spoken of as a possible candidate for the Legislature, though others do affirm that it is not a jail, properly and correctly speaking, and——"

"Well—well—never mind that! What happened?"

"I am coming to that, sir, leastwise, to what I know about it, which isn't much, I do really think and believe; but you must let me begin at the beginning. They do say that some of these rash and thoughtless and inconsiderate individuals took the part of the evil-minded man to whom I have referred, and endeavored to prevent his arrest. Am I correct in my statement of the facts?"

"Yes. But what of it? What happened?"

"Well, it seems that these same persons changed their minds very thoroughly, and made up a plan to take justice into their own hands. I don't know much about it, you see, but it looks as though that was the case, for they came to me—that is, one of them did—and demanded the key of the jail, if jail I may call it."

"What?" cried the lawyer; "lynching in Pleanton? I feared it. I feared it."

Sam raised his hands with a gesture of horror.

"Lynching, sir, lynching!" he said; "certainly not that. You cannot believe that our own fellow-citizens would be guilty of the atrocities which are the scandal and shame of the West. No, Mr. Barcase, no; a misapprehension of the relations of themselves to the government and the law, perhaps, but nothing more serious than that. I feel that I can speak with certainty; nothing more serious than that. Lynching, indeed!"

"Well, never mind what we call it. What happened?"

"They came over to the jail, so called, sir, and I followed along, wanting to see what was done, as I felt that it might be my duty to arrest some one of the crowd, or at least to admonish them."

"I should think so. What next?"

"Well, sir, they sent off and got some tools and proceeded to break the door of that building, the property of the village of Pleanton, off its hinges. Then they took the prisoner out and put a rope around his neck; and when I told them they had better not do it, one of them struck me with a cane and knocked me down. I tell you what, I guess it was a narrow call for me."

"Weren't you armed?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"Why didn't you defend your prisoner, then?"

"Defend my prisoner? Do you mean why didn't I stand between him and the ones who came after him?"

"Certainly."

"What? Stand up for him and hurt some of my own townspeople? Stand up for such a miserable scoundrel as he was, and shoot some young man who has lived here all his life?"

"They were lawbreakers, were they not?"

"I—I suppose so. It wouldn't be just legal to break open a public building, even if it were no bigger nor better than our jail."

"So you stood by and let these fellows take your prisoner out?"

"How could I help it? I told them it wasn't right."

"But it is common to defend a prisoner against lynchers, didn't you know that?"

"Why, of course. And I'd do that, too. Only to think of a mob of masked men, half of them drunk, all of them full of passion, dragging some one out and killing him in cold blood. Why, Mr. Barcase, there wasn't a masked man in the lot; there wasn't a drunken man in the lot; this isn't a Western Territory—*this is New England!*"

"But they hung him, didn't they?"

The question was steady and quiet, but the lawyer felt as though he could scarcely wait for an answer. He thought of what he had seen by the pool in the hills. Reason and the experience of a lifetime were on one side, a sickening fear was on the other. He had half formed a

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resolution never to speak of his last night's experiences; but, if it should happen that Glugg's assailant was dead, murdered by the careless hands of those whose sentiments and beliefs and desires were as stable as the shifting sand, and no more so, could he keep silent? Would not his burden of mystery be greater than he could bear?

"But they hung him, didn't they?" was his question.

"Well, as I told you in the beginning, I don't really know much of what happened, and to a lawyer like you one must be pretty exact, I suppose, or run the risk of getting into serious trouble.

"'Give me the key,' said the fellow

"'I won't,' said I.

"'We'll break in the door,' said he.

"'The door is the property of the village of Pleanton,' said I.

"'A fig for Pleanton,' said he.

"'And——'"

"Will some one answer my questions?" thundered Barcase.

"I will," said a young man; "the prisoner escaped. They broke in the door; they put a rope around the man's neck; they put the other end over the limb of a tree. When they tried to pull him up the rope broke. Then he ran, and it seems he was swifter than any of the rest. At any rate, he got away."

"Thank you," said the lawyer.

Then he turned to Sam again.

"You know who the men are who were concerned in this affair?"

"As I said in the beginning, I——"

"Answer me at once. Yes or No."

"Yes, then; but——"

"Who were they?"

"I'll never tell. They are among the young men who have lived in Pleanton all their lives, never having been away to acquire bad habits among the abodes of sin and wickedness in distant parts, and I will never tell."

And the stubborn fellow never did.

"But they were engaged in the most lawless of acts; they were lynchers; they were murderers!"

"Easy now. They murdered no one. The man ran, and he may be running yet. Lynchers, never! No man in Pleanton is a lyncher. In the West I suppose they would actually have hanged the rascal."

"I suppose they would," said Mr. Barcase, dryly.

I suppose they would!

"And that was about the way it happened," said Sam; "they demanded the key of me—of me that has always done my duty—and I don't really know much about it."

"I don't think you do," said Barcase, as he rode up the street.

I don't think he did!

Barcase rode at once to the house of the blacksmith. Dr. Pilleo and the blacksmith were seated on the doorstep. John Ampstead was leaning against a tree near by.

The lawyer sprang from his horse and threw the bridle-rein over the hitching-post. It was undoubtedly a needless precaution; his horse was not in a run-away mood that morning.

"Has—has anything happened?" asked Barcase, addressing himself to the group in general.

John Ampstead took it upon himself to answer.

"There was an attempt made to lynch the man who was locked up, a most dastardly affair. But the bungling brutes were baffled. The man got away."

"I heard of that down the street," said Mr. Barcase; "I meant to ask if anything else had happened. For instance," he hesitated before he finished; "for instance—what about Glugg?"

"Glugg's gone," said the blacksmith, briefly.

The lawyer's heart almost stood still. His breath came in a hot, sobbing gasp.

"Gone?" he said, in a whisper; "gone? Is—is he dead?"

"No," said Pilleo, with emphasis; "he isn't dead—that is, he isn't unless he has died since he left here. A man who had lost as much blood as he had, and whose face was as badly pounded out of shape as his was, ought to lie in bed for a week or two at least. It is almost an insult to the medical profession to get up and leave, as he did. Why, he might have died in the woods if we hadn't found him when we did, and I felt anxious about him all the evening. If he lives through this escapade I shall feel sure that he has a constitution like iron, and as many lives as a cat."

"I slept at the Braynor mansion myself," said John Ampstead, "and only came over here a little while since. I was as much astonished at this whole matter as you are."

"There is one thing to add to the story of Glugg's departure," said the blacksmith, gravely; "I have been waiting for you to come before mentioning it, for I wanted just such a practical and unimaginative person as you to weigh what I have to say, and try to tell me what it means. I retired rather late last night; I cannot say at what time exactly; I had been asleep, in the room just over the one occupied by Glugg, you will remember, but I am under the impression that I hadn't slept very long. I awoke with the feeling that there was something wrong, somewhere, and I stepped noiselessly out of bed and went to the window. Sure enough, there was something wrong. There was a man coming up my front walk, not slowly nor hesitatingly, but as though he had a very definite object in view. I could see his face plainly, and I am good at remembering faces. I will tell you in a minute or two who it was. He walked up to the window of the room beneath mine, the room in which Glugg was. After a little he turned and went down the walk again into the street. He walked until he reached the gate, though it was a fast walk, but once in the street, he ran, and was out of sight almost at once. You may laugh at me; you may question my sanity; you may call it a dream. But it was a striking face I saw, a very striking face; I never saw but one at all like it—it was the face of——"

Dr. Pilleo raised his hand, warningly.

"Wait a little," he said, and let me tell a story of last night. I saw the man you did. Let us see whether we saw alike. I retired later than you. Glugg was sleeping on the bed. I drew a lounge just in front of the door in the next room, and feeling sure that I should have a chance for rest, while I kept watch of the man in whom I took so deep an interest, I removed the most of my clothing, wrapped myself in the blanket which Mrs. Ampstead's thoughtfulness had provided, and lay down to sleep a half-hour. It may be well for me to state that I can go to sleep in perfect confidence that I shall not oversleep a limit which I set for myself, not by more than five minutes; this, of course, is the result of an experience and a discipline of a lifetime. As I said, I lay down to sleep a half-hour. Now I have another peculiarity; not only would nothing cause me to sleep more than, say, thirty-five minutes, under the circumstances I've named—no silence nor darkness, nor even the most utter weariness and previous loss of rest, but any unusual noise, such as the opening or shutting of a door or a groan from my patient,

would awaken me at once; off duty, I can sleep through a tempest; on duty, I awake at the slightest sound. Of course I was most emphatically on duty last night. So, when I suddenly found myself wide awake and listening, I am sure that I had not been asleep a half-hour. I listened intently. Glugg was breathing as calmly and regularly as any one you ever heard; he was as quiet and peaceful as an infant. He had done nothing to cause me to wake. In a moment or two I heard the gate closed. I knew then that the opening of it must have been the sound which aroused me. Steps came up the walk. They came to the window of Glugg's room. A face appeared there. The light of the night-lamp shone upon it. I saw it as plainly as I see either of your faces now; the same face that Mr. Ampstead saw, of course."

He paused a moment, to make his recital more emphatic. A sudden startling suspicion flashed into the mind of the attentive lawyer. A moment later, when the doctor resumed his narrative, it was almost impossible for Mr. Barcase to have patience to hear him through. He had acted upon his suspicion. He had thrust his hand to the breast-pocket of his coat. His fears were too sadly true. The package which he had kept at the risk of his life—*was gone!*

Where had he lost it? What a question! Where had he been? Not *everywhere*, but as near it as the limits of one night and the strength and endurance of horseflesh had rendered possible. What persons had he seen? What persons had quite possibly seen him?

Martin Glugg for one; Martin Glugg, murderer, ex-convict, mystery and danger in human form. A nameless individual for another, nameless so far as any one in Pleanton knew; a man who was a confessed thief; a man who had only escaped being a murderer by the merest accident. And one or the other of these two men, so he said to himself, had so much coveted that precious parcel as to be willing to sell his soul and risk his neck for it. Possibly each of them wanted it. And he had seen those two. It might be that they had seen and known him.

Besides these, he had seen—the man (or whatever it was) that Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Ampstead had seen, no doubt. He wondered whether they had all seen alike. He felt so sure that his eyes had not deceived him. Dr. Pilleo was resuming his narrative. Mr. Barcase bent nearer in breathless attention.

"Glugg moved uneasily in his sleep, just then. I heard him groan. I saw that he was awake. I knew that he was looking at the face at the window; a convulsive tremor, indicative of the utmost horror, shook him from head to foot; it was almost a comfort to know that I was not the only one who could see that handsome, evil face, framed in by the open window, and having the dark night outside for a fitting background. Glugg began to move slowly and noiselessly and with infinite caution across the bed. It took a long time—long, considering the circumstances I mean, probably a half-minute—and still that wicked face smiled into the room. You will remember that we feared it might injure Glugg if we undressed him; he had all his clothing on—all of it. One leg swung clear of the bed; one foot touched the floor; then the slow-motioned Glugg seemed electrified to quick life. He sprang from the room. He dashed out at the rear door. Clothed as scantily as I was, I could not follow him. He escaped. He was gone. And when I gathered my senses enough to look for the face which had so frightened him, and frightened me too, to confess the simple truth, that was gone too. It may be ridiculous; it may seem impossible; twenty years, you may say, has made my memory dim. Say what you will. My memory is strong and vigorous despite my years. Only one face among all the hundreds of faces I have ever seen ever looked like that—the face of *Ward Dellerton!*"

"The face of Ward Dellerton," assented the blacksmith, with the grave emphasis of sturdy conviction.

Chapter XIX.

Noon in New York. Noon in the well-furnished office of Messrs. Bluff & Bragg.

Noon, high noon, to the great mass of crowding and pushing humanity upon the sidewalks, and to the endless maze of cars and trucks and carriages upon the streets. Noon to love and life and hope; noon to vigor and effort and success. Noon by the clocks and bells everywhere. Noon!

But night—

Night to the eyes which will never open again to sun nor sky nor flowers. Night to the dead, endless night. It is twelve hours, twelve short solemn hours, since one man went down into *his* night; twelve hours since the mad regrets of the avenger who came too late passed by his unseeing eyes and sounded above his eternally deafened ears; twelve hours since light and darkness became one to him.

Noon to the great metropolis. Night to Ward Dellerton. Ward Dellerton died twelve hours ago.

There are light words spoken in the office of Bluff & Bragg. There is joy there. It is the joy of success.

There has been an inquiry into the cause of Ward Dellerton's death, an inquiry already. There has been an inquest held over his dead body.

Surely, for a city where lawyer's law is keen and active, a city where it finds means, very often, for delaying justice or escaping it altogether, the great firm of Bluff & Bragg have allowed the net to be drawn more and more closely about their client very, very soon. But have they? Let us look a little further. Bluff attended the inquest in person. He is talking with Bragg. Let us listen. This was the conversation:

"Mortimer Dellerton testified. I had a conversation with him first, of course, and gave him a hint or two as to the way in which to tell his story. There's is a great deal in one's manner and gestures, you know," said Bluff.

"And no persons in this city can make better use of the artistic element in testimony than we can," said Bragg.

"The story itself needed no amending. There wasn't a thing lacking in it. I wouldn't have had him leave out a single point; there won't be anything to fight against a cross-examiner on when the case comes to trial," said Bluff.

"*If* the case comes to trial," amended Bragg.

"Exactly. I took a copy of the substance of his testimony. Shall I read it?"

"Certainly," said Bragg.

And Bluff read Mortimer Dellerton's testimony as follows:

"I came home, on the night when the deceased was shot, at about half-past ten o'clock. I had not been drinking. I had spent the evening in the company of a young lady. No, I will not mention her name. No, I am not engaged to marry her. I have asked her to marry me. The deceased knew of my attentions to her. He did not approve of them. I do not know why he objected. I did not know that he had ever seen her or any of her family. He knew her name, of course. No, I did not tell him her name, nor that I was looking forward to marriage with any one. I do not know who told him. He had known my intentions for some time. Yes, we had talked about the matter before. We had talked about it frequently. We had not agreed.

"The old man had been drinking. He had been drinking a great deal, I should think. I do not know whether I would like to swear that he was drunk. I will swear that he had been drinking. Yes, I will swear that he was under the influence of liquor.

"The deceased was very abusive. He sneeringly said that the girl would probably never marry me. I don't know why he said it. I had never told him that she had refused me. One reason was that I didn't like to face the scornful manner I knew he would assume. Another reason was that I believed she would reconsider the refusal and give her consent. No, I do not think she can be induced to marry me now. No, I should not willingly have done anything which I felt utterly destroyed my chances for winning her.

"I think the conversation lasted fully an hour. He had never been so unjust; I had never been so firm. I asked him if the girl wasn't good enough. He said, in a sneering way, that he guessed anybody was good enough for me, and added, bitterly, that any one was good enough for a Dellerton. I asked him if he thought she had too little fortune, and he flew into a terrible passion, and said that if he could have his way she should have nothing; that she should starve. I pressed my question. Then he said that he presumed she had money enough, but he didn't know anything about it, but that he had no doubt she had money in abundance.

"I told him I would marry her if possible. He said he had rather see me dead. I asked him if he cared nothing for my happiness. He flew into a terrible passion again, and said that he hated me.

"I told him that this matter must be settled that night for good and all. Unless he gave his consent to my doing as I pleased in the matter, I would leave home and never return.

"'You shall never marry her!' he shouted, drawing a pistol from his pocket and firing at me. I was scarcely more than a yard from him. But he missed me. I caught his arm as he was about to fire again. I wrested the pistol from him.

"'To-night I leave this house for ever!' I said.

"'You'll never leave this house alive!' he shouted; 'I'll get another weapon, and you won't escape again.'

"Taking the pistol from him and his starting for another did not occupy a quarter of a minute. I cocked the pistol I had taken from him, and demanded that he sit down and be reasonable.

"He saw that I had the advantage, but his passion was so great that he could not do what was wise. He attempted to leave the room. I fired. He staggered to a corner and fell. Yes, I killed him. I meant to kill him. I will not say now whether I am glad I did kill him or not."

"There," said Bluff; "I've left out the questions which were asked him, and I've not used his exact language in all respects. But that is the substance of his testimony."

"A very ingenious and plausible story," said Bragg.

"Indeed it is," said Bluff.

"I only see one weak point in it," said Bragg.

"Indeed? And what may that be?" asked Bluff.

"The part which relates to his father firing at him first, to his getting the pistol away from him, and to shooting the old man down when he felt that he had to. The rest seems reasonable enough, but——"

"That is because the truth always seems reasonable," interrupted Bluff.

"But that seems remarkably far fetched. It isn't natural. It cannot be used convincingly with either a just judge or an honest jury," concluded Bragg.

"But that was the point on which we introduced corroborative testimony, and——"

"And it was the point on which you needed it," said Bragg, catching eagerly and with great satisfaction at a chance to indulge in an interruption to offset the one which Bluff had made a little time before.

"And the only point," said Bluff, in conclusion.

"Exactly. It was the only point on which any was needed, so far as I can see. Who suggested the necessity for more testimony?"

"The prisoner himself. One of the servants presented the help which was needed. He swore to hearing the last two or three sentences which Mr. Mortimer Dellerton had stated were spoken; he testified to hearing the struggle between the two men; he stated that nearly a minute elapsed between the two shots."

"Isn't that a weak point? Wasn't the first report, which said the two shots were fired in quick succession, much more reasonable?"

"Certainly; it was much more reasonable. That is a weak point. It is a very weak point."

"Can it be strengthened?"

"I don't know."

"You've consulted personally with Mr. Mortimer Dellerton; I haven't. You have heard Mr. Mortimer Dellerton give his testimony; I haven't. Was there a minute between the two shots, or were they fired in quick succession?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? What did the servants hear? What do they say?"

"I've told you what one said. The remainder did not testify. I so managed it that they were not called upon."

"You feared to have them sworn?"

"I did, most emphatically."

"But they will be put upon the stand when the case is tried."

"*If* the case is tried."

Bragg laughed.

"You've gone back to my argument, I see," he said; "that is all right. But what does the prisoner say? You know the case fully from him, of course. What does he say?"

"He says the same thing to me that he does to the coroner and his jury. He insists that his story is true?"

"He does, does he? He's either innocent or game—very game."

"It looks so."

"Well, the case presents some very beautiful difficulties. It is always more difficult to clear an innocent man than a guilty one, supposing both to be equally frank in the statements they make. A guilty man who makes up a story of pretended innocence and asks his lawyer to believe it, sticking to the truth of it himself whatever comes, is hardest to clear of any one."

"It's going to be a very hard thing to clear Mr. Mortimer M. Dellerton from the charge of murder, *if* he is ever tried on that charge, *when* he is tried, in my opinion."

"And in mine as well. It is a bad business for a young man to shoot his father down, as young Dellerton certainly did, when one makes the best of the case that can be made. But it is not for us, as his lawyers, to look at the moral side of the matter at all. Our business is to clear him, if we can. Prove his story to be true, or reasonably probable, and your logic and my pathos would do the necessary business with the twelve good men and true. We could make a jury disagree, at least, if we could not make them acquit. But can we prove the story to be reasonably probable? Can we? What can you say of the character of the servant who testified in young Dellerton's favor?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I should think it well to investigate in that direction."

"I have investigated."

"And you cannot speak of his character?"

"I cannot. He has no character to speak of."

"Ah, I see! Very good; very good indeed. But I suppose it wouldn't be difficult to throw doubt on his word if that is the case?"

"It would not."

"When the case comes to trial, then——"

PAUSIAS AND GLYCERA.

"The case must never come to trial. The verdict of the coroner's jury was favorable to us, on the whole, though not just what I hoped. 'The deceased came to his death as the result of a wound inflicted by a deadly weapon in the hand of Mortimer M. Dellerton, while the said Mortimer M. Dellerton was laboring under great excitement caused by violent and provoking actions and words on the part of the said deceased.' I went into the court afterward, where the judge was presiding who originally committed young Dellerton to jail, and succeeded in getting him to allow me to make a representation of the facts in the case, and demanded the release of the prisoner on bail."

"And succeeded?"

"And succeeded. Mortimer Dellerton is out now. I gave him a hint or two, and I think he is not in the city."

"And the next thing, of course, is the matter of an indictment?"

"Rather a matter of *no* indictment. We must have the case dismissed, or staved off as long as possible. We have got our man out. We must keep him out. The case must never come to trial if we can possibly help it. If it does, in spite of all we can do——"

Bluff paused.

"Well?" queried Bragg.

"We must say to the young man, 'Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, the Continent of Europe possesses advantages as a place of residence which you have only to experience to appreciate. Your natural desire for longevity can be gratified only by a sojourn abroad. Make no great noise about the matter; have nothing said of it in the daily newspapers; don't give any farewell banquets to your friends; but take the next steamer for Liverpool?'"

"Excellent, exceedingly excellent," said Bragg.

"And we must say to his bondsmen, 'Gentlemen, you understood that this was a desperate matter; some of you understood how desperate, and are not disappointed; the rest of you know now, and you cannot afford to let disappointment and worry shorten your lives. Pay up the amount you promised, and forget it as soon as possible.'"

"Logic, lovely logic," said Bragg.

"In a nutshell, the case is this: Mortimer Dellerton is a liar, and his servant is another. I suppose there is no doubt that father and son had a quarrel about some young woman, for we know they disagreed about something, and a woman is the likeliest thing about which to think they scolded and threatened. But I don't believe the old man ever threatened his life. I don't believe the young man acted in self-defense. I don't believe the old man ever had the pistol in his hand at all, and I don't believe you can make twelve men think he had. We have our doubts, Bragg, as well as other men; we may be incorrect in our conclusions, as others may; but our experience has been of little value to us if it hasn't taught us to tell the true from the false in a case like this. Am I not right?"

"You are, as we usually are."

"Well, then, I say this: If there was ever a cowardly, deliberate, cold-blooded murder, this was one. If there was ever a premeditated murder, this was one. If a man ever went armed and ready, and picked a quarrel in which he had decided to win his point or kill his opposer, this was the man and this the case. If ever a despicable, cowardly, infamous, black-hearted wretch earned the vengeance of the gallows for the worst of crimes, Mortimer Dellerton is the depraved rascal who has earned it," said fair and frank Bluff.

"Exactly. And we have made fame and fortune for ourselves by saving such fellows as he is from their deserts. We never lost a case like this. We never will. We will save even Mortimer Dellerton," said boastful Bragg.

"Yes, we will."

"And we will do it in such a way that no one but ourselves—ourselves and the accused—shall guess it was not easy."

"And in such a way that no one but those who pay the bills—they and his bondsmen—shall ever imagine it was not cheap."

Night for Ward Dellerton, sudden night. Night for him ere one would have thought the afternoon of his life was well begun.

Noon for his murderer. Noon, with friends, and vigor, and influence, and money, and power, and freedom.

Noon, with the sun seeming to stand still. Noon, without a cloud in the sky. Noon, without a shadow on the land.

Is it strange that the Mortimer Dellertons of this world watch the golden floods of sunshine, and say they will be eternal? Is it strange they forget the night?

Is it?

Or is it not?

Say what you will, the facts remain the same. The earth ever turns; the noonday sun ever declines; night after day, climbing slowly and toilsomely up the eastern sky, has always been the rule of Time's Empire, and always will be. Night is inevitable. And justice is as certain as the night is! _____

Chapter XX.

Mr. Seth Barcase did not attend church that Sunday of which we have spoken.

In the afternoon he sought a private interview with John Ampstead, and told him, in as few words as possible, of the loss that had come to them. He did not think it best to speak fully of what he had seen, and, not liking to do things by halves, he said nothing of it. He talked only in a general way.

"I was riding in the country," was indefinite enough, but every one knew that Mr. Barcase was constantly taking rides into the country. And there was little to say, since it would have been unseemly to scold and blame, when the lawyer had frankly said that he had no doubt some passer-by had picked it up.

"I shall advertise for it, of course," said the lawyer.

"Certainly. That is the thing to do, and the only thing."

"Not the only thing. I shall search as well. I shall go over, to-morrow, every foot of the ground I went over last night. I shall give the entire day to the search. I cannot but say, though, that I expect to find nothing. We shall secure the return of this lost secret, if we secure it at all, by advertising. It is a duty to search, but I do it without any hope."

"Offer a reward if you think it necessary," said Ampstead; "and draw on me for the needed amount, if it is ever called for."

"But I have lost the package. The cost of its recovery should be paid by me."

"Not at all. I will not agree to that. Frankly, I will say that I am almost glad the package is lost; I dread it; I am puzzled and fascinated by it. Were it not that the reading of it had been imposed upon me in such a way that I feel it a sacred duty, I should almost hope we would never see nor hear of it again."

The lawyer drew a long breath.

"I agree with you," he said. "But, everything considered, it must be found unless it has been destroyed, and it must be kept, and in due time it must be read."

"Yes, read; read and acted upon. Do you know that I have a presentiment, sometimes, that the day when I read that document will be the saddest day of my life?"

"Let us hope not; remember what John Braynor said when he lay upon his death-bed: 'It is in the hands of God.' I feel certain that all will be well in the end."

"I trust you are right. I think, I almost believe that you are. I must return to New York to-morrow, or I should insist on joining you in your search. I shall write you as soon as I have anything of interest to tell you. Please let me hear from you soon and often. Telegraph me if you find the document."

"I will. By-the-way, I have an idea that the finder of this document which we have lost, if it has been found at all, may go to New York himself. I need not enter into any particulars. I need not say what my suspicions are. I need not say that I have any suspicions at all. I think the package may be carried to New York; I think it well to advertise there. Will you attend to the matter?"

"Certainly I will. What shall I say?"

"I am not prepared to say just what will be best, just now. Of course we must advertise in such a way that only the one who has the package, if some one has found it, or those to whom he has shown it, if it has been found and shown, will be able to understand it. I will think the matter over, and will give you a form which will be useful and satisfactory for us to use, some time between now and the time when you go. Meantime, I think it best not to say anything about the matter to any one else. Your father and Dr. Pilleo and Mrs. Johnson would only worry needlessly. Let us each agree that whenever it seems to be wise to call in help or advice in the matter we will act promptly, but that we will not seek mere sympathy. The man who says least of his business is the man whose business, in the long run, will say the most for him."

"As you wish. I am agreed."

And so it was settled.

John Ampstead took the first train on Monday morning, bound for New York and for the resumption of the duties which John Braynor's death and the events which had followed it had made it necessary to interrupt for a time. He carried the copy for an advertisement which he was to insert in all the daily papers in New York.

Early Monday morning, so early that John Ampstead's early train had not yet started, and so early that youthful John Ampstead was still enjoying the perfect peace and care-freedom of perfect sleep, the old gray-headed lawyer was in the saddle and riding into the country to examine the ground over which he had ridden on Saturday night and Sunday morning.

There were, first of all, sixteen miles of moderately well traveled road. Not less than a score of teams, to put the estimate low enough, had undoubtedly been over this portion of his route since he had been. Unlikely as it was that he should find anything here, the man would let no chance go untried; so he rode slowly and searched carefully. But he found nothing.

It was getting well toward noon when he came to the place where he had left the main road on his way to the hill-encircled pool. He was hot, tired, hungry and thirsty; he was weak and faint; but he was resolute. He pushed forward, going more slowly now than he had before, and looking into every bush and thicket near the path, and behind every huge stone. Slowly, slowly, with a toilsome patience, he worked his way into the hills. On the bare bleak ledges he searched for a hundred feet or more on each side of the narrow trail, for it might be that a fallen package would have blown before the wind. In the marshy places he looked at every hole where a horse's hoof might have forced a parcel half out of sight. At every streamlet he rode down its course for many rods, examining every deposit which the current had left in the shallower places, or swept into slowly turning eddies near the banks. Slowly, slowly, with the despair which the unknown mystery of the thing he hunted deepened and intensified, he searched the whole long distance until he reached the pool.

Then the tears came into his eyes, and rolled down his thin and wrinkled cheeks. His face was very pale. He had hoped so much. And he had found nothing.

He rode up to the little hill we have spoken of—the hill where Dr. Pilleo had said that Glugg had a chance to live—and the hill over which he had seen the same Glugg, quite beside himself with terror, followed by—by *some one*, or some *thing!*

Pleanton lay in such a direction. How near it seemed, though unseen to him. In a little while he would be there again, ready to take up the old dull routine of existence that he had followed for many, many years, but with the added burden of his loss always weighing on heart and brain. The dead had imposed the trust; the trust must be for ever unperformed; would the dead know?—could the dead understand?

In this direction—turning his tired horse another way and raising his hat from his aching head—in this direction lay New York. How far away, how very far away! How mad he had been to dream that there could be any hope of finding there what he had lost in the wilderness of the woody and rocky outlying country near Pleanton! How weak he had been to let John Ampstead waste his money in advertising which could do no good, but which would kindle false flames of hope that could only fall into the ashes of despair! Why had he been so wicked as not to say, boldly, "It is gone for ever!" to the young man who loved and honored and trusted him? It would be but a few years, a few short years, ere he could lay his white head down to rest for ever from his pain; why had he dared to lay on Ampstead's heart the heritage of an equal and a hopeless pain? These were his self-reproachful thoughts. This was his bitter agony among the hills.

He rode to the thicket from which he had watched Glugg pass him by—Glugg, and another. He paused at the spot where he had put spurs to his horse and commenced the flight which put poor Tam o' Shanter quite to shame.

Here his horse wheeled. Here, again, was where he made a marvelous leap! Here the poor beast had slipped! And here—

Here?

Was he going mad? Did his eyes play him false? He sprang from his horse.

Until wrangling debaters decide for good and all whether the worst certainty is better than suspense, and bad news more to be hoped for than none at all, I cannot tell you whether it was well that Mr. Barcase found the thing he did, or quite otherwise. In the conflict of emotions in his mind, I do not think the lawyer could have given an opinion himself. He did not feel gladness; he did not experience sorrow; he only knew that all his powers and faculties were numbed and shocked. There was nothing left to hope. There was nothing left to fear. All that could have happened, had happened.

It was an envelope which he picked up, a big yellow envelope, pompous and clumsy-looking, and not flattened down yet into the humble shape which was fitting to its new condition of utter emptiness.

An empty envelope, torn and discolored, but with a clean cut along its upper edge which spoke alike of a keen knife, and some one's nervous haste. An empty envelope, with the direction: "John Braynor Ampstead, in trust with Seth Barcase, Esq."

It was almost night. Day was fading rapidly. The mists were already beginning to show above the pool and along the winding streams.

Down this road lay Pleanton. Down this road went John Braynor to his death. Down this road went Glugg when his life seemed hanging in the balance. Up this road came Glugg and whatever pursued him.

What of it all?

This way Pleanton lay, and this way Seth Barcase would go. He would have gone, and gone more quickly and more gladly, if he had been going to his grave.

Home to Pleanton he went. Early to bed, to find the rest he so much needed. A night of torture, filled with awful dreams and still more terrible wakefulness. A Tuesday that was almost a living death—and which dragged as it may be Eternity will. A Tuesday night which passed all too quickly, and which was a period of unconsciousness and oblivion because his life would have been in danger had it been otherwise—his life or his reason, and because Nature was strong enough to have her healing way. A Wednesday which was enough like Tuesday to seem its shadow—and enough blacker, too, to be that. Such was the life—or shall I say existence?—of Mr. Seth Barcase up to the arrival of an afternoon mail on Wednesday from New York.

He had not written to John Ampstead yet; he had not found the courage to do so. But now there came from him a letter, a letter so full of hope and vigor, a letter so spiced with pleasant gossip regarding his life and work, that the lawyer smiled again, albeit faintly, despite himself.

John Ampstead had sent him a bundle of New York daily newspapers too, and for a few moments he quite forgot what he had found—*how little*—in place of what he had lost—*so much*—while he looked over the advertisements in them, finding in each one this:

"PERSONAL.—If the person who found the package lost near P. by 'S. B.' will return the same to him; or, to the person addressed by name (care of Bluff & Bragg, New York, in the latter case), he will be rewarded."

And in another column this:

"$100 REWARD.—Return stolen package to 'S. B.,' of P., or to 'Owner,' at Bluff & Bragg's and receive *One Hundred Dollars. No questions asked.*"

The advertisements looked well in print. They would mean enough to one who understood them. They would be strange and meaningless to every one who did not have the key to them in the memory of his own action. They seemed to cover the case very thoroughly, only—since he found that empty envelope the lawyer had felt there was no case to cover!

Mr. Barcase started slowly toward home from the post-office. He had nothing to do; he had no ambition to do anything. Life had become a blank to him since Monday; his years pressed upon him; he was very old and very feeble. He saw Dr. Pilleo drive briskly by, and he felt personally aggrieved that the old doctor could look so vigorous and happy. He met a man whose vote (and "influence") he had desired to secure in favor of his candidates, and he never looked up from his reverie; for an active American citizen he was certainly in a bad way.

A boy ran up to him and spoke his name: "Mr. Barcase, sir, if you please."

The lawyer did not stop. He did not look up. He did not appear to know that any one had addressed him.

The boy laid his hand upon the old man's arm.

"Mr. Barcase, please."

The lawyer stopped, and slowly looked around.

It was a boy from the telegraph-office who had stopped him, a boy with a telegram for him.

He slowly and dejectedly tore it open—tore it open as a man might be expected to open his own death-warrant. A moment later he was rushing up the street toward his house, at a rate of speed which it had embarrassed the boy to keep pace with, oblivious of the fact that the hurrying lad wanted a receipt for the delivery of this electrical tonic.

He looked years younger; old age seemed to have fallen away from him in a moment, like a garment. His form was erect; his step was elastic; his eyes were bright and hopeful. Was the fountain of youth a prophetic fable? Did Ponce de Leon only die because he lived too soon? Is the mystery of deathlessness a secret of zinc and carbon and acid?

This was the telegram which had made an old man young—in heart at least:

"NEW YORK, *August* —, 1880.

"SETH BARCASE, ESQ., Pleanton—I have the package, minus the envelope. Come at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

Do I need to say that Mr. Barcase obeyed?

When Thursday morning was growing into day, Mr. Barcase left the car in which he had spent a portion of the night, and the thunder of the metropolis of the Western World was all about him.

He sent his baggage to a hotel, but he only stopped long enough at a restaurant to eat a sandwich and drink a cup of coffee. He knew that it was time for a law-student to be at the office; he had the address of the place of business of Bluff & Bragg; he could not wait a moment longer than was absolutely necessary; he must see John Ampstead at once.

To the unobserving, a crowd is a crowd. But there are degrees in a crowd, as well as in many other stupendous and bewildering things.

To the unobserving, especially if he is inclined to be petulant and excitable, making one's way through a crowd is just that, always that, and always nothing more. But there are degrees to the density of a crowd, and degrees to the effort required of the individual who must make his way through it too.

It is possible that Seth Barcase was so much in a hurry that morning as to be prejudiced. But it seemed, while he was still a dozen blocks from the one in which Bluff & Bragg had their offices, that the crowd was greater even than the crowds of New York which he remembered in the bygone years. The further he went the denser it became. After a little, every one was going one way—his way; he was meeting no one! There were no ladies in the mass of human beings now; they had been left behind by the swift, crushed back by the strong, and hopelessly stranded at street corners and in broad doorways, while the men swept on.

Mr. Barcase looked about him. He was going with this tide of humanity. He was getting beyond his power to turn back—beyond his depth, so to speak. And he had not intended to go to a fire this morning, unless——

They eddied round a corner. The moving was easier. He found a way to press forward now, and to pass many

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of those less quick to see their chances and to take advantage of them. Clouds of dense smoke were rising toward the heavens. The rattling puff of the steam-fire-engines rose above the turmoil of traffic and the clamor of the crowd.

There was nowhere else for Mr. Seth Barcase to go that morning than to the fire. The block where Bluff & Bragg had studied and schemed for years was a mass of flame. It did not need an experienced eye to see that the only hope the firemen had was for the surrounding buildings, and not a certain hope in all cases even at that. The burning block was surely doomed.

There are men who are always behind their fellows, always standing on tiptoe and craning their necks in an apologetic way. There are others among mankind who are always at the front, men who always know by actual observation what happens ; pushers and crowders in life's race, though with more of mind than mere muscle.

Must I say where Seth Barcase belonged ? You remember him resolutely riding by night, at an hour's notice and to carry out some sudden plan which his brain had conceived, over routes from which bravery might shrink and weariness falter at. I need not classify the great lawyer ; his actions have classified him. If we desire to keep our places at the side of Mr. Barcase, we must follow him down to where the blue-coated police have established the boundary between the crowd and the conflagration.

Mr. Barcase had been standing looking at the fire, standing in the very front rank of the spectators, for only a few minutes, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned his head. It was John Ampstead who stood beside him.

There were no preliminaries necessary to their conversation. Each knew of what the other wished to speak.

"Who had it ?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know."

"Wasn't the reward claimed ?"

"It was not."

"Who returned it ?"

It was returned by mail."

"But we have it again ?"

"We *had* it, or rather I did. Look there, those are the rooms of Bluff & Bragg."

He pointed to the windows of the second-story, fronting upon the street on which they stood.

There could be seen many beautiful and costly things through these windows. Bluff & Bragg were men of wealth and taste, and men to whom money meant nothing unless it could be used to please and gratify their whims and fancies. There were desks, elaborately convenient in all their appointments ; there were chairs, so sumptuous and easy that one wondered how their occupants could ever study, or bring themselves to the consideration of facts and logic. There were handsome gas fixtures ; there were a few well-chosen and valuable paintings on the walls ; there were tons of costly books ranged on scores of long shelves. It was an ideal office—in some senses Bluff & Bragg might be called ideal men.

The fire had taken in the basement, and had found its prompt way to every floor by the way of the convenient elevator—convenient alike in man's service, and in the service of his roaring, hot-breathed, red-tongued servant turned cruel and relentless master.

There was no fire in the rooms of Bluff & Bragg yet, but the smoke drifted through in clouds. The floor above was a furnace. Half the floor below was a hell. It was a mad race, and an open question, whether the demon of the rooms above or the fiend of the floor should have his wicked way first. The windows below those of Bluff & Bragg were like the entrances to great furnaces. Ladders were impossible of use for the rooms above.

Barcase had made no answer to Ampstead. The latter repeated what he had said last.

"Those are the rooms of Bluff & Bragg."

"Certainly. I heard you say that before. What of it ?"

"And the package is in the safe."

"Well," said the lawyer, letting his glance follow the outstretched hand of his friend ; "what of——"

He never finished his sentence. The smoke in the room into which they were looking swung aside for a moment. There, against the furthest wall, stood the great safe in which the property and the secrets of Bluff & Bragg were kept. But the fright of fire had found them unprepared in its awful suddenness. The door of the safe was wide open.

A man pushed his way through the crowd down to the very front rank of those who were watching the work of destruction. He glanced up at the flame-filled windows of the third and fourth and fifth and sixth stories. He looked at the terrible tale one could see written behind the ruined plate-glass front of the first story, and at the surging sea of fire the basement was. He shook his head. He shrank back from the heat. But his face was white with an awful despair.

"It's Bluff," whispered John Ampstead to his companion.

Bluff raised his hand with a gesture of command. A silence fell upon the gathered multitude watching him with eager upturned faces. Only the roar of the flames and the wheezy beat of the engines sounded near at hand, and the thunder of thousands of hoofs and wheels on the echoing pavement seemed far away.

Bluff faced the crowd, but half turned toward the building behind him.

"Our safe fastens with a spring lock," he said, hoarsely, "and its door is so nicely balanced that a child could close it. Its contents are almost priceless. I will give a thousand dollars to the one who shuts it."

A murmur of stifled horror shook the crowd for a moment. Was he mad ? Did he think others were ?

"Two thousand dollars."

More than one hard-working man thought of the family he loved and labored for, and looked greedily at the task—the work of five minutes with a reward as great as his savings for a lifetime—and drew back as he thought of how much he was loved, of how much his ragged little ones would miss him when he was gone.

"Three thousand."

Men were turning white and faint, mad that the fortune that they dared not try to win should mock them by its very nearness.

"Five thousand."

No other answer than a stifled groan.

"Eight."

Not a word met his.

"Ten thousand dollars."

A man sprang out from the crowd.

"I've been a bad man all my life," he said, with sullen frankness, "and I've done everything evil for money—everything except murder. Why should I not do this thing to-day ? I—I've got a sick wife—a starving wife—and I love her as well as any man loves his own. I would give my soul for money to-day ; why not risk my life ?"

He sprang in at the front doorway, in among the clouds of blinding smoke, in where the flame seemed to thrust out its red tongues to draw him in,

"The man who robbed Glugg?" gasped Barcase to John Ampstead.

"Yes," replied Ampstead, "the man who robbed Glugg."

It seemed almost an eternity to the waiting audience before the hero of this stupendous tragedy appeared again. But he did appear at last, staggering and stumbling and groping blindly across the rooms of Bluff & Bragg toward the treasure he was risking all to save.

His hair was singed and burned; his face was blistered and blackened; his hands were almost useless; his clothes were on fire in a dozen places, but he did not pause, he did not falter, he did not turn back.

Perhaps he knew that there could be no turning back to life again for him; perhaps he felt that it was only left to him to go forward—straight forward—forward to his grave among the furnace heat of this mass of bending, melting iron, and breaking, crumbling stone.

He staggered, struck his foot against something, and fell! He could not get upon his feet again, but he crept slowly and painfully toward the work he had to do. Possibly, even in his agony and his fear, he felt the glory of success as he had never felt it before in all his life, for thousands were cheering him for his bravery, and it must be that he heard them, for he turned his scorched and shriveled face that way, and there appeared to be a smile upon it.

He reached the safe! The smoke lifted so that they could see him plainly. A hush fell upon the great multitude. Of course the man could never come back. Of course the chances which he had taken had gone utterly against him. Hope was dead. Prayer was vain. But the far-extending audience watched the man play out this dreadful scene with the same breathless attention which they would have given to a great artist on the stage, apt in the art with which he could mimic life and passion. Men love bravery. This man was as brave as any on whom they had ever looked.

He reached the safe! He laid his hands upon it, and slowly drew himself up to a standing position. It took him long. The effort was an agony. The fire had not reached this place yet, but he had been through more of pain than many men are called upon to suffer in all their long lives, and it had been barely three minutes since he had been as strong and vigorous as any of them.

He hurled his weight against the door. It closed with a clang which could be heard even in the street below, and the answer from the street was a cheer that began with glad praise for his gallantry, and ended with a groan for his inevitable fate.

He turned his face toward them, his poor blind eyes straining for a sight of the sympathy he would never see again, nor hear much longer. He put up his useless hands with a weak gesture of helpless appeal.

The cheer died into silence.

Flowers and bouquets next for the actor who had done so well. Ay, flowers and bouquets!

Flowers of yellow and crimson, springing through the floor beneath his feet! Bouquets of burning brands, falling from the ceiling above his head!

Suddenly the safe sank a little from the place where it had stood. It swayed slowly toward one side. The man in the room reeled forward; the crowd in the street reeled back; the walls reeled in; the roof settled—settled—settled. The next instant there was only a monster pile of fiercely burning *débris* upon the basement floor, with nothing between it and the bright blue sky above!

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL.

(From the German.)

Who asks how came it so? The same
Happens to others every day.
By chance or fate the meeting came;
Which—who shall say?

It was not much that either said,
But each felt richer for that night;
You turned, as I drew near, so red;
When I went, white.

And then came meetings day by day,
Our only thought near, sun and moon.
The Summer quickly passed away,
Indeed, too soon.

We pressed fond hands; for nothing, smiled;
For nothing foolish tears let fall.
We quarreled, and were reconciled;
And meant it all.

Then Autumn came, and Winter white;
The swallows fled to skies of blue;
Love? It was freezing day and night:
It froze us, too.

And I to other lands must go;
"Farewell!" you said, so courteously;
Courteous I kissed your hand, and so—
So let it be!

A DREAD SECRET.

"It is a first night at the St. James," observed Mrs. Gregory Farquhar.

She was sitting at the dinner-table opposite her husband, Captain Farquhar, of the Guards.

"Aw!" replied that gentleman, being evidently unable to think of any more trenchant remark.

Mrs. Farquhar went on, with a slight nervousness of manner:

"Lord Ferdie has sent me a box—you'll come, won't you, Gregory?"

"Awfully sorry," answered Gregory, indulging in all the accepted abbreviations with which our gilded youth disfigures his native tongue, "but really couldn't. Got an engagement to-night, Bessie—must keep it, 'pon my honor. Be delighted to go with you otherwise."

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Farquhar, with an angry color rising in her cheeks—"delighted, of course! I've observed that you always would be delighted to go out with me on Saturday evening, only you're engaged."

Captain Farquhar applied himself to the claret, and made no answer. He was not blind to that angry color rising in his pretty wife's face; and being a young man of a peaceful disposition, notwithstanding that his profession was that of war, he took refuge in a wise silence.

It is not to be denied that silence was a very easy thing to him, for as a rule he had nothing whatever to say. His claims to the admiration of society consisted in the superb proportions of his form, the magnificence of his mustache, and the perfect fit of his clothes.

Mrs. Farquhar, on the contrary, had a tongue of her own; and just now she seemed inclined to use it.

"Am I to go alone with Lord Ferdie?" she asked, presently.

"'Pon my soul, Bess, I don't know. He's a harmless chap enough; but I suppose it wouldn't look well."

"A harmless chap!" echoed Mrs. Farquhar, in such a tone that the captain opened his eyes wider than usual.

"You want some sort of a sheep-dog, I s'pose, Bess?" he added, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Farquhar, with intense scorn; "quite in the Becky Sharp style that would be. But it might be a little difficult to engage one for Saturday nights only—that little difficulty didn't occur to you, perhaps? Gregory," she said, with a sudden change of voice and manner, "I *will* know where you go always on Saturday nights!"

"Oh, come, I say!" was Captain Farquhar's response.

"Oh, but we weren't to have secrets, and mine isn't unreasonable jealousy. No woman could endure such a thing—flesh and blood couldn't stand it. Dear, Gregory, do tell me, and then I'll be—oh, so good?"

"Very sorry," repeated the captain—"can't."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, transformed once more, as if by magic, into the virago; "then I know what to think. I'm not the ignorant little thing I was when

FAREWELL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 463.

He was a good deal taken aback by this pretty little creature's sudden transformation into a virago.

"You must tell me!" she cried.

"Very sorry," answered the captain—"can't."

Mrs. Farquhar looked at him from under her long, dark eyelashes; and then, by a great effort controlled herself, and did a little acting.

"Gregory dear," she said, very gently, "do tell me. It's disgraceful to be such a jealous little wretch, I know, but I can't help it."

"Forgotten the compact, eh, Bess?—each to do as we pleased, don't you know, and no jealousy allowed?"

you married me. It comes to 'you go your way and I go mine'—does it? Very well! You used to think me pretty; now, I suppose, you have found a different style of beauty that you like better. Never mind! I can still manage to be the fashion for a season or two, if I choose. You think Lord Ferdie a harmless sort of a chap, do you? He's very kind; he seems to admire me very much. I'll send over for Mrs. Vane; no doubt she will go with me and play sheep-dog to-night."

"No, no," exclaimed the captain; "don't go out with that dreadful woman, Bess."

"Who else am I to get at a moment's notice? Am I to

A DREAD SECRET.—"AT LAST HE STOPPED AT A DISMAL LITTLE HOUSE, IN A DISMAL LITTLE STREET, RANG A BELL, AND WAS IMMEDIATELY ADMITTED. MRS. FARQUHAR STOOD TREMBLING AGAINST THE RAILINGS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

sit at home by myself all the evening, just because it happens to be the night you are engaged? That would scarcely be keeping our compact. Ta-ta! I'm going to dress. I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

"I say, Bess," said the captain, rising from his chair as his wife turned to the door.

"Well?"

"Don't go with Mrs. V. and Ferdie."

"Tell me where you are going, Gregory, and I—well, I'll try and get somebody else."

The captain opened his mouth as if to speak, then shut it again.

He looked at his wife in a hesitating sort of way, grew a trifle redder than usual, and at last relapsed into the old formula, "Very sorry—can't."

Mrs. Farquhar made him a profound courtesy, and then left the room.

She then went up-stairs to her dressing-room and rang the bell. When her maid came the door was locked, and she was told to go away again. For Mrs. Farquhar, to her own surprise, had burst into a passion of weeping.

After a few minutes this stopped as suddenly as it began. She rose hurriedly, opened her door, and set it ajar. Then she quietly and quickly got a long, dark traveling-cloak and wrapped it round her, put a little black hat on her head, and tied a thick vail over her face. She snatched up her purse and gloves, and then went outside her door and stood listening.

In a little while she heard the captain come out into the hall, take his hat, and open the front door.

Swiftly and softly she crept down the stairs. As he closed the front door she reached it, and, after waiting a moment, opened it very gently, went out, and as gently closed it behind her.

She had made up her mind to follow him.

The Farquhars lived in Hyde Park Terrace; there was a cabstand within a stone's throw of their house.

Lingering within the shelter of the railings, Mrs. Farquhar watched her husband take a hansom and drive off in it. Then she rushed across to the stand, sprang into another, and said to the man:

"Keep that hansom in sight that has just driven away. Stop when it stops, but not too close."

The man whipped up his horse, and in another minute they were in full chase.

It was a desperate move, this of pretty Mrs. Farquhar's; and though her spirit was still all ablaze, and her face white with resolution, her heart quailed within her. How would it end? What would she learn to-night?

Strange as it may seem, Bess Farquhar cared not one farthing for any man in the world but her own handsome guardsman; and though she pretended to have the fashionable failing of a love of admiration, she was perfectly indifferent to the worship of all the gay chappies of the day, if the especial one of her heart had indeed grown tired of her.

She felt sure he had. She only wanted to have facts, instead of feelings, to go upon; and then, she resolved, she would throw aside her lingering scruples, and drown her regrets for the past in the excitements of the present. She was making a good beginning, certainly, in her programme of dissipation.

Her mind was a perfect blank to the fact that Lord Ferdie would expect her to be in that box at the St. James's Theatre to-night.

Very certainly she would not be there; for it was now nearly the time of the performance, and she was speeding away cityward along the Bayswater Road, along Oxford Street—on—on.

"How much further?" she thought to herself, with a rather frightened feeling.

To tell the truth, she had expected to be taken north, to the charming precincts of St. John's Wood.

It was a clear, fine night, and she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the hansom in front of her, which she could see very plainly. It went on, on, at a steady pace, much as though the driver had made up his mind to drive all night, and meant to keep his horse cool for the work.

And as they went on, it really seemed to Bess Farquhar as if this was the fact.

They got into Holborn, on a straight line, over the Viaduct, down Newgate Street into Cheapside. Then came Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; and then Mrs. Farquhar began to find she was more frightened than anything else.

Only twice in her life had she ever been into the city. It had never entered her head that any business could be important enough to take one to the city in the evening. Why, the very city men themselves had left it then.

How deserted it looked! this place that she had seen on her former visits swarming with men of business, who one and all recognized her as an outsider, and stared at her as she was never stared at in Piccadilly or the Park.

Now, the only people about were the actual dwellers in the city, intent on their Saturday night's marketings; the only vehicles, great drays and carts that were still at work.

Now they were in Aldgate; with wide eyes of wonder Mrs. Farquhar looked at the street, full of a life o strange to her. Soon afterward she saw written on the wall Whitechapel Road. Her heart sank within her. Where could Gregory be going? Was he a Fenian coming to some secret meeting to discuss the subject of dynamite?

Like an arrow they had come, straight and direct—along, as it seemed, one broad, smooth road—from Hyde Park to Whitechapel, right through the heart of the city.

Yet on went that hansom in front, straight down Whitechapel Road, that great thoroughfare which might, if fashion, instead of famine, were at home there, be one of the handsomest streets in London. But it looked a very dreary, hopeless, sordid place now.

Oh, what could Gregory want here? On, on, went that hansom, straight away up the Mile End Road.

Mrs. Farquhar had heard of Whitechapel as a place the mere mention of which must make one shudder; but she had not even heard of Mile End.

The cab stopped at last—at Canal Road. Mrs. Farquhar felt quite worn out, the drive had been so long and so strange.

Her cabman, wise in his generation, drew up on the other side of the street. He accepted five shillings with an attempt at a growl; but Mrs. Farquhar did not stay to listen, for she saw that the captain was walking very swiftly down Canal Road, and she was afraid of missing him.

He turned twice, down dark and dreary streets, that filled Mrs. Farquhar with a nervous dread; then, at last, he stopped at a dismal little house, in a dismal little street, rang a bell, and was immediately admitted.

Mrs. Farquhar stood trembling against the railings; she knew not what to do. Presently a crowd of roughs came down the street, rang the same bell, and were admitted. Then came a number of dirty, miserable women. They, too, went to the door.

Despair gave Mrs. Farquhar courage. She was as much afraid to stay out in this dreadful street as to go into this mysterious place. She went in among the women, and when the door was opened, entered with them.

To her amazement she found herself in a very large room. Four houses had been thrown into one, and this room ran all the length. It was crowded with people—such people as Mrs. Farquhar had never dreamed of; the sight of their poverty, their rags, their strange faces—some fierce, some foolish, some utterly sad.

Presently there rang out a clear, fine tenor voice; it was her husband's. He was singing an old Scotch ballad, with which of old he had been wont to please his college chums over gay suppers. How these poor wretches listened!

Mrs. Farquhar wondered as she looked furtively about her. And she felt a strange sensation of pride when she saw at the end of the song, that her handsome guardsman was a popular favorite—a darling—among these unhappy and unwashed ones.

He was entreated for another song; the audience was familiar with his whole *répertoire*, and would gladly have had it all. Again and again Captain Farquhar sang; and then, with a good-humored laugh, he refused to sing any more, and gave up the piano to a quiet-looking lady, dressed like a Sister of Mercy, who began to play some pretty dance music.

Captain Farquhar went into another part of the hall, where there was a billiard-table. Here he was welcomed with great delight by a crowd of horrible-looking roughs, who were knocking the balls about.

A game began in good earnest. Captain Farquhar was a splendid player, and the men watched him with fascinated eyes when he was at work.

Presently Mrs. Farquhar noticed that a stalwart and very pleasant-looking young clergyman had joined this group, and saw that the men seemed to be as fond of him as they were of Captain Farquhar. By-and-by the clergyman broke up the meeting with a little speech, and when every one rose to go out, Mrs. Farquhar slipped away unseen.

Cabs are not plentiful on the Mile End Road; a hansom is as strange a sight there as in the depths of the country. So when Captain Farquhar reached the top of Canal Road he stopped an omnibus which was going cityward. But just as he was going to get into it his arm was touched. He looked and saw a young woman; without further ceremony he put his foot on the omnibus step, when the young woman said, "Gregory!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain Farquhar.

Then he signed to the omnibus conductor to go on, which he did, slamming the door of the vehicle indignantly.

Captain and Mrs. Farquhar then took a walk down Mile End Road, and this is some of what they said:

"Will you ever forgive me Gregory? How could I be such a jealous little wretch, and so mean as to spy?"

"All right," said the good-natured captain; "woman can't help it, I suppose."

"And why wouldn't you tell me?"

"Didn't want to be laughed at."

"Oh, I wouldn't laugh at you—I'd like to tell all London!"

"Exactly—and then all London would laugh at me. Couldn't stand that. Don't tell, Bess; should cut it altogether if any of the chaps found me out."

"I won't tell, then. But how ever did you find such a place?"

"The parson there's an old school chum of mine. I read the papers, and wondered if the writing fellows told lies; so wrote and asked Dolly, as we always used to call him. Dolly said, 'Come and see'; he was in the midst of it, trying to humanize the wretches. Dolly got hold of me when I did come down, and made me promise to do some humanizing. Don't know that it's much use, but they seem to like it. Wish they didn't look so hungry. I'm going to give 'em a supper next week."

"You are! Oh, Gregory! I must come and help," she exclaimed.

And she did. More than that, she kept her husband's secret. For he declared positively that he would go immediately to Timbuctoo if any of "the fellows" heard of it.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY IN TURKEY.

(From Advance Sheets of a Work on Turkey.)

By Oscanyan.

The Padisha, or the reigning monarch of Turkey, is not the son of the late Sultan, as might be supposed, but his nephew, the son of his brother Abd-ul-Medjid; for the Salic law is also the law of the land in Turkey, with this exception, that only the eldest male member of the royal family is the rightful heir to the throne.

The actual Sultan is not, therefore, the rightful heir, his elder brother Sultan Murad being still living, but he is Sultan by accident. The circumstances attending his elevation are the following:

When Abdul-Aziz, the late Sultan, succeeded his brother in 1861, he had the good fortune to enjoy the services of the two most eminent statesmen of Turkey, Aali Pasha and Fuad Pasha, men well and favorably known to Europe. Through their wise counsels and measures the country acquired a fresh lease of prosperity, especially when these two statesmen succeeded in persuading His Majesty to visit Europe, which he did in 1867. This was an event unprecedented in the annals of Turkish history.

After a sojourn of one month in Europe, on his return he was full of ardor to raise his Empire to the level of other civilized countries which he had visited. His knowledge of these foreign countries being limited to what he had witnessed, he attributed their greatness to the military forces by which he saw them surrounded—an inference inseparable from the logic of despotism. His first step was, therefore, an attempt to place his own army and navy on an efficient basis. He accordingly ordered the purchase from Europe of firearms of the most approved pattern, and ironclads of the most recent models and of great strength.

To give emphasis to his design, he enlisted his eldest son into the army, and his second son in the navy. In the civil service many innovations were also introduced, such as courts of justice, lyceums, normal schools, etc.

While some of these measures conflicted with the prejudices of men of the *ancien régime*, and clashed with long established interests, yet many persons deriving benefit therefrom became their ardent supporters, especially the cormorants of the army and navy departments.

Hussein Avni, then Minister of War, headed the list. The peculations of this man being made known to the Sultan, His Majesty summoned him to his presence, and after reprimanding him severely, dismissed him from the service. But it was not long before he obtained pardon through palace intrigues, and was reinstated in office. He became the leader of a conspiracy, and the regicide of the Sultan.

In most criminal cases women having figured conspicuously, it has become a favorite expression with the French to say "*cherchez la femme*," to discover the source of a crime. This adage is peculiarly applicable in the

present instance, for there is decidedly "a woman in the case."

Abdul-Aziz whilst a Prince had an *odalisque*, by whom he had a son, Youssuf-Izzeddin.

Formerly the princes were neither allowed liberty to move about freely, nor the privilege to become fathers. But Sultan Mahmoud of "glorious memory" had broken the unsocial chain of ancient usages, and his successors have followed in his footsteps.

When Abdul-Aziz girded on the sword of state, his *odalisque* became at once his first Caddin, and four others were added to his domestic arrangements, in conformity with state etiquette and official requirements.

Mohammedans, in general, are entitled to have four wives, but Sultans can have seven. By this arrangement their superiority to ordinary men is thus attested, and the chance made surer of an heir to the throne. It will thus be perceived that polygamy, in the case of a Sultan, is more a matter of policy than choice, for should a Sultan content himself with one wife the state would interfere.

The design of limiting His Majesty's wives to seven, is to spare the state the enormous expense attendant upon the maintenance of so many ladies of royal rank. Even this number has been reduced to five ever since the death of Mahmoud, whose son, while showing his power to exceed the restrictions upon ordinary Mussulmans, has displayed an inclination not to burden the state too heavily with the Imperial family expenses. This example has ever since been followed by all who have succeeded him.

Accordingly, although in the household of a Sultan, there are more than 2,000 women, but five of these hold the rank of Caddins, or wives.

THE MINISTERS DECIDING, IN COUNCIL, TO DEPOSE ABDUL-AZIZ.

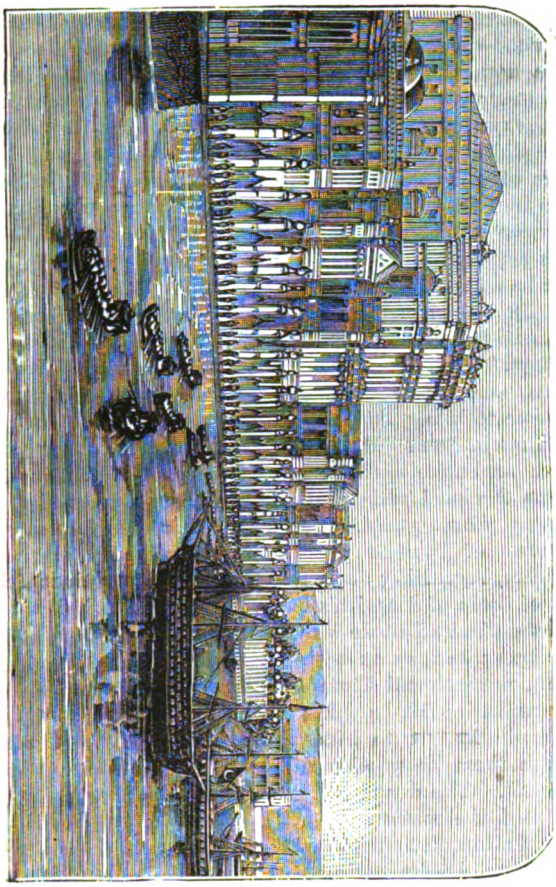
Common law never allowing a Sultan to form an alliance with any of his subjects, all his Caddins are originally Georgian or Circassian slaves, who are selected for this distinguished honor and presented to him by his mother or sisters, on Kadir-Guedjessy, or the night in which the Koran descended from heaven.

Nor are they married to him. A Sultan being above all law, cannot submit to any matrimonial bondage. He is not, therefore, legally married to any of his wives. But those who are selected by him to share his affections are pronounced by him Caddins, or Ladies, and not Sultanas, for none but those of the royal blood can enjoy that title, except the mother of the reigning Sultan, who, on her son's accession to the throne, takes, by courtesy, that title, and is called Validé Sultan.

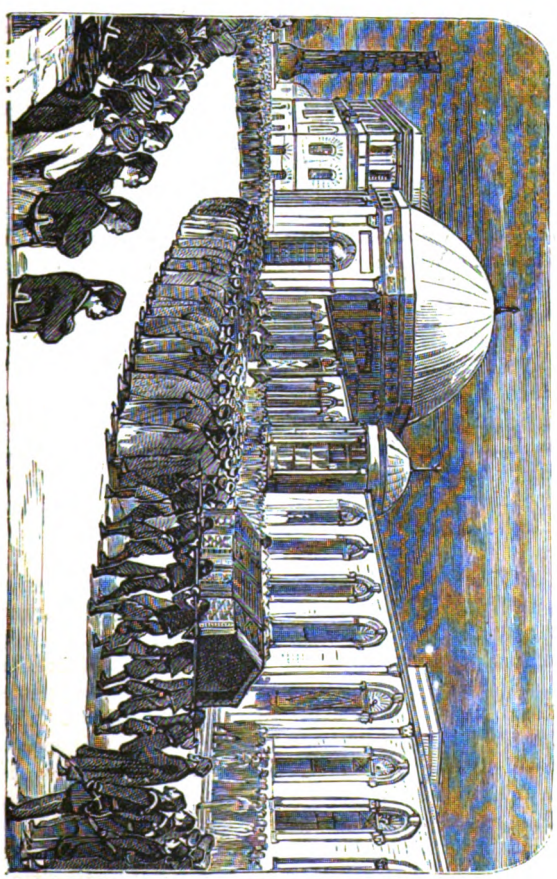
The title Sultan is equally applied to males and females, with this difference only; that it precedes the name of the male, and follows that of the female. Thus, they say, Sultan Abdul-Hamid, but for his sister Adillé Sultan, or his daughter, Muhubbé Sultan. When it is used by itself it always implies the female branch of the royal family, and never His Majesty, who is known by the title of Padishah, or, in common parlance, Effedimiz—our Lord.

The Caddins of a Sultan are classified and designated as first, second, etc., the order of their precedence being determined by the date of their elevation to their respective posts, as is the case with major-generals in the army. The first in the list is termed, by courtesy, "Bash-Caddin," or Principal Lady, as a mark of distinction; and promotion takes place when death occurs in the ranks.

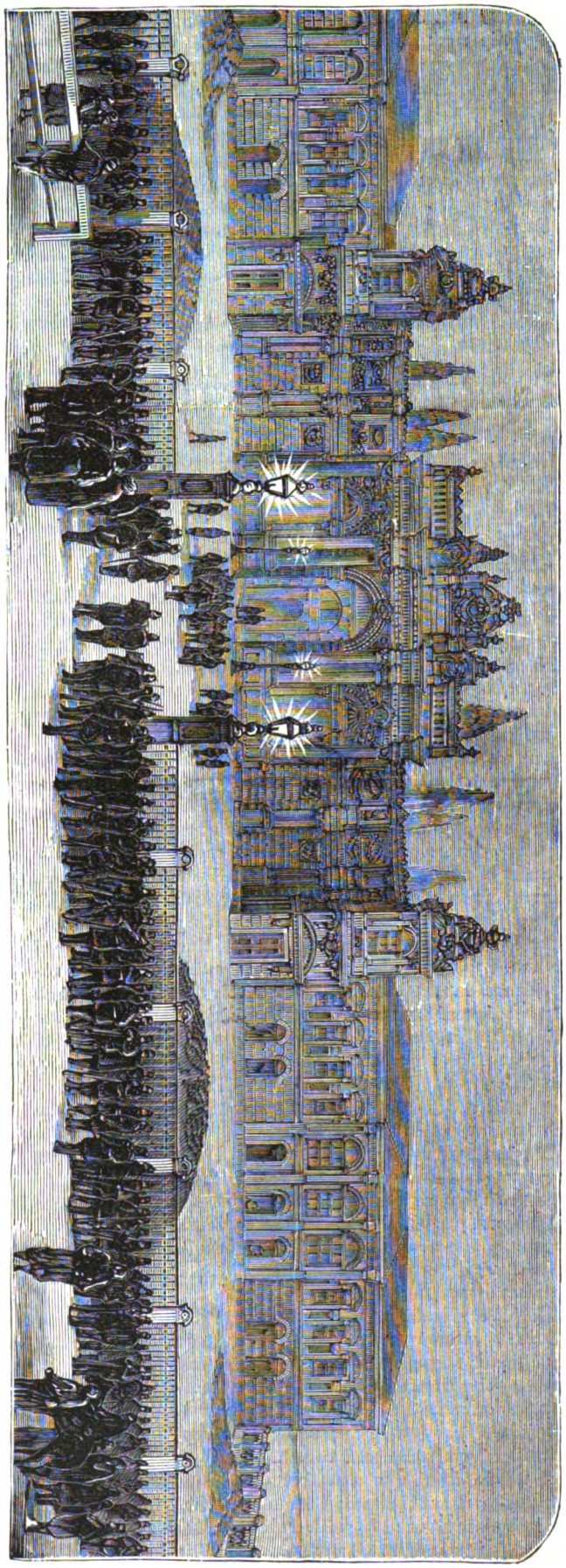
It so happened that the third Caddin having died, there was a vacancy in the fifth rank. This the Validé,



ABDUL-AZIZ REMOVED TO SERAGLIO POINT.



FUNERAL OF ABDUL-AZIZ.



INVESTMENT OF THE PALACE AND OVERTHROW OF SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ.

or the Sultan's mother, filled with a gift of her own. Prior to this event the fourth Caddin, who had become third in rank, was the shining light in the royal household on account of her extraordinary beauty and her maternity of Djemal-Eddin, the second son, of whom His Majesty was very fond. But the advent of the fifth Caddin changed the situation altogether.

Mihriyé was one of those rare gifts of nature whom humanity loves to admire and adore. She was young and lovely, a budding rose in the royal conservatory. Attracted by her unwonted charms, the Sultan, becoming captivated by her, naturally transferred his affections, and the fifth Caddin was proclaimed the favorite of the harem.

This incident affected the Third Caddin most grievously, who

> "—— was an empress, but had been
> Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean*."

In the cosmic economy nature has implanted in the bosom of every woman an instinctive faculty which ever seeks to attract and engage the attention of the sterner sex. This proclivity is in most cases so strongly developed that no competition can be brooked, much less direct interference from a rival. When such an incident occurs, it evokes direful anger and prompt resentment. Wounded pride and injured interest combine to produce a sense of humiliation, leading the aggrieved to certain revenge. This is pre-eminently exemplified in a Turkish household, where, by reason of polygamy, rivalry is brought face to face under the same roof. Hence, if the curtain of mystery which hides from view the many insidious acts practiced by the members of that peculiar institution called the Harem, were lifted up, what startling revelations there would be! The most tragic events transpire there; and those that fall victims to the insidious cup of coffee are by no means exceptional.

Thus Mihriyé would have soon met her fate at the hands of her wily rival, had it not been for the special surveillance of her distinguished guardian, the Validé, who, pleased and flattered by her son's partiality to her choice of this budding flower of the Caucasus, had taken Mihriyé under her especial protection. Past experience in feminine wiles of rivalry, and a thorough knowledge of the secrets that burned in the bosom of the third Caddin, made the Validé the more anxious about her ward and *protégée*. She was, therefore, constantly in Mihriyé s apartments, and even dined with her almost every day, never leaving her except when her son, the Sultan, was with her.

Mohammedan law and custom assign, for obvious reasons, to the several wives separate apartments, separate retinues, and separate tables, so that the different wives, although living under the same roof, are as much apart as the occupants of "flats," in a building of that description, visiting each other with all the etiquettes of perfect strangers.

Mihriyé's isolation through court etiquette, and the Validé's close surveillance, having deprived the third Caddin of any chance for revengeful designs within the palace, she began to look for outside aid. In this she found Hussein Avni a fit and willing instrument, who promised through his friends to avenge her wrongs if recalled from exile and reinstated.

Hussein Avni was a native of Asia Minor, short of stature, and as thick-set in frame as a burgomaster. His complexion was ruddy, with twinkling blue eyes, and his round face was adorned with a snow-white beard. Altogether, his bull-neck and heavy build reminded one of those who are seen in the streets of the metropolis vending *gueozlemés* or pancakes, typical of the class of Asiatic backwoodsmen, nicknamed *Heodukes*. Nevertheless he had a natural gumption for intrigue—a Machiavellian countenance, "*volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*"—a sort of frank expression; but with deep, designing thoughts, which did not fail to serve him to good purpose, and by means of which he was not slow in ascending the ladder of distinction. From a common private he became a Ser-Asker, or Minister of War.

His selfishness and greed of gain were intense, so that when he attained power he began to look out for number one. In everything he aimed solely at his own selfish ends, and followed the maxim of Louis XV., "*Après moi le déluge.*" Public interest had no influence over his actions, and patriotism and statesmanship were terms unknown to him. He had but one aim in life, and that was Hussein Avni. He would, as the Turkish saying is, "Burn an entire quilt to get rid of a single flea." He became the head and front of a ring that despoiled the Treasury, whose guardians chuckled over the event when the news of Tweed's peculation and plunder reached their ears, regretting the while that their operations fell short of those of America's expert. Naturally vindictive, he was against all those who ran foul of his own interests or designs; and, as an adroit politician of the "spoils" system, remembered those who served his purposes.

It was during his banishment that the palace imbroglio was made known to him through his satellites, and through them he proffered his services and sought for his recall. The death of Aali Pasha occurring, greatly facilitated the matter.

The Sultan, thus deprived of his last confidential adviser—Fuad Pasha having previously died—was thrown into the hands of indifferent statesmen, many of whom were former associates of Hussein Avni. These, who entertained the same principles and pursued the same policy as the disgraced functionary, naturally worked for his recall, on the principle that "fellow feelings make us wondrous kind."

Their efforts were greatly aided by the third Caddin herself; for, notwithstanding Mihriyé's supremacy in the affections of the Sultan, the third Caddin still held some degree of influence over His Majesty through his favorite son. Whether it was this, or a desire to keep the peace in his domestic relations, the Sultan was always inclined to conciliate matters as much as possible.

Then again, Mahmoud Nedim Pasha had succeeded Aali. This individual owed his elevation to the premiership to the third Caddin, whose *protégé* he had been through her son, who was placed under his care when he was Minister of the Navy, so that he could not refuse anything to her ladyship.

These circumstances having combined in favor of the exiled minister, he was recalled and reinstated as Ser-Asker.

When Hussein Avni was rehabilitated, he was at once taken up by the third Caddin, who was anxious to know in what way he was going to serve her in the matter of the existing rivalry. For this it was essential that she should have a conference with him. But court etiquette and the Mussulman law of seclusion interfered. She could not receive him at her own quarters in the palace, nor could she have an interview with him at the War-office. There was but one way left to her which was available, namely, through Hussein Avni's harem, where she could visit with perfect propriety, and there summon to her presence Hussein Avni, without anybody being the wiser.

These visits continued to be repeated, until their frequency began to attract public attention, and caused remarks, not creditable always to the third Caddin, but of course flattering to the Pasha.

Elated by the distinguished patronage, and encouraged by the adulations of those who surrounded him, he became dictatorial in deportment, defiant in manners and arrogant in intercourse, considering himself as the power behind the throne.

Hussein Avni's superciliousness in matters of state produced, of course, a conflict of authority between the Grand Vezir and himself, which led to secret intrigues and covert plots. But neither party could gain supremacy over the other.

Hussein Avni was surrounded and supported by numerous partisans, backed by the Third Caddin at the palace; and Mahmoud Nedim, besides being the especial *protégé* of the Third Caddin herself, enjoyed also the auspices of the Validé, and was the favorite of the Sultan.

The strife between the two was rife, and the partisans of each were not slow in disseminating disparaging reports.

Nedim's administration was conservative; that is, pacific in its foreign policy. The Grand Vezir was accordingly given to temporizing in foreign relations, and, above all, desired to keep on good terms with Russia, whom Turkey had the most reason to dread. The principle which actuated him in his policies was the Turkish adage that, "It is always good policy to maintain fellowship even with his satanic majesty till the bridge (connecting Paradise) is crossed over." This sagacious policy was, of course, misinterpreted by his adversaries as meaning that he was in secret league with Russia, the inveterate enemy of Turkey. This was availed of by that arch-traitor Midhat Pasha, who, in the character of a "confidence man," set England against him.

Then again he was accused of being a sycophant to the Sultan, whom he flattered and encouraged in all his whims and unjustifiable caprices, to the prejudice of the state. The numerous innovations and purchases ordered by the Sultan called for disbursements which the Imperial Treasury was not in a condition to meet. The consequence was a suspension of pay to the army and navy, and a reduction of ten and twenty per cent. from the salaries of the officials. True, there were occasional reliefs from moneys borrowed from abroad at an exorbitant rate; even this came to an end, and a panic prevailed. The cause of all this was laid at the door of Mahmoud-Nedim.

Added to these, there was also the same idea on the part of the Sultan of changing the organic law of the land, and attempting to make his eldest son the heir presumptive. So that malcontents were not wanting, and through them Hussein Avni had succeeded in upsetting the Mahmoud Ministry, and after a while he himself became the Grand Vezir.

On the other hand, the defeated party sought to revenge itself by exposing the villainy of the successful intriguants, attributing the triumph of Hussein Avni to the influence of the guilty third Caddin, whose conduct and *mauvaise liaison* with the actual Grand Vezir called for the strongest censure. It was time that the Sultan should be informed of the circumstances. But who was to be the informer? Nobody ventured to assume the task.

Abdul-Aziz was a stout, heavily-built man, of herculean strength. His face was rotund and full, and adorned with a well-trimmed, thick beard, just turning gray. His eyes were dark and lustrous, shaded by heavy eyebrows and long, dark eyelashes. The whole expression of his countenance conveyed the conviction to the beholder that he was a man possessed of an imperious nature and resolute character; so much so that General Ignatieff, the former Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, comparing the defunct Sultan to the two who succeeded him, facetiously remarked that Abdul-Aziz was "the last of the Mohicans."

He loved everything that was princely and grand, and could tolerate nothing shabby or mean. He admired courage, and patronized bravery and prowess even in animals. His daily pastime was either to witness the athletic performances of *pehlivans*, wrestlers, cock-fighting, or combats between lions and tigers. The victors in these struggles would not only meet with royal approval, but would also be decorated—making no distinction between man and beast; for bravery deserved its own reward. He was accordingly considered an eccentric character. Yet with all this eccentricity and savage mode, Abdul-Aziz was not devoid of fine sentiments. He loved music and the fine arts; he himself being a painter of some merit, and specimens of his handiwork are now extant. He was also affectionate in his domestic relations. He was sensitive to mean acts and quick in resentment, and therefore could not bear to hear disagreeable truths. It is said that one day the Sultana Validé ordered an officer of the palace to communicate to His Majesty a message which happened to displease him. Whereupon Abdul-Aziz chased the officer from his presence, and never would consent to see his face again.

Such being the character of the Sultan, we can easily understand why the scandal was not imparted to him. But having reached a point of grave importance, the Validé herself undertook the disagreeable task. So, on the last Friday of the month of May, 1876, when the Sultan returned in procession from the usual state ceremony to a mosque, called *Selamluk*, which takes place every Friday noon, unless His Majesty is prevented by sickness, he repaired at once to the harem and entered the apartments of his favorite Mihriyé. There he met his mother, who, instead of retiring to her own quarters, still lingered in the saddest mood, as if some calamity had befallen her.

The Sultan perceiving her distressed condition, inquired for the cause. The Validé shook her head in evident anguish, as if powerful emotions deprived her of speech. The Sultan, alarmed at her condition, begged to know what ailed her, and ordered the palace physicians to be summoned at once. The distressed Sultana countermanded the order, and demanded *halvet* (privacy), whereupon all the attendants left the apartment, leaving the Sultan for a *tête-à-tête* with his mother and Mihriyé Caddin.

When by themselves, "Oh, my son!" she exclaimed, "my distress is not physical but moral, and as no one would dare to impart to you the sad circumstances, I am obliged to assume that distressing task myself!"

The Sultan, when he learnt the sad story, was so dazed by it, that he appeared to be paralyzed.

At that instant Mihriyé, availing herself of the opportunity, prostrated herself before her liege lord, and implored mercy and leniency for the erring woman.

"Oh, Padishah!" she sobbed, piteously, "be generous and show clemency toward the erring woman, for the sake of your own child!"

The Sultan, who stood transfixed and motionless, did not utter a word, nor spurn the applicant, but recovering his senses, left the apartment and repaired at once to that of the faithless wife.

MEHEMET MURAD.

HUSSEIN AVNI.

When there, his sudden presence and awful bearing, deep anger flashing from his eyes, convinced the Third Caddin at once that the fears she anticipated had reached their climax, and that her own fate was sealed. With the view to anticipate her doom and mitigate the royal wrath, she threw herself at his feet and implored mercy and forgiveenss, crying: "Aman! Aman Effendim! Teorbé!" —(Pity! Mercy, my lord! I repent!)

The Sultan, who could scarcely contain himself, ejaculated, in passion:

"Touch me not! Away with you, you vile wretch! You have debased yourself by betraying me, and you must bear the consequences!"

The wretched woman, prostrate on the floor, with outstretched arms and tears streaming from her eyes, still shrieked in agonizing tones, and continued to implore for mercy in the name of the Prince:

MIDHAT PASHA.

"I am the mother of your dearest son, your own flesh and blood! For his sake spare me!"

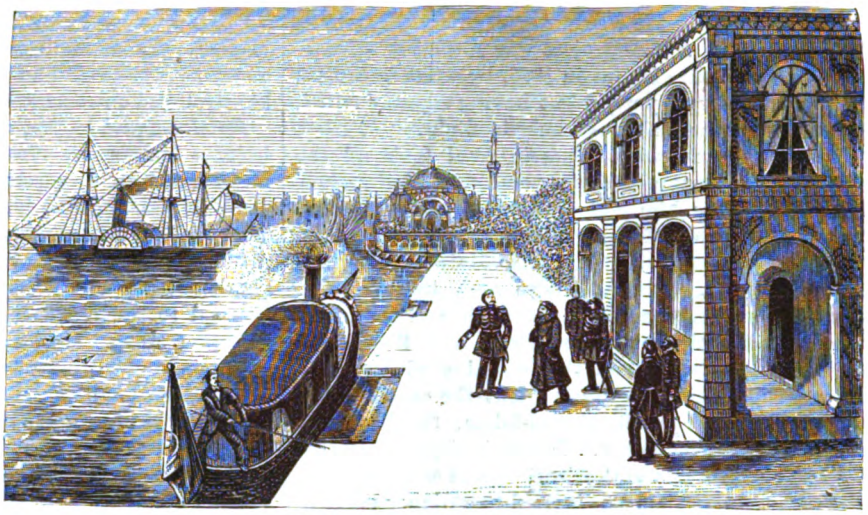
"Oh, for the privilege of old times when the sack was in vogue!" exclaimed the Sultan, in a rage; "but civilization prevents me from meting out the just chastisement you deserve! Nevertheless, to save the honor of that child whom you have wantonly dishonored, I must punish you!" And detaching his sabre which he had not yet taken off since his return from the mosque, he exclaimed, "Oh, I feel as if I could run you through and through!" But without unsheathing the blade, he commenced to belabor her unmercifully, and bestowing a final kick of contempt upon her, left her prostrate on the floor, and turning to the attendant slaves, orders: "Have that woman taken to the Old Palace."—(Seraglio Point.)

The eunuchs charged to carry away the disgraced Caddin enter the chamber, and, without evincing the slightest compassion for their dying mistress, as is their wont, they hustle the female slaves from the room and try to force the unfortunate woman to rise to her feet. This they find, however, impossible, for the third Caddin, being at the time a victim to kidney disease, some of the blows had caused a hemorrhage and produced death.

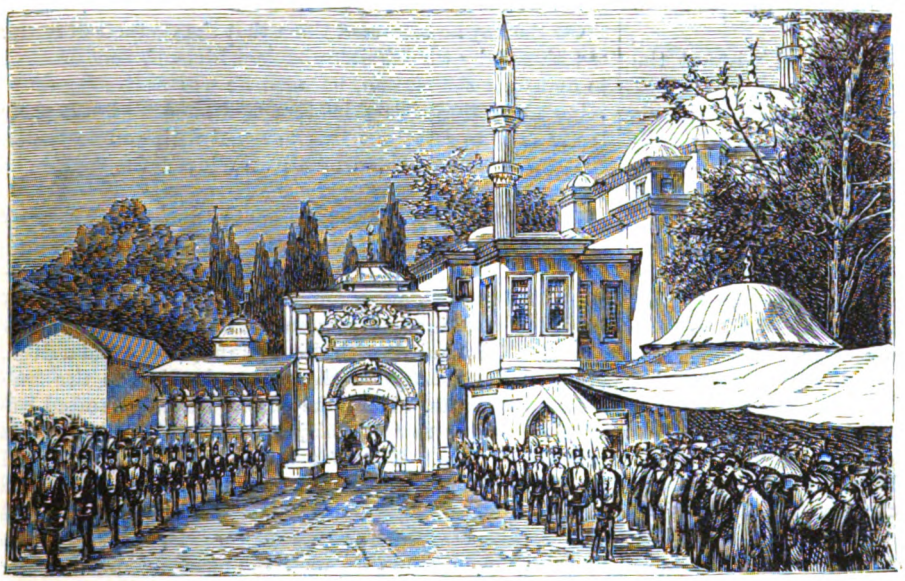
The news of the tragic catastrophe soon reached the ears of Hussein Avni, the *particeps criminis*. The wily

intriguant saw at once that he was a doomed man. The question revolving in his mind resolved itself to this —"To be, or not to be"—whether he or the Sultan were to live; and as Hussein Avni lived only for Hussein Avni, a *coup d'état* was the resolve as the only means of salvation. Sedition was at once set to work, and the malcontents were mustered into service.

Although he had the reins of government in his own hand, and the support of many discontented and ambitious dignitaries, the chief among whom was that arch fraud, the renowned Midhat,



MIDHAT PASHA SENT INTO EXILE.



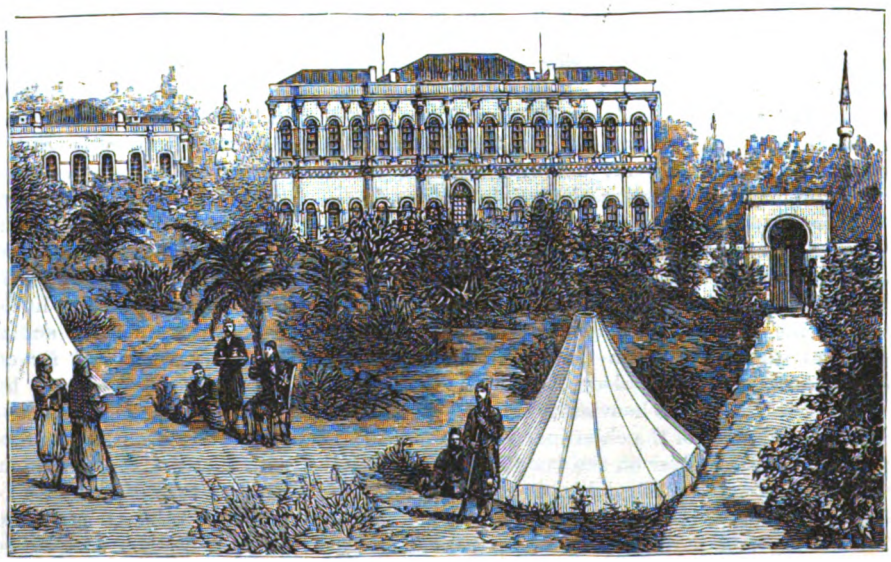
ABDUL-HAMID ON HIS WAY TO BE INVESTED.

yet he feared with reason the Sultan's wrath which was soon to visit him.

Instigated then by an apprehension of personal danger and a desire of revenge, he decided to effect the dethronement of the Sultan which took the civilized world by surprise.

Like an experienced and adroit intriguant he did not neglect to take precautionary measures to meet all emergencies. His valuables, consisting of bonds and jewelry, were packed in a case and forwarded to the counting-house of a naturalized American in Galata, who was his "wire" and "stall" in his nefarious operations, and whom he had raised from poverty to affluence, for safe keeping. A *mouche* or small steamer was next stationed in the Black Sea, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, with two of his aides-de-camp on board, under the pretence of inspecting the forts which guard the straits; but in reality to serve as a ferry to convey him, in case of need, to one either of the French, Austrian or Russian mail steamers that ply regularly to Odessa.

Thus prepared, Hussein Avni was now ready either to escape by flight the wrath of his sovereign, or



PALACE OF ABDUL-HAMID.

to crush him in so complete a manner as to have no cause for fear again. He would dethrone him in favor of Murad his nephew. The project was not a new scheme. It was attempted once before in 1865, by what is termed the "Young Turkey" party; but having signally failed, the conspirators found refuge only in flight.

Profiting by the lesson, Hussein Avni took all the precautionary measures necessary and proceeded at once to the work before him. He consulted Midhat Pasha, the representative of "Young Turkey," and the favorite of the European powers, and also Kaisserly Ahmed, the Minister of the Navy. These arch traitors, after mature deliberation, concluded that although they were confident of the support of the Ulema and the Softas, the religious magnates and theological students, they could not effect their purpose without the sanction and the co-operation of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the head and front of the Mussulman law. It was indispensable that they should obtain his authorization, and with that object, the Sheikh-ul-Islam was invited to a dinner party at the *Yalli*, or Summer house of the Grand Vezir, situated on the borders of the Bosphorus, a little to the north of Scutari, on the Asiatic side, and opposite the palace of the Sultan.

The invitation was of course accepted without the slightest suspicion.

When dinner was over, and pipes and coffee served, "halvet" privacy was announced. The Grand Vezir, cuddling toward the Grand Mufti in a cozy and confidential manner, presented a paper for him to peruse. His Highness, Hairullah Effendi, on glancing over the document, felt a shiver creep over him owing to its ominous nature, for it was the text of a *fetvah*—exposition of the law relative to the dethronement of a sovereign. It read thus;

"When a Sultan becomes unable to govern his Empire in consequence of intellectual deficiency, is it lawful to depose him?"

This was the question propounded, and an answer was required thereon from the highest authority in the land.

The answer was of a simple nature. It consisted either in "Yes" or "No." But Hairullah Effendi demurred, saying:

"The proposition savors of treason, therefore it cannot be answered without due deliberation upon the subject. Besides," addressing the Grand Vezir, "you ought to know from personal experience what it is to incur His Majesty's displeasure, having been once before exiled. It strikes me that you are running to your own ruin in this precipitate act, and——"

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Midhat Pasha. "We did not invite you for counsel, but to obtain a legal opinion from you on a point of law, and which you, as the interpreter of the law, are bound to answer."

"Gentlemen, I do not deny your right to obtain a *fetvah* on a point of law; but since a deposition of a Calif must involve death as a consequence, and——"

Hussein Avni, growing impatient, and fearing pusillanimity on the part of some who were present, abruptly brought argumentation to a close. For, remembering the quaint saying of Napoleon, that "Providence was always on the side of the heaviest artillery," he instantly cooled the judgment of the chief judiciary by placing the icy muzzle of his revolver on the temple of the procrastinating functionary, and asked him to sign the document without a moment's delay.

Hairullah, perceiving the force of the reasoning thus brought to bear upon the subject, to be irresistible, quietly affixed his signature, after writing the ominous "Yes" which was demanded of him. Having done this, he rose to depart; but his departure was prevented by Midhat, the presiding genius of the assembly, who shrewdly observed that his withdrawal might occasion betrayal and miscarriage of their design.

Now, the plot having reached its crisis, prompt action became imperative. Not a moment was to be lost. A messenger was dispatched to summon Murad Effendi, the heir-presumptive, to repair at once to the War-office. The Minister of the Navy went to one of the ironclads stationed before the palace at Dolma-Bahtché to take charge of the fleet, and the rest of the assembly adjourned to the War Department to meet Murad Effendi, dragging along Hairullah as a hostage to keep the peace. The Grand Vezir himself, in his capacity of Minister of War, ordered at that late hour (about half past ten), the very bodyguards of the Sultan to turn out and surround the palace, under the plausible pretext that the Sultan's life was in danger from the threats of the dissatisfied *softas*—the religious students. And then, accompanied by Redif Pasha, the field marshal, and attended by trusty aides and *Tchaoushes* (orderlies), proceeded in all haste to the Sultan's palace.

On the way he informed them that the Council of State, sanctioned by the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself, had decided to dethrone the Sultan, because he was no longer fit to reign; and they, the ministers, had chosen him as their instrument to carry out this national will, and he hoped that he would be aided by all who loved the welfare of their country.

On his arrival at the palace, having announced himself as the Minister of War, he was received with due honors by the guards on duty. He ordered them to "stack-arms" and march off, leaving that duty to the charge of the two battalions who were surrounding the palace. He then proceeded with his retinue to the side door, used by the *habitués* of the palace, leading to the Sultan's apartments. Here the Grand Vezir demanded admission, saying that His Majesty awaited him on urgent matters of state. Thus far all having been conducted quietly and regularly, no one in the palace had the least suspicion of anything wrong. He was at once admitted and received with due deference. In his progress through the corridors he took the necessary precautionary measures to relieve the guards by fresh ones of his own, and thus step by step the palace was taken possession of.

The invaders of the palace finally reach the Sultan's apartments, called the *mabeyn*. Of course His Majesty is not there at that hour of the night. He was sleeping in the harem, unconscious of intrusion, or of a *coup d'état*. Recourse is had to Djevher-Agha, the chief eunuch of the palace, who alone has access to the Sultan on such extraordinary occasions. This was perhaps done out of regard for the women, toward whom all Orientals have an innate sense of propriety, or perhaps from motives of policy, fearing to arouse among the females unnecessary hullabaloo. So Kizlar-Aghassy, or chief eunuch, was summoned to his presence. This functionary was not far off. He was lying in a room near by, ready to be on hand for any emergency.

Whilst Redif Pasha went in search, Hussein Avni placed his orderlies at the two doors of the apartment, with instructions to fire upon Abul-Aziz if he should attempt to escape.

Kizlar Aghassy was of course startled at the appearance of Redif Pasha by his bedside, and thinking that it was a continuation of a dream, drowsily ejaculated: "Well, what's up?"

"Come! get up, Djevher Agha, and tell your master that the Grand Vezir is here and wants to see him."

The functionary, thus addressed, rolled the milky whites of his eyes in perfect wonderment, and exclaimed: "You must surely be crazy, man; for, in your right senses you would not dare to summon even your peers from the harem, much less His Majesty."

Hussein Avni, becoming impatient at the delay, enters the room and puts an end to all procrastinations and palaver by exclaiming: "Shoot the fellow if he says another word," and addressing the Kizlar Aghassy, "Get up at once, you bloated nigger, and tell Abdul-Aziz that he is no longer Sultan; the nation has deprived him of the sovereign power, and elevated Murad Effendi in his place, who is now the Sultan, and whose orders are that Abdul-Aziz should be conveyed to the Old Palace (Seraglio Point), and there confined. Do you understand now? Make haste and obey orders."

As the termination of the sentence was wound up by the presentation of a shining revolver, the icy muzzle of which, in close proximity with the nostrils of the sable functionary, carried conviction beyond peradventure. Djevher Acha, perceiving the serious nature of the occasion and the force of the argument brought to bear upon him, jumped up in a tremor and proceeded to execute the orders.

The door of the harem is opened by a pass-key, and Djevher Agha enters alone.

The Sultan rushes to the door in his night habiliments, in a terrible rage. He is at once covered by the orderlies with bayonets. The Sultan, surprised and astounded, tries to defend himself, but being destitute of weapons, he tries in vain to overawe his adversaries by terrific glances of majesty. Hussein Avni, perceiving the Sultan's helplessness, taunts him with the assurance that it was useless to resist the decrees of Fate. It was the will of the nation that he should no longer reign, and he must succumb with good grace and becoming resignation. Even the very "body guards," upon whom he depended, were now surrounding his palace; and to be convinced of the fact, he had only to step to the window overlooking the highway, to realize the truth.

A glance from the casement revealed the fact and caused him to exclaim, in tones of despair: "Oh! the wretches! Ungrateful rascals! after all I had done for them!"

Seeing the effect which this circumstance had produced upon him, Hussein-Avni urges him to surrender quietly; for the least resistance might lead to serious consequences, for which he would not be responsible.

With the view to avoid any "serious consequences," and the hope of regaining power through his partisans, diplomatically submitting, the Sultan questions him as to what he was to do.

He is requested to leave the palace at once in a *cayik*, which was waiting to convey him in safety to the Old Palace at the Seraglio Point.

His Majesty hastily dresses and is conveyed thither, accompanied by his eldest son Izzeddin, and there confined in a room—wet from the rain, and without bed or food.

On Monday, the 30th of May, at dawn, the air reverberated with the salvos of cannon, throwing the inhabitants into wonderment, not knowing what they were for, until informed by public criers, who proclaimed the advent of Murad to the throne. They were the more amazed at this, because a new Sultan could only ascend the throne after the death of the reigning monarch, and they knew that Aziz was hale and hearty the evening before.

Nobody dreamt of a *coup d'état* having taken place during their slumbers.

In the course of the day a brilliant *cortége* proceeded from the Ser-Askeriah, conveying the new Sultan to Dolma-Bahtché. On the way thousands crowded the streets to view and welcome him, for Murad was very popular with all. Apart from the facts that he was amiable in disposition, affable in manners, and prone to civilization, fond of music and literature, there was a covert sympathy for him, because his uncle had tried to defraud him of his birthright. Besides, having received marked attention in Europe when in company with the Sultan, on their return he was treated rather harshly by his uncle Aziz, who looked upon him with eyes of suspicion and jealousy. Rendered thus doubly dear, the shouts of the populace were heartfelt and deafening.

On reaching the palace-gate, his carriage was suddenly approached by a military officer and a sealed document was handed to him.

Although the document was sealed, it nevertheless proved to be an open letter, for the next day it appeared in the public papers. It read thus:

"MAJESTY—Permit the humblest of your subjects to be the first to wish you a long reign and a glorious future. I ask but one favor of Your Majesty; it is my life and permission to reside with my family in that same pavilion of Tcheraghan which I had built for you. I pray Allah to enlighten Your Majesty's mind with His supreme wisdom, and if I dare give you a warning, it is not to trust too much in your army. I had sacrificed everything for mine, only to be betrayed by it. That you may live long and happy, sire, is the most fervent wish of

"Your respectful servant, ABDUL-AZIZ."

This letter had its due effect upon Murad. It touched his tender heart and made him pity the fate of the deposed Sultan. He therefore gave it immediate publicity, so as to show that his accession was not through foul play, for Abdul-Aziz was still alive, but rather, as he believed, it was in obedience to public demand.

The ex-Sultan was at once removed to Tcheraghan, as he desired, and surrounded with his harem and own attendants.

The circumstance alarmed the conspirators in no inconsiderable degree, for it created discussion and dissension in the community; particularly in the army, who took umbrage at what had occurred without their knowledge.

Fearing serious consequences, they met and decided to take precautionary measures for the future. They, the ministers, accordingly repaired in a body to the palace, and asked Murad not to do anything without first consulting them. This the new Sultan refusing, they took the law into their own hands and resorted to drastic measures. They first isolated the state prisoner from his attendants, and surrounded him with their own henchmen. But as long as Abdul-Aziz lived, they apprehended their lives were in danger. So, his destruction was considered in their estimation a state necessity, for that would put an end to all future troubles.

Among the attendants assigned to serve, or rather, watch, the movements of Abdul-Aziz, was Mustafa-Pehlivan, a gross and powerful man, and a noted wrestler. It was assigned to him to accomplish the nefarious deed. This ruffian falls into a dispute with His ex-Majesty, on the 4th July, at about ten o'clock in the morning, whom he knocks down, and with the aid of an abettor, chloroforms him, and then, calling for a pair of scissors from the harem, opens his veins, and gives out the announcement that the deposed Sultan, in distress of mind, committed

suicide. This accomplished, the conspirators assembled at the house of Midhat Pasha, to deliberate upon the plan to carry out their reign of terror, but their deliberations were suddenly interrupted in an unexpected and disastrous manner.

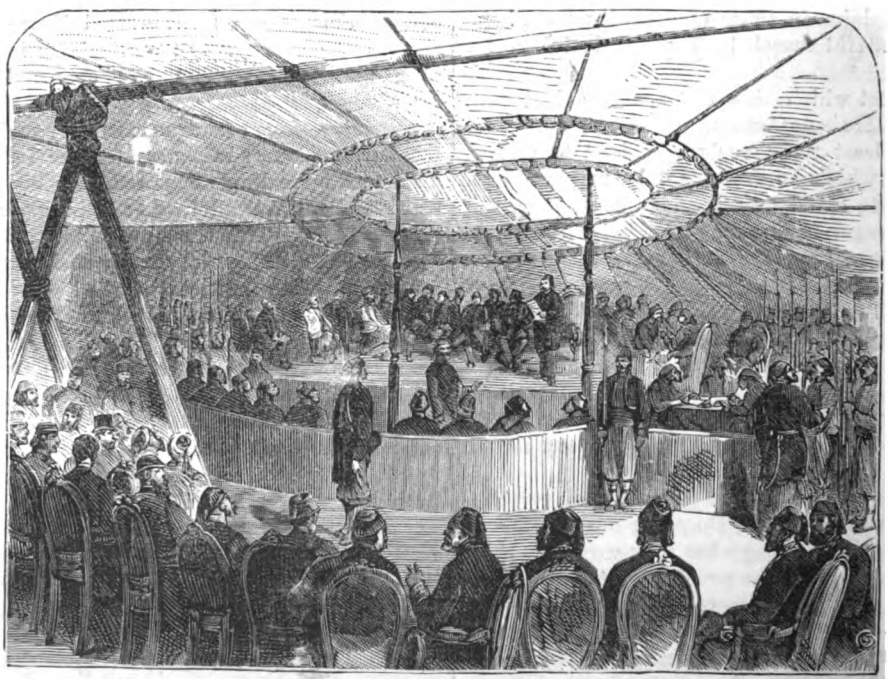
THE SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID.

The man who delivered the aforesaid document of Abdul-Aziz to Sultan Murad was no other than Tcherkess Hassan, the brother of Mihriyé, the favorite of Abdul-Aziz, and the defunct Sultan's own trusty aid. He was, of course, one of the first who was deprived of the privilege of personal attendance on Aziz; and his intrepidity and dare-devil character being notorious, it was considered dangerous to allow him to remain in the city. He was, therefore, ordered to report at Bagdad, under the pretense of promotion. Having disobeyed orders, he was arrested and imprisoned.

Hearing of the assassination of his late royal master, he applied for permission to leave for the post assigned to him. Hussein-Avni, glad of the opportunity to get rid of him, gives the order for his release, with the injunction to leave the city the next morning.

At nightfall Hassan repaired to the magnificent residence of Hussein Avni, in Scutari, almost a palace, erected through his peculations in arms and ammunition. Hassan is told that His Highness had gone to the city to attend a cabinet council which was held that night at Midhat Pasha's *Konak*, city residence.

Hassan, quite disappointed in not finding the minister at home, jumps into his *cayik*, and crossing over, sulkily wends his way through the dark streets wrapped in mysterious thoughts, and with pursed brows, until he reaches the destined *Konak*. He immediately proceeds up-stairs. He is welcomed by the numerous attendants in the antechamber, who all know him well. They inquire the cause of his presence. He informs them that, as he is to take his departure in the morning for Bagdad, he wanted to see the Ser-Asker before leaving, and proceeds to the door of the council-chamber. He is prevented entering by the guard at the door, who tells him that the ministers were in secret session, and therefore nobody was allowed to enter. The only way to see the Ser-Asker was to wait until the session was over. He demurs; but seeing no remedy, he concludes to tarry, and watch for an opportunity.



TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS OF ABDUL-AZIZ.

This opportunity occurs by the doorkeeper leaving his post for an instant and stepping into

the antechamber, when Hassan, instantly rushing in, revolver in hand, startles the assembly with amazement. Hussein Avni, at the sight of the intruder, knowing his man well and apprehending mischief, tries to resort to his revolver. Hassan, perceiving the action, commands him not to stir, and follows his threat by a couple of shots from his own revolver, which, entering the head and heart, lays his victim prostrate at his feet.

During the affray Midhat, the host of the house, starts to the door which communicates with the harem, and the rest instinctively follow his example, bolting the door after them. There remained, however, two persons in the room, Kaisserli Ahmed Pasha, the Minister of Marine, and Rashid Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The first repaired to the antechamber as the sole and accessible refuge near at hand, whilst the other remained in his seat staring into vacancy. The poor fellow was paralyzed from fear. Hassan, seeing him, and in his frenzy taking the minister's helpless condition as a sign of bravado, turns upon him, and quickly dispatches him. He then assails the door of the harem, where the company had repaired. Whether he was unable to break through, or from an intuitive regard for the women, natural to Orientals, he desisted, contenting himself by merely riddling it. Tired of this vain effort, he sallies forth into the hall, intending to depart. But the household being by this time thoroughly aroused, he meets there a crowd of attendants, who assail him and

TCHERKESS HASSAN, THE AVENGER OF ABDUL-AZIZ.

endeavor to capture him. Hassan, undaunted, braves them all, and having killed two more of his antagonists, sets the rest flying for dear life, save the Minister of Marine, who, seeing the crowd in the hall, had taken courage to issue from his place of retirement and joined the *mêlée*. Left alone, he finds himself grappling with the infuriated Hassan.

After some scuffling Hassan dispatches him with a thrust of his *kammah*, a sort of Circassian bowie-knife, a deadly weapon in the hands of the wild mountaineers of the Caucasus.

The minister lay sprawling on the floor. But Hassan is not left alone in his glory. A posse of police arriving, overpower him, and he is finally captured and carried to prison.

The next morning he is led forth more dead than alive, and executed by authority by hanging him at the limb of the solitary tree, near the Ser-Asker's Tower.

This incident naturally produced quite a commotion in the community, developing the act of the late Sultan's assassination, which created a consternation among those who were concerned in the conspiracy.

Deprived of their leader Hussein-Avni, the conspirators next placed all their hopes of salvation in Midhat, whom they followed blindly. By his advice, they, the ministers, repaired to the palace to advise the Sultan to take energetic measures against any demonstrations of discontent. They found His Majesty in a sulky mood and quite dejected. They were coolly received and as coolly dismissed.

They repeated their visits, and reiterated their demands without success. Finally they were told by Murad that he would not be a Sultan under the circumstances. The ministers were amazed, and at a loss how to act. They felt ready to resort to any, and even violent measures, but this placed them in a new and unexpected dilemma; for they saw plainly that they had to resort to another murder to make room for a fresh succession. This they viewed with just apprehension, the community being already incensed at what had taken place, and the foreign powers having evinced general dissatisfaction and displeasure.

They tried in vain to persuade Murad to change his mind, and when they found that he was inexorable, they concluded to resort to a diplomatic stratagem through the advice of Midhat—namely, that Murad had contracted mental alienation, and therefore was not fit to be a Sultan. The *Fetvah* already obtained from the Sheikh-ul-Islam answered their purpose. So, on the 31st of August, Murad V. was proclaimed insane, and Abdul-Hamid, the younger brother, was elevated to the throne, and has become the reigning monarch of Turkey.

The conspirators did not, however, gain much by the new *coup d'état*. Indeed they jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, Abdul-Hamid proving more than a match for them all.

Unlike his brother, who is of a timid nature and a lover of peace and culture, Hamid is a man of determination, and has a will of his own, inherited from his grandfather Mahmoud. So, profiting by the lesson imparted through the recent occurrences—soon after the girding on of the sword of state which made him a regular and lawful Sultan—avoiding the palaces, he retired to Yildiz *Kiosk*, just above Tcheraghan, formerly a mere farmhouse, but now a royal residence. There, shutting himself up and surrounded by trusty bodyguards, he forbade the approach of any one, except through a systematic and strict court red tape.

Thus, thoroughly isolated, he began to issue his *Iradés*, or edicts, the principal of which was an order for the arraignment of the chief conspirators, who were soon tried, convicted and sentenced to death. But their sentences were commuted to exile, through the efforts of the British Government, which regarded Midhat as a man of liberal ideas, and looked upon his acts as instigated by misguided zeal, whereas he was nothing less than a fraud, and an ambitious and fanatical zealot as much as the rest, only a more cunning and abler diplomat who knew better how to hoodwink Europe.

IN DREAMLAND: A MEMORY.

By Duncan MacLean.

Bright thoughts flash through my brain,
Like sunshine 'mid the rain,
As in my room I sit;
Once more I see a face,
Of wondrous charm and grace,
With love and sweetness lit.
Once more there comes a smile
Into my heart's exile,
And chases gloom away.
A bright and winsome pet,
Sweet as the mignonette,
Has cheered my soul to-day.

Once more I live anew,
Beneath those eyes of blue,
With their strange thrilling power.
I hear sweet cooing words,
Like music of songbirds,
As falls the evening hour.
Within her mother's arms,
My "Daisy's" lovely charms
Once more I fondly trace;
And smile to think that she
Is dear as life to me,
With her pure angel face.

Once more that rosebud mouth,
With odors from the South,
Is fondly pressed to mine.
Once more the world seems fair,
As "Daisy's" sunny hair
Gleamed in the "auld lang syne."

* * * * *

I start—my cheeks are wet
With tears of wild regret;
For she I loved is now
Across the jasper sea
With Him of Galilee,
Where glory crowns each brow.

CONJURING EXTRAORDINARY.

"The finest exhibition I ever witnessed was in Anam. I was traveling through the country with a party of German officials, when we stopped one night at an inn where it chanced that a number of magicians were resting. There were six of them, four men and two women, all very small, except one, who was a fleshy giant, resembling the typical wrestlers. I soon made their acquaintance, as I was then greatly interested in legerdemain, and soon won their good-will. They were very eager for me to show them an exhibition of my skill. I did so, but in every case they caught me and laughed at my efforts, excepting once. Though I tried some of our best tricks upon them, curiously enough, the most stupid thing of all fooled them. It was the old 'Pharaoh's serpents' trick, which was so much in vogue some years ago.

"After I had finished my exhibition," continues the writer in a contemporary, "the doors were closed, and

only those admitted who paid a regular admittance fee—a small sum—and soon, the apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance.

"The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves, or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them, and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a closed ring around them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illumined by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body. She then began to move round and round, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top.

"A moment of this and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force, and assumed a pillar-like form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned, and began to mold the light with her hands, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs, all molded, and finally a face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native, seemingly evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit. After he had talked, and drank a glass of rack, he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about.

"The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar, or a form of light, and then attaching itself to the woman, and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least fifty people, and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward. Now this would have been explained by the Psychological Society as some new sense or power, etc.; but between you and I, who know that all things can be explained by cold facts, it was merely a clever trick, so skillfully done that I did not discover it in any way or shape.

"The man next took his place in the ring, and, handing me a large, highly-ornamented sabre, he said: 'In five minutes by the clock I wish you to behead me.'

"I objected, of course, but he insisted, and said it had been done a dozen times; so I finally agreed. He was searched, and in the dim light began to contort himself in strange positions until he seemed to grow perceptibly smaller, and finally stood before us so gauzy that I thought I could see right through him. It was now five minutes, so I took the sabre and struck a light blow, only sufficient to knock a man over, when, to my great horror, the blood spurted into my face, and the head dropped with a thud upon the floor. As soon as it fell, the body stooped and picked it up, held it in the air, and then placed it upon the shoulders. The full light being turned on, there stood the giant, grinning and warm.

"The blood? That had faded away by the time the light was turned up, and you must remember that in all this, though the light was dim, it was quite sufficient to prevent our seeing everything, and seemed to be used only that we might observe the figure of lights that were evolved so curiously from the mediums, as our spiritualists would call them.

"The next trial was equally mystical. All the party now stepped into the ring, and began to chant and move about. In a few minutes they ceased, and we observed that one was missing, though no one saw him go. A moment after the whirling was repeated, and another was found to have disappeared, and so on, until in fifteen minutes only the giant was seen. More light being given us, a noise was heard at the door, and, upon going to it, there stood the mystic five clamoring for admission. That ended the performance for the night, and I sat up the rest of it, or well into the morning, trying to figure out how it was all done. The natives accepted it as magic without debate, and I began to think that was about the easiest way out of it.

"The following day another performance was given at midday that was even more wonderful. The giant, as I called him, caused the audience to sit on a grass plot, leaving a circle of about twenty-five feet across, and in this the jugglers took their places, the giant opening the entertainment by taking a roll of ribbon, and, by a dexterous toss, sending it up fifty feet or so, where we distinctly saw a small hawk dart at it and carry it up higher, until we nearly lost sight of it. It then seemed to enter a cloud that, I assumed, was caused by something burning on the ribbon; but from the cloud came sliding down, first a dog, then a snake—a good big one, too—that wriggled off the moment it touched the ground, and was captured by the men.

"Then a larger object was seen sliding along, and one of the women, leaping forward, received and held it out to the crowd—a laughing native baby. The giant had all this time held the end of the ribbon, and releasing it, it seemed to disappear in the air; at any rate, we saw it no more. A few moments later they all joined hands and began to move about rapidly. When they moved to the right I distinctly counted twelve persons in the circle; when they changed the movement we saw only eight, and some one appeared to be standing in the centre.

"These are only samples of the marvels, I might say, that they went through."

STORIES ABOUT TARANTULAS.

"ELEVEN years ago," says a representative citizen of Arizona, "when there wasn't as much pleasure in traveling through these parts as there is now, I camped out one night just across the New Mexican line with a party of prospectors. We were all comparatively new, and we didn't know anything about tarantulas. When we selected the place for our camp, we noticed three or four drab-colored things, looking like dice boxes with covers, lying on the ground, but we paid no attention to them. It was chilly, and we had a blazing fire. Some time in the night Gus Peterson startled us with an unearthly yell, and, running to him, we found he was in a death agony. We thought he had been shot, and I guess he did too. He didn't live long enough to get a clear idea of what killed him. He doubled up like a jack-knife, and then spun around like a top. Then he would straighten out stiff for a minute, and we'd think he was dead; but pretty soon he would begin to writhe again. We could not do anything with him. He died in an hour of awful torment. The next day we examined him, and found a bite of some kind upon his left breast. The breast was purple and swollen. Some one said it must have been a snake or a tarantula.

"'Did you ever see a tarantula?' I asked of the crowd.

"One man said he had seen one dead on a card once, but none of us had ever seen one alive. Just then Conkey, one of the party, picked up one of those mud-like

dice-boxes, with the remark: 'What in the world are these things, boys?' As he held it up the cover lifted, and out crawled a spider with five or six legs two inches long. He gave a yell, and we all ran.

"'That's a tarantula, sure,' said the man who had seen one dead. After awhile we crept back to the camp, and found that we had slept in a regular nest of them. They live in these little boxes, which they make with astonishing precision. The cover to the box is nicely hung on hinges, and can be raised by the tarantula from the inside very easily. After he makes his exit it falls back into place, fitting so snugly that it all looks like one piece. When he wants to get in he raises it with one of his feelers, and then lets it down after he has entered. They are very knowing animals, and there can't any one tell me their sting is not fatal, for I have seen it.

"A Mexican then said he once saw a man who had been bitten by a tarantula in Sonora cured by dosing with whisky. 'We happened to have a jug,' he said, apologetically, 'and when we made up our minds what the trouble was we poured the whisky down him. He was a Mexican, and it did him good. At first he appeared as if he had the *delirium tremens*, but after we had filled him full he went to sleep, and when he came to himself again he was out of pain. He never was any good after that, though. He was kind of lame and rickety, and his mind was a little unbalanced. Some time after that he killed a man, but they let him go because he had a tarantula bite and was not responsible. That is the only time that I ever knew anything to save a man who had been bitten. I knew a man who died instantly, and three or four others suffered in various ways until death relieved them. We tried to make one of them believe that he was scaring himself to death. That's what some fellows try to say about these things; but it is all bosh. A tarantula bite in Mexico means all the whisky the victim can hold, and no Mexican will die under such circumstances if he can help it.

"'I'll tell you what makes some people believe that tarantulas and centipedes can't hurt anybody. Every little while in Mexico some fellow who is mighty dry makes a tremendous fuss about being bitten, and after he has been dosed with free whisky for a few days he recovers. Now, the truth is that these dead-beats were not bitten at all. Nothing moves the sympathy of a Mexican like a tarantula bite, and I am sorry to say that frauds take advantage of this very frequently.'

"The last man who spoke said he knew of a case in Grass Valley, California, where a man was bitten on the arm by a centipede, and took to his bed, never to rise again. When it became obvious that something must be done to save his life a surgeon cut the arm off. For a time he seemed to be suffering only from amputation, but the poison at length appeared in the other arm, and that was also amputated. He lingered for a long time in pain, and finally died very suddenly one day, the poison having reached his heart."

ANYTHING BUT A GOOD HOP-A-TUNE-ITY.

DURING A VERY LIVELY SCHOTTISCHE, LITTLE TOMPKINS, A SPECIMEN OF THE WALLFLOWER SPECIES, FINDS IT, WHAT WITH THE SWEEPING TRAINS AND THE FANS LOOSELY SWUNG AT THE LADIES' SIDES, ANYTHING BUT A COMFORTABLE PASTIME.

THE Rothschilds still keep their ancestral dwelling in the Jewish quarter at Frankfort, although they do not live in it.

A LOVER'S GALATEA.—"'KISS ME ONCE MORE! ONE KISS, SWEET AND STRONG AS LOVE! STRONG AS LOVE AND DEATH!'"
SEE NEXT PAGE.

A LOVER'S GALATEA.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"Will he pull through, doctor?"

"Hush!—the bandages, there! Quick—the brandy! Poor fellow, he has fainted again."

"Angel—where is Angel?"

The light figure lingering, listening outside the window, darts down the piazza out of sight, away into another room; alone—alone, where sob and sigh and prayer, and stifled sob and sigh and prayer again, can be heard only by one ear—the All-Pitiful.

"Angel—I say, Angel!"

A step outside the refuge—some one entering—a man's voice, barytone, singing mockingly:

"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wake thee!"

Hearing this song, the slim girl figure starts up in all the beautiful disarray of soft falling bonnie brown hair, lace scarf crumpled and wet, primrose ribbons, and blue eyes, sad, too, and dim with tears.

"Is he dead? Oh, Claude, you would not come singing his song to tell me he is dead!"

Claude von Arloff stared.

"Don't be a fool, Angel; get up and listen. Of course he is not dead, but——"

"But—but what?" cries Angel, impatiently. "You don't—oh, Claude, you don't mean that Johnnie is going to be blind?"

"Blind! Good heavens!—no. What an idea! But his beauty will be spoilt." (Angel draws one swift breath of relief.) "Father and Beaumont are both with him. They say Johnnie will carry the mark of the burns for life. What will Imogen Mortimer say to that?"

"Say!" burst out the angry Angel. "Why, what *can* she say! She has promised to marry him—he saved her life."

"Saved her life! that is just like you: a phrase from novels!" Claude lifted one fair hand, smoothing his long mustache with insolent grace, his handsome eyes lighted with a cold fire. "And as for her promise to marry him—oh, yes!" He smiled cruelly. "I'll sing his song for her beautiful ears:

"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wake thee!"

"Oh, Claude! if you mean—if you *dare*——"

But the rest was tears.

* * * * * * *

"Johnnie—Mr. Forrester!"

"No, I'm not asleep. Is it medicine-time?"

"No, not yet; but you ought to rouse yourself. Father and Dr. Beaumont both say it would do you good to—to take more interest in things."

Angel's voice falters; she fidgets, moving this thing and that. Johnnie Forrester lies on his sick-couch, mute, motionless, after all these weeks of suffering; wan, woful, scarred.

"You—you act as if you had no hope, Johnnie," Angel continues, desperately.

"Oh, don't bother—I can't." A restless sigh. "Let me alone!"

Then contrition:

"You mustn't mind me, little one. I'm only a cross, sick man; and I'm tired. I'm not worth your sweet care."

Silence! Angel looks at the dark head lying listless on the sofa-pillow. The dark eyes—dark with deep beauty as eyes seldom are—tight shut; if they were open now, perhaps the tears that lie close would gather and flow like the tears of any weak woman weeper. The cheeks are thin and hollow, all grace and strength and mighty vigor gone—gone for what? for whom?

"Can't I do something for you, Johnnie?"

"No!—Stay! were there any letters this morning?"

"None; only things for papa—circulars, medical reports and begging letters."

"None from—from——"

"Nothing."

A long silence.

"You might read to me, Angel."

"Yes; what shall I take?"

"It doesn't matter," impatiently. "Anything you like. There is that—that—what was it you were reading yesterday? Take that."

The pale Angel fetches the book and sits down by the sick man. The sunlight streams in on the two young heads, one so fair, one so dark. A green vine creeps up, up into the open lattice. It points a finger, holding a wee blue flower, toward them, with mysterious movings. The lace curtains flap softly. Mignonette, and yellow roses, and great bells of lilies—pale Madonna-lilies (the Mother's Flower)—are heaped in the big yellow-and-red bowls of lovely Spanish ware. A beautiful marble "Puck"—Miss Hosmer's dream of airy grace and mockery caught and held in white stone—laughs malicious drollery in a corner.

How sweet and still the hour is! Angel loves to read, and this from William Blake is so beautiful:

"His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold!"

* * * * * *

Hush! was that a sob!

"Suppose you don't read any more now, Angel. I—I don't think having such sweet sorrow read just now agrees with me." Johnnie forces a laugh; frosty laughter, sad as death and terrible in its feigning. "Haven't you got something of Mark Twain's, or—or a Josh Billings Almanac? Suppose you try some music."

The patient nurse, opening the piano, sits down on the music-bench. She touches the keys softly. "The Lost Chord" quivers through the room, filling the dim place with harmony. Soon she is lost to all outward life, all her senses tangled in the sweetness of the sound she makes. Well for her she cannot see the face there by the window; well she cannot hear the bitter sobbing, loud as trumpet-tones to him who cries with all Love's bitter reproach in loving:

"Imogen! Imogen! I saved your life that I might lose you! I was true that you might be false! Your heart is winter-cold, and mine is breaking fast."

Angel hears nothing! Hark! how beautiful the bit of Irish song is! Cool silver-chorded strains, low-toned, low-tuned! Done for an hour like this!

Suddenly she starts up.

"Johnnie, Johnnie, what is it? What has happened now?"

"Hush! it's nothing. Only, only—don't sing any more of that stuff! Sing nigger melodies by the dozen if you want to, but not those beastly sentimental things!"

Johnnie dashes his hand across his poor scarred face.

flinging the tears right and left. Then he looks up, with a miserable, pitiful, make-believe smile, into Angel's face.

"I've spoiled your pleasure, haven't I, dear? What a weak fool you must think me!—and you're an angel! Your own name names you! Would you think a great strong fellow like me could get so pulled down—so terribly weak and nervous by a month's sickness? By the powers, I used to fancy I was something!"

He turned his head away to hide the wringing spasm there.

"Don't mind me!" he muttered, and Angel sang no more songs for him.

* * * * * *

A few days after this episode, Johnnie and his nurse are standing in the hall.

"Yes, I'm going to Drayton," Johnnie is saying. His face is white, his voice is weak and trembly. "You must help me, like the good little sister you are! I—I *must* see Imogen! She will be there. It is only five miles! I must see Imogen once more!" he repeated with feverish eagerness.

Angel listened. Oh, she was quiet enough now. She rang the bell for Johnnie's man, and went in search of his father. She was Johnnie Forrester's sister. Yes, she would be that! She pulled the scarf of her blue dress close about her shoulders. She felt cold—sad and wintry-cold.

* * * * * *

The little parlor of the Drayton inn looked mean enough and shabby enough that day. Johnnie Forrester paced up and down the worn carpet; the strong Summer sunshine poured in on the old-fashioned color; on the dust and disorder; on Johnnie's pale, beaten face.

Suddenly the door opened, and Beauty entered, transfiguring all, lending a glow to all the meanness. Beauty! Johnnie stared at this woman, so dressed, so demeanored! Splendidly calm, strong, serene, tall, gracious!

"Imogen!" he sighed, and then stopped with no further word.

Something in him fell dead. No responsive light came into that marble-fine face. Was it some statue that had walked in, and stood there looking at him with wide, lovely-lidded eyes? Some Galatea endowed with movement, not with soul?

Soul! Pygmalion had no power for that. Why, Shakespeare's work was better; and he wished he had *Paulina's* art, as when she cried—

"Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more!"

and *Hermione* obeyed, and came down from the pedestal to those who loved her, warm, human, loving.

"Yes, I got your telegram," said Imogen. "And I think it imprudent, most imprudent of you to come, in your state."

"Do you?" said Johnnie, dully.

"It put me out very much! It set all my plans crooked, but yet I thought it just as well to humor your whims once," went on Imogen. "I was so tired of your letters! Letters, letters, all the time; so I decided to stop!"

She put a delicate hand up to her mouth. She hid the faint shadow of a yawn.

"You are very good!" says Johnnie, bitterly now.

"It is so tiresome to have to change one's plans!" said Imogen.

Johnnie looked at her. Something rose to his lips. The air seemed dead and cold. He felt weak.

"Did you travel in that dress?" he asked, with a change in his dull voice.

The folds of her black velvet robe, turned back with gold satin, lay on the floor about her feet. Costly frills of old lace rolled about her dimpled elbows, and filled in the open square at her throat. The narrow black band about her lifted dead-gold hair made her lovely brows classic! Again the statue-look! How splendidly pure and cold she was! Clear, too, like Northern Lights!

"We came as far as here in our own carriage," said "Galatea," looking away from "Pygmalion."

"We?" said Johnnie, hoarsely. The dead thing in him felt cold and heavy, as a dead child lies heavy on its mother's heart, never having seen the light.

"Galatea" looked down at the jeweled hands folded in her lap. She did not answer.

"Where are you going?" asked Johnnie.

"Where? Oh, somewhere! I am not sure. To Europe, most likely—to Sorrento."

"To Sorrento?"

"Galatea" opened a great black-and-gold painted fan, moving it slowly back and forth. There was a pretty group painted on it. Something from Lord Tennyson's poem, "Enone." Beautiful *Paris* leading in his jet-black goat, and showing the golden apple in his hand—Hesperian fruit all done in gold-and-black! It was said to be Mr. Whistler's work. A Harmony! She herself might have been done by some clever artist—by Mr. Whistler—a Harmony in black-and-gold.

"To Sorrento? *And I?*" Johnnie said, slowly.

"You? Oh, I hope you will get your health back soon again," said "Galatea," earnestly. "I do sincerely hope so. It is too bad your face is spoiled—all your good looks gone. That scar across your nose is really frightful. You must take care of yourself."

Johnnie stared at her, helpless; sluggish memory began to wake, bestirring itself like some serpent uncoiling its folds, ready to dart a murderous sting. Was it centuries ago, or only yesterday morning, that Dr. von Arloff had said his son was bound for the South of Europe to join a party of friends, going thence to his post at St. Petersburg, an *attaché* of the American Legation there?

Johnnie now turned and walked to the window, looking at the homely place without. Presently something crossed his dull vision. A tall form, clad in a gray traveling-suit, swaying a stick lightly, lounged down the platform. This man glanced in, nodding slightly to Johnnie. He walked with insolent grace; he was sure of his triumph.

Johnnie went back to Imogen's chair.

"Is Claude von Arloff going with you?"

"Yes; he is one of our party. Claude is such good company; he is always *sure*—he is perfectly well-bred, too. I detest *gaucherie*."

And "Galatea" shuddered.

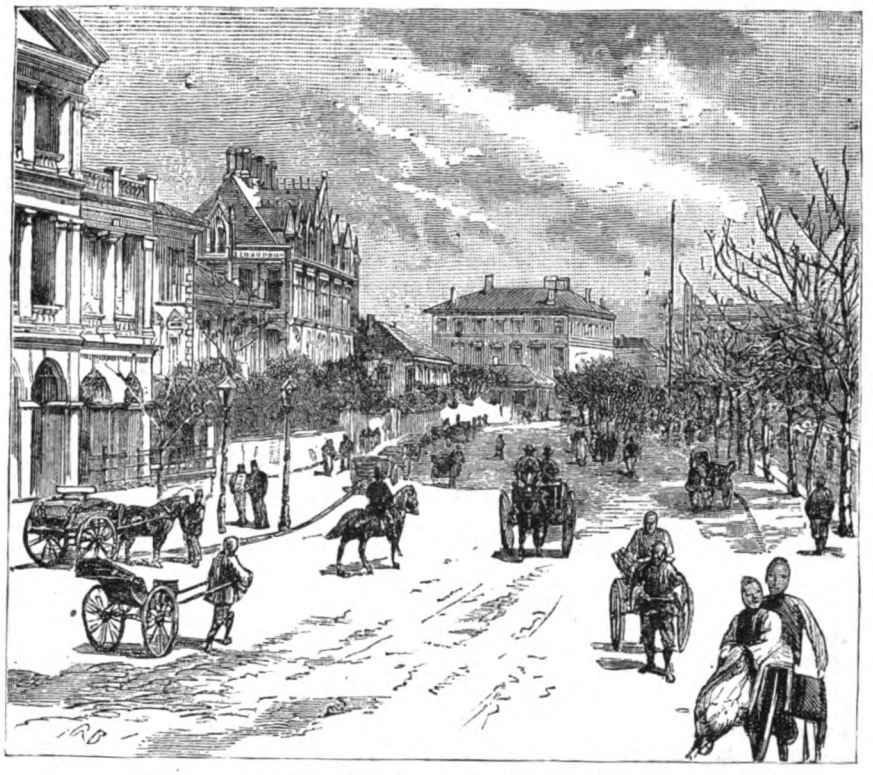
"Woman," cried Johnnie, "have you no heart, no pity?—to go to Sorrento with him! It was at Sorrento we met and loved. Yes, by Heaven, I shall always believe you loved me there. You promised me—you promised me——"

His voice broke down.

"Yes," said "Galatea," "it was at Sorrento—it was in the garden by the lake. I remember it perfectly. We had been out all day, and I was so tired. I believe I would have promised you anything for sake of peace. You did nothing but make love to me—you smothered me with sweets. They sickened me!"

"Is that all?" said Johnnie, getting on his feet.

"All?—all of what? I don't know what you mean! I don't think I am bound to you!" A defiant light began to shine in the statue's eyes. "It is your fault; you



STREET IN THE BUND, SHANGHAI, SHOWING MODES OF CONVEYANCE.

were always telling me I was so beautiful—telling me always that I was worthy of a king's homage. It is your fault if I am vain."

She lifted her head slowly, like some splendid flower, swaying, weighed down by its own perfect sweetness. She smiled.

"I could not stay with you here, as you look now, Johnnie. I should get dreadfully tired of you."

"Perhaps you will go to St. Petersburg!" flashed out Johnnie, a quiver of rage going over him.

"Ah, I *should* like that," said she.

Johnnie pulled himself together. What was the use?

"Good-by!" he said, calmly. He walked to the door, then stopped and looked back. "I can wish you no worse fate than to be the wife of Claude von Arloff. Marry him and suffer!"

"Thank you," said "Galatea," placidly. "Good-by!"

* * * *

It was a late Fall day of that same year, and Johnnie, with the faithful Angel by his side, walked up and down the garden-path in the warm, fruity sunshine. Angel held a crumpled letter in her hand. Johnnie's face was sad.

"Claude is no brother of mine!" Angel was saying, very angrily; "nor is Imogen a sister!"

"Hush, dear! Forgive him!—forgive them!"

"Forgive! Forgive untruth!—forgive treachery!—forgive all base, ignoble motives! Do *you* forgive them, Johnnie?"

"She told me that day at Drayton," said Johnnie, dragging the words up slowly one by one, as if they were dead things—"she told me she was tired of me!"

"Tired of you!—tired of you! Oh, heartless! What did you say?—what did you do?"

"Well, I am not vain—not in the least!" Johnnie caught his breath a little. "I fought my battle, and you helped me, you, sweet!" He caught her hands. "Angel, be my angel for ever! Let us live one life—a love life!—strong, sweet and noble!"

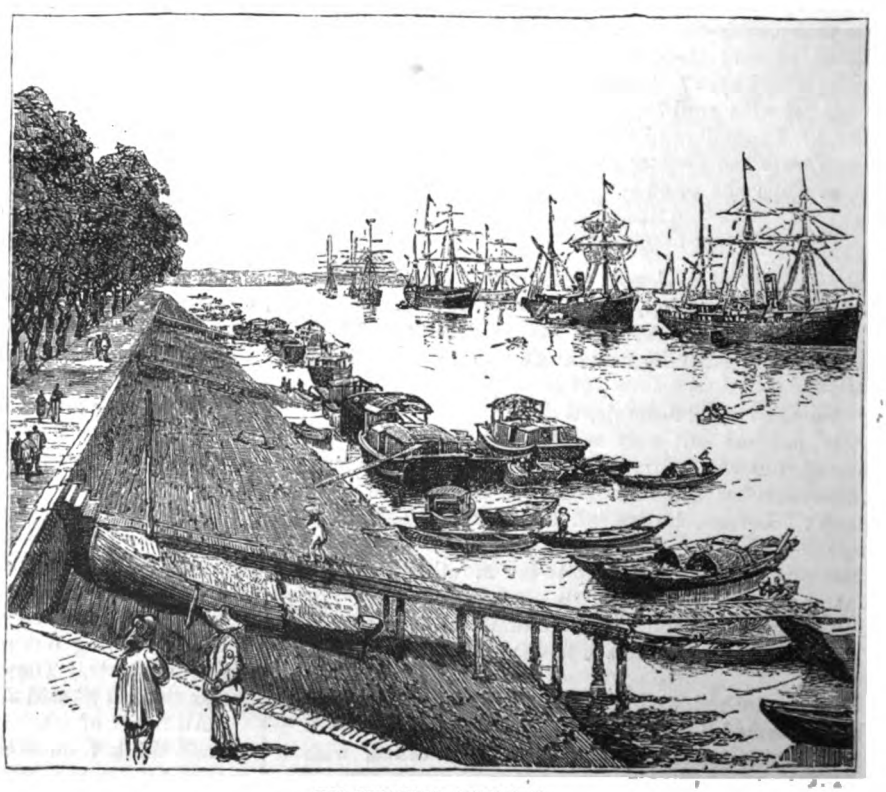
A sob, a struggling sigh.

"Oh, Johnnie, I love you so! I have always loved you. But are you sure? I am not jealous, but are you sure?"

"Sure? Wait!" Johnnie held the sweet face back away from his shoulder. Think a little. Are *you* sure you won't get tired of me?"

"*Tired of you!*"

Then Johnnie held Angel to his heart again, and



TEA-STEAMERS, SHANGHAI.

bending to the hidden face, he strove to whisper to her—to tell her how he felt that blessed above all men this man Johnnie Forrester was.

"Kiss me once more! One kiss, sweet and strong as love! Strong as love and death!"

As they came down the piazza together, they stood at the window of that room—Johnnie's sick-room. The lace draperies still fluttered; some late red lilies and zinnias and china-asters filled the red-and-yellow bowls; in its corner the tricksome "Puck" still poised in graceful mockery; the marble thing seemed to glance mirthfully past the lovers toward some past hours it wot of; just then the rising evening air struck the invisible wires of the harp in the window.

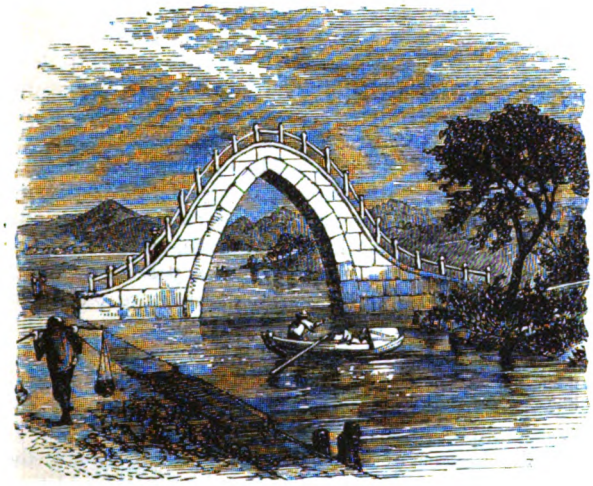
"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wake thee!"

hummed Johnnie. Then he drew Angel away.

"We need not mind Sorrento," he said. "Love takes strong root in the hardier northern land." He tore the letter. "Good-by, Claude! Good-by, Imogen! We forgive you!"

CHARLES XII. of Sweden had a sword in his hand and a prayer-book in his pocket when he was killed at Frederickshald, in 1718.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN CHINA.



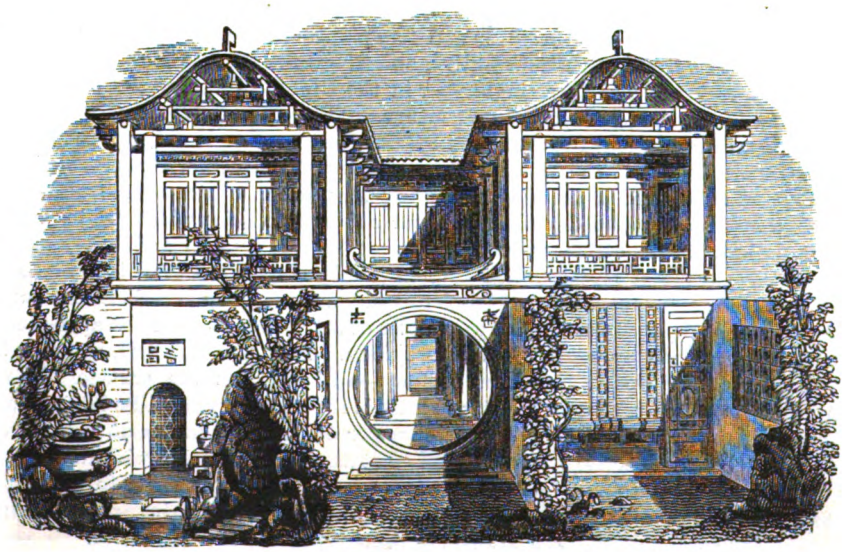
BRIDGE OF YUN-MIN-YUEN.

NOTES ON NORTHERN CHINA.

BY COLONEL T. W. KNOX.

I NEVER tried but once to ride in a Shanghai street-car (wheelbarrow). The barrow-man had partaken too freely of the cup that both cheers and inebriates, and the result was that before we had gone a block he lost his balance, and so did his vehicle. The latter was the worst loss, as it turned me over backward and landed me in the dust of the street. I concluded to take the rest of my ride on foot, and ever afterward, during my stay in China, I was opposed to this rude and unsteady conveyance, and particularly unsteady when the driver is drunk. The Japanese jin-riki-sha, a little chaise on two wheels, and propelled by a man between the shafts, is rapidly coming into use in the northern cities of China, and driving the wheelbarrow out of existence.

The English and Americans in China have long sought to bless the Chinese, and put money into their own



CHINESE HOUSE OF BETTER CLASS.

pockets, by introducing the railway among the Celestials. All sorts of plans and schemes have been made, and influences brought to bear, but the headway gained in the business has amounted thus far to nothing. Some years ago the English succeeded in obtaining a concession for a line from Shanghai to Woosung, the deep-water port of the great city, a distance of about ten miles. In the face of much opposition from the people living along the line, the road was built and put in operation. Several times portions of the track were torn up and the engines disabled, and on one occasion some of the foreign engineers narrowly escaped with their lives. When the first train went from Shanghai there was a great assemblage at the stations along the route, as well as at the starting-point. The Chinese looked on with a good deal of interest at the foreign novelty, but they did not manifest any excitement either for or against it. The train moved slowly during its entire journey, as there were fears that obstructions would be placed on the track, and an accident would naturally follow.

Nothing happened, however, and it was thought that a great point had been gained. The projectors thought they would be able before long to extend their railway system all over the Empire, and some of them indulged in dreams of the most fanciful character. Financially the road was never successful; it lingered along for some time, and was chiefly looked upon as a means of showing the Chinese what might be the great advantages of such a mode of communication throughout the empire. But the Chinese were obstinate; they said they were well enough off with their present means of communication, and did not wish any other, and as to extending the railway through the length and breadth of China, it was not to be considered with any seriousness. Finally, to get rid of the whole subject, and to put an end to the clamors of the schemers, the Chinese Government bought the line and its equipment, and then proceeded to tear up the track, and obliterate all traces of the innovation. Thus ended the attempt to establish a railway system in China.

Whenever the Chinese endeavor to imitate anything of foreign manufacture they generally succeed, provided the article or process is not too complicated. They cannot make machinery of precision, and though they have tried repeatedly, they are unequal to the task of constructing a common watch. On the other hand they display great delicacy of manipulation, and can surpass the majority of European workmen in the carving of ivory and sandal-wood, and in embroidery and fine paintings. They are imitative rather than inventive, and there are probably more inventions in a single year in the United States than in the whole of China in a century. There is little or no encouragement to inventors in China, as there are no patent laws, and the people are so conservative that they are disinclined to adopt anything new, even though they may acknowledge that it is far superior to what they have to do of the same work.

Since the advent of foreigners in China a good many of the artists have adopted the foreign forms of painting. They make no attempt to study the principles of art, but proceed at once to copy what is set before them. They will paint anything—portraits, ships, scenery—all is fish that comes to their net, and anything is artistic if somebody will pay to have it put on canvas or paper or silk. Portraits are their favorite work, and all that they ask for, usually, is a photograph of the person to be represented and a single sitting. On the arrival of strangers in any of the Chinese cities the artists are pretty certain to be around to solicit orders, and the prices they ask are remarkably low when we compare them with the figures of the portrait-painters in Europe and America. It is rarely the case that a Chinese artist has a studio to himself; several of them have their benches side by side, and they work away in silence, paying no heed to each other, and often refusing to look up on the entrance of strangers until they are first addressed.

Many of the tradesmen of China pursue their avocations in the open air for the reason that the heat is great for a large portion of the year, and also because the rent of the humblest room is more than that of a place where there is no rent at all to be paid. It is very common in the Chinese cities to see shoemakers, tailors, barbers and other tradesmen working in full view of the public, and I once came on a tailor who was fitting a customer with a pair of trowsers, and seemed to be quite oblivious to the fact that the street is not exactly the place for trying on the garments that usually are relegated to privacy when they are to be changed.

It is an hourly occurrence to find the barbers at work in the streets, and a man must be very poor if he cannot afford tonsorial attentions at the prices charged by the lower class of barbers. The stock in trade is very limited, and a barber's entire outfit can be bought for a dollar. There is a rough stool which serves as a box for holding the razors and other things when not in use, and there is a little furnace for heating water, which is little more than a paper lantern with a cup on top. As is well known, the Chinese shave the forward portion of the head, but allow the hair on the back of the skull to grow to sufficient length to be braided into a queue. When the hair is short, the queue is pieced out with silk, which must be of black to correspond to the natural shade of the proper and original growth. When a man is in mourning, he has some white threads twisted into his pigtail; white is the mourning color in China, as black is with us, while black is the tint in ordinary use, and red has an official meaning. The Imperial color is yellow, and thus it happens that all the Imperial decrees are on yellow paper, or are bound with yellow covers. Any person not in the Imperial service or connected in some way with the ruling family who should venture to put on yellow garments would run the risk of getting himself into serious trouble.

Chinese houses of the better class are by no means lacking in comfort, though they require several additions to adapt them to European wants. In most of the reception and living rooms a raised platform is at one end; sometimes it is of stone or brick, especially where the house is a costly one and the material pierced with pipes to allow the passage of heated air. In more economical establishments the platform is of wood, but in either case it is thickly carpeted and made as comfortable as the owner chooses, and in the way that suits him best. In the centre of the platform is a low table on which the articles which are to be used there are placed; these include pipes and tea, and occasionally glasses of samshoo—a kind of whisky made from rice and having the capacities of a reverberatory furnace. Flowers in vases are used to decorate the apartment, and generally there are pictures on the wall, some in frames and others painted directly on the surface. The windows are made of closely-set frames, like lattices, and the wind and cold are excluded by means of panes of oiled paper instead of glass, as with us. Notwithstanding the cheapness of glass and its great superiority to paper, the Chinese, even those in comfortable or luxurious circumstances, generally prefer the latter to the former.

The Chinese make a liberal use of tea, and drink it at

all convenient seasons, as well as at a good many that are inconvenient. They pour hot water directly on the leaves, and do not steep it as we do; I am now speaking only of the upper classes who can afford to throw away their tea before all the strength has been extracted. The poorer people make the most they can of the tea they have; they boil it to extract all that can possibly be obtained from it, and when it can no longer be boiled, they eat the leaves. In Mongolia and some other parts of the north the tea is made into soup along with mutton or chicken; the mass thus formed is not very palatable to a European, but the natives eat it with avidity and consider it a great delicacy.

In the houses, tea is served in little cups, which are brought in on trays and passed around as with ourselves. The Chinese rarely use sugar with their tea, and never milk; in fact, they do not use in their ordinary life any product of the cow, and are thus without butter and cheese. Samshoo, or rice whisky, is served hot in tiny cups like a lady's thimble, and it has a wonderful power of intoxication without half trying. An American friend of mine who tried a liberal dose of samshoo on his arrival in China, told me that he was immediately seized with an impression that his head was swelling like a balloon in the hands of the inflater. It kept growing larger and larger, and finally, there was so much of it that it absorbed all his body and set up to do business alone. In this condition, he performed the somewhat remarkable feat of walking off on his ear, or rather on both ears; his aural appendages grew to such a length that he was able to use them in place of feet, and he waltzed around as merrily as though he had been a young dancing-master freshly graduated from school. But as his head grew large the door grew small, and the apprehension that he would not be able to get through it and go home more than overbalanced the delight at anything else. So he rolled himself into a corner and tried to go to sleep. He succeeded at last, and when he woke it was with such a terrific headache that he vowed to let shamshoo alone in future. And I advise all visitors to China to go and do likewise.

The cultivation of tea and its preparation for market give employment to a great number of people, both in the interior and at the seaports. The tea-plant is a low bush growing on the hillsides and also on some parts of the flat country, but the latter is not considered the best. Great care must be exercised in cultivating the plants, and especially in picking the leaves; they must be gathered when green, and the quality of the tea depends upon the condition of the leaves when gathered. The finest of all is known as "yellow tea"; it rarely comes to the United States, as there is no market for it here owing to its high price. I once bought a pound of this tea in Mongolia, on the frontier of Russia, and paid for it in no less than five dollars. At the ordinary profits charged in the tea trade, this would have been worth fifteen or twenty dollars in the New York market. The aroma was delicious, and all who tasted it pronounced it the finest by all odds they had ever seen. Nearly all this tea is sold in Russia, where it is served after dinner in the same way that black coffee is served among the fashionables of the Western World. It is obtained by gathering the blossom of the tea along with the few leaves that surround it, and the infusion of it is of so pale a yellow that a novice thinks on looking at it that it has no strength at all. But if he drinks a cup of it just before retiring, he will have time and opportunity to reflect upon his mistake, as the chances are he will not get to sleep for hours.

The costume of the Chinese is pretty much the same from one end of the country to the other, but the women have different ways of dressing their hair in different parts of the land. The custom of compressing the feet is erroneously supposed to prevail all over the empire, but such is not the case; it is comparatively little known in the south, and the lower classes do not practice it at all. It originated in Pekin two or three centuries ago. One of the Imperial princesses was born with deformed feet, and as all wanted to resemble the princess as much as possible, the fashionable ladies immediately set about compressing their feet to make them look like hers. They also compressed the feet of their young daughters to make them fit to wait on the princess, and the custom having been once made was rigidly adhered to. Around the Court it is still the fashion, and it prevails in the upper classes of society, but is less and less popular every year.

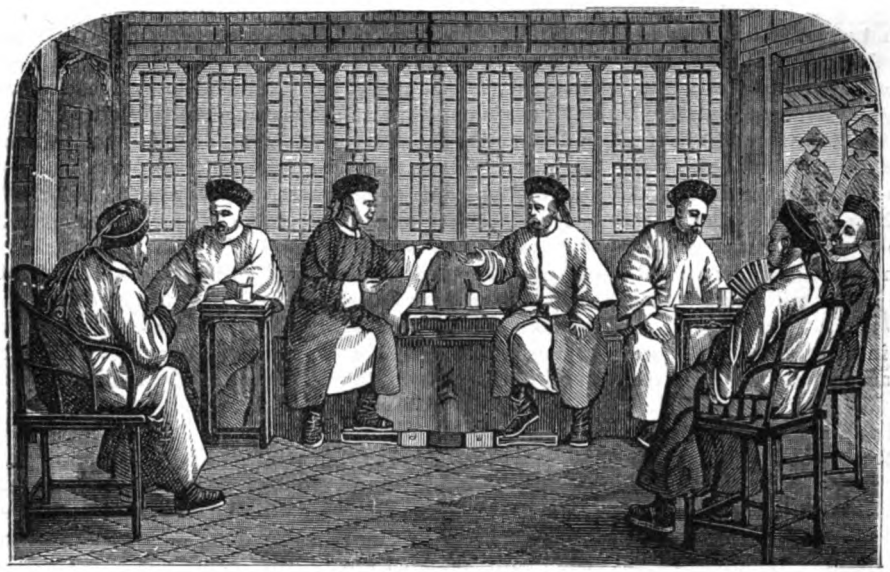
The operation is begun when a girl is four or five years old, though it is sometimes deferred until she has reached her sixth year. Only those whose personal beauty promises well for the future are submitted to the torture of foot-compression, as the possession of small feet would not of itself make a girl desirable in the matrimonial market. She must be pretty in addition, or she will not readily find a purchaser; it is very odd that the Chinese should set such a store on feminine beauty when other people do nothing of the sort, and their doing so shows how unfit the Chinese are to associate with civilized people.

The foot is compressed by means of bandages, which are pulled with such force that the ball of the foot is drawn down till it touches the heel, or very nearly so. The pain is severe, and it continues for days, until the soft bones have yielded to the pressure and taken their new shape. A dissection of a foot which has been thus bent, shows a deep indentation in the part where there is only a slight hollow in the natural foot, and the distortion is so great that it is not easy to recognize the shape of a foot at first glance. Walking with these feet is very difficult, and their owners limp along in a way that is painful to behold. A Chinese gentleman who was questioned about the custom of compressing the feet of the women replied that the women who were thus artificially deformed made the best of wives, for the reason that it was impossible for them to run about and waste their time in visits to the neighbors.

"When you have a small-footed wife," said he, "you know where she is, but when your wife has feet that she can walk on you don't know where you are."

Filial affection is one of the lessons taught to all children in China, and particularly to girls. The Chinese have a great reverence for ancestors, whether near or remote, and this feeling is instilled into the youthful mind as soon as it is able to receive any impression. The boys and girls go frequently to the family burying-ground and make offerings in memory of their departed relatives, and it makes no great difference to them whether the departures were 100 or 500 years ago. During the time I was in China I had on one occasion a lodging that overlooked a private cemetery, and I was considerably interested in the funeral honors that were often going on in this consecrated spot. Nearly every morning a girl of sixteen or eighteen years used to come there with a tray of offerings, and there was generally enough to make a satisfactory meal for a man with an average appetite. There were ducks, sweetmeats, cakes and other things, and generally she brought a pot of tea with two or three cups from which the soothing beverage could be drank.

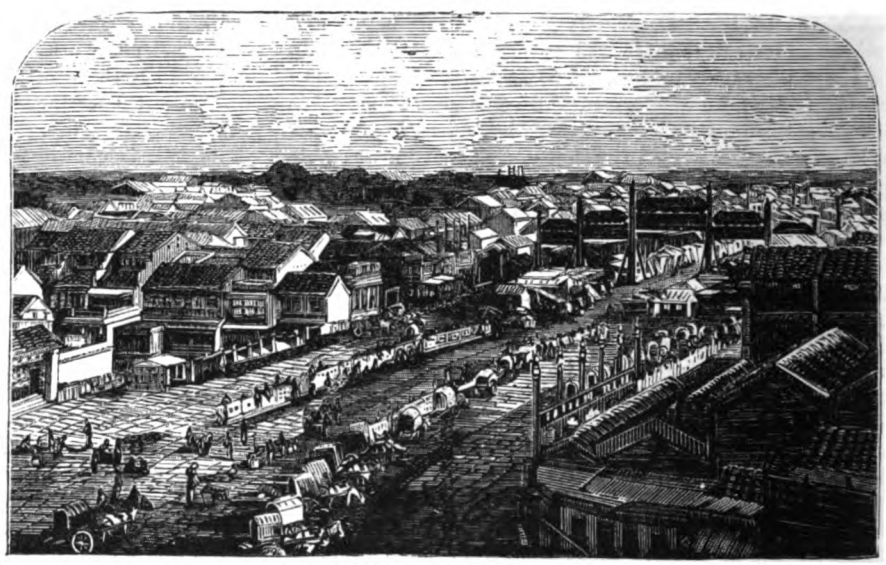
She would place the tray on the ground, and her first



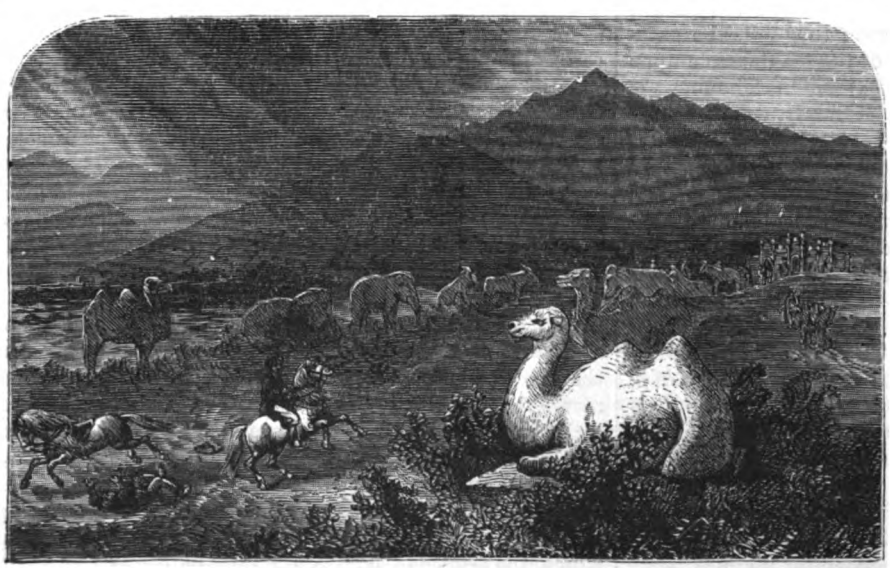
THE FOREIGN OFFICE, PEKIN.

duty was to light some joss-sticks and put them in the crevices of the fence surrounding one of the graves. This being carefully arranged, one for each of the ancestors whom she was honoring on that particular morning, she proceeded to say her prayers, and then to dispose of the things she had brought. A receptacle like a high box was opened, and the cakes and meats were dropped inside; only the solids were thus deposited, as the teapot and cups were usually left outside on the ground or on the closed lid of the box. This part of the ceremony ended, she repeated another formula of prayers and departed, well satisfied, I have no doubt, at the faithful performance of her duty to her ancestors. Whether she believed that her gifts went for the sustenance of her deceased relatives or not, I am unable to say. Perhaps she would have had her faith shaken a little if she had known, as I did, that a couple of men from a neighboring house used to come there a short time after her departure and help themselves to her pious gifts. Perhaps they were relatives, and if so, the devotional presents went for the good of the family.

No Chinese ceremonial is complete without the offering of prayers. The mode of

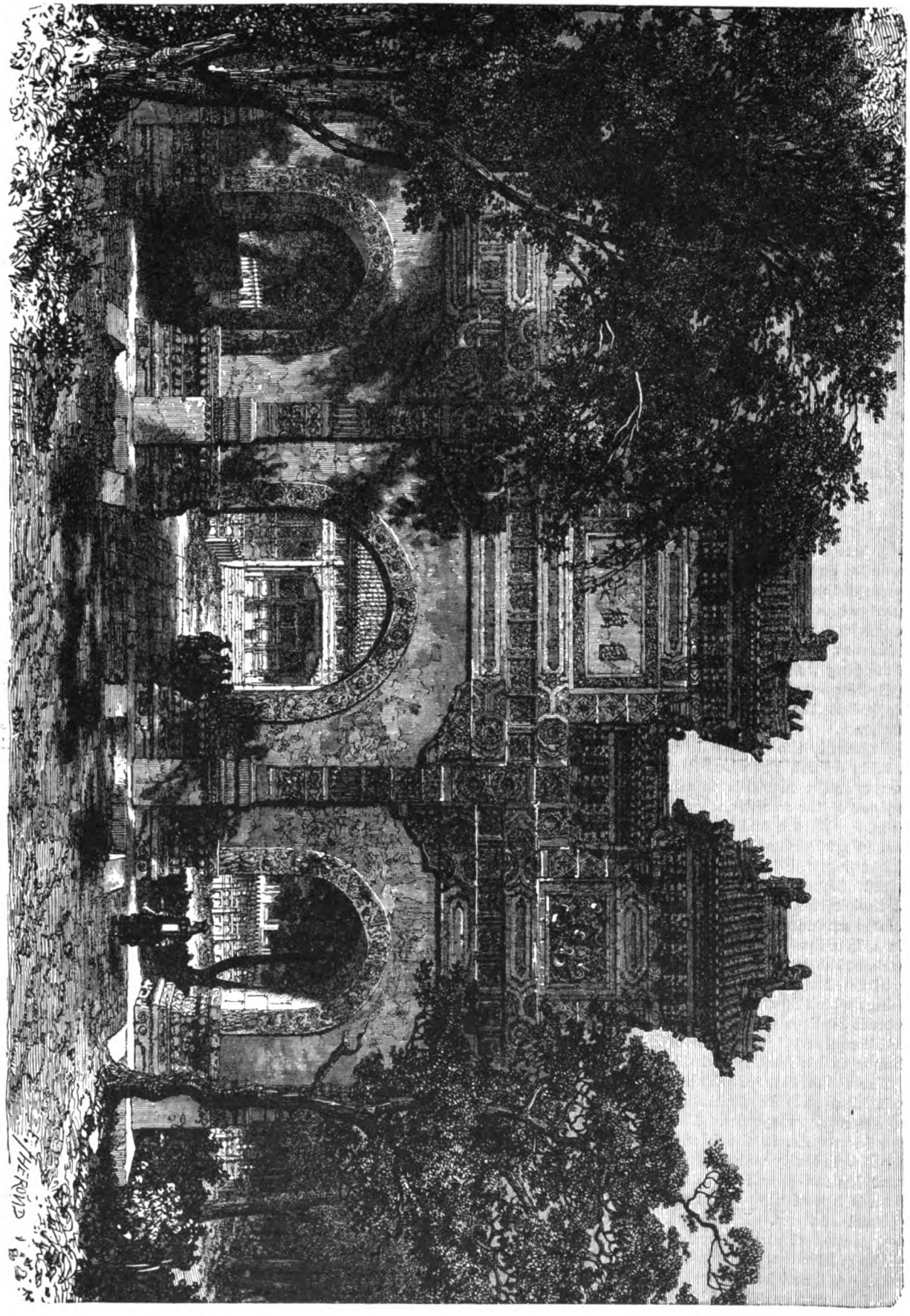


PRINCIPAL STREET, PEKIN.



AVENUE TO THE TOMBS OF THE MINGS.

sending petitions to heaven is not in accordance with our way of doing the same thing, but it is satisfactory to the men who make them, and therefore we have no special occasion to complain. The Chinese prayers are printed or written on paper, and then the paper is burned; the flame is supposed to waft the prayer to heaven as it goes upward and leaves only the ashes behind. Traces of a similar belief may be seen in some of the Christian forms of worship where candles and incense are used, and it has been asserted that the Chinese borrowed the custom from Europe. The Chinese go about the business in a very



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, PEKIN.

matter-of-fact way, and when their prayers are ended they seem to forget all about having been engaged in any kind of worship, and are as ready as ever to make sharp bargains or enjoy themselves. Not only do they send prayers to the gods in this way by means of fire, but they forward money for the use of their relatives and friends. They have silvered paper stamped to represent money, but really having no value beyond the cost of making it. This they burn at the graves of those they wish to provide with necessary cash; and it is largely used at funerals where they start the deceased with a full pocket of what they have found very convenient on this side of the grave. Paper money can be bought in the Chinese shops in any quantity, and the prayers are to be had by the thousand, and of forms suited to every class, age or sex.

The diet of the Chinese is exceedingly simple, unless a man has epicurean tastes and can afford to gratify them. The staple food is rice, and there are millions of natives who have never eaten anything else. The ordinary way of cooking rice is by boiling, and it is boiled and steamed until the grains are all separated, and not left in a pasty mass as is too often the case with us. They do not use knives and forks for eating purposes, and their spoons are clumsy affairs that cannot easily be forced into an ordinary mouth. In place of the knife and fork they make use of chopsticks, which are simply two little sticks like lead-pencils, though much longer than the lead-pencil in ordinary use. They are of ivory, wood, bone, or any other substance that may suit the taste and purse of the user, and are held in the fingers of the right hand while the other supports the bowl or dish from which the food is taken. The rapidity with which a Chinese will stow away his food with these little rods is something wonderful. Rice, meat, or any other edible, will disappear like magic, and the eater will quite probably imitate the example of Oliver Twist and look around for more.

Ordinarily the Chinese do not care whether they sit at a table or not, but where they are attainable tables are in general use. This is particularly the case in the houses of the wealthy, where the table is often a work of considerable art, and has cost a large amount of money, and in such instances the food placed upon it is quite in keeping with the rest of the establishment, and is prepared with much care. The Chinese are fond of display at their tables, and are delighted when they can expend a large amount of money for the delicacies of the season. In this respect they are not unlike epicures in other parts of the world, and the love of good living cannot be considered the property of any one nation. One of the things which figures in all Chinese banquets of the first-class is bird's-nest soup, and no Celestial would think he had acquitted himself honorably if he should give a dinner to his friends and omit this delicacy.

The material from which this soup is prepared is a gelatinous substance obtained from the nest of a bird of the swallow species. These nests are found only in certain caverns in the island south of China, and there is great difficulty and danger in collecting them; hence their high cost, and possibly the difficulty of obtaining them is one of the reasons why the Chinese epicures are so fond of them. I have eaten several times of bird's-nest soup, but cannot say I am fond of it; a soup made of the gelatinous portions of calves' feet would suit me just as well, and have more flavor to it; in fact, any soup with jelly as a basis would not be unlike it. Generally it is sold for its weight in silver, and I have seen it placed in one side of the scale while silver money was piled in the other, until the beam was evenly balanced. Roast pig is another favorite dish of the Chinese; they desire the animal to be young and roasted to a crisp, and there are many persons besides the Chinese who consider roast pig a toothsome article of food. They also serve pork in stews and hashes, and they prepare ducks and chickens in the same way. A ceremonious dinner in China contains a great many courses, and there is little more than capacity enough in the ordinary stomach to give each dish a taste. I was once at a banquet where there were thirty-six courses, twelve of soups and stews, twelve of roasts and hashes, and twelve of fruits and desserts. I tasted religiously of each article that was set before me, and had an indigestion that lasted a week in consequence. We sat at table an hour for each set of courses, and between the sets we adjourned to another room for speeches and smoke. The wines were Chinese and European, so that all tastes were accommodated, and the Chinese took their full share of both varieties. They are particularly fond of champagne, and the consumption of that article among them is steadily on the increase. They are also fond of our potted meats and vegetables, and the commerce in these articles is growing every year.

The Chinese are very fond of dining at restaurants, where they can meet their friends, and the large cities contain many eating establishments of a high order. There is one at Canton which is three stories in height, and has a seating capacity for a large number of persons. Every night it is crowded to its fullest extent, and the carousals are continued to a late hour. Sometimes the dinners are ordered beforehand, and are quite elaborate in character, while at others they are very simple and consequently inexpensive. For the lower classes there are perambulating restaurants which are carried about on the shoulders of men; they have a stock of soup and boiled rice, which is kept warm by a small furnace. Whenever a coolie indicates a desire to eat something, the restaurant halts, and if the customer has the necessary cash he can be accommodated at once. Among the boat population there are floating restaurants which perform the same service as do the perambulating ones on land, and serve the food ready cooked to such as desire it.

From the south of China to the north is a long distance, and by the Chinese modes of travel a considerable time is required to accomplish it. In round figures it is 2,000 miles from Canton to Pekin, and a month is considered a short time for going over the route from one end to the other. The great canal is the best route, as it is far superior to the roads; the latter are the most ordinary tracks, quite unsuited to wheeled vehicles, and in many places they are barely practicable for saddle horses. The canals extend everywhere, and though the locomotion along them is somewhat slow, it is by no means uncomfortable. A boat will make from thirty to sixty miles a day, according to the state of the wind, and the crowded or clear condition of the canal. Sometimes the traffic on the canal is so great that boats can only move with difficulty, and they frequently become so blocked that long delays are the result. The Chinese consider the Imperial Canal the greatest work of this or any other age, and always mention it with pride. It has been of immense advantage to their commerce, and with it they are unable to see that they have any use for a railway. They have a strong prejudice against the telegraph, and will not allow its erection for fear that it will interfere with the currents of good luck on which a Chinese always lays great stress.

A short line of telegraph was once erected between

Shanghai and Woosung, on the route where the railway was afterward constructed. The Chinese made no opposition to it, officially or otherwise, but permitted the foreigners to amuse themselves by putting up the posts and wires in any way that suited their fancy. They did not understand the practical working of the telegraph, but supposed the foreigners employed active and invisible devils to run along the wires to convey messages. All went well for a time, until an old native happened to die in a house over which the telegraph wire passed. The rumor went abroad that one of the bearers of dispatches had neglected his business, descended from the wire, and killed the unfortunate Celestial. A mob of infuriated residents made short work of the dangerous innovation.

While Canton is the most interesting city in China for studying the habits of the people and their mode of life, Pekin is superior to it in affording a glimpse of the official character. As it is the capital, it is largely occupied with the bureaus of the different departments, and it is difficult to move without coming in contact with an official of some kind or other. Mandarins of all ranks abound, and they are constantly coming and going between the capital and the most distant parts of the Empire. The situation of the capital so far to one side of the country causes a vast amount of journeying that would be saved if the seat of government were in the centre, but the Chinese are averse to change, quite as much so as are the people of some other countries whose capitals are on the borders. The Government is satisfied with the situation as it is, and as the Government is everything, there is little probability that there will be any removal.

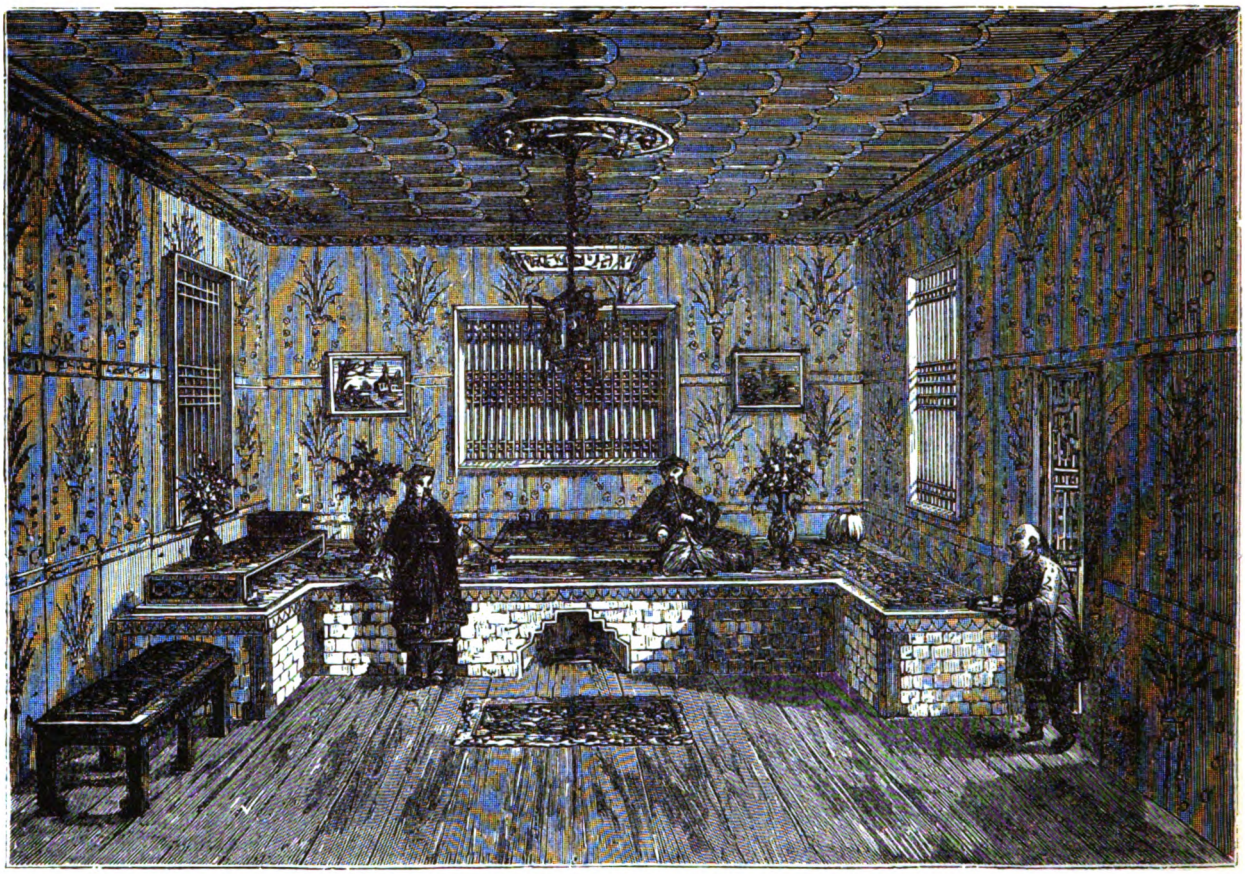
The Foreign Office at Pekin is one of the few parts of the official machinery that may be seen by a stranger. Here the officials who have the relations of China with other countries in their care and keeping come daily to discuss the state of affairs, and sometimes their dialogues have a good deal of animation. They are a fine body of men, and the group of dignitaries at the "Tsung-le yamun," or Pekin Foreign Office, is by no means an uninteresting sight. They never appear there without their robes of office, and each man wears on his hat the button which is the insignia of his rank. The button and plume—the latter worn horizontally—are the recognized designations of the mandarin all over the Empire. One sees them much more rarely in other cities than in Pekin, for the reasons already given; but wherever seen they are respected, as the mandarin has considerable power, and does not hesitate to use it. The Foreign Office at Pekin is noted for the politeness of its officials, and it is proverbial that when they are unwilling to grant a request they will offer any but the real reason for its refusal, through fear of giving offense.

Pekin abounds in temples and palaces, and it has been said that it contains more of the latter than all the rest of the Empire put together. Some of these edifices are magnificent, and were erected at enormous cost; but the most of them have suffered a great deal from the very natural decay that has fallen on them, and from the lack of money to keep them in repair. One of the most elaborate structures in this way is the Temple of Confucius, built in honor of the great expounder of the Chinese faith. It is maintained by the worshipers of the celebrated teacher, who come there every year in great numbers, and each one considers it a pious duty to contribute something, if even a trifle, in order that the temple may not come to grief. The style of architecture is unlike any with which we are acquainted. There are archways surmounted with roofs of the pattern peculiar to the East, the edges being curved and the cornices decorated with fine carvings. The top of a Chinese roof, where there is any attempt at elaboration, presents a series of scroll-work that makes the structure appear heavy, but at the same time adds greatly to the picturesque effect. Of late years European architects have been borrowing from the Chinese, and also from the Japanese, and have succeeded in adapting some of the Oriental features with very good effect. The Temple of Confucius at Pekin has been one of their studies, and the story goes that a French architect was specially sent to sketch its most salient points in the line of architecture.

The temple stands in the midst of a grove of trees, and some of them are said to be of great antiquity. The Chinese are great lovers of trees, and take much pains to preserve them, particularly around their temple and other public places. A man may live in a hovel, but he looks forward to a burial-place in a temple inclosure or in his private cemetery, with shade-trees above his grave, and perhaps a beautiful panorama before his eyes whenever he chooses to come out of his sleeping-place to survey the scene. Burial-places and temples stand in the way of public improvements more than anything else, and whenever a road or canal is talked of there is great difficulty in settling the question of the interference with the rights of the dead or of the religious. As I have stated elsewhere, this feeling is the outgrowth of the great reverence that the Chinese bear for their ancestors, and it is no mere sentiment that can be easily set aside, but the product of centuries of education.

Nearly every visitor to Pekin considers it a duty to go to the Great Wall, the famous structure that was intended to preserve the Empire from invasion, but which failed so signally to accomplish its purpose. The journey is not an easy one, as the road is bad, or rather it is no road at all, according to our ways of thinking. The Great Wall is about a hundred miles from Pekin, and the most convenient point for visiting it is at the town of Kalgan, where there is a Russian station in which a stranger may find protection in case of trouble. A part of the distance one can ride in a cart, but the best way is to take a mule litter or a saddle horse, as the cart can only be used a short distance, and is a very uncomfortable vehicle at best. The mule litter is a box with shafts at each end, and it is transported by putting a mule between each pair of shafts and allowing the weight to fall on the back of the beasts. The motion is not at all unpleasant, but the fastenings are generally quite insecure, and the box gets an occasional tumble to the ground, which is rendered somewhat exciting when the mules take that opportunity to run away. Mules, ponies, and all other animals with which a traveler associates in this part of China, are specially vicious toward foreigners, and I have vivid recollections of having my hat sent flying through the air by a pair of heels that had been freshly shod. Two or three inches nearer and lower, and these pages might not have been written.

The inhabitants of the region around the Great Wall are not well disposed toward strangers, and sometimes make their visit a trifle uncomfortable. They will not give any assistance to a traveler unless paid about four or five times what their services are worth, and occasionally they offer direct insults both by word and deed. However unwilling one may be to receive an insult without resenting it, the best way in the case of these fellows is to pass on as meekly as possible and get out of the neighborhood of the inhospitable natives. A New England



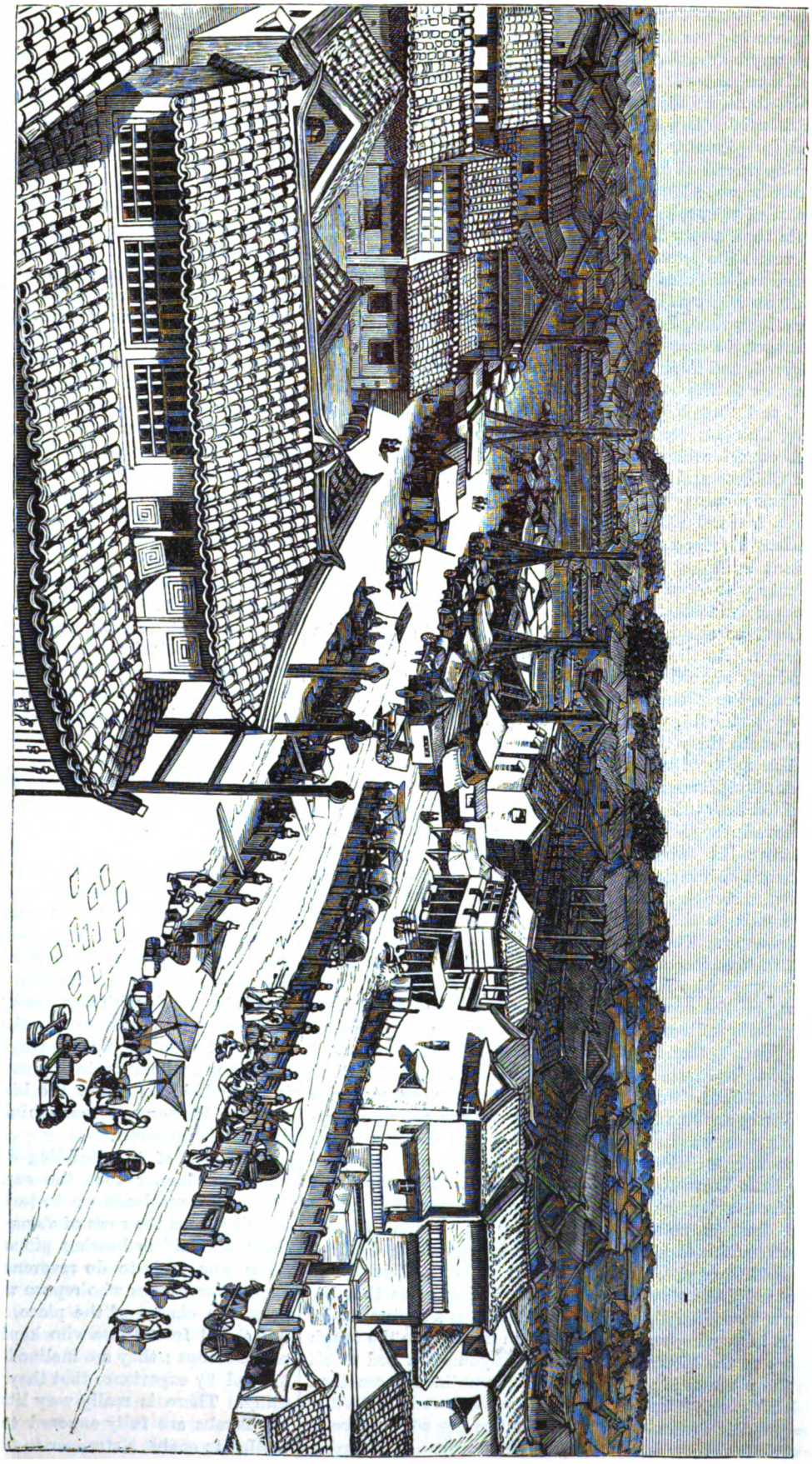
A CHINESE INTERIOR.

deacon used to say when some one misbehaved himself, "It's all owing to his bringing up," and we may as well consider that the demeanor of the rural Chinese is due to the defects of their education, and absolve them of any intent to do what they know to be wrong.

The Great Wall may be fairly considered as one of the

A CHINESE BANQUET.

wonders of the world, and it was particularly so at the time of its construction. It was built 2,000 years ago, to protect the Empire against the incursions of the Tartars or Mongols, who were threatening the conquest of China and who subsequently succeeded in their threat. It is about 1,200 miles long, and runs westward from the shores of the Gulf of Pech-i-Li to what was formerly the western frontier of the Empire. For the greater part of the way it consists of a wall of earth, faced with stone or brick, and paved on the top with tiles or bricks. Its width at the bottom is about 25 feet, and it diminishes to 15 feet wide at the top, with a height of 25 or 30 feet. In some parts of its course it is less substantial than this, being simply a wall of earth faced with brick, and not more than 15 feet high. At varying intervals there are towers of masonry, intended for watchmen and soldiers; they are generally 40 or 50 feet high, and the distance between them is usually not more than 300 feet. The wall follows all the inequalities of the surface of the country, winding over mountains and through valleys, crossing rivers by massive archways, and stretching like a sunbeam over the level plain. Think what a work this



SUBURBS AND GATES OF PEKIN.

would be at the present day, and then remember that it was performed twenty centuries ago, when the science of engineering was in its infancy, and the various mechanical appliances for moving heavy bodies were comparatively unknown! The wall failed to keep away the invaders, and no attention is paid to its preservation; the substantial character of the work is shown in the fact that, in spite of the ravages of time, it remains to astonish the engineers of modern days.

At Kalgan, where we visit it, the Wall is crumbling and a part of the archway has fallen out, but it is still so complete that a very little labor would repair it sufficiently to resist the attacks of invaders unprovided with firearms, and without military training and skilled leaders. Chinese history shows that it held the Tartars in check for a long time, but finally one of the attacking generals managed to force a passage at a point that was left uncovered, and having once traversed the barrier, he found his way to the capital comparatively unopposed. Pekin fell, and then began the Manchu domination of the Empire, that has continued to this day.

A considerable trade is carried on at Kalgan between the Chinese and the Russians, the latter bringing goods of their manufacture and the former bringing principally their tea and silks. There is a considerable balance against Russia, as her goods are not demanded to an extent sufficient to cover her purchases of tea; until twenty years ago the Russian authorities attempted to compel the trade to be entirely in the form of barter, and refused to allow the payment of money to cover the balance. As the law said that all purchases of Chinese products should be paid for with "articles of Russian manufacture," the merchants used to have images cast in silver and gold, which they disposed of by weight. No one could deny that they were of Russian manufacture, and in spite of repeated endeavors to put an end to the trade, it still went on. Finding that it was useless to try to interfere with commerce, the Government at length removed the restriction, and since then the business between the two Empires has been very large. Long caravans of camels laden with tea may be seen at Kalgan daily, setting out for their journey over the plains of Mongolia to the Russian frontier post at Kiachta, 700 miles away. The route is a dreary one, as the region is hot in Summer and piercing cold in Winter, and most Europeans who have once traversed it are not inclined to repeat the experiment. But the Mongol camel-drivers spend there lives there, and no sooner have they finished one journey than they are ready to set out on another.

There are numerous Chinese inns at Kalgan, but they do not afford a warm welcome to a stranger from America or Europe. In a Chinese inn you can generally get anything you want except food, drink and lodging; they have things that they call by the above names, but they are little more than apologies for them. The courtyard of the inn is usually filled with an assortment of mules and donkeys, and as they keep up a perpetual braying there is little chance for sleep; and, even if the donkeys would keep quiet, the same politeness is not likely to be shown by the tiny fleas and other living game that the house swarms with, and to whom there is a rapturous delight in preying on a tender skin in contrast to the tough hides of the Mongol plainsmen. If you get a bed at all in the place, it is pretty certain to be nothing more than a bank over a fireplace, and you are likely to be roused at frequent intervals by some chance traveler who wishes to cook his supper and is not particular whom he disturbs. After a night's rest in the tavern, you are inclined to go somewhere to take a little sleep.

Another and much easier excursion from Pekin is to the Tombs of the Mings and the Summer Palace of Yuen-Min-Yuen. The Ming Dynasty was one of the most celebrated that China has ever known; in fact, it was so famous that the present one is somewhat jealous of its exalted character, and has destroyed some of its monuments. For example, there were several fine tablets placed in the Temple of Confucius by the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, which have been replaced in modern times by tablets on which the glories of the present rulers of China are set forth. The road to the Tombs of the Mings is quite neglected, and at one time there was a proposal to remove the Tombs altogether under pretense of erecting some finer ones elsewhere, but the project was never carried out through fear that it would offend the Chinese reverence for burial-places and make a dangerous precedent on which the foreigners might demand concessions which could not be refused.

The approach to the famous Tombs is along a colonnade or avenue, which reminds one of the description of the celebrated Avenue of the Sphinxes, at Luxor, in the days of the glory of the Thebes. It is known as the "Colonnade of Gigantic Statues," and is more than a mile in length; for a part of the way the figures are of men, and they stand in a double row through which the roadway is carried. Many of them are 20 feet high, and some even more than this; they are hewn from single blocks of stone, which must have required great engineering skill to transport them from the quarries where they were cut. Another part of the Colonnade consists of figures of elephants and other animals, the elephants being of the natural size and the other beasts somewhat larger. If the surroundings were kept in an attractive condition, this approach to the mausoleum of bygone rulers would be one of the finest in the world, and it is to be regretted that, while the present Dynasty may properly revere its own ancestry, it does not hold an equal reverence for the great men that were not related to it.

The Tombs are in a large building like a temple; in fact, it serves as a temple where the devout people who choose to make the journey there may go to say their prayers. Some very ancient trees stand in the inclosure; they are reputed to be 500 years old, and to have been planted by one of the Emperors with his own hand. It is probable, however, that if he did plant the trees he did so by proxy, as the Emperor of China is not supposed to soil his hands with any practical industry. It is true that there is a custom for the Emperor to open the season of planting by plowing a furrow in a strip of ground near the Temple of Heaven, at Pekin. The plow is really held by one of the high officials of the Court, and the Emperor contents himself by looking on and giving his approval.

The floor of the building containing the Tombs is somewhat higher than the surrounding ground, and a series of steps leads up to it. There are little inclosures between the rows of steps, and on these inclosures there are tablets bearing pious inscriptions erected by those who wish to do reverence to the memory of the august personages who repose within. There are several priests in charge of the place, and they are said to be descended from those who kept the Tombs in the time of the Mings; they are inclined to be civil, as they have learned by experience that they may thereby make something. There is really very little for them to show, as the Tombs are fully exposed to view, and no guide is needed to enable a stranger to find them; the Tombs are covered with tablets and gilded inscriptions, but as they are all in Chinese, and our knowledge of that language is

somewhat limited, we will not stop to decipher them. The famous Garden of Yuen-Min-Yuen is about eight miles from Pekin; it was a Summer Palace of the Emperors, and was said to be one of the finest things of its kind in the world. The palace was destroyed by the combined forces of the English and French at the capture of Pekin, in 1860, and it is quite probable that the park would have been obliterated at the same time if the invaders had possessed the means of destroying it. The park contains about twelve square miles; the country where it is situated is broken into gentle undulations, and there are some hills two or three hundred feet high. Advantage was taken of the natural condition of the ground in laying out the park, so that every variety of hill and dale, meadow and woodland, could be presented; there are numerous canals, pools, rivulets and lakes, with their banks thrown up or diversified so as to imitate nature. The Chinese display great skill in the production of miniature parks, and there are several of these in the Garden at Yuen-Min-Yuen; there will be a complete representation of a landscape, with forests, rivers, bridges and meadows, in a space not more than a hundred feet square, and every feature will be accurately preserved. The trees are dwarfed to make them of the proper size, and the streams, not over a foot in width, have the meanderings of rivers, while the bridges that traverse them are on piles, as though they were models of huge structures for the navigable watercourses of the Empire.

The garden or park contained a handsome palace for the Emperor, and some thirty or more smaller buildings for the residence of the officers of the court when it was in its Summer quarters. The Emperor's palace was on an artificial hill, and was an attractive structure about two hundred feet long and of proportionate width and height. In front of it there was a fountain playing into a pool in which there were large numbers of gold-fish, and a stairway rose from each side of the pool; it curved so that the two ways met in front of the main entrance of the palace. On this stairway and in its vicinity was the favorite promenade of the ladies of the court, except when there was a reception or some other ceremonial that required them to remain out of sight. The windows of the palace were lofty, and the general architecture of the building was not unlike that of one of the smaller palaces at Versailles. There are rumors that a foreign architect was engaged on the work, but the Chinese strenuously deny that such was the case, and certainly the probabilities are against it.

The destruction of the palace and the robbery of the treasures it contained were severely condemned at the time by the nations who did not take part in the affair. The French and English justified themselves on the ground that it was necessary to make their power felt by the Government, and while they did not wish to injure any private property, they would do as much damage as possible to that of the Imperial authorities. The Emperor had fled to Tartary, where he subsequently died, and the Government was in confusion. The invaders struck the blow, and certainly it was a severe one. The property carried away amounted to many millions of dollars in value, and some of the English and French officers loaded themselves down with diamonds and precious stones of a lesser degree to an extent sufficient to lay the foundation of respectable fortunes. I have a friend in the English army who told me that the loot he obtained at Yuen-Min-Yuen was worth not less than ten thousand dollars, and that others made much more than this. The French took so much, that the art curiosities sent to Paris formed no inconsiderable part of the decorations of the Palace of the Tuileries, and some of the private apartments of the Empress Eugénie were entirely adorned with them.

When I was in Shanghai an interesting story was told me of a marauding expedition in which an American was engaged, and which afterward led to a great deal of diplomatic correspondence. It seems that a French missionary who had been in Corea and spent some time there, had fallen in with this American, and told him of the wonderful things he had seen during his career in carrying the gospel to the heathen. The American was an attentive listener, as he was on the lookout for something in which he might turn an honest penny, and was not particular as to the means he employed to turn it.

There was nothing particularly startling in the first part of the narrative, but by-and-by there came something that roused the listener to a pitch of excitement which he was careful to conceal. He saw that the honest penny was coming in sight, and an enterprising man might grasp it.

"The Kings of Corea," said the missionary, "are buried on the seashore, and they have been so buried for a great many generations. Their tombs are built in full view of the sea, so that they may have the benefit of every breeze that blows."

The American did not see anything wonderful in all this, and ventured to say so to the traveler.

"Of course there's nothing very remarkable in that," replied the latter; "but the remarkable thing is the way they make the coffins for the kings—every coffin is of solid gold and is an inch thick."

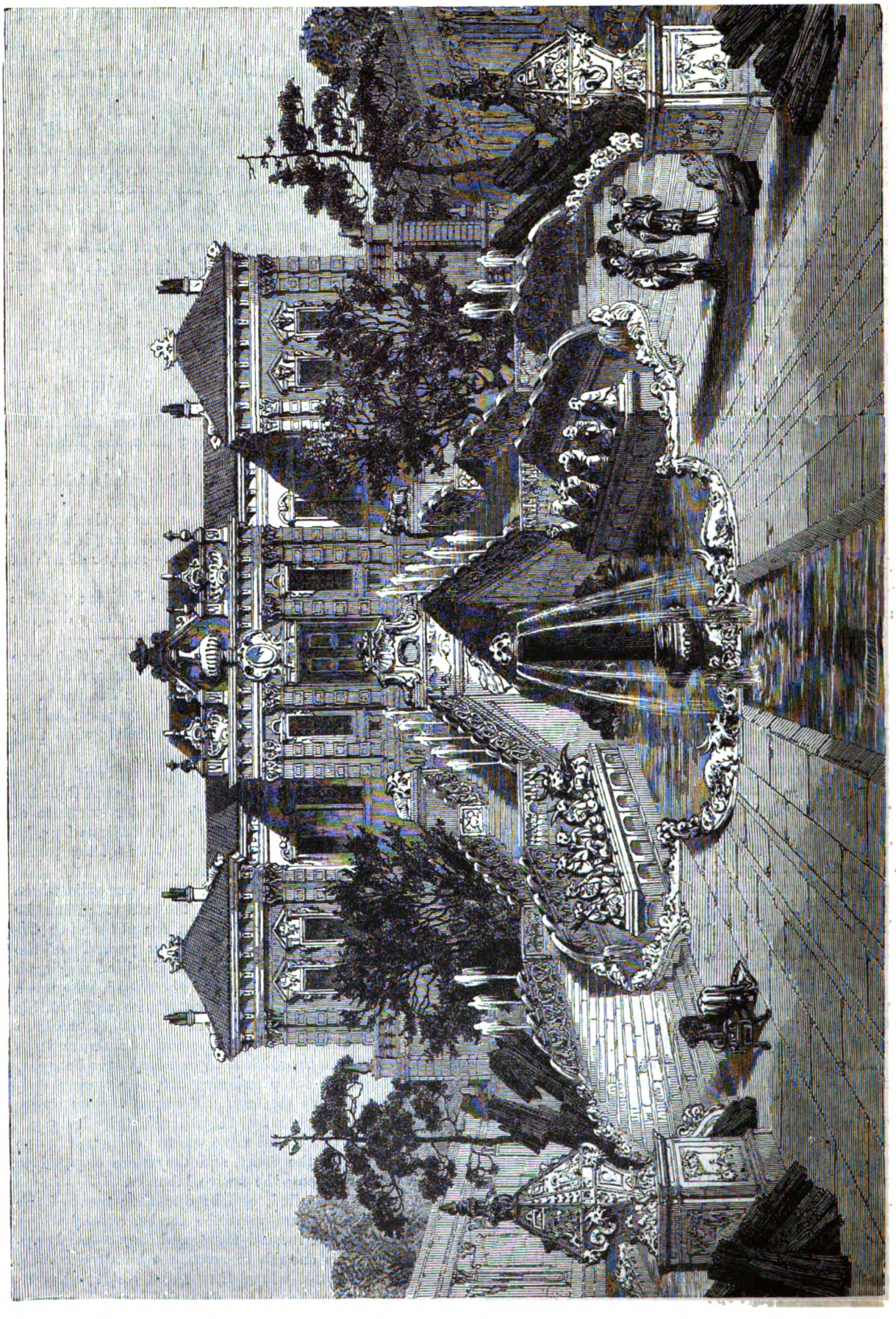
"Well, now you're talking," said the Yankee; "coffins of solid gold and an inch thick—and how many did you say there were of them?"

"They tell me," continued the missionary," that there were not less than a hundred of these kings, and from what I saw I think they were pretty near the truth. I went to the Tombs of the Kings, and was permitted to see one of the coffins, and they are certainly what they said they were, solid gold and very heavy."

The American took out his notebook, and said the information was so interesting that he must send it to the Antiquarian Society of New York. Under pretense of making an article for the benefit of the antiquarians, he learned all that he could of the location of the tombs and the facilities for reaching them.

The next day he hunted up an acquaintance in whom he could trust, and told him the story. Then he proposed to get up an expedition for plundering the tombs and bringing away as many as possible of the golden coffins. As there was a prospect of making a handsome thing out of the affair, the friend, who was a German, consented to join the enterprise and link his fortunes with the American. They went to work as secretly as possible, chartered a small steamer, and engaged men for the expedition. Provisions were brought, and suitable tools for plundering the tombs were conveyed on board the steamer. Of course the men were not taken into the secret lest they should "give it away." They were told that a coal mine was to be opened in one of the islands on the coast, and they were engaged to preserve order among the native laborers.

The expedition sailed, and in due time reached the coast of Corea. There were the tombs, exactly where the missionary had located them, and they certainly appeared numerous enough to contain a hundred coffins. A Corean fisherman, whom they lured on board, confirmed the truth of the tale and carried joy to the hearts of the adventurers. Fortune was within their grasp.



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.—"'WHAT IS THE MATTER, GENTLEMEN?' EXCLAIMED THE VOICE, IN TONES OF THE STRONGEST SURPRISE. 'YOU SURELY ARE NOT MOLESTING A LADY!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Their plan was to land at night, and endeavor to surprise the custodians of the place so as to prevent their giving any alarm. They would then proceed to open the tombs and transport the coffins to the steamer, and they intended to work at a lively rate so as to take in as many as possible before resistance came to their operations. The men were informed as to the real object of the expedition and promised a share of the plunder, and as they were not particularly troubled with scruples they readily agreed to go in and win.

The steamer stood off in the daytime, but she returned at night with all her lights carefully concealed. The weather favored the thieves; the sea was calm as a pond, and they had not the least difficulty in getting their working force ashore. They surprised the custodians, or thought they had done so, and then they attacked the masonry of which the tombs were composed.

An old adage has it that the best laid schemes of men and mice are liable to slip up. It was so in the enterprise under consideration; there was a weak point about it that the schemers had not thought to cover.

The masonry of the tombs was so solid that the picks could make no impression upon it, or at all events what impression they could make was too slight for unalloyed satisfaction. Vainly did the projectors wish that they had brought drills and powder to blow up the sleeping-places of the dead rulers of Corea; wishing was all very well, but it wouldn't bring the needed materials and tools. They hammered away all night without succeeding in getting to the inside of a single tomb; the Coreans

were evidently honest builders, and when they made tombs for their kings they determined that the work should last. They didn't intend to have any dead kings coming out nights to wander around and disturb the living ones.

As day broke it became evident that the alarm had been given somehow, and the hosts of Corea were gathering to interfere with their plans. There was a large town fifteen or twenty miles away, as they had learned from the missionary, and they had calculated that it would take at least a day to assemble a force sufficiently large to drive them away and bring it to the scene of action, and by that time they had hoped to have gathered enough of the coffins to make a handsome profit on the money they had invested in the enterprise.

They retired without a single coffin to bless themselves with, and they did not retire a minute too soon. A Corean army was coming for them, and coming with a determination to make it very warm for the sacrilegious invaders. There is not the slightest doubt that every man who fell into their hands would have been put to death, and without any attempt to make his death an easy one. The Coreans are among the most cruel people in the world, and prisoners in their hands are not likely to receive kind treatment. Especially would they have been inclined to deal severely with men who came with the purpose of robbing the graves of the kings whom they held in reverence.

The expedition returned to Shanghai and the men were discharged. Very soon the story became known, and reached the ears of the authorities. The American was arrested by order of the American Consul, and for some months he had the pleasure of occupying the consular jail. The German was arrested by the consul of his country, and there was considerable correspondence with the Imperial authorities touching the disposition to be made of the culprits. It was finally determined to release them. They speedily disappeared from Shanghai, and the places that had known them were not further troubled with their presence.

MY TOAST.

By A. M. Heathcote.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast!"
All were in merry trim;
Each, except me, could boast
One who had smiled on him.
Dora we'd toasted, Kate,
Margery, Etheldred;
Now it was getting late,
It was my turn, they said.

"She that you love the most,
"Give us the name!" they cried.
Forced to propose a toast,
"Lilian!" I replied.
"Lilian" sounded well.
Blushing eighteen no more;
Why was I bound to tell
That she had passed three-score?

"Has she blue eyes—your queen—
Hazel or black?" said they.
"Kindly and clear and keen,
And of a tender gray."
Why was I forced to add,
"Spectacles large and blue,
Now that her sight is bad,
Shelters their gaze so true."

"Golden or brown her hair?"
"Soft," I replied, "and light."
This I conceived was fair,
Since it is nearly white.
"What is her voice in tone?"
"Gentle and soft and low."
Was I obliged to own
Sorrows have made it so?

"And do you love her best
Under the whole blue sky?
And for her lightest 'hest
Would you be glad to die?
Would you that, for her good,
Troubles should fall on you?"
"Gladly," I said, "I would."
That at the least was true.

Then as their glasses rang,
Dancing with flashes red,
"Lilian!" out they sang;
"Here's to her health," they said,
"Gray-eyed and blonde—a belle—
"Blushing eighteen—no more!"
Lilian sounded well,
Why should I tell them more?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Ada Conyers, and she stepped back a pace or two, and stood, with clasped hands, and in an attitude expressive of intense admiration, before an elegant robe of violet satin, whose soft glossy folds hung from the pillows of the couch, across which it was thrown, to its very foot.

"Lovely indeed," replied her cousin, Kate Effingham. "You could not have selected a prettier costume for our masquerade, Ada, than this dress of a French marquise. It will be distractingly becoming. Of course, however," with a meaning smile—"that's not your sole reason for choosing it."

"Now, Kate, none of your insinuations," said Miss Conyers, in an injured tone. "I knew just how it would be when I selected this costume. As if I couldn't transform myself for one night into an antiquated Frenchwoman, without being accused by an uncharitable world of doing it to please Count de Montreville. Is it *my* fault that he comes from Paris?"

"No, dear—only your misfortune," responded Kate; "but don't grow so indignant, Ada, or I shall be afraid to tell you that Mrs. Washington Jones inquired the other day if my cousin from St. Louis was *really* going to marry a 'Parishioner.' She'll be sure that your fate is sealed when she sees you in your marquise dress."

"She may think what she pleases—a miserable old gossip," said Ada. "I chose it because it was becoming, and for no other reason. I am tired to death of shepherdesses, and flower-girls, and wood-nymphs. The rustic style never suited my taste."

"That's well," said her cousin, demurely, "for you'll offer no competition to the charms of the eldest Miss Jones, who, I hear, is to appear as Bo-Peep—crook, pink ribbons and all."

"What! the tall, scraggy one?" said Ada, contemptuously. "I fancy she'll not have much trouble in counting her sheep. But, Kate, what other costumes have you ferreted out?—for this grows interesting."

"Only a few," replied Miss Effingham. "George Tremaine wishes to be Antony, principally, I suspect, because Miss Wilhelmina Jones has chosen to be Cleopatra. Being rather hazy, however, as to the proper costume for a Roman warrior of that period, he came to me for counsel. I strongly advised green velvet smalls and a peaked hat, so, the first Italian brigand you chance to meet in the crowd may be safely addressed as Marc Antony. I have tried my best to discover your cousin's intended disguise, but all in vain. He may be anything, from Apollo to a Zulu Chief, for aught I know."

"You may be sure of one thing," said Ada, emphatically. "Whatever costume he chooses will be in perfect taste. But, Kate, it's too bad that you, as hostess, should be cut off from all the fun."

"Just my opinion," said her cousin, plaintively. "Fancy my feelings when I see you girls flitting about in your rainbow robes, while I stand there condemned to white muslin and native simplicity."

"Couldn't you violate rules for once?" suggested Ada, inquiringly. "After you and Aunt Effingham receive the guests, what's to prevent your slipping on a mask and mixing with the company? You could have plenty of sport, and return to your post before the hour for unmasking."

"I have no costume," said Miss Effingham, despondently, "and it takes some time to change one's dress. No, Ada, it couldn't be done."

"Oh, as to that," cried Ada, eagerly, "there are a thousand things you might use to conceal your white muslin. Ask Miss Fleming here. She prepared my costume so beautifully, I am sure she could think of something."

The individual thus appealed to—a pretty, delicate-looking girl of eighteen or nineteen, with dark eyes, clear olive complexion, and of rather foreign appearance—came slowly forward a step or two.

She was assistant at one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the city, and had just brought home the marquise dress which so greatly excited Ada's admiration.

It had been a weary job for the poor young dressmaker, for Ada, though she lavished her compliments and smiles alike on all around her, from her seamstress to her suitors, was at heart a most difficult person to please, and had given and countermanded so many orders on the subject of this very costume, that one less patient and skillful than Elise Fleming would assuredly have lost all courage.

She ran her eyes, critically now, over Kate's round, rosy face and plump little figure.

"The grand style would not suit you," she said, smiling. "You should have something quaint and arch. What do you say to a Mother Hubbard dress?"

Ada clapped her hands triumphantly.

"The very thing, Kate!" she exclaimed. "That long, loose cloak will completely hide the muslin dress, and the old-fashioned bonnet, with a cluster of feathers and a scarlet bow, will be ever so cute and becoming. I knew we could trust to Miss Fleming."

"I will do my best," said Elise, modestly, "if Miss Effingham wishes to order the costume."

And Kate, though still looking a little doubtful, yielded to Ada's entreaties and gave the order.

"Now, be sure to bring it yourself, Miss Fleming," cried Ada, as Elise turned toward the door. "I want you to help me in putting on my own costume, and there might be some alteration to make in it, even at the eleventh hour."

She smiled sweetly as she spoke, and the young girl returned the smile, though with a slight effort.

A look of utter weariness came over her expressive features as she passed down the steps of the elegant mansion and made her way into the street.

The struggle for daily bread was a hard one, and Elise was alone in the world—utterly alone; but she was not the girl to shrink from any amount of labor, if it rose before her in the form of duty.

Mechanically she pursued her way, thinking over the conversation she had just heard between the cousins, and, even as she did so, a look of vague yet intense recollection began to dawn in her eyes.

"De Montreville?" she murmured to herself! "that was the name she called. It is the same my mother has so often repeated to me. She owned that we bore to each other no tie of blood or kindred, yet bid me, if ever I met a member of that family, to give to such a one the sealed paper she wrote before her death, bearing the name of Julie, Countess de Montreville. She bid me appeal to the kindness of these De Montrevilles, and claim their protection. But for me—a poor sewing-girl—to obtrude myself upon this young French nobleman, to assert a claim on his family in virtue of a sealed paper addressed to some relative of his, who may not even now be living—it would be folly, utterly folly. My poor mother must have been dreaming when she counseled such an act. The many troubles she endured—my father's dissipated life, his unfortunate death—all these things must have affected her mentally, and this paper, written just before her death, is probably but some vagary of a mind weakened by poverty and disease. In that case I should be repulsed as an impostor, subjected to scorn, suspicion, perhaps loss of character."

Her countenance fell, and she was silent for a moment.

"And yet," she resumed, as she slowly and thoughtfully continued her walk, "I know, from the few allusions my mother ever made to the past, that in her own country she once had rich and powerful friends. I would that I could place this paper in the hands of the young Frenchman without making myself known to him."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, the two cousins, thus left together, remained silent for several minutes.

Ada laid back luxuriously in her chair, playing with the tassel of her morning-gown, while Kate regarded her intently, but without speaking.

She had begun to suspect that this fair Western cousin, who had lately arrived in the city on a visit to her New York relatives, and whose beauty was the theme of general admiration, was scarcely the sincere, the faultless being she had at first believed her, but even she was scarcely prepared for such thorough selfishness as Ada often exhibited.

This very ball, given in her honor, was but another opportunity for its display.

Not satisfied with harassing Elise, to whose taste she had taken a wonderful fancy, by a thousand contradictory orders, she had concluded by insisting that Miss Fleming should be present the night of the ball to array her in her costume, and see that it was thoroughly *au fait*.

This office Elise might very properly have declined, and Kate wondered not to hear her do so, but, besides being kind-hearted and obliging, she felt a somewhat

natural fear of losing her situation, should she do aught to offend a customer of Miss Conyers's wealth and social position.

"Katie, dear," said Ada, suddenly rousing herself from her reverie, "now that you have really determined to wear that Mother Hubbard dress and see a little of the fun yourself, don't you want to do me a particular favor?"

"I'm not by any means positive that I shall wear the dress," answered her cousin; "but name your favor, Ada."

"Oh, yes, you must certainly wear it!" cried Ada, entreatingly. "It would be too bad to put poor Miss Fleming to all this trouble for nothing. She is so much interested in it—she is going to bring it herself, you know. Now, Katie, I want you, when you are among the crowd, to keep your eyes open. You are so quick, you will easily discover Count de Montreville. There is nothing improper, during a masquerade, in addressing him yourself and entering into conversation. Then ask him—well, any questions that may occur to you. Find out what he thinks of America, its people, its society, and above all," with a light laugh, "of *one* unworthy member of that society into which he is now thrown. I have a fancy for secretly discovering his sentiments. Say, will you undertake the task, cousin mine?"

"Before I undertake to discover the count's sentiments, Ada," said Miss Effingham, rather coldly, "may I be permitted to inquire a little into your own? I have already seen you set yourself deliberately to work to interest several different gentlemen, none of whom, as I happen to know, have you the least intention of marrying. Is the count simply intended as another specimen for dissection? If so, I tell you plainly I refuse to assist in his destruction. He may rush headlong on it himself, if he pleases. *I* will lend no helping hand."

"Don't be so strictly moral and virtuous, my dear Kate," said Miss Conyers, languidly. "It's positively overpowering to a poor, weak mortal like myself. My intentions with regard to the count, did you say? Isn't it rather reversing the order of things to ask me *my* intentions? They are quite vague just at present. Only De Montreville *is* a lovely name, and I should like, above all things, to be a countess."

Ere Kate could reply to this last observation, the door opened and a servant approached with a card.

"The Count de Montreville!" cried Ada, gayly, casting her eyes on the name. "Tell him I will be down in a few moments. Now, dear Mother Hubbard, don't be obstinate, but promise!"

"If I wear the dress, I will do as you wish," answered Kate, rather shortly.

And her cousin, satisfied with this concession, departed to arm herself for conquest.

* * * *

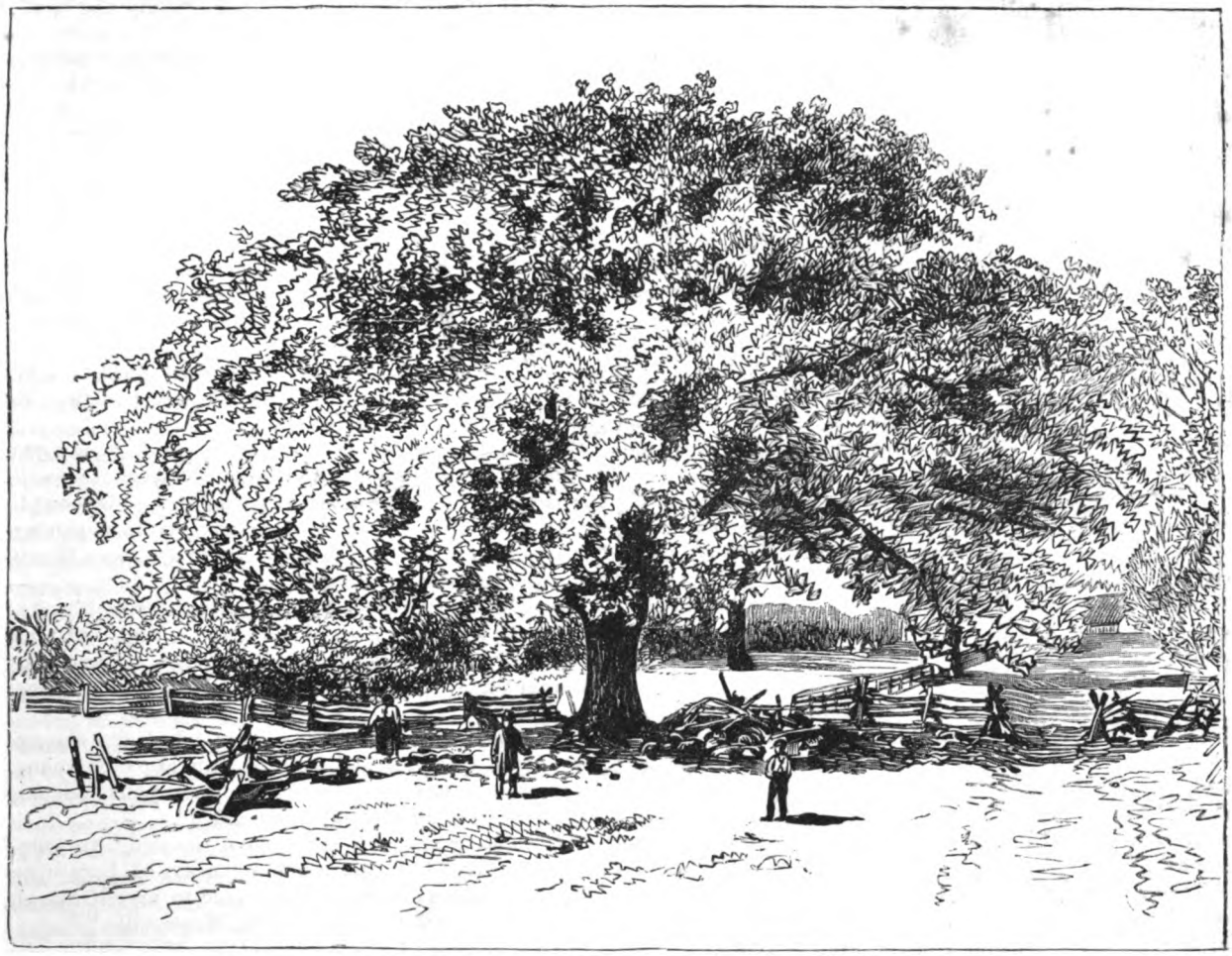
The eventful night of the ball had arrived. Ada, after waiting till the last moment in the hope of Elise's appearance, had been forced to make her toilet without any assistance from that quarter, and had complained loudly, in consequence, of Miss Fleming's carelessness and ingratitude, although what reason she had for showing any special gratitude was, as Kate remarked, "a profound secret."

Meanwhile, the subject of these comments was toiling painfully along, her heavy waterproof cloak buttoned to her throat, to protect her against the cold, piercing wind, and a large package, folded securely in paper upon her arm. She reached the house, now blazing with lights from top to bottom, and, after hesitating a moment, concluded to slip around to the servants' entrance, and make her way up-stairs to Miss Effingham's chamber unmolested. She had already reached a staircase which led to the second story, and was congratulating herself on her success in escaping all notice, when the door of a dressing-room above was noisily opened, and a large party of young men, some of whom were rather the worse for wine, issued forth, and began, with shouts of laughter, to make their descent.

THE GENIUS OF VICTORY.

Elise, with her bundle on her arm, shrunk to one side, hoping to elude observation, but the very act seemed to attract their notice.

"What have we here?" cried one. "A new costume. Stand and deliver your goods, mademoiselle, or tell us for whom they are intended? We can keep a secret."



THE GREAT COUNCIL TREE OF THE SENECAS.— SEE PAGE 503.

"I have none to share with you," said Elise, proudly, drawing her small figure up to its full height. "I am here on business. Let me pass."

"Not till you show us the costume," lisped one enterprising youth, laying his hand on the bundle. "Is it for the lovely Conyers? Speak, oh, speak!"

"My pretty perfumer—I beg pardon—costumer," said another, whose eyes were decidedly glazed, "now don't be cruel. We only wish to steal a little information. You may trust to our honor. We never betray."

"Trust to *your* honor!" cried Elise, scornfully. "Ay—such honor as there is among thieves. Steal your information if you choose so to do. You shall get none of it from me."

She grasped her bundle tightly in her small hands, and stood erect, all her Gallic blood burning in her cheeks, and her dark eyes sparkling with scorn and anger. The sight sobered even those wine-exhilarated boys, though not more so, perhaps, than the sound of a footstep at the head of the stairs, and a voice which caused Elise to look up, for it had the soft southern accent—that accent of France in which her own mother used to speak.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" exclaimed the voice, in tones of the strongest surprise. "You surely are not molesting a lady?"

"Oh, sir," cried Elise, eagerly, her own voice for the first time trembling with excitement, "will you not make them leave me? They are trying to detain me—to rob me of my package!"

In an instant De Montreville, for it was he, was by her side. But there was no occasion for him to show his chivalry. Her tormentors, with either sullen or scornful looks, had fallen back to right and left; most of them continued their way down the staircase, and ere the young count had time to demand an explanation, there was no one left to bar her progress.

"Will you allow me?" he said, respectfully, taking her bundle on his own arm, for although his quick eye had, at a glance, discovered by Elise's garb and appearance her position as a workwoman, it had also taken in the vivid beauty and the lioness-like port with which the little maiden had stood at bay.

"You must excuse the rudeness and insolence of those young men," he said, gravely, as he followed Elise to the threshold of a door, where she paused. "They have been drinking wine, else they would not have so presumed."

He bowed politely and left her—left her, as Elise afterward remembered, before she had even thanked him for his kindness.

Still trembling from the excitement of her recent encounter, she entered Kate's chamber, and was relieved beyond measure to find it vacant. It gave her some little time to rest herself and regain her composure. She had spread the costume on the bed, and was admiring its beauty, when Kate entered hastily.

"You here, Miss Fleming?" she exclaimed. "I had completely given you up. I left the parlor for a moment's rest. My head is aching terribly."

She threw herself across the couch, as she spoke, and began dipping her handkerchief in a bottle of cologne-water, which she had taken from the bureau.

"What a pity," said Elise, gently, as she slipped a cool, soft pillow underneath the girl's throbbing temples. "Let me bathe your head a while. Then you will feel better, and be able to play Mother Hubbard with fine effect."

"I'm afraid not," said Kate, with a sigh. "Have you brought the costume, Miss Fleming?"

Elise responded with a pardonable pride by exhibiting her work.

"Put it on," said Kate, authoritatively; and the little sewing-girl, nothing loath, threw the scarlet cloak around her, and drew on the large, old-fashioned bonnet, with its scarlet and gold-colored bows, and its soft, curling feathers, slightly over the rich, dark rings of hair that waved about her forehead.

Kate, in spite of her headache, was enchanted with the pretty little picture; but she shook her head with a smile when Elise asked if she were ready to don the dress herself.

"My head pains me far too much," she replied. "I couldn't do justice to that or any other fancy costume." Then, with a sudden impulse: "Miss Fleming, why can't you wear it yourself? You've had a great deal of trouble about this ball, and it's but fair you should enjoy some of the pleasure. Put on the mask. Nobody'll detect you, and it will be quite amusing to hear the comments."

Elise hesitates, her face turning crimson. She had the true French love of pleasure, and but few opportunities to gratify it; but she had also a large amount of pride, and, in spite of Kate's good-natured suggestion, rather shrank from entering a company of people, who, in the social scale, would inevitably be considered her superiors.

Then a thought flashed across her mind. The paper—sealed paper! Might she not have some opportunity, in the crowd, to approach De Montreville, to find out, in an indirect manner, whether he knew aught of her or hers?

She felt sure she should recognize him now from that encounter on the stairs. She had heard one of the young men near her pronounce his name, and had noticed so keenly his height, his bearing, and, above all, his accent, that she could not be deceived.

Yes, she would certainly take this chance which had so strangely fallen in her way. If it proved nothing else, it would be, at least, a break in the monotony of her life.

"Miss Effingham," she said, turning a face aglow with shame and excitement toward Kate, "you will not mention it—you will let no one know."

"Not a soul," said Kate, merrily. "There, that's right. Go at once, and have as jolly a time as you can."

She watched Elise don the little gauze mask, with its edge of silver fringe, and steal lightly down the stairs; then, after resting a few moments longer, rose and prepared to return to her guests.

"Poor little creature!" she said to herself. "I hope she'll enjoy it."

And soon after, surrounded by a gay throng in every imaginable costume, laughing, jesting, and trying her best to penetrate each fresh disguise, Kate had temporarily forgotten both her headache and Elise's very existence.

Meanwhile, the Count de Montreville, after concluding a waltz with a certain beautiful French marquise, and receiving from her such convincing proofs of her identity that he felt it would take no Solomon to pronounce *her* name, had resigned her to her next partner, and was leaning abstractedly against the wall, watching the gay scene.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, turning, found himself face to face with a little old woman in a scarlet cloak, who bent over a crutch, with such an elaborate affectation of age as amused him beyond expression.

"In the name of Cinderella and her fairy godmother!" he exclaimed, "who are you, my small friend, and where did you come from?"

"I am Old Mother Hubbard," she quickly replied, in French. "Do not waste your English on me, monsieur. Speak to me in your own language, the soft tongue of France that I love so well."

Her gentle, musical tones, the perfect purity of her pronunciation, surprised the count not a little. He glanced at her in surprise.

"Willingly," he replied, "would I speak in my own tongue, and especially to one who understands it so well. If a lady of your venerable age does not disdain compliments, I should say that, even among my own countrywomen, I have never heard our language more beautifully spoken than by yourself."

"Are ladies *ever* insensible to compliments?" asked Elise, with a roguish flash of her eyes. "But you must not be surprised to hear me speak French. I am many hundred years old, you know, and I belong to all climes and nations."

"Doubtless," answered the count; "but, like some of your contemporaries in literature, you are ever young. From what quarter of the globe does your ladyship come this evening to attend our ball?"

"It matters not how far I have traveled," answered Elise, firmly; "but this much I can say: I have come hither with some difficulty and danger to myself, simply that I might speak to the Count de Montreville."

"You evidently know me," said De Montreville, with a highly amused smile. "This grows interesting. Shall we adjourn to the conservatory, my good Mother Hubbard, or must some darker and more melodramatic spot be found ere you can make your communication?"

"By no means," said Elise, delighted at the prospect of escaping from the parlors, and accepting the count's arm. A few steps brought them to the designated spot, where the dim light of a swinging lamp falling on the glossy leaves and shrubs, and the soft splash of the fountain in the centre, did indeed render the place sufficiently melodramatic for almost any communication.

It was entirely deserted by the gayer couples, who had all repaired to the parlors, and with a sigh of satisfaction Elise sank into a low rustic seat.

"And now, ancient and mysterious sibyl," said De Montreville, who still considered the whole affair as a jest, "will you not speak and tell me whither you come?"

"I come," said Elise, with a sudden inspiration, "from your own country—from France. I come from one who bears your name—Julie de Montreville."

"Ha! my mother!" exclaimed the young nobleman, in surprise. "What mean you by this?"

"She bids you," continued Elise, firmly, "execute the task which I shall give you; but seek not to penetrate my disguise. There is a paper—a sealed paper, which is intended but for her eye. Will you, if I convey it to your hands, ask no questions, but see that it reaches her in safety?"

"And you?" queried De Montreville, in astonishment; "do you not intend to tell me aught of yourself—how you became possessed of this mysterious paper?"

"I can tell you nothing at present," answered Elise, her tones a little tremulous; "but if your mother, after reading that paper, cares to communicate with me, go to Miss Effingham. She can tell you where to find Old Mother Hubbard."

"I begin to believe this an enchanted house," said the young nobleman, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow. "Twice this evening have I been forcibly and unexpectedly reminded of my mother."

"Twice?" inquired Elise, in surprise.

"Ay, twice!" said the count. "In my mother's private sitting-room at the Château de Montreville, there hangs a portrait of one of her earliest and dearest friends. They were playmates in childhood, were educated at the same convent, and grew up inseparable; but widely, alas! did their paths diverge in after life. My mother married the Count de Montreville—a nobleman of high rank and wealth—whilst Mademoiselle Dubois unfortunately became fascinated with a young English artist—a man of some talent, but little principle—who gave lessons in the town in which she resided. Against the remonstrances of all her friends, she finally married this man, and by the act so angered her father, a wealthy manufacturer in Marseilles, that he not only disinherited her, but refused ever to see her more. She left France with her husband, and her after fate has always been a matter of obscurity. It was rumored that they had emigrated to America, and my mother has often since made efforts to discover some trace of her unhappy friend, but all in vain. Pride probably sealed her lips, and kept her from applying for aid to those who had known her in more prosperous days. This evening, on the staircase, I saw a face—the living, breathing likeness of the portrait that hangs in my mother's portrait. It was that of a poor sewing-girl, whom some rude boys had insulted as she came to bring her work. But you tremble—you are cold! I have detained you here too long with my story. Pardon me, and we will adjourn to the parlors."

"Not now, monsieur," said Elise, rising. "Mother Hubbard must bid you adieu. It rests with yourself whether we shall ever meet again."

"Then the matter is decided!" cried De Montreville, eagerly, seizing her hand. "But grant me at least one favor. Remove your mask, though but for a moment. Let me have one glimpse of your countenance before we part."

Without replying, Elise turned toward the door of the conservatory. As she reached the threshold, she paused, and, slipping aside her mask for one instant, revealed to the count the lovely, laughing face of the portrait he knew so well.

* * * * * *

When the Count de Montreville, after a night spent in restless and troubled dreams, rose the next morning, and summoned his valet to assist at his toilet, that estimable personage delivered to his master a sealed packet, which he said a lady closely vailed had just left at the door. On the paper was written, "Remember your promise, and seek not to find me save by your mother's authority."

The young count kept his word, and, though racked with curiosity, to say nothing of a deeper feeling, bravely repressed his impatience, and refrained from asking Kate the question which was always in his mind.

The sealed paper was at once dispatched to his mother with a full account of all that had occurred, and the count, while waiting for an answer, continued his visits to his friends, the Effinghams, but his manner was absent and preoccupied, and Ada, after vainly trying all her arts to rouse him from his abstraction, declared, with a haughty shrug of her shoulders, that Count de Montreville had completely changed, and she no longer considered him either interesting or agreeable.

Two months had elapsed since the night of Miss Effingham's ball, when Elise, worn and weary, after a hard day's work, ascending the staircase to her humble apartments, was surprised to find her door ajar.

A look revealed two figures awaiting her.

The first she knew at a glance, but who was this stately dame that, robed in velvet and furs, stood by the hearthstone?

One long searching gaze the countess gave, then drew the little sewing-girl tenderly into her arms.

"Armand was right," she said. "This is indeed Elise's child. You have your mother's eyes—your mother's smile. Will you share my home henceforth, dear child, and love me as your mother did?"

"Madame, you are too good," faltered Elise, as if in a dream.

"Nay," said the countess, gently, "the obligation will be on your side. Your grandfather, influenced by a good priest, who had been your mother's friend and confessor, revoked on his deathbed the will whereby he had disinherited her, and you, as his only grandchild, are now sole heiress of his wealth. You will find many to fawn upon and flatter you, but none who can care for you more truly than your mother's oldest friend. I have none to love but Armand. Will you fulfill your mother's last wishes, and be to me as a daughter?"

Elise hesitated, and her eyes, as if involuntarily, sought those of De Montreville.

The look, so full of eager hope, of love, and rapture, which she met there, caused her to blush crimson as she turned toward his mother.

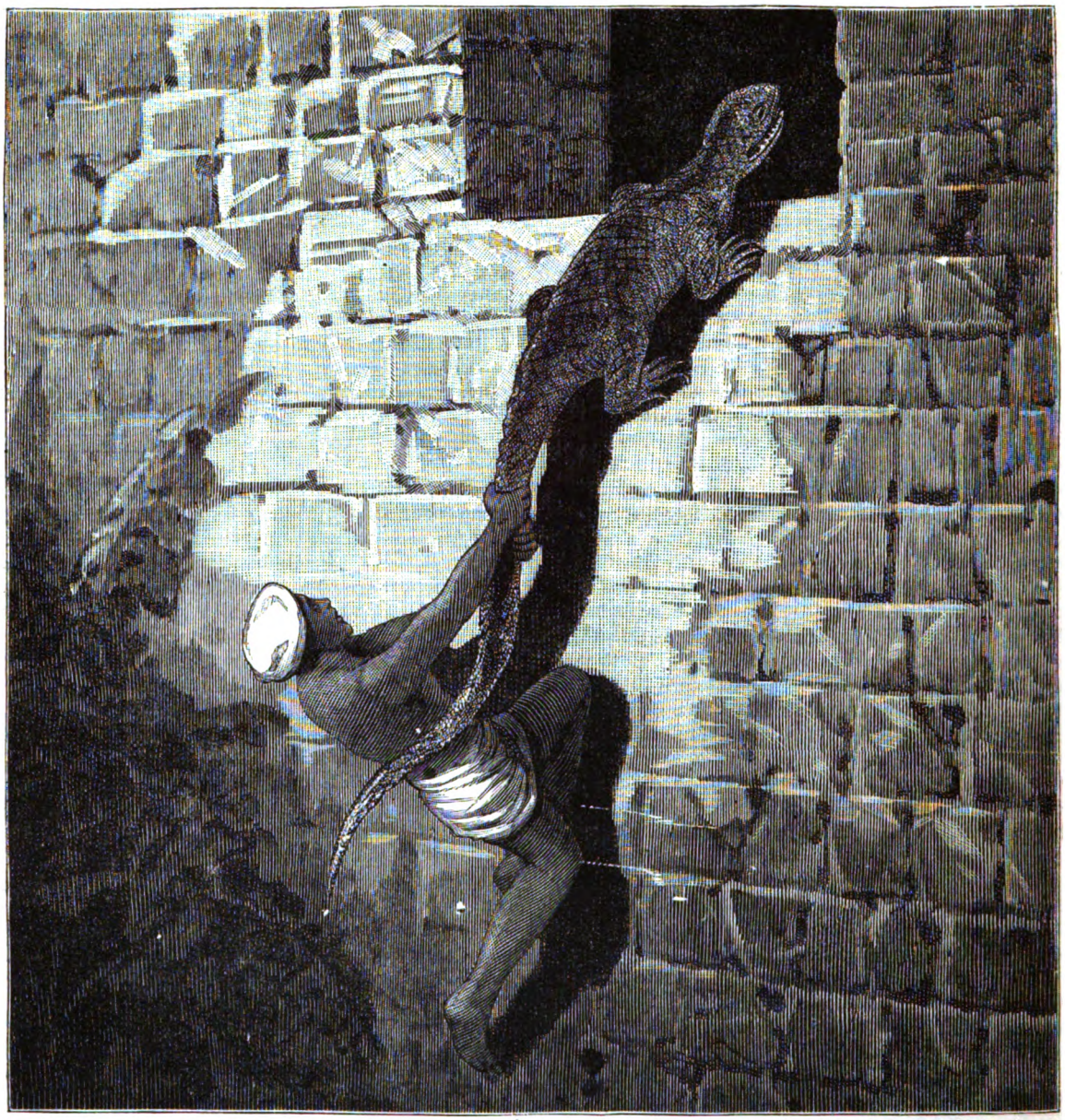
The countess's quick eye had caught the glance which passed between them, and a sudden light shot into her own.

"My daughter!" she exclaimed, joyfully, drawing the young girl once more to her heart; and those two words proved, indeed, the prophecy of Mother Hubbard's future fate.

THE GREAT COUNCIL TREE OF THE SENECAS.

The great Council Tree of the Senecas, on the Old Castle Farm—Kanadesaga (Geneva, N. Y.)—of Jerome Loomis, is now owned and occupied by his children. This large elm is, in fact, a double tree—the two bodies branching just above the ground. Its measurement (August 21st, 1879), is as follows: Trunk, just above the ground, but near the crown of the roots, 25 feet; two feet above the last measurement, or about three feet from the ground, 21 feet 3 inches; trunk of west branch, 13 feet 6 inches; east branch, 15 feet 2 inches. The last two measurements five feet from the ground. Spread of the whole tree, 120 feet.

This noble elm is situated east of the ridge on the farm, on the east side of the old Pre-emption Road, and a little to the east of north from Old Castle, and was in the midst of the cornfields of the Seneca Indians at Kanadesaga. To the north of it was a fine peach orchard, destroyed by Sullivan's army, September 8th, 1779. Under the edge of the tree is the figure of a person with his foot on a stone. This stone is about four feet long and twenty inches wide, with a hollow scooped out toward the end, and was used by the Indians for pounding corn in, and is in the same place where it was used and left by them.



A NOVEL BURGLARY.—"HANGING TO ITS TAIL WAS A BLACK IMP OF A NATIVE, STICKING HIS FEET INTO THE STONES AND MAKING GOOD HEADWAY TOWARD THE WINDOW."

A NOVEL BURGLARY.

"DAVY, start the ball."

The speaker was a red-faced, jolly-appearing old sea-dog, one of a party of skippers who, during a month together in port, met on board each other's vessels and entertained themselves in spinning yarns and in sundry and divers ways. It was agreed that each evening a member of the party should tell a story or sing a song, and on the night in question Captain Davy Haulback was called upon as above. The company was composed of five skippers, all old and hardened in the service. Not one but had faced wind and weather in almost every sea and ocean on the globe—a good party to listen to, and no mistake.

"Well," said Captain Davy, taking a very black pipe out of his mouth, and banking its fire with his thumb, "I dessay you don't expect a song from an old fog-horn like me; the only singing I'm good for is out in a gale, and then, I reckon, I kin reach as high as any of 'em."

"So ye kin, lad; so ye kin," spoke in a portly old fellow, with a fringe of whiskers under his chin, "an' we ain't lookin' for no song. Give us the yarn."

"Wal," said the old sailor, settling back into a cloud of smoke that seemed to come from his eyes, ears and mouth all at once, "there's only one yarn I kin tell, and that ain't worth much. You all are mindin' to the old brig *Screamin' Mawther*, Moffat Brothers, owners, considered A No. 1 at Lloyds, and good for nuthin' outside."

"Yes, yes," came from the smoky listeners.

"Wal," continued Captain Davy, "I ate the first duff as was ever mixed on her; was her first skipper, and a screamer she was, and no mistake. We went into commission in '49, in Liverpool, loaded with an assorted cargo, and bound for Calcutta, and, giving due consideration to the old hulk, it ain't for me to say that we didn't get there all right. Most of the load was provisions for

her Majesty's troops, and after unloadin' we lay by thirty days light, waiting for orders. Wal"—and the old man gave a special laugh—"I was a yonker, and nuthin would do but what I must see the country; so, with a brace of particular cronies, we hired a couple of horses and two niggers, and started; and a queer country it was.

"One o' my friends had an invite to visit a friend, and the second day out we met him, and, bless your souls! *such* a rig-out you never see. He was a native and black, and had one of those albino men as a servant. Even the horses they brought for our use was off color. The one they gave me was perfectly black, except a pure white band about the neck, and I would have sworn that it was painted. The one the owner rode was pure white, except the head and tail, which were black, while the albino man rode a mustang, evidently from America, but 'twas spotted and marked so that the man and horse looked almost exactly like one animal.

"I never wanted to ask a question or two so bad in my life, though of course it wouldn't do. I reckon we rode about seven miles before we came to two large palms that were used as gate-posts to a high fence or wall of stone, and there we got off our horses.

"A second later an elephant hove in sight, coming up the avenue. It was covered with a blanket of some rich stuff, and when it came near us the driver made it kneel down and salute us, and then he put up a foot-ladder for us to climb aboard.

'As I went up its side, the animal threw up its trunk, and then I saw it was a white elephant—not a dirty gray, but a real cream-white—and as the driver helped me up, there bein' nuthin' to get hold of, I looked him square in the face, and, by the tarnal, he, like the other fellow, was the whitest pink-eyed man the sun ever shone on.

"I began to get the drift of the thing then. The boss either had his servants to match his live stock, or his live stock to match his servants.

"We soon got under way, and surged ahead with a motion something like that felt on a Greenpoint Ferry boat when the wind's against stream and the river's full of ice—neither one thing nor the other.

"The road was a fine one, lined on both sides with tall palm-trees, planted so close together that the vines growing on one caught into those on the other, and formed a regular green wall, in and out of which ran lizards and insects of all kinds of colors.

"At the end of this long avenue was the house of our friend, built of white stone, looking more like a fort than anything else.

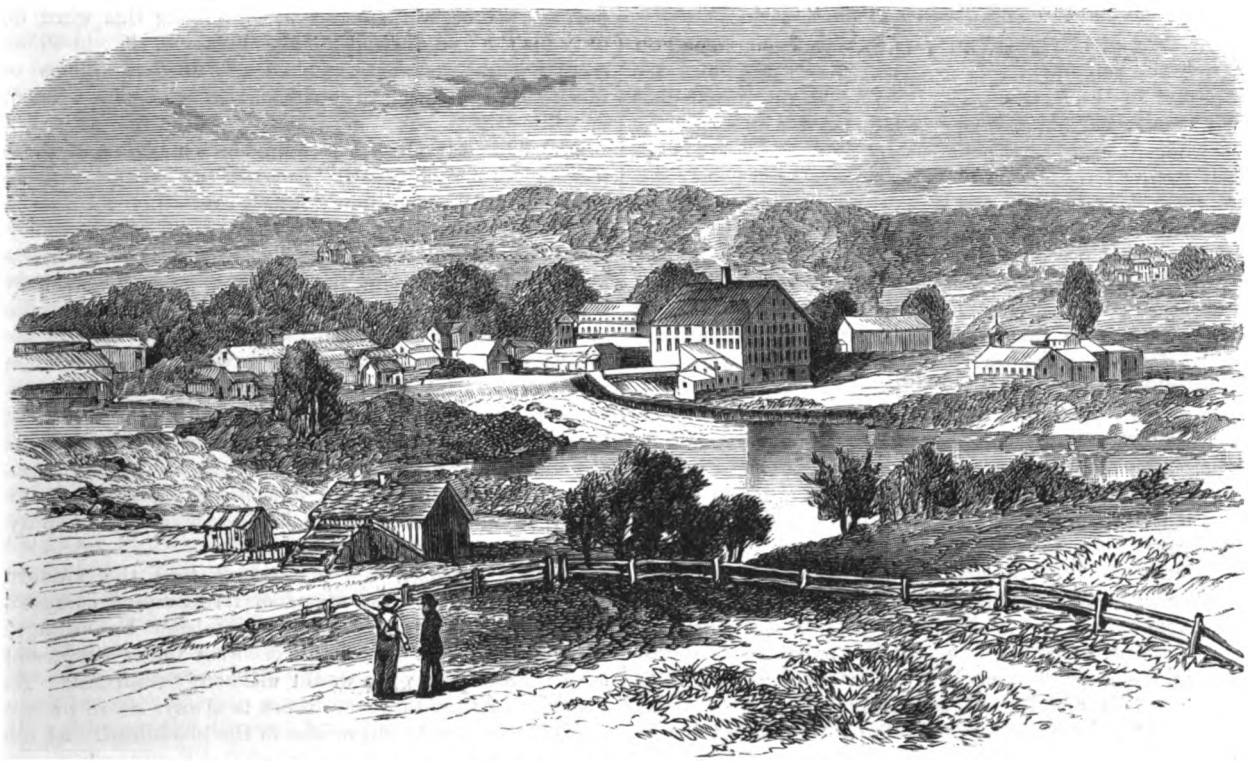
"There ain't no use telling all of the curious things we saw there before we turned in, so I'll come right to the p'int of my yarn.

"About ten o'clock we were showed to our rooms by a couple of natives, but you may be sure all this wasn't calculated to make a man sleep, and it was a long time before I began to doze off.

"How long I slept I don't know, but I awoke up all of a start. The moon was streaming into the room, making it as light as day. Then I heard a curious scratching outside the window. I jumped up and looked out, and there, against the wall, was the strangest sight I ever saw.

"About fifty feet from the ground, on an L made of white stone, was a small window, and within ten feet of it was a big animal crawling away for dear life. Hanging to its tail was a black imp of a native, sticking his feet into the stones and making good headway toward the window.

"It was such a curious performance, and so like the whole arrangement of the place, that for a moment I didn't say a word; but then, before I knew it, I let out a regular Indian yell. There was a wild scratching for a minute or two, and down went the two. The man must have swung off into a tree, for I saw two or three leap off into the bushes. A minute later a crowd of blacks,



A PIECE OF BLACK-LEAD.— THE GRAPHITE MILLS AT TICONDEROGA, N. Y.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

whites and half-breeds, headed by the owner, came in and wanted to know what was up. When I told him, the old fellow grabbed my hand and thanked me for saving his property."

"What was it ?" interrupted one of the listeners.

"That's just what I'm getting at," replied Captain Davy. "It was a gang of highwaymen, and the only way they could get up the stonewall was to catch one of the big lizards that live about there in the rocks, head him up and hang on to the tail ; and so powerful were its claws that it hauled the man right up. It's a pretty big yarn, but it's a fact, and the owner of the place told me it was a common trick of the dusky devils to make the lizards do their dirty work."

A PIECE OF BLACK-LEAD.

By F. W. Rudler, F.G.S.

A Piece of black-lead appears to have been named on much the same principle as that followed in naming the Speaker of the House. The Speaker is a man who does *not* speak; the black-lead is a substance which contains *no* lead. The original pencils were made indeed of lead, and some of these, quaint in form, have been preserved. As the original pencil was a lead-pencil, the substitutes for lead retain the name. It is true, too, that a piece of black-lead presents characters which at first sight are strongly suggestive of a metal ; but it is easily shown that these characters are only superficial and delusive. If we split open a lead-pencil, and extract the thin rod which forms the axis of the cedar cylinder, we obtain a body which resembles a metal, inasmuch as it possesses a dark iron-gray or lead-color, coupled with exactly that kind of lustre which we generally regard as characteristic of metallic bodies. The surface of a compact piece of metal always presents a peculiar brilliancy, due to the fact that much of the light which falls upon the surface is thrown back instead of passing into or through the substance; in other words, the light incident upon the surface is neither absorbed nor transmitted to any considerable extent, but is almost wholly reflected and scattered. Now, there are but very few substances, except metals, which possess such a condition of surface as to produce this metallic sheen. Iodine is one of these non-metallic bodies that look like a metal, and black-lead is another.

It is mainly in consequence of the metal-like lustre of black-lead that the material is so largely employed as a polishing agent. When the housemaid rubs the powdered substance upon the cast-iron grate or fender, she produces a reflecting surface which has a metallic appearance; and, at the same time, the thin coating which is thus applied serves to protect the underlying metal from rust. In like manner, though for a different reason, black-lead is extensively used for polishing certain kinds of gunpowder, especially the coarse-grained powder employed for blasting in mining operations. The powder is placed, with the finely-divided black-lead, in revolving barrels, and the corn thus receives a glaze or varnish which protects it from absorption of moisture.

Any conclusion as to the metallic nature of black-lead which may have been suggested by the lustre and color of the mineral is likely to be rudely shaken on noting its specific gravity. By merely poising a piece of black-lead in the hand, we may observe how light it is, compared with ordinary metallic bodies. In fact, the specific gravity of black-lead is but little above 2—that is to say, the mineral does not weigh much more than twice its own bulk of water. Advantage is sometimes taken of this comparative lightness in dressing black-lead for the market. It frequently happens that a rock may contain scales of plumbago disseminated throughout its substance, so as to form what has been called "black-lead ore." In such a case it is possible to separate the two substances by crushing or stamping the ore, and allowing the fine fragments mixed with water to flow over a mechanical contrivance, in which the light scales of black-lead and the heavier stony particles roughly sort themselves by virtue of this difference of density. It is scarcely conceivable that these light scales of plumbago can contain a metal proverbially so heavy as lead.

The false notion that black-lead, in consequence of its lustre and color, must be in some way connected with a metal, is suggested not only by its popular name, but equally by the scientific term *plumbago*, a name derived from the Latin word for lead—*plumbum*. It is worth noting that certain ancient writers make this word do duty for the two distinct metals—lead and tin ; in which case the lead was distinguished as *Plumbum nigrum*, or black-lead ; while the tin was termed *Plumbum candidum*, or white-lead.

How strangely altered is the modern meaning of these terms ! Our "white-lead" has nothing whatever to do with tin, neither has our "black-lead" any relation to metallic lead.

White-lead and red-lead are bodies which, as every one knows, are utterly unlike metals ; nevertheless they stand true to their names, and really do contain lead, the metal existing in the one substance as a carbonate, in the other as an oxide. But the case is widely different when we come to deal with black-lead, for this mineral, notwithstanding its metallic exterior, is not only destitute of lead, but when in a state of purity contains no metal of any kind. In most cases, however, there is a small quantity of iron accidentally present, and if the plumbago be burnt, this substance is left behind, with other impurities, in the form of a reddish ash.

It is by burning the black-lead that the modern chemist has got at the secret of its chemical composition. If a small fragment of plumbago be strongly heated in excess of oxygen gas it slowly burns away, and were it absolutely pure would ultimately disappear. As a matter of fact, however, there is always more or less residual ash, due to impurities in the black-lead. At the close of the experiment it is found that the oxygen which has taken part in the combustion has been converted into carbonic-acid gas. In short the outcome of the operation is identical with that obtained when a diamond is burnt in oxygen. A given weight of diamond when completely burnt yields a definite weight of carbonic acid ; and if instead of diamond we take the same weight of pure plumbago, we obtain as a product of combustion precisely the same weight of carbonic acid. And just as it is inferred from studying the combustion of diamond that this gem consists of carbon, so the same reasoning leads to the conclusion that plumbago has a similar composition. The black-lead, or plumbago, is in fact a variety of native carbon.

But it is a variety of carbon much less pure than diamond—a fact of which we may be readily satisfied by comparing the quantity of ash usually left when a piece of black-lead has been burnt with that left after the combustion of the same quantity of diamond. It must be admitted, however, that the proportion of ash is extremely variable in different kinds of plumbago, for while some varieties are so impure as to leave a residue equal to one-quarter of their weight, others do not yield more

than one five-hundredth part of their weight of ash. The ash generally consists of silica, alumina, and oxide of iron. It is the oxide of iron which imparts a red color to the ash, and as this color is almost invariably present, some of the older chemists were led to believe that the carbon in black-lead must always be combined with iron; whence they described a piece of black-lead, in the chemical phraseology of the day, as a "carburet of iron." Such a view was originally put forth by the celebrated Scheele, and is to be found in old works on mineralogy. It was shown, however, in the early part of this century, by Vanuxem and by Karsten, that the iron in plumbago is not combined with carbon, but exists in the form of an oxide. Moreover, the presence of the oxide of iron is purely accidental, and its quantity is, in some cases, so extremely minute as to be almost inappreciable. We are thus led to conclude that the black-lead, or plumbago, is not necessarily a compound containing iron, but that, when freed from impurity, it is, like diamond, a natural form of the element *carbon*.

Like diamond, again, the plumbago occasionally occurs crystallized. But in this case the forms which the murky mineral assumes are extremely different from those of the brilliant gem. The crystals of diamond are always more or less related to the regular octahedron (see illustration on page 509), but the crystals of plumbago are generally six-sided scales. These two types of crystalline forms are geometrically incompatible with each other, and represent, in the language of crystallographers, two distinct "systems." When a substance is capable of assuming a duality of form of this kind, it is said to be *dimorphous*, or two-shaped. Carbon offers, therefore, a good illustration of dimorphism; it crystallizes in one set of solid shapes in the diamond, and in quite another set of forms in black-lead.

Besides these crystalline varieties, the element carbon is capable of assuming conditions which, being absolutely destitute of crystalline characters, are termed *amorphous*. Charcoal, for example, is an illustration of the perfectly amorphous condition of carbon. So, again, that kind of coal which is called anthracite is practically a natural variety of carbon, yet it never assumes definite geometrical shapes. Such examples serve to show that one and the same elementary form of matter may exist in a variety of states, each offering a new set of physical properties. How different the diamond from the plumbago, or either of these from the anthracite and the charcoal! This power of assuming a diversity of physical properties, while retaining an identity of chemical constitution, has been distinguished as *allotropy*—a term compounded of the two Greek words *allos*, another, and *tropos*, a manner or mode. It is assumed that the change of properties in the several allotropic modifications of carbon must be dependent upon variations in the mode in which the component particles of the body are arranged; that it is, in a word, a *molecular* charge. It should be borne in mind that while the ultimate particles of matter are termed *atoms*, the groups formed by the association of two or more atoms are called by modern chemists *molecules*. There are reasons for believing that in each distinct allotrope of carbon, the molecules assume in some way a different mode of arrangement.

Up to this point our studies have led to the conclusion that a piece of black-lead represents an allotropic form of native carbon. Such being its nature, it is obvious that neither the scientific word "plumbago," nor the more familiar "black-lead" is an appropriate name. Mineralogists have therefore cast aside these metal-suggesting words, and usually prefer to distinguish the mineral as *graphite*. This word, which was originally introduced by the great German mineralogist, Werner, is derived from the Greek verb, *grapho*, to write; and is quite unobjectionable, since it asserts nothing as to the composition of the substance, but merely denotes its use as a writing material.

This application of graphite as a writing medium depends upon the extreme softness of the mineral. Even the gentle act of rubbing it upon paper, as in using a so-called lead-pencil, causes it to suffer abrasion, so that a portion of the mineral is left behind in a finely-divided state, forming a "streak," which by its dark color is distinctly visible. In like manner, the softness of graphite causes it to soil the fingers when handled. The same property has led to its use as a lubricating agent for diminishing the friction between the axles of machinery and the bearings in which they revolve.

Mineralogists are in the habit of examining the "streak" of any substance that falls under their notice, inasmuch as it often affords a means of distinguishing one mineral from another. By the character of the streak is really meant the color of the mineral when in a state of powder, and this is far from being necessarily the same as when seen in mass. The streak may be observed either by scratching the mineral with a substance harder than itself, and observing the nature of the abraded particles, or by rubbing the mineral upon a piece of unglazed porcelain, when a mark is left behind. In the case of so soft a substance as graphite, it is only necessary to rub it upon paper, when we at once obtain a dark shining streak. There is a rare mineral known as *molybdenite*, which so closely resembles graphite as to be readily mistaken for it; but when rubbed on paper it leaves a streak which, though much like the mark of a lead-pencil, has a slightly greenish tint, and is sufficiently distinct to serve as a means of discriminating between the two substances.

Lead-pencils have become objects of such importance that the finest qualities of graphite, suitable for their manufacture, have considerable commercial value. The only locality in England which has ever yielded pencil-lead in sufficient quantity to be worked is at Borrowdale, near Keswick, in the Lake District of Cumberland. According to tradition, the deposits were accidentally discovered after a great storm, which overturned an ash-tree and laid bare the shining mineral at its roots. Though it is not known when the mineral was first worked, it was undoubtedly a substance of value at least two centuries and a half ago; for James I., in a grant of the manor of Borrowdale, includes "the Wad Holes and Wad, commonly called black cawke." The word *wad* is a local name for black-lead, but it should be explained that by miners elsewhere the term is now used to designate an ore of manganese; it will also be observed that the graphite is called, in the extract from the grant "cawke," a term which is now usually given to the rougher kinds of barytes.

At Borrowdale the graphite occurs in regular masses called "sops," and in pipes and strings which branch out or die away with tantalizing uncertainty. Wad-mining has therefore always been a very hazardous adventure, and men have often been known to work for many years without lighting upon a large and rich nest of the mineral. One of the grandest prizes that ever fell to the lot of the Keswick miner was a large mass of choice graphite discovered in the early part of this century, yielding about 70,000 pounds of the mineral, and worth upward of £100,000 sterling. A section of the workings at the Wad Mine is given on page 509.

Graphite is found in various parts of the United States.

Dixon's Mine, Graphite Mountain, Ticonderoga; Mansell's Black-lead Mine, near Attleboro, Pa.; at Sturbridge, and other places in Massachusetts; Amity and Rossie, N. Y. The Graphite Mine at Ticonderoga has been worked for more than half a century.

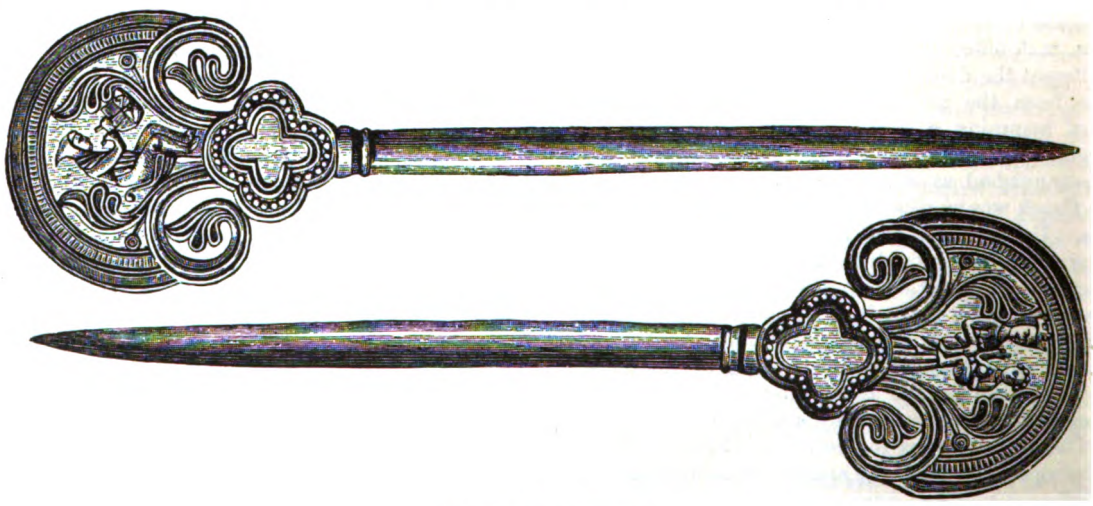
THE GRAPHITE MOUNTAIN AT TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

Coarse graphite, too gritty to be sawn into pieces for the pencil-maker, is often crushed to a fine powder, purified, and re-cemented into a solid block by means of hydraulic pressure. Various foreign bodies—such as sulphur and antimony-ore—may be mixed with the black-lead, since they help to produce a black mark upon paper, but the mark so made is not readily erased with india-rubber.

As it is believed that the deposits of Cumberland graphite are virtually exhausted, recourse has been had to a variety of other localities where the mineral is known to exist, yet it has rarely been found of such high quality as to equal the Keswick wad.

Some years ago, some singularly fine specimens were obtained from Siberia by M. Alibert, a Frenchman, but the geographical position of the deposits unfortunately prevented the development of mining operations. A large quantity of graphite reaches this country from Ceylon, but though of great purity, it is used chiefly for the manufacture of crucibles.

In various metallurgical operations, it is necessary to employ highly refractory vessels for the purpose of melting metals. Fire-clay is, of course, the material which forms the staple of these melting-pots, but it is found that they are greatly improved by mixing with the clay a quantity of finely-divided plumbago. At first sight it may seem strange that a combustible substance like graphite can be used with advantage in the composition of vessels which are exposed to very high temperatures. Practically, however, the black-lead in a well-made crucible is so thoroughly kneaded with the clay that each particle appears to be protected, by a coating of clay, from direct contact with the atmosphere; and of course without air, or some other oxygen-supplying medium, it is impossible for even the most combustible body to burn. Curiously enough, the chemist finds that the Ceylon graphite is really much purer than the Cumberland lead, yet it forms so indifferent a material for pencils that it is consigned to the crucible-maker. The Ticonderoga graphite is adapted for either purpose, crucibles having been made in 1827. Hence we may infer that the exceptional value of the Keswick lead for pencil-making depends upon its softness and other physical properties rather than upon its being a chemically-pure form of carbon.



OLD-TIME LEAD PENCILS.

It is to be regretted that the conditions under which graphite occurs in Cumberland have not served to throw

much light upon the probable mode in which the mineral has been formed. At Borrowdale it occurs in association with certain igneous rocks, known to geologists as diorite and diabase—an association which has led, perhaps rashly, to the inference that a high temperature must needs have prevailed at the moment of its birth. Such a conclusion is supposed to receive some support from the fact that crystalline graphite is occasionally produced artifically in the process of iron-smelting. Cast-iron is capable of dissolving carbon, and if the molten metal has taken up more than it can retain when cold, the excess of carbon separates on the solidification of the iron, in the form of crystalline scales of graphite, which are known to the workmen under the curious name of *kish*. In spite of the suggestive resemblance of kish to natural graphite, it is difficult to believe that the origin of the furnace-product throws much light upon that of the mineral.

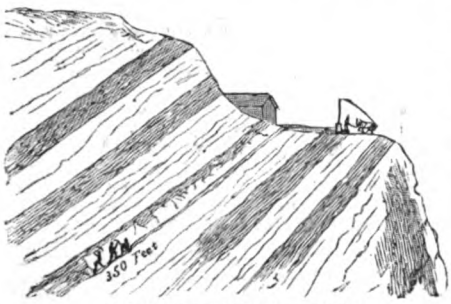


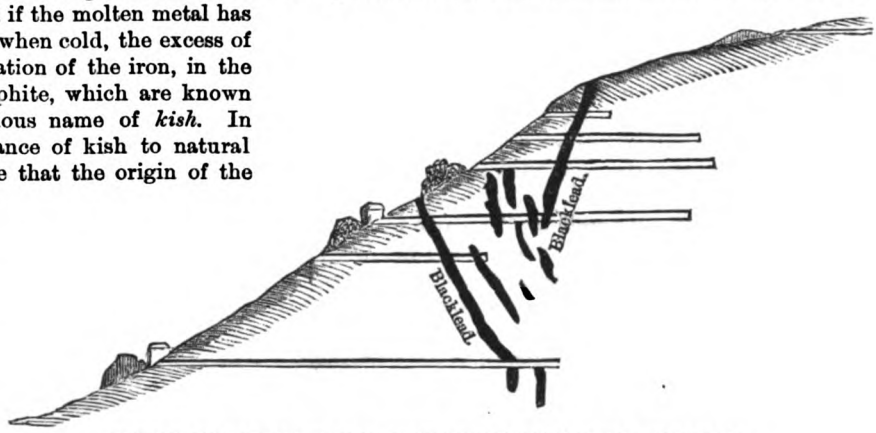
DIAGRAM OF GRAPHITE MINE.

Another argument in favor of the production of graphite at an elevated temperature has been drawn from what takes place in the manufacture of ordinary illuminating gas. During the distillation of the coal, a deposit of dense carbonaceous matter gradually forms as a lining in the interior of the retorts, and from a distant resemblance which this carbon bears to plumbago, it has often been called *gas-graphite*. Such a deposit is formed by the decomposition of some of the hydro-carbonaceous vapors on contact with the hot walls of the retort ; whence it has been assumed that if similar vapors were naturally formed within the earth, and were decomposed by coming in contact with the heated sides of a volcanic fissure, they would produce a substance identical with black-lead.

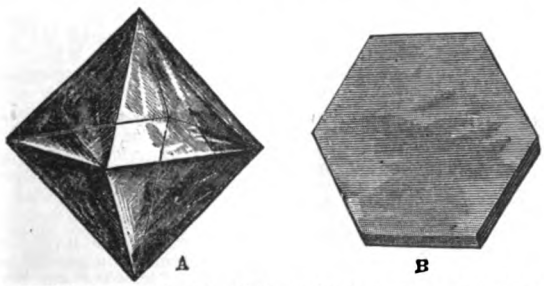
By other chemists, again, it has been suggested, on the ground of experiments made in the laboratory, that certain organic compounds, called cyanides, would certainly yield graphitic carbon if decomposed, under proper conditions, at a high temperature. It may be doubted, however, whether any of these suggestions, ingenious as they are, is likely to scatter much light upon our path in seeking the actual conditions which have obtained in nature during the formation of the mineral. Indeed, the frequent occurrence of graphite in limestones, as in Canada, points in quite an opposite direction. For it appears to be chemically impossible that the free carbon and the carbonate of lime, or limestone, could exist in association at an elevated temperature without decomposition.

PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE.

A more hopeful quarter from which light may fairly be expected is to be found in those chemical phenomena by which vegetable matter has been converted into carbonaceous substances, such as coal. Anthracite, as already explained, is a variety of coal consisting almost wholly of carbon, and it seems reasonable to suppose that if the process by which the anthracite has been formed from ordinary coal—whatever that process may have been—could be carried a stage further, it might yield a yet purer form of carbon, such as we find in graphite. It has occasionally been observed that a dike of igneous rock cutting through a seam of coal has so altered the material in its neighborhood as to produce a substance not unlike graphite. Although the exact mode of formation of black-lead is an enigma which has not

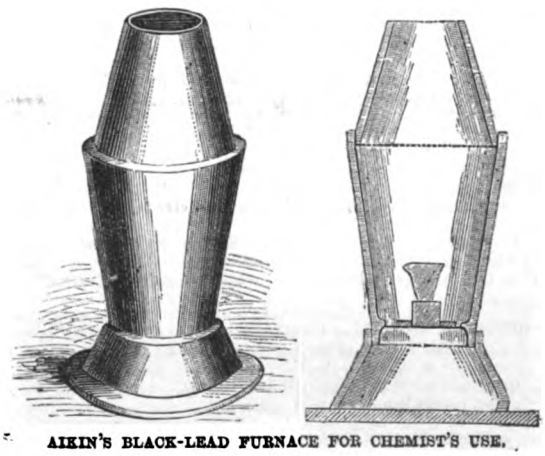


SECTION OF THE BLACK-LEAD MINE AT BORROWDALE, IN CUMBERLAND.



A, An Octahedral Crystal of Diamond ; B, A Six-sided Scale of Graphite.

DIMORPHOUS FORMS OF NATIVE CARBON.



AIKIN'S BLACK-LEAD FURNACE FOR CHEMIST'S USE.

yet been satisfactorily solved, there is nevertheless a strong belief among chemical geologists that in many cases it must represent one of the final terms in the carbonization of vegetable matter.

But if we admit an organic origin for graphite, what are we to say when the mineralogist declares that he has found graphite in meteoric bodies? Startling as the assertion is, there can be no question that a form of free carbon, closely resembling a piece of black-lead, is not unfrequently found as a constituent of meteorites. Admit that our terrestrial graphite is an altered product of vegetable life, and you are almost driven to conclude that the meteoric graphite represents the alteration of celestial organic matter. Can it be possible that in looking at a piece of meteoric graphite you have before you a relic of the vegetable life of another world? The idea is fascinating—so fascinating that it seems a pity it should be cruelly dashed to pieces by the chemist. Yet, to tell the truth, M. Daubrée, a great authority on the chemistry of meteorites, has exactly imitated this meteoric graphite by decomposing the vapor of bisulphide of carbon with metallic iron at a high temperature; and there are strong reasons for believing that we have here a rational explanation of the origin of the meteoric mineral.

Still, it is by no means certain that an experiment made in the laboratory, and yielding a certain result, must needs be identical with the means used in the great laboratory of nature for attaining the same end. Nature is wealthy in resource, and it is likely—nay, certain—that more operations than one have in many cases been brought into play to produce a particular kind of mineral; the same point has been reached by several paths. Possibly, therefore, the graphite from the igneous rocks of Cumberland, and the graphite from the Laurentian limestones of Canada, may have been formed by totally different processes; while the genesis of the meteoric graphite may have been altogether different from either of the others. After all the experiments which have been made in the laboratory, after all the books which have been written on chemical geology, we are bound to confess with frank humanity that neither chemist nor physicist, neither geologist nor mineralogist, has yet succeeded perfectly in laying bare the secret workings of nature in giving birth to some of our commonest minerals. As to the origin of a piece of black-lead, it is certain that upon that subject "Science" has not yet said anything like its last word.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A WRITER in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* relates some experiments made by him with petroleum as a lubricant upon a sewing-machine and a lawn-mower. At first the machines worked beautifully, but after a time they came to a full stop. He says: "Here was a dilemma; the linen-lawn dress could not be made, and the garden-lawn could not be mowed. Both the refractory machines were at once sent to the machine-shop. When they were taken apart it was discovered that the constant use of petroleum had caused a mineral glaze to form upon the metal, preventing the action of the parts. Careful filing and polishing restored the running powers, and this advice was given by the machinist: 'Clean machines with petroleum, but be careful to wipe off every particle of the oil with a cloth and then apply machine or sperm oil.' Petroleum will remove denser oils and is itself easily removed. For protecting metal from rust it is admirable, but it must not be used where there is friction."

THE Geologists of Pennsylvania are busy in studying the geology of natural gas. The burden of evidence seems to favor the proposition that in the Ohio Valley, from the Kanahwha to Lake Erie, gas-wells need be looked for almost alone along the anticlinal axes, in accordance with the theory that the volatile gas, seeking the highest levels, accumulates mainly, if not wholly, in those rock chambers which lie highest in the folded strata—under the roofs of the geologic domes and ridges.

NO MORE interesting and novel facts are brought out in the tardily published results of the great *Challenger* Exploring Expedition than those which relate to the fishes of the deep sea—that is, those dredged from a depth of from 1,800 to 3,000 fathoms. The bones and ligaments of all of these (which outwardly present great diversity) are very soft, and the muscles loosely connected with each other. "This is partly due to the expansion which they undergo in being raised quickly from regions where the water permeating all their bodies is under immense pressure; but the tissues must be loose to admit of such permeation, or they would be crushed and ruined under a weight which shivers solid glass to powder. "Many of these fishes are blind, or have only rudimentary eyes, of little, if any, service; many have phosphorescent organs, or secrete phosphorescent slime; others have distensible stomachs and wide mouths, so that they are actually able to engulf fishes larger than themselves—before dinner.

AN English electrical journal describes how bars of file-tempered steel may be strongly magnetized and great permanency obtained. An old file, for example, is placed in a coil of moderately-sized wire, with one end resting against a block of iron; one of the wires from a dynamo is connected with one end of the coil-wire; to the other end of the coil-wire is attached a small block of iron, which rests against the free end of the file. The other wire from the dynamo is attached to a good-sized hammer, the face of which is past injury by the spark. It is clear that, when the block to which is attached the coil-wire is struck by the hammer against the end of the file, it gives a shock, while at the same instant the current passes through the coil, which, being instantaneous, will not injure it, even though very powerful. By this plan of combined mechanical and electrical shock the molecules of the hard steel are jarred into position.

IN the preface to their just published work on "Bacteria," the eminent French professors, Cornil and Babes, assure us that bacteriology is now a natural science of sufficient importance and completeness to take its proper place in hygiene, etiology and pathological anatomy, both in the theoretical discussions and in practical applications of these branches of medicine. So far as is possible at this "beginning of wisdom" in respect to bacteria, this book may be regarded as the standard work. Its full title is: "Les Bactéries, et leur rôle dans l'Anatomie et l'Histologie Pathologiques des Maladies Infectieuses." Every disease suspected to be due to micro-organisms, from chicken-cholera to human leprosy, is discussed with care.

A NEW natural bridge has been discovered in this country, which is of great interest, yet unlikely to rob the older-known example in Virginia of any of its glories. This new aspirant for fame as a "natural curiosity" spans a shallow cañon in Arizona, about twenty miles from where the Atlantic and Pacific Railway crosses the boundary between Arizona and New Mexico. The little cañon has been cut through a soft red sandstone; but at this point a layer of tough, gritty rock above resisted decay along a transverse ridge until the water had worn a passage underneath. There was left a level span, resembling a cantilever, rather than arch, which is 65 feet long, about 15 feet wide, and about 50 feet above the stream.

A THIRD society (at Chicago) has been added to the societies already existing at Boston and Washington "for psychical research." These societies, following the lead of the English one, are for the scientific investigation of the mysterious phenomena exhibited under the names of "mind-reading," "thought-transference," "clairvoyance," "sleep-walking," the "faith cure," "magnetic healing," and the like. They discuss all the pretensions of Spiritualism, the reputation of haunted houses and ghosts, and the physical conditions which accompany these facts or fancies of the mind.

THE Observatory at Nice, France, has recently completed a dome, designed to cover a colossal telescope which is to be supported and turned, not by the ordinary machinery, but by floating it in a bath of water which surrounds the dome. This system of suspension is said by *Nature* to be so perfect, that, in spite of its great weight, a single person can turn the dome completely around the horizon. How well this device will stand the test of experience remains to be seen. Frost is rare at Nice, but to guard against a possible freezing the water will be saturated with salt.

THE Japanese, after long reluctance, have adopted a patent law, compiled from the patent laws of America and Europe, but differing in peculiarity that no article not manufactured in Japan can acquire the benefit of the law. This allows a Japanese to "pirate" any foreign invention the owner of which does not set up a factory in the Empire.

THE Cooper Union having more applications than it can cover, because of lack of room and money for further educational scientific work, the Cooper heirs propose to add $100,000 to the bequest of $100,000; and the trustees hope that other benevolent persons will soon increase the endowment to $1,000,000.

DR. C. HART MERRIAM, a prominent member of the American Ornithologists' Union, has been appointed by the Commissioner of Agriculture a special agent to investigate exhaustively the relation of birds to agriculture.

ENGLISHMEN are delighted to find that the Alpine edelweiss is easily grown in their gardens, taking readily to all sorts of soils and situations.

THE most highly-prized clam of the Pacific Coast (the *Tapes staminea*) has been introduced to Atlantic waters by the United States Fish Commission, which has brought about 800 (all that survived the journey out of 5,000), and planted them at Wood's Hole, Mass. They seemed to take well to their new home, but whether they will survive the shock of the journey, and live and breed there, remains to be shown. Our Eastern hard clam or quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*) was long ago sent to San Francisco Bay and successfully acclimated, while the Atlantic soft clam (*Mya*) accidentally planted there with consignments of small oysters, has increased so rapidly that they are as abundant on the shores of San Francisco as of Boston Bay.

EXPERIMENTS made under the direction of the administration of the Dutch State railways with various paints on iron plates are reported to have proved that the red lead paints resist atmospheric influences much better than those of brown-red and iron oxides. The red lead paints adhered closer to the metal, and possessed greater elasticity than the others. It was also found that better results were attained if before the paints were applied the plates were pickled, instead of being merely scraped and brushed. The test-plates were pickled in muriatic acid, washed with water, thoroughly dried, and, while warm, carefully oiled.

MM. CROVA AND GARBE claim to have discovered a means of determining and automatically recording the exact amount of energy stored in electric accumulators and so regulating the discharge as to be able to ascertain the quantity still held in reserve at any given moment. The machines used in their experiments were of the Planté storage type as modified by Faure.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IF you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

A CURIOUS fact is natural history—That so many fishes frequently go in seine.

A YOUNG man wanted to teach school, but couldn't tell horizontal from perpendicular, and when asked what "circular" was, said it was a fur-lined cloak.

"I do think that thirteen is really an unlucky number," said a pert young miss, who had just entered her teens; "it is too old for dolls and too young for beaux!"

"ISN'T my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "I fancy there's a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be quite natural."

AT a party a gentleman passed a branch of thyme to a young lady, his sweetheart, in the presence of her mother and all the guests, which she refused, and said, "It is not time I want, but opportunity."

"I SAY, papa, heard the news?" "No, my boy. What is it?" "Why, they aren't goin' to have the lamp-posts any longer!" "I am surprised! What is the reason?" "Why, they're long enough now!"

A WITTY deacon put it thus: "Now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food, then give it to the church, then go and buy it back again, then eat it up, and your church-debt is paid."

A POOR fellow, on being asked what was the nature of his distresses, replied "that he had five *outs* and one *in*; to wit, *out* of money and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels and *out* at the toes; *out* of credit and *in* debt."

"WELL, how are you to-day?" asked the doctor. "My rheumatism has gone. I rubbed my knee well with your lotion," replied the patient. "Your knee? But you said it was your arm." "Yes, but the exercise cured me."

"IS THAT about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber, as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response, "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

A GIRL who married an old miser for his wealth, but pretended that she married him only for love, was surprised, when she asked him for some money for the first time, at his replying: "True love, darling, seeks no change."

ARITHMETIC, in former days, said, "One and one make two":
But now we have advanced so far that that style will not do,
And blushing bride and happy groom, whose lonely lives are done,
Say, with the parson's full consent, that "one and one make one."

WHEN Sir John Douglas, who was a great favorite with the populace was contesting Glasgow, a dog began to bark at one of his meetings. A voice in the crowd shouted out, "Hey, Jock, is that your doug?" To which came the witty rejoinder, which set the assembly in a roar, "No, sir; I'm doug-less!" In another contest, a certain member, being asked by one of the "black squad" as to what taxes he would take off, settled his questioner to the great amusement of the audience, by declaring, "There is one tax I intend to take off for your special benefit, and that is the soap-tax!"

IF you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

"IT'S a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

WHEN the architect spoke of the great nave there was to be in the new church, a pious old lady said she "knew to whom he referred."

"ISN'T it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply; "their father was a grocer."

"THAT artist is a friend of yours, is he not?" "Well, yes; he used to be, but one day he was fool enough to ask me how I liked his pictures, and I was fool enough to tell him."

"WHO was the first man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her prodigy. "Adam." "And who was the first woman?" He hesitated a moment, and then shouted, "Madam."

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

"NO ONE would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your ears."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the battlefield he was always found where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another.

"HER eyes," remarked the proof-reader, "are her strongest attraction. They draw your attention and admiration in spite of yourself." "Ah, yes," replied the cashier, "a kind of a sight draft, as you might say."

"SIR," said an exasperated Irish judge to a witness who refused to answer the questions put to him—"Sir, this is a contempt of court." "I know it, my lord, but I was endeavoring to conceal it," was the irresistible reply.

"SO YOU are married at last, Charlie. I hear that your wife is a very energetic woman, and keeps things stirred up. Of course you married her for love?" "No," said the husband, bracing up, "I married her to cure my dyspepsia."

"DOCTOR, I came to see you about my younger brother." "What is the matter with him?" "One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?" "I am afraid I should limp, too."

A BOASTER in a hotel was telling of the many parts of the world he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster. "I passed through it on the top of a coach about a year ago."

THEODORE HOOK once dined with a Mr. Hatchet. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our old friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchet we can get nothing but a *chop*."

THE mayor of a certain city was one day questioning the boys at a school for the poor, and he asked them, "What are the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, sir!"

HE BOILED IT DOWN.—At the close of the war with Mexico a prize was offered by an institute in one of the rising settlements in the Far West for an essay on the war. The successful essayist certainly deserves praise for the brevity of his production, which was as follows: "Chapter I. Cause of the war—Texas. Chapter II. Result of the war—Taxes."

THE editor of a Western paper thus plunges into personal journalism: "We dislike very much to speak about such a matter, but feel we must. We are the owner of two umbrellas, but were unfortunate enough to loan both a short time ago, since which time it has rained most of the time. Will the parties who have them please return them to us?"

"WHAT would you like for dinner to-night, dear?" asked a young wife, affectionately, as her husband was leaving for his office. "H'm! let me see —" he mused. "How would sweetbreads do? I am very fond of them. We used often to have them at home, and they were delicious." "That will be just lovely!" said the young wife, enthusiastically; "and I will go round to the baker's and order them myself!"

THE Germans would seem to have set their affections upon the Irish bull. Here are some specimens: "After the door closed," writes a novelist, "a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "The chariot of revolution," says a Berlin journalist, "is rolling and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." "The Ladies' Benefit Association," notes a reporter, "has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting," writes another novelist, "at the table, enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked round and saw my old friend again."

FLORA.—FROM A PAINTING BY EISMANN SEMENOWSKY.

THE PROFESSOR

FRANK LESLIE'S
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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE is one of the few Southern and Western towns which have already celebrated their centennial. McMaster, in his History of the American People, has this reference to Louisville: "At the Falls stood Louisville. The streets were square, the houses, of boat-planks and logs, were few and small; but for energy, for activity,

GENERAL VIEW OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

for jollity, the place had no rival on the Ohio. Travelers from the more decorous towns were shocked at the balls, the drinking, the fighting, and the utter disregard paid to the Sabbath day. But all agreed that the inhabitants were most whole-souled and hospitable. The favorite drink was egg-nog; the favorite pastime was billiards, and every morning numbers of young women, escorted by the young men, gathered about the one billiard table in the town. If a stranger of note put up at the only tavern, and gave out that he was come to stay some time, he was sure to be called on, as the phrase was, to sign for a ball. When night came the garrison at Fort Jefferson would furnish the music, and the managers would choose the dancer. The first was usually a minuet, and till his number was called no man knew with whom he was to dance. This over, each was at liberty to choose his own partner for the first 'volunteer.'"

Some of the characteristics mentioned by Mr. McMaster may yet be noticed as distinguishing the city even at this day, yet Louisville to-day is as far in advance of the Louisville of 1870 as the Louisville of 1820 was in advance of the Louisville of 1790. The changes which have taken place on this river bank where the city stands, since St. John de Crevecœur wrote his first letter from Louisville, have been immense. In 1784 Crevecœur, writing to his friends in New York, had to explain where Louisville, from which place he dated his letter, was located. "A city recently established near the falls or rapids of the Ohio, situated in 38° 25′ N. latitude, 375 leagues from New York, 342 from Philadelphia, 235 from Pittsburg, 300 from Richmond, capital of Virginia, 161 from the mouth of the Ohio, 425 from New Orleans, and 460 from the Gulf of Mexico. It has been named from his Majesty, Louis XVI." This description is mathematically exact enough to locate the city, which Crevecœur reached in a flat-boat fifty-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and six feet deep, drawing three feet of water, in ten days from Pittsburg. We learn from this traveler that in that year (1784) Louisville had "numerous houses of two stories, elegant and well painted, and (as far as the stumps of trees would permit) all the streets were spacious and well laid out." Said Crevecœur: "I scarcely know how to describe the peculiar and new impression made on my mind by the sight of these streets, not long since laid out across the woods, and still full of stumps, among which men in vehicles pass with difficulty; streets which perhaps in the space of ten years will be paved, ornamented with trees, with sidewalks and other conveniences. The sight of this suggestive graduation of houses, finished, imperfect, just commenced; of cabins built against the trees; the aspect of the cradle of this young city, destined by its situation to become the metropolis of the surrounding country—all these impress me with a reverence and respect that I cannot well define."

In 1799 a French gentleman named Tarascon set forth from Philadelphia to make an overland journey to New Orleans. In his letters are contained shrewd observations of the various points of commercial interest, from which friends in Philadelphia were to determine the best location for stores, and for establishing trade with the interior. Leaving Philadelphia August 8th, Monsieur Tarascon reached Louisville September 27th. His impressions of the place were not very favorable, and he made this report: "September 27th, Louisville, 670 miles from Pittsburg. The increase of this city does not correspond to the beauty of its location, and the advantages it should derive from the boats which are obliged to stop here on account of the Falls. Its population, instead of increasing, seems on the contrary, to diminish every day. The inhabitants attribute this condition of affairs to the fact that a great quantity of the land about here is held by capitalists in Virginia, and on it there are no settlements. So this city remains isolated in the midst of that great quantity of uninhabited land. There are here several stores which get their goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore. One of them will establish a branch in Natchez, where the owner expects to sell the goods which cannot be sold here."

It is stated that at the close of the French and Indian wars of 1763, which secured to the English the country east of the Mississippi, this land was distributed by the King of Great Britain among the officers and soldiers who won the victories. Previous to 1763 but few had ventured into this unpathed wilderness, but now numbers of adventurous settlers came to view the lands. Among them was Dr. John Connolly, of Pennsylvania, who conceived the idea of a great line of forts extending from the Falls of the Ohio to the mountains. As a beginning, he selected 2,000 acres at the Falls, and employed Captain Thomas Bullitt, of Virginia, to survey the lands. In August, 1773, Captain Bullitt reached the Falls with his assistant surveyors, and located these 2,000 acres. Upon this tract is now built the City of Louisville, which extends far beyond the limits of the Bullitt survey.

On the 7th of April, 1774, Dr. Connolly and Colonel John Campbell issued a circular stating that they would lay out a town at the Falls of the Ohio; that the lots would be 80 x 240 feet, and in numbers sufficient for all applicants. Each lot was priced at four Spanish dollars, and one dollar per year quit-rent for ever, the purchasers agreeing to build log houses not less than 16 feet square, with stone or brick chimneys, within two years from the date of purchase. During the Revolutionary War, Dr. Connolly having taken up arms against the colonies, and being detected in a plot to unite the Indians against the Americans, was arrested and thrown into prison, and did not escape until the close of the war. His partner, Colonel Campbell, held to the American side of the conflict, and was taken prisoner by the Indians. Captain Bullitt, the surveyor, became quartermaster in the rebel army.

This was the first attempt to found a city at the Falls of the Ohio. After the Revolutionary War a second attempt was made, and from this dates the history of the City of Louisville. On the 27th of May, 1778, after fifteen days upon the river, General George Rogers Clark, on his way to attack the British posts in the Illinois territory, landed his flat boat on the left bank of the Ohio River, just below the mouth of Bear Grass Creek. Besides 150 volunteers destined for the conquest of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, he had on his boat twenty families, consisting of men, women and children, whom he had brought out prepared to stay, and whom he landed at the Falls to begin life afresh in this country. This colony landed at the place afterward known as Corn Island. It was then a large body of land, some 4,000 feet in length, with an average breadth of about a quarter of its length, and was covered with sycamores and cotton-woods that ranked with the giants of the forests. After a few years, when a place was cleared on the island for a powder-mill, a sycamore was removed which measured 10 feet in circumference.

On Corn Island, General Clark erected his block-houses and cabins of huge cotton-wood trees, cut into sections and split into large rails. He constructed for the settlers two rows of double story cabins, four in each row, with an open space between them, one row facing

Indiana and one facing Kentucky. The floors were of earth, the boards were held on by skids instead of nails, the doors were puncheons with wooden hinges, and the windows were simply holes in the walls from which the logs had been removed.

After drilling his troops as much as he thought they required, General Clark, on the 24th of June, during an eclipse of the sun, set out with his soldiers for the British posts in Illinois, leaving the families on Corn Island in the houses which he had had erected. This became the foundation of the City of Louisville.

Later on an order came from General Clark, after his success in his expedition against the British, to erect a fort on the main land for future habitation. In the Fall of 1778 this was begun on the bank of the river, at the foot of Twelfth Street. It was built by Richard Chenoweth, whose accounts were afterward certified by the Jefferson County Court for payment by the Virginia Legislature. While he was erecting the Twelfth Street fort, another was begun near the mouth of Beargrass Creek by Colonel John Floyd, and this served the purpose of the settlers until the erection of Fort Nelson, in 1782. This last-named fortification was situated on the north side of Main, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and was built more in accordance with military skill than either of its predecessors.

The settlers having laid out their town upon the lands, which before the Revolutionary War belonged to Dr. Connolly, it was thought best for their security to have them confiscated before incorporating the town. A petition was therefore sent to the Virginia Legislature early in 1779, praying the incorporation of the town upon the confiscated lands. The petition was granted, and the upper half of the Connolly lands, 2,000 acres, was vested in the settlers as trustees, to be laid out in lots of a half acre each, having convenient streets and public lots, for the town of Louisville. This Act, though not passed until April 1st, 1780, took effect the first of May of that year; but the trustees did not assemble until the 7th of February, 1781. In 1795, after the organization of Kentucky into a separate State, the Kentucky Legislature passed an Act making the future trustees elective citizens of the town, authorizing them to levy a tax for public purposes. Dr. E. L. Hall was appointed assessor and collector, and the first tax list of Louisville is as follows:

50 Horses at 6d. per head	£1	5s.	0d.
65 Negroes at 1s. per head	3	5	0
2 Billiard Tables at 20s. each	2	0	0
5 Tavern Licenses at 6s. each	1	10	1
5 Retail Stores at 10s. each	2	10	0
Carriages: 6 wheels at 2s. per wheel	0	12	0
Town Lots at 6d. per £100	8	13	6
80 Tithables at 3s. each	12	0	0
Making Total of	£31	15	7

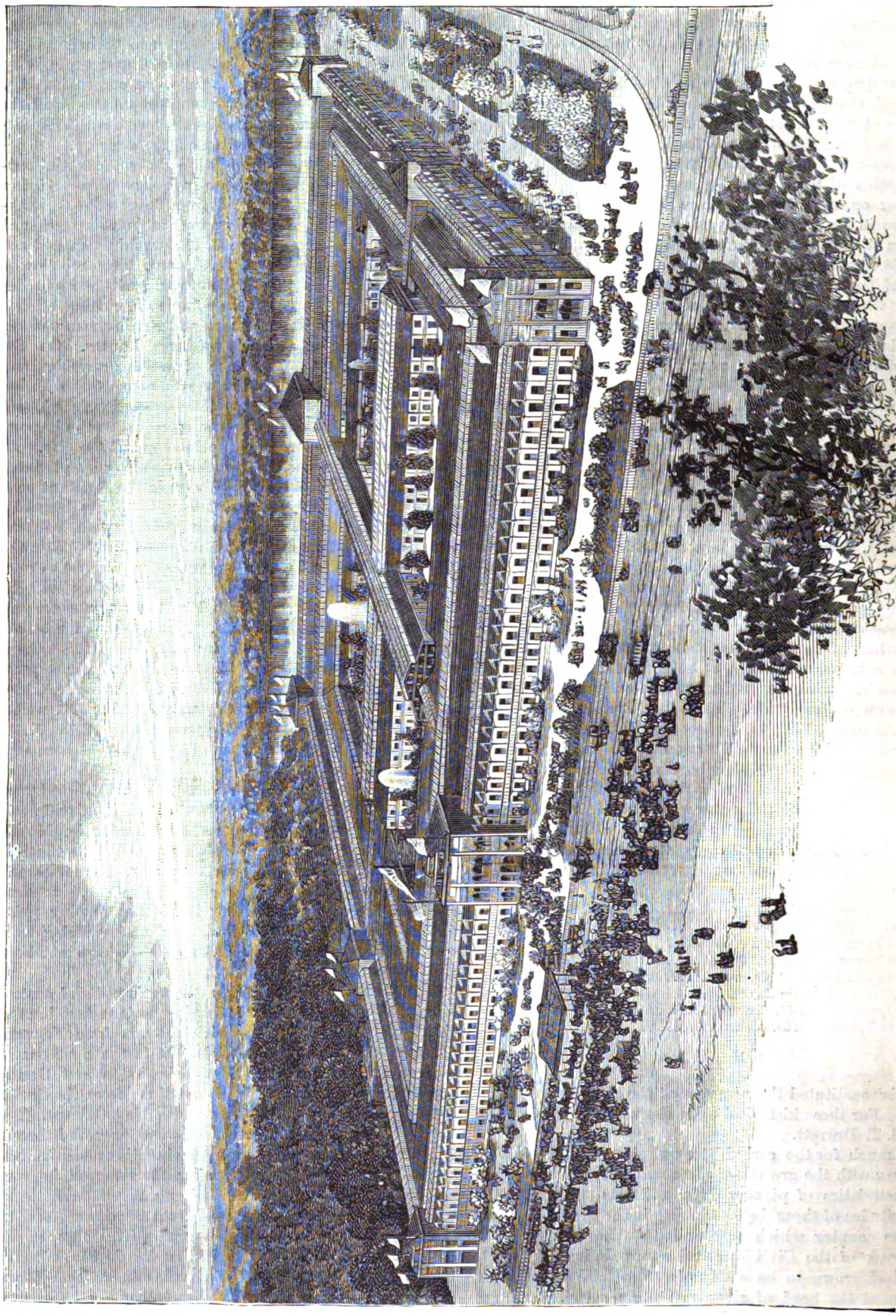
This constituted the revenues of the city in the wilderness. For these historical facts the writer is indebted to Dr. R. T. Durrett.

So much for the early history of the city of the Falls. It grew with the growth of the country, it partook of the characteristics of pioneer days, and was subject to the vicissitudes of those days. Sharing in the gradual growth of the country which surrounded it, Louisville, at the outbreak of the Civil War had a population of 70,000, and had grown to be a city of commercial importance. It was at the head of river navigation, and did a large business with the South, furnishing supplies to the cities and large plantations, and taking in exchange the agricultural products of that section. Here were established great commission houses and rich banking institutions. Here stopped the Southern planters with their families on their way to the North to spend the Summer season, or as they returned during the Winter to their Southern homes. Up to the war Louisville was almost exclusively a commercial city, marked by the same enterprise, life, and habit, and thought that characterized the South in general, rather than by those characteristics which distinguished the northern section of the country.

The recent history of Louisville dates from the outbreak of the Civil War. Shortly before this period a railroad had been constructed from Louisville to Nashville, the first road of any importance in this section of the country. Though finished, the organization had not been perfected when the war broke out. The secession of the Southern States and the beginning of hostilities destroyed Louisville's Southern commerce, cutting off her merchants from their customers, and ruining many of the oldest and best-established business houses. On the other hand, it became the base of military supplies, and the headquarters of military movements of the Union forces. Because of this its local business flourished, and the attention of the country was attracted to the important advantages secured by the location of the city. At the close of the war, the armies withdrawn and peace reigning, the business of Louisville in the South at once revived. In these five years the country had witnessed a marvelous development of its railroad system, and the river traffic had largely lost its importance. With the line of the Nashville as a beginning, the merchants of Louisville extended their lines in all directions, and the trade of the sections, penetrated by these new communications, centered at Louisville. Manufacturers received an impulse that put them far ahead of all Southern rivalry, and these influences increased from year to year, until the manufacturing establishments in the city in 1880 amounted to 1,108, with a capital of $21,767,013, with a product of $35,423,203, giving employment to 17,448 hands, and paying wages annually to the amount of $5,835,545.

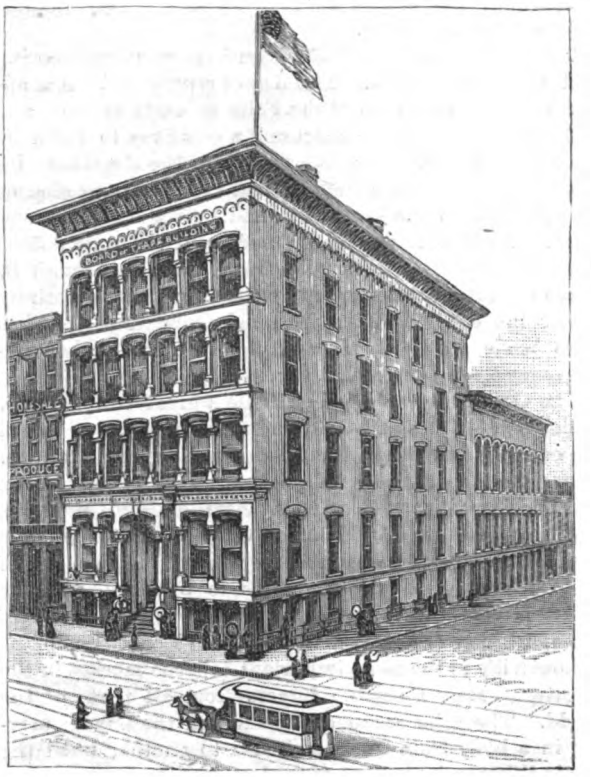
Louisville is especially fortunate in its railroad connections. It is the headquarters of the Louisville and Nashville system, which extends to Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans in the South, and penetrates the rich mineral and timber lands of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, and brings to her market the great tobacco crops of these states; making it the distributing point for supplies throughout this section, and securing to it commercial advantages which its citizens have not been slow to use.

It is the central point in Huntington's railroad system east of the Mississippi. It is the western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio, which extends from Newport News to the Falls of the Ohio. It is the northern or eastern terminus of the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern, extending with its connections from Louisville to Paducah, Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans. The Pennsylvania system enters Louisville over the Louisville and Nashville line from Cincinnati, or *via* Indianapolis over its own line, crossing the river on its own bridge. The Baltimore and Ohio reaches Louisville by way of the Ohio and Mississippi from Cincinnati, and by the same gives Louisville a second direct line to St. Louis. Chicago is reached from Louisville *via* the Pennsylvania lines through Indianapolis, or by a direct line known as the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago, or "Monon route." The Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis gives the city a direct western connection, and though a new road is destined to be a very important



THE SOUTHERN EXHIBITION BUILDING AT LOUISVILLE.

THE "COURIER-JOURNAL" BUILDING.

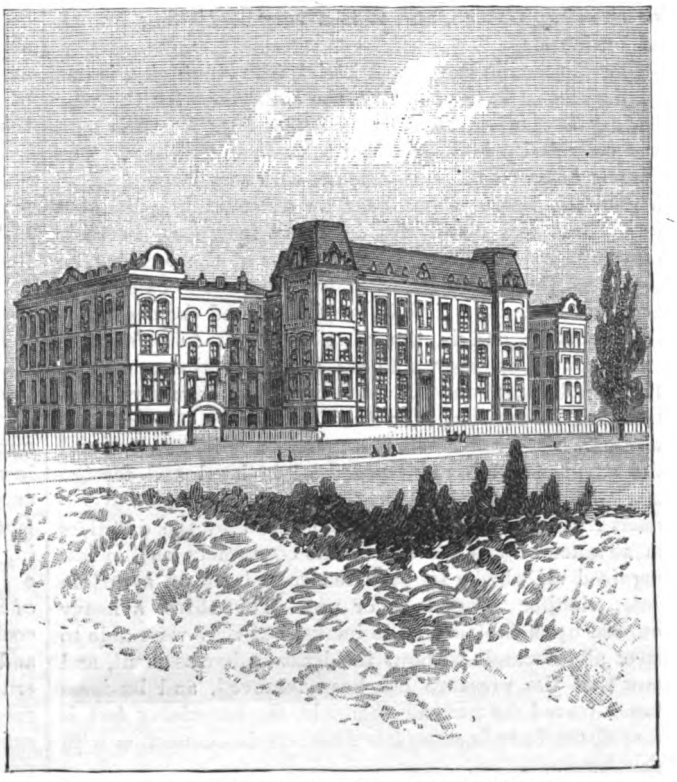


THE BOARD OF TRADE.

one. Few cities have such a complete system with competing lines to almost every point, the Cincinnati Southern, built in the interest of a rival city, having recently extended its system to Louisville.

The bridge which crosses the Ohio at the head of the Falls is a mile in length, built under the direction of Mr. Albert Fink, and, as has been said, is owned by the Pennsylvania road. A second bridge is nearing completion, and will be open for traffic by January 1st. It is built at the foot of the Falls, and is a most substantial structure. One hundred and twenty passenger trains arrive and depart from the city daily, and freight trains in like

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



THE MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME.

proportion, but as yet Louisville has the very poorest depots in the country.

The canal around the Falls is an important engineering and commercial work. The line of a proposed canal appears on Finlay's map of the Falls as early as 1792, and in 1804 the Legislature chartered a company to build it. Nothing was done until the growth of the steamboat interests forced its construction, and in 1825 a new charter was granted to the Louisville and Portland Canal Company. In 1830 it was completed, and December 31st, 1830, the first steamboat, the *Uncas*, passed through it. Since then it has been greatly enlarged; passing entirely under the control of the National Government, it has been made a free canal, and plans for its further improvement are now under execution.

The Ohio River affords Louisville a great deal of trade, both from above and below, and when navigation is not impeded by low water, the boats do a paying business. There are several lines of packets running to Madison and Cincinnati, as well as to Evansville, Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans. A ride on an Ohio River steamboat is a pleasure long to be remembered, but in this day of rapid transit, pleasure succumbs to business, and the result is that the railroads have changed the mode of transportation and travel to and from Louisville.

Louisville is the most important tobacco market in the country. Here assemble buyers from all parts of the world. The sales are made by auction, the buyers moving in a body from one warehouse to another until the whole thirteen have been visited each day. The sales at these warehouses on some days amount to nearly a thousand hogsheads, and for the current year the total sales of tobacco in Louisville will be 125,000 hogsheads—fully one half the Western crop. This tobacco trade is of ancient date. It is recorded that the first sales took place in a little log warehouse opposite the mouth of Beargrass Creek in the year 1795.

Louisville has also a large number of tobacco factories, employed principally in making special brands of plug or chewing-tobacco, and it is a very flourishing branch of business.

The Louisville Revenue District, fifth Kentucky, is one of the largest in the country, the collections for the year ending December, 1884, were $8,331,581.73. This sum was collected principally from tobacco and whisky. The whisky interests of Louisville are also very large, and, as a rule, the business has been an exceedingly profitable one. But the distilleries, in many instances, in their efforts to control the whisky business of the country, so increased their facilities of manufacture as to extend the production of the article to a point beyond the consumptive demand, and in the reaction which followed this over-production they suffered serious embarrassments. During the last twelve months they have been slowly extricating themselves from their difficulties, the production of whisky has fallen to a merely nominal figure, and the surplus has been disposed of in local and foreign markets. The enormous revenues derived by the Government from this source had to be raised by the distillers in advance of the demand of the consumers, as the law required all whisky to be taken from bond on a certain date, whether it was sold or not. This threw a heavy burden upon the Louisville banks, but they were able to meet all demands without the least embarrassment, and now that the pressure has been removed, and business has resumed its natural channels, the surprising fact is that there have been so few disasters in connection with this business.

The enterprise of Louisville merchants in pushing their trade in all directions, and the building new lines by rival cities, on the other hand, has changed in some respects the course of trade, cutting the city off from some of its former customers. But her merchants, following their plans with great energy, faith and sound judgment, have by the conquest of new territory each season more than compensated themselves for any loss resulting from the ambition of their rivals to extend their trade by building new lines into Louisville territory. No more efficient aid in this work could be mentioned than that rendered by the Southern Exposition. Organized early in 1883, its first exhibition was given in the Fall of that year upon a scale which no other city, excepting Philadelphia, had attempted in this country. All the money required for this undertaking was raised by local subscriptions; no appeal whatever was made to the Government, National, State or Municipal, and the exposition season of 1883 was perhaps the most successful in the history of expositions in this country. The attendance reached nearly a million for the hundred days during which the gates were open. Persons from all sections of the country were numbered among its many visitors. This was followed in 1884 by a second exposition, conducted upon the same general plan of management, and at this writing a third exposition is in successful operation. The building covers thirteen acres, and is filled with the products not only of the States of America, but of those from foreign countries, including Mexico. This was the first exposition in which an attempt was made to light the building by electricity, in order that it might be visited by night. There were 4,600 incandescent lights placed in the building, and several hundred arc lights were distributed through the grounds. The effect was magical, and enabled visitors during the day to see the city and attend to any business matters requiring their attention, and at night to visit the exposition. The citizens of Louisville, to sustain this enterprise, contributed as a fund for the purchase of the grounds and erection of the necessary buildings, over $600,000. The revenues have already reached about that amount. It has been managed with great business care and skill, and upon a very liberal scale. The lighting up of the building for the season cost nearly $40,000, and the music furnished was secured at a sum only a little less than this. The beneficial results of this enterprise, notwithstanding the business depression that everywhere prevails, and especially throughout the South, are manifest. Louisville has continued to grow in wealth and population, and finds itself now on the threshold of a new era of prosperity, admirably organized and equipped for future operations.

The rapid growth of manufactures in Louisville is easily accounted for. The city possesses natural advantages, which have already been noted. Its extraordinary railroad and river facilities, furnishing it with the means of transportation in all directions, thus securing low rates of freight by natural competition, rather than empirical legislation, could not fail to build up its manufacturing interests. Its lines of transportation, penetrating the rich agricultural districts of the surrounding country, bring to the city the lumber from the forests of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida; coal from the mines of Eastern and Western Kentucky; and iron from the furnaces of East Tennessee and Northern Alabama. All these natural advantages have increased the manufacturing interests of Louisville to an extent which is a source of snrprise to those who have paid but little attention to these sources of wealth throughout the South.

Louisville is the principal point of distribution for plows and other agricultural implements, and has attained an ascendency which no city in the South has ever reached. Here are located the largest plow-works in the country, the capacity of one factory alone being 2,000 plows a day.

Every kind of agricultural implement, except the reaper and mower, is manufactured here, and specially adapted to the demands of the South. It is to be said that it requires careful and painstaking investigation of the different varieties of soil, of the character of the products, and of the condition of the roads, and that the prejudices of the Southern farmer must also be taken into account in order to produce just the implements the people demand.

During recent years, because of the new timber lands opened by the new railroads, the furniture manufacturers have largely increased their business and extended their markets. The tanning interests have also been rapidly developed under these influences, the supply of tan bark in the forests of Kentucky and Tennessee being almost unlimited, and the supply of hides increasing year by year. This has also led to the growth of shoe manufacturing, and a large number of shoe dealers from the South now supply themselves from Louisville factories. Another thing that has increased this tendency has been the disposition of Eastern manufacturers to sell direct to the best retailers, thus cutting off from the Western and Southern jobbers the most desirable part of their trade. This has led the rich jobbers to strike back at the manufacturers, and they are establishing in Louisville, Nashville and elsewhere, factories of their own, where shoes are made equal to those of the Boston market, and even better adapted to meet the demands of Southern trade.

Here, in Louisville, are extensive pipe-works. Pipes for water, gas and sewers are made in Louisville and supplied to all sections of the country, even to Pittsburg. The reasons for this are found in the cheap iron, coal and labor. Due to the same cause is the success and rapid extension of the manufacturing establishments producing stoves, marbleized mantels, saddles, wagons, agricultural ironworks, etc. Strange to relate, Louisville has not a single cotton-mill, but no branch of manufacturing is carried on more extensively than that of jeans, commonly known to the trade as Kentucky jeans. This is of only two grades, excellent in color and quality, and Louisville now supplies the principal markets of the West with the best of these goods.

The banking system of Louisville is entirely sound, and it is extensive enough to meet all the requirements of a growing trade. Historically considered, there is much in it to justify the pride and confidence of the city. In the days of the "wild-cat banks," a Kentucky banknote was a standard of value and stability. Wedded somewhat to the old banking methods, to those old methods which, if "old fogyish," were at least free from any suspicion of speculative tendencies, or risky experiments, the Louisville banks were not quick to avail themselves of the National Bank act. The chief objection lay against—first, a currency which rested on a debt; and, next, against any connection with the Government in matters of this kind, which were so sensitive to political changes, and so subject to popular attack or injury. The wisdom of these objections has not certainly been settled as against the banks, for the confession of the wisest economists to-day is that, however successful the system under peculiar circumstances proved to be, it was to all intents both an experiment and expedient, rather than a scientific solution of a financial problem. When the panic of 1873 induced the banks the country over to refuse payments to depositors—issuing certified checks "for their own protection"—it was done in direct violation of the charter, but the practice prevailed everywhere except in Louisville. There, most of the banks had determined to adopt it too, but absolute unity of action was necessary. This was not secured. One president said he was only the trustee, not the guardian, of his depositors; that the money was theirs, not his; and when they asked for it, they should have it, if it was in his vaults. When his vaults were empty, his bank would suspend payment, and not until then. Against this statement nothing could avail, and the banks, which on Saturday had suspended payment, resumed on Monday. Money flowed to Louisville, instead of away from it, and that city escaped the annoyance and inconvenience which others experienced.

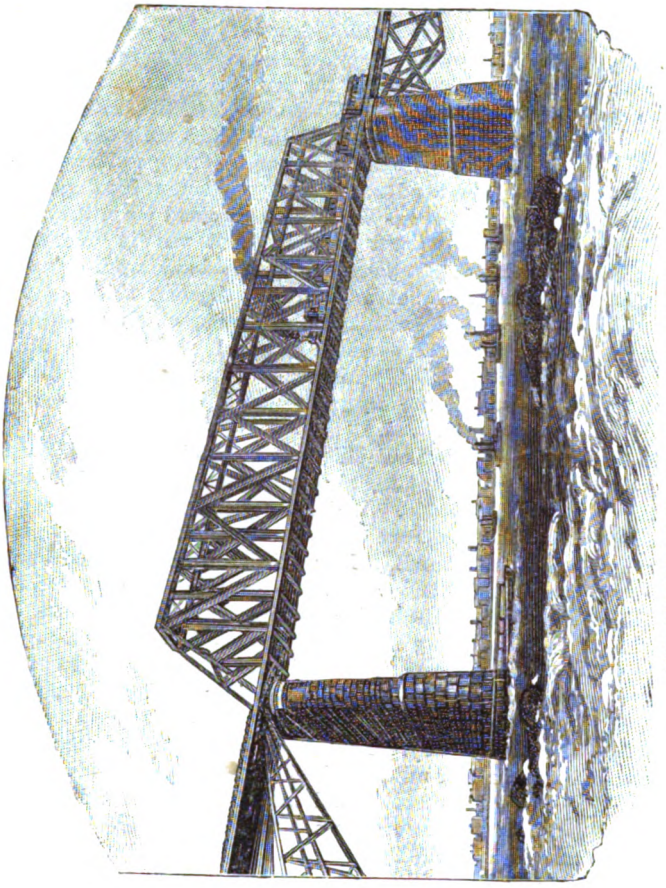
There are in Louisville twenty-two incorporated banks, with a capital of $8,897,000, and a surplus fund amounting to $2,423,000. While the aggregate capital is sufficient, the banks are too numerous, and the average bank capital too small. In addition to these incorporated banks, there are several private banks and bankers. There is no distinctive savings bank in Louisville.

To all visiting strangers, Louisville is a most attractive city. Its streets, intersecting each other at right angles, are broad and beautiful, well-built, well-drained, and kept in excellent order. The homes of the people spread over a large territory. The city is built upon a broad plain, stretching for miles to the south before it meets any important elevation. Land here is cheap, and it requires little capital to secure a home with ample grounds to make it beautiful. Through all the principal streets one notices the well-kept grounds, varied and beautiful beds of flowers, numerous trees giving out their welcome shade, and many fountains watering the ground and grasses.

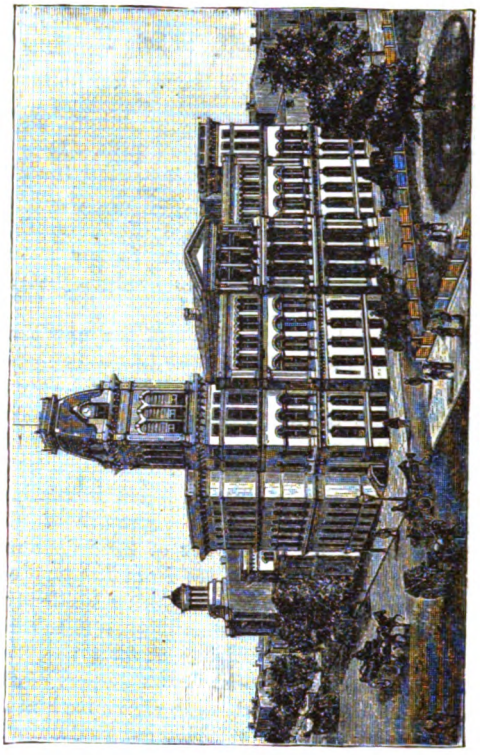
It has been charged upon the merchants of Louisville, and not without reason, that they are more eager to secure and furnish a home than they are to extend their business connections. There are evidences on all hands of home comforts and even home extravagancies. This is a home-loving people, but neither indolent nor lacking in commercial ambition. Though there is less of the eagerness for wealth nd the noisy activity here that are found in more northern cities, though visitors from north of the Ohio remark on the languid air, and the evidences of lassitude observed in our commercial movements, still the reply is that the business of Louisville constantly grows, and its wealth accumulates, if not as rapidly as elsewhere, at least as surely; and if her merchants know less of the marvelous extensions of business enterprise that have marked the history of other cities, they know less, too, of the recurring commercial depressions.

Louisville, in common with other cities, has suffered from unwise legislation, extravagance and corruption in municipal matters, and a strange indifference, eleven months out of the twelve, to all such things, by the men who have the taxes to pay. Consequently Louisville boasts of a debt, bonded and floating, of between nine and ten millions of dollars, an assessed valuation of something less than sixty millions, a tax rate of two dollars forty-eight cents on every hundred dollars, and, in addition, a heavy license tax imposed on every branch of business.

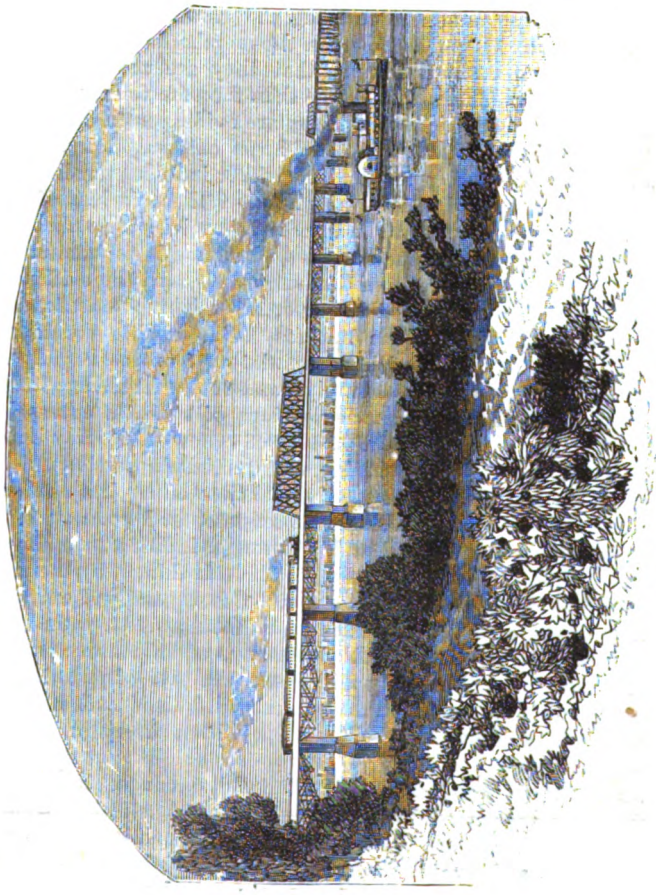
The public schools are admirably managed, and liberally supported by local taxation. In addition to the graded schools, there are two high schools—one for the boys and one for the girls. The school building for the girls is a very handsome structure, and most admirably



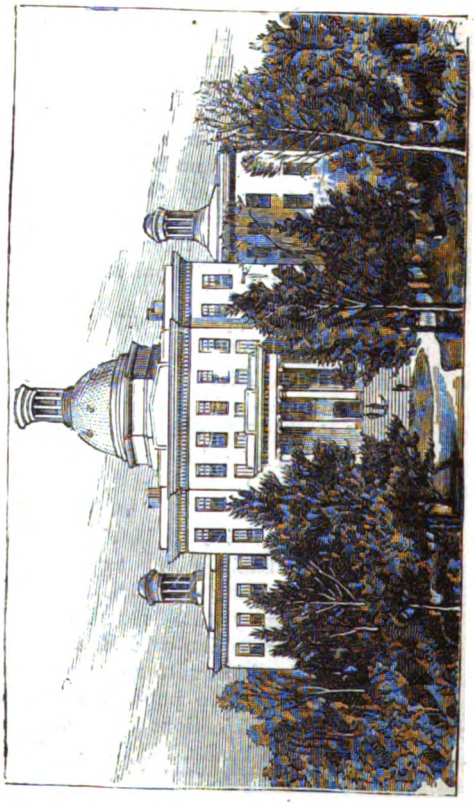
THE CENTRAL SPAN OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.



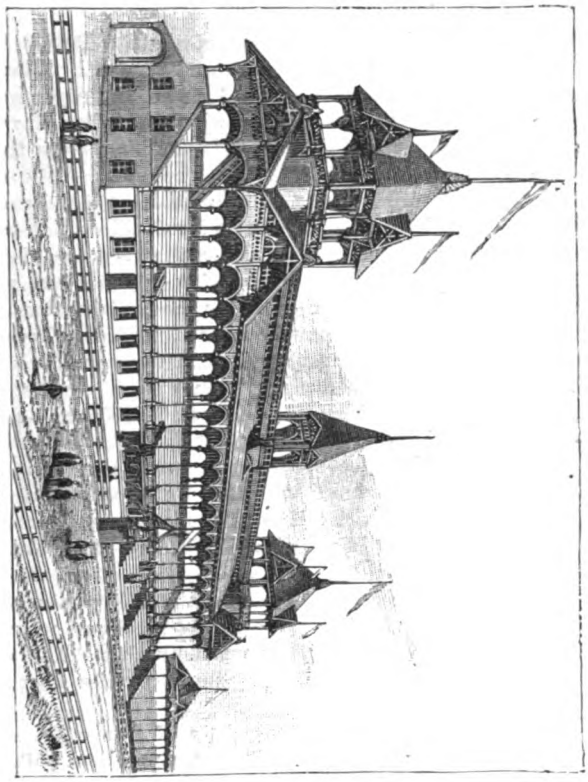
THE CITY HALL.



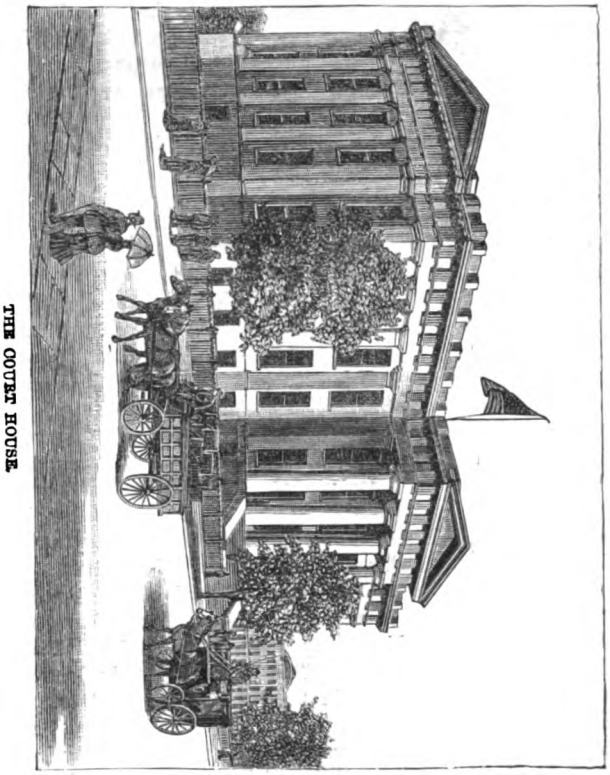
THE OHIO RIVER RAILROAD BRIDGE.



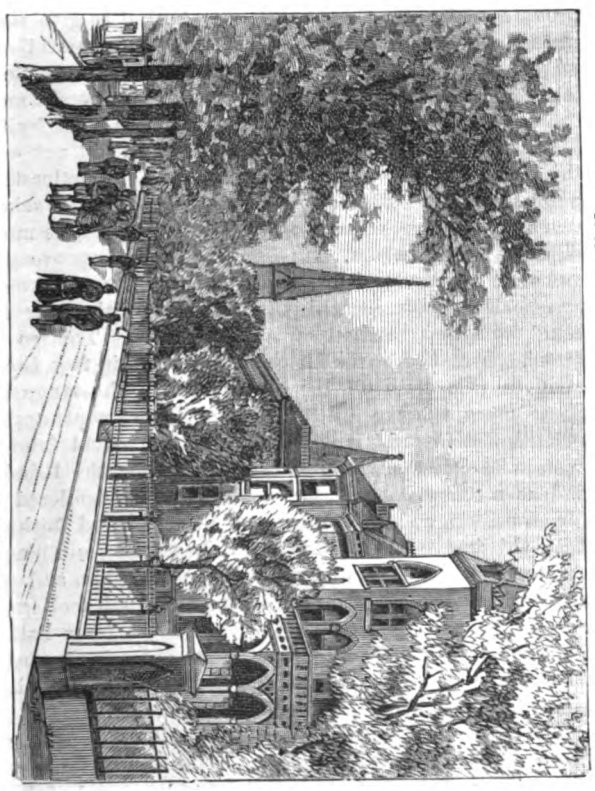
THE BLIND ASYLUM.



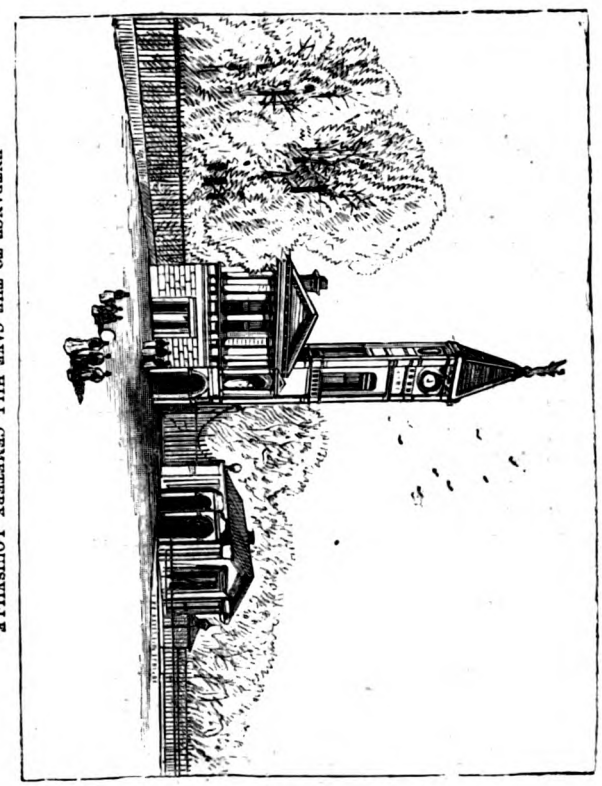
THE JOCKEY CLUB COURSE.



THE COURT HOUSE.



BROADWAY FROM THIRD STREET, LOUISVILLE.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE HILL CEMETERY, LOUISVILLE.

arranged for its purpose. The attendance at this school is between 300 and 400 each year. The total attendance at the graded schools is somewhat over 15,000. The colored children are well provided for, having three school-buildings, and a competent corps of teachers in each. These schools are entirely separate from the schools for the white children, but they are supported from the common fund, and they are under the management of the same board of trustees. All prejudice against taxation to educate the negro has disappeared, and he shares alike with his white neighbor in the growing determination to have as perfect a system of education as money and modern progress can secure.

In addition to these public schools, there are a number of private and denomination schools, well conducted and liberally sustained.

The most important institution of learning in Louisville, is the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. At the head of its able faculty is Dr. James P. Boyce, who is supported by Dr. John A. Broadus, Dr. B. Manly, and Dr. W. H. Whitsitt. Its usefulness grows year by year, and it is slowly accumulating an endowment fund which will in a short time enable it to erect its necessary buildings and greatly enlarge its educational facilities.

Louisville has a well-organized Board of Trade, composed of between six and seven hundred members, and owning a handsome building on the corner of Third and Main, valued at $125,000. The Board of Trade does not mean here what it does in the speculative centres. In Louisville there is little or no trading "on 'change," and no business is done on margins. The Board of Trade is an organization of all public spirited merchants, formed for the purpose of watching the commercial interests of the city, and protecting them from the encroachments of rivals. It has been in many ways of service to the city, but really while all the merchants are nominally members, paying small annual dues, the work of the organization falls on a few active, energetic ones. In truth, Louisville is greatly lacking in public spirit. Her merchants are as shrewd and as far-sighted as are the business men of other cities, but there is a lamentable lack of any spirit of co-operation. The average merchant in Louisville is content to "hold his own," and he studies and plans not so much to open new avenues of trade, new markets for his wares, as to keep his own customers in spite of the blandishments of his neighbors; few realizing that their real rivals are not the other merchants of Louisville, but those of other cities. Could the various energies of Louisville be fused, as in Chicago, the city would go forward after the manner of the great City of the Lake.

Of all the buildings devoted to business, none is more attractive in its appearance than the one owned by the *Courier-Journal*. It is one of the most complete printing houses in the country, and in none do the citizens of Louisville take greater pride.

Enough has been written to convey some idea of the resources, the history and the future prospects of the City of Louisville. Much more could be added of the pleasures and graces of social life. Here, on the border, Louisville combines something of the mercantile shrewdness to the love of pleasure and of ease which characterize the South, and it is wholly neither a Northern nor Southern city. It has its social clubs, better sustained perhaps than its commercial organizations. It is a liberal supporter of the racecourse, but its churches are numerous, handsome and well organized. Billiards have, since 1793, been supplanted by poker, as the favorite game of the people, perhaps; but gambling, while it is winked at, flourishes only here as elsewhere. It has no well-endowed collegiate institutions, no well-established library, or art gallery, such as other cities boast of, but it has made a beginning. A wreck of the old Public Library, which sought to secure an endowment by a large lottery scheme, has been saved, and the Polytechnic Society has thus the nucleus of what may some day be a library, and an art gallery, in something more than name. The managers of the Polytechnic Society are doing all in their power to compass this end, and some day there will be an awakening in Louisville which will place at their disposal all the money they require. Louisville has few very wealthy men, few millionaires, and what is done there must be done by the contributions of many, rather than by the munificence of the few. There is a small, well-selected library on Fifth and Walnut Streets, which has been in existence some ten or twelve years; it has an endowment fund of $8,000 or $10,000, and contributing members sufficient to meet the light expenses. It is an admirable object for some rich man to put in his will, making it his monument, instead of erecting one at Cave Hill, where it will tell only of his personal worth, and his neglect of public duties. This, and the books of the Polytechnic Society, are the only collections which even courtesy or local patriotism can call libraries, and they are so hemmed in by seemingly necessary restrictions as to be of value only to a small number. The absence of a library, such as many smaller cities have, is the shame of Louisville.

Among the interesting institutions of Louisville, not one will attract more attention from the practical philanthropist than the School for the Blind, under the management of B. B. Huntoon. Mr. Huntoon was for many years a most successful schoolteacher in Louisville, and is most admirably fitted by nature, training and experience for this position. The aim of the school is not to provide an asylum for the unfortunate, but to give them instead an education which will fit them to support themselves. The course is eminently useful, as well as pleasing. In no school of any kind is geography taught more thoroughly than here, the maps having been made by Mr. Huntoon himself, and such maps as would aid not only the blind, but the more fortunate child, to understand what he recites by rote. In connection with the school was a printing-press, and to this Mr. Huntoon gave much thought and attention. He introduced one improvement and then another, and finally, by an invention of his own, practically revolutionized the art of printing for the blind by a new method of electrotyping. This so reduced the cost of books for the blind as to, in fact, throw open to this class all the best works in the language. Some years ago the United States Government appropriated the interest on $250,000 as a perpetual fund to sustain the "American Printing House for the Blind"; and as a recognition of the services already rendered by Mr. Huntoon, and as evidence of his skill and faithfulness, this institution was located in Louisville, and placed under his charge. Its benefits are inestimable, and one watches the growth of its catalogue with such feelings of admiration and satisfaction that blindness loses half of its terrors. To Mr. Huntoon belongs the blessing awarded to him who has brought within the reach of ten blind persons books before open only to one.

The great men of Kentucky, living and dead, are numerous. Their names are high upon the roll of fame, and the citizens of the State have a right to be proud of them. Of course all hearts warm into a glow at the mention of Henry Clay, the great commoner, but there are others who have given glory and renown to the history of the

State and nation: John J. Crittenden, John C. Breckinridge, Robert J. Breckinridge, Tom Marshall, and James Guthrie, are names that will live as long as the State itself. Perhaps Louisville is indebted to no one person for its prosperity more than to Mr. Guthrie. Born in 1795, he was identified with the very earliest history, not only of the city, but also of the State. He was a firm believer in internal improvements, and was a vigorous advocate for every measure calculated to develop the country. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad was rendered a certainty by his efforts to build it, and also the line from Louisville to Frankfort. But it was as Secretary of the Treasury, during the Administration of President Pierce, that he won his place as a national financier, for it was said that he was the equal of Alexander Hamilton in the conduct of the affairs of that office.

But there is another name all Kentuckians bow with reverence before, and that is George D. Prentice, the poet-editor of the Louisville *Journal*. As a wit, as a writer of satire, he probably never had an equal. Some of his poems are exceedingly sweet and full of sentiment, but his reputation is that of a journalist rather than that of a poet. He was born in Connecticut, in 1802, and was early associated with John G. Whittier in the publication of the *New England Weekly Review*. He went to Kentucky in 1830 to write a biography of Henry Clay, and ever thereafter made that State his home. In November, 1830, the Louisville *Journal* was commenced by him, and a most vigorous fight was made for Henry Clay for President. The opposing paper was the *Advertiser*, and the war of wit and sarcasm then begun lasted eleven years, and the end found Mr. Prentice with a national reputation. The *Journal* was consolidated with the *Courier* in 1868, as the *Courier-Journal*, and is probably the best known and ablest conducted newspaper in the South. It has made a millionaire of Mr. Haldeman, the old owner of the *Courier*, and has given the Free-traders a distinguished champion in the person of Mr. Watterson. Indeed the entire Press of Louisville is fully abreast, if not in advance, of the city, and does more than its share in crowding and pushing Louisville to the front.

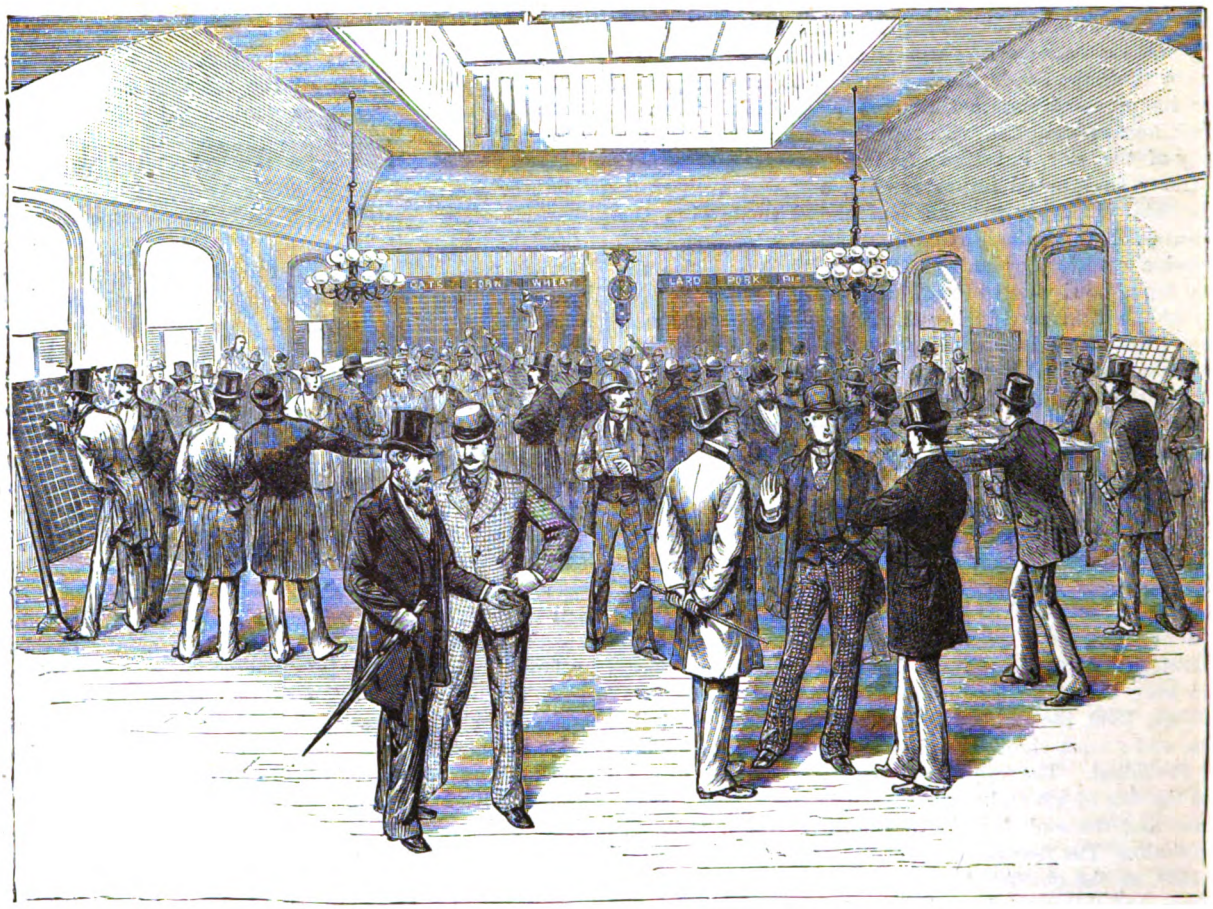
Louisville has everything to hope for from the future, and nothing to dread. There are rivalries in certain lines with other cities, but as it has grown and flourished in the past, its expansion will be even more pronounced in the future. The trade of Cincinnati with the South must of necessity be limited. True, it has a line of railway penetrating Kentucky and Tennessee, but that city is essentially Northern, not only in its business, but in its political and social life. Its affiliations with Southern sentiment extends only to dollars and cents, and it can never hope to stand upon an equality with Louisville in its social relation with Southern people, which is really a large element in controlling trade. The facts are, that the commercial and manufacturing interests of the city are on a constant and steady increase, expanding in every direction, and their influence is felt in the inauguration of new and important business enterprises. As the South grows and develops, Louisville shares more largely than any other city in its prosperity, and it would be difficult to state what catastrophe could hinder it in its onward march. If anything, it would be the apathy of its citizens in taking advantage of its position as the chief supply station for the South.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, inspiration and the like, as things past, while love remains.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA IN ROME.

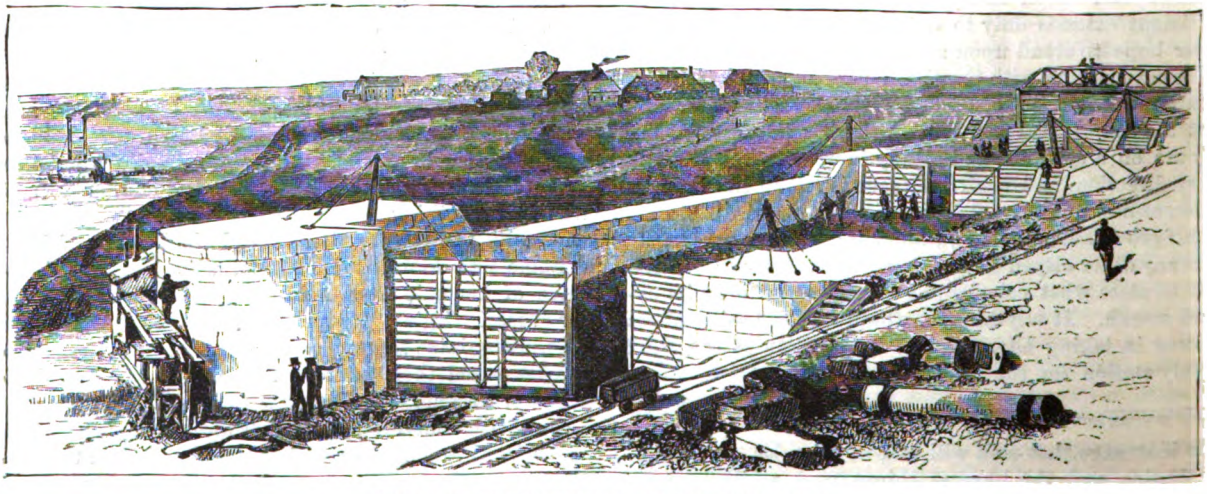
Extensive excavations made during the years 1883–4 completed the exposure of the remains of a group of three buildings which were connnected with a worship of superior sanctity and antiquity to any other in the City of Rome. These were the Temple of Vesta, the Regia or house of the Pontifex Maximus, the paternal guardian of the Vestals, and the Atrium Vestæ, or dwelling-place of the virgin priestesses of Vesta. Unlike the worship paid by the Romans to most of the other members of their numerous hierarchy, the cult of the mysterious goddess Hestia or Vesta does not appear to have been derived from a Hellenic source, but to have been a development of a very primitive form of worship which existed in remote pre-historic times, probably long before the Greek colonization of Magna Græcia or Sicily. The goddess Vesta was simply a personification of the hearth or centre of family life, and the chief duty of her priestesses was to watch and feed day and night, without ceasing, the mystic fire which in her shrine took the place of a statue. If by any accident the sacred flame was allowed to become extinguished, it had to be rekindled by the Pontifex Maximus, chief of the whole Roman priesthood, and that not by the help of any ordinary profane fire, but by the laborious process of obtaining a spark through the friction of two pieces of wood. It was only in later times that it was permitted to use the easier method of relighting the fire by a burning-glass. This method of obtaining fire by friction leads one's thoughts back to a very remote period, before the discovery of iron, and suggests a manner in which the whole cult of Vesta and her virgin priestesses may possibly have arisen. It appears to have been the custom among races who had not progressed beyond the stone or bronze age to keep up, at the general expense of each village or commune, a constantly burning flame, from which each household could light their private fire, and so avoid the necessity of employing the very difficult, and in wet weather perhaps impossible, method of getting a spark by friction. A special hut would naturally be provided for this, and it would be placed in a conveniently central position in the village. The task of guarding this important fire would probably be intrusted to unmarried girls, who were yet free from the full weight of household duties and the care of children. A sacred character would soon be attributed to this important fire, and its guardians would gradually form a body of priestesses, whose duties would continue long after the invention of iron had made it a comparatively easy thing to kindle a flame. This theory can perhaps only be regarded as an archæological fancy; but there are many points about it which make it a not improbable one. The early method of getting fire by friction appears to be recorded in a poetical form in the legend of Prometheus, who brought the gift of fire to mortals concealed in a stick, and thus made known to them that mysterious hidden flame which lurks in everything.

According to the familiar legend the Temple of Vesta in Rome was founded by Numa, who transferred the centre of his cult from Alba Longa, together with the four Vestal virgins, its priestesses. One of the later kings, Tarquinius Priscus or Servius Tullius, was said to have increased their number to six. Of the Temple of Vesta very scanty remains now exist, chiefly consisting of the rough concrete mass which formed the podium of the shrine. Some blocks of tufa imbedded in the concrete, and others which formed the foundation of the steps, clearly belong to a very early period, and possibly

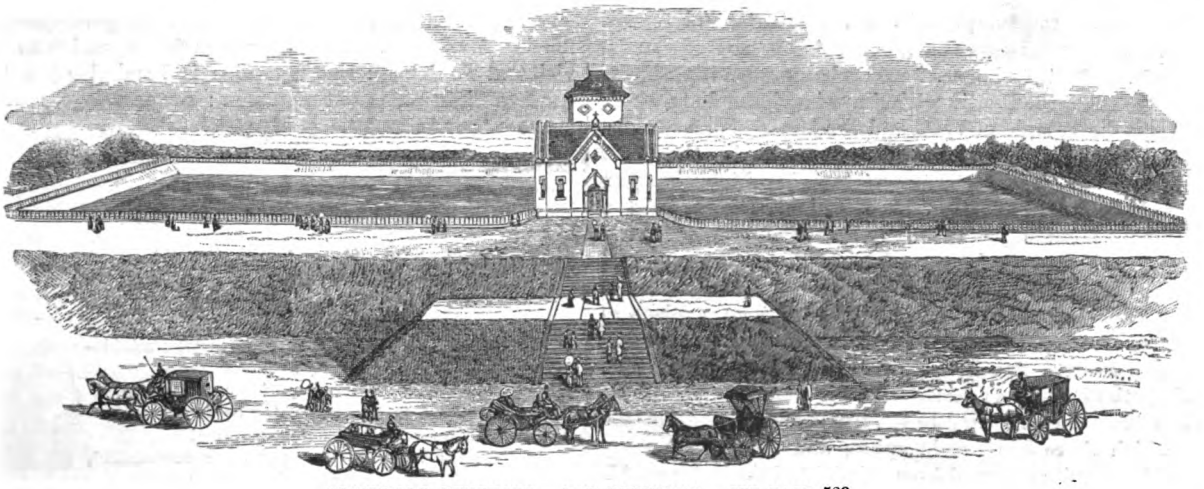


LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.— BOARD OF TRADE SALESROOM.— SEE PAGE 513.

are part of the original structure. A number of marble fragments, found on and near the podium, enable a fairly accurate restoration of the whole to be made on paper, aided by ancient representations of the building on various existing reliefs, coins and medals. The existing architectural fragments of columns, entablature and marble-coffered ceiling of the circular peristyle are not earlier than the time of Septimius Severus, in whose reign the upper and marble part of the shrine appears to have been wholly rebuilt. The original building was burnt by the Gauls in 390 B.C., when the Vestals escaped in a wagon to Cœre, bearing with them the sacred fire and other important relics under their charge. In 241 B.C. the shrine was again burnt, a third time in the great fire of Nero's reign, and lastly under Commodus, after which came the rebuilding by Severus. Its original design was probably closely adhered to, for religious reasons, throughout these various rebuildings; but the comparatively coarse details and sculpture of Severus's time must have been a poor reproduction of its beauty at an earlier date. The form of this shrine much resembled the existing circular temple hard by the Tiber in the Forum Boarium, which is still popularly called the Temple of Vesta, owing to the well-known lines of



OUTLET OF THE LOUISVILLE AND PORTLAND CANAL.



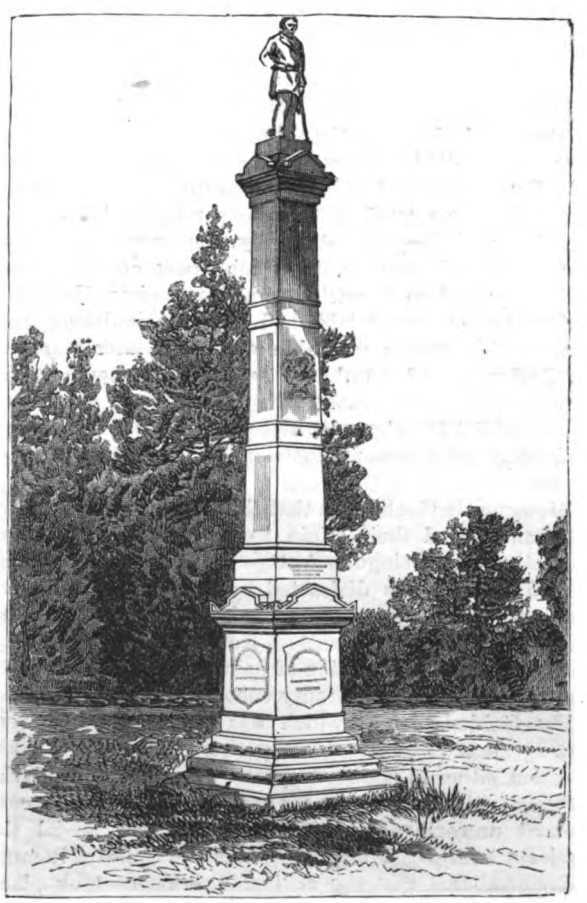
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.— THE RESERVOIR.— SEE PAGE 529.

Horace (Od. I. ii. 13), who speaks of Vesta's shrine being destroyed by an inundation of the river. The great flood of 1877 proved, however, that even now the waters of the Tiber could reach to the real Temple of Vesta, which countless passages in classical authors show to have been at the verge of the Forum Magnum, and in the very position occupied by the existing remains. In the time of the elder Pliny the dome, or *tholus*, of the circular cella was covered with tiles of gilt Syracusan bronze, but it is doubtful whether these existed in the building of Severus. The circular form of the temple was supposed to symbolize the round earth, and its dome the canopy of heaven.

The cella was so small that it probably contained nothing but the altar with the sacred fire, and Ovid distinctly says that he had been mistaken in thinking that it had within it a statue of Vesta. No profane foot was ever allowed to enter this most holy of shrines, and even the peristyle was inclosed by screens made of bronze, set between its Corinthian columns. This screen is shown clearly on a relief now in the Uffizi, and also on medallions of Lucilla, Crispina and Julia Domna. The existing fragments of columns have a small square projection on each side against which the screen was fixed.

STATUE OF GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Close to the Temple of Vesta was another building of almost equal antiquity and interest. This was the Regia, or official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, which Servius, in his note to Virgil, Æn. viii., 363, describes as being "radicibus Palatii finibusque Romani Fori." The original house, like the adjoining temple, was said to have been built and lived in by Numa. It also was destroyed by the Gauls in 390 B.C., and was again burnt in 210 B.C., when the Temple of Vesta narrowly escaped. It is of special interest as having been the residence of Julius Cæsar for many years while he held the office of Chief Pontiff, and it was the scene of Clodius's celebrated intrigue with Cæsar's wife. In 12 B.C., when Augustus became Pontifex Maximus, he preferred to live on the Palatine, in a more commodious palace which he built adjoining the magnificent Temple and Area of the Palatine Apollo. He therefore presented the Regia to the Vestals, because, as Dion Cassius (lvi. 27) says, it



MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR.

adjoined their house. The Vestal virgins appear then, or shortly after, to have pulled down the Regia, and rebuilt their house on a larger scale, extending it partly over the site of the Pontiff's house. Besides being a dwelling-house so placed that the Pontifex Maximus had immediate access both to the Temple of Vesta and the house of the Vestals, whose spiritual father he was supposed to be, the Regia contained a very important sacrarium, in which were preserved the sacred spears of Mars, which, like the Ancilia, announced coming disaster by spontaneous movement. This is said to have happened just before the murder of Julius Cæsar. Within the Regia, also, was the shrine of the goddess Ops Consiva, the wife of Saturn, a place of special sanctity, where no one was admitted except the Vestals and the Pontifex Maximus or Sacerdos Publicus. When the Regia was destroyed it is probable that these sacraria were transferred to the new house of the Vestals, in which there was ample space, and which had many chambers quite removed from all sight of the outer world.

It appears probable that the other sacred relics, on the safe keeping of which the welfare and even the existence of the Roman State were supposed to depend, were preserved, not in the miniature cella of the temple, but in the Vestals' house. These relics, which Livy (xxvi. 27) calls "fatale pignus Romani imperii," consisted of several objects, the chief being the Palladium, which Æneas saved from the burning of Troy. This was carefully concealed from all eyes but those of its guardians, and was always the first thing which the Vestals thought of saving when danger approached.

When the Vestals escaped from the Gauls in 390 B.C., they first buried the Palladium, placed in a large clay vessel or *dolium*, in the Forum Magnum; and this spot, afterward known as the *doliola*, was considered sacred, so that no one was allowed to spit upon it.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

THE troubadours in the thirteenth century established a tribunal called the Court of Love at Aix, in Provence, which was composed of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank, who settled all questions relating to love and marriage with the greatest gravity. Rules were laid down for general observance, to which strict adherence was enforced; and so flourishing was this society, that similar ones were soon established in the neighboring provinces. The most remarkable of these in later years was at Toulouse, and numbered amongst its members the Countess de Bauffremont, the Marchioness de Saluce, the beautiful Brunissende, niece of Cardinal Talleyrand, and many other names, illustrious in the history of those times.

Madame de Genlis says that the first literary réunions in France owed their origin to these meetings. Their formation was a singular feature of the time; for at that period Europe was distracted by commotion and civil war, and the clangor of arms was heard everywhere. But women can distract themselves from such things, as they can also from the dominion of pain, and Frenchwomen of the highest rank and beauty contended for the prize of "The Golden Violet," which was given by way of encouragement to youthful competitors for the best composition either in poetry or prose. But poetry held the foremost place; nor were charades and enigmas considered unworthy of notice; and however trivial the subjects considered may at first sight appear, it must be remembered that the critical discussions took place between the chivalrous men of the Middle Ages, and by them the prize was awarded. This will explain the pride with which Eleanor of Aquitaine says: "I speak after my fancies, for I am a troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune—a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet."

DAWN ON THE RIVER.

OUT of the gloomy depths of night
  Into the gladsome day!
The starlight smiled, "By whom beguiled,
  O lover, to onward stray?"
The shuddering Syrinx—a martyr mild!—
  With wandering lovelocks dank,
Rose ere the coming of morning light,
  And fled to the sedgy bank
In terror wild, as Pan, beguiled
  By love, tho' never the fair one smiled,
Follow'd her far thro' frowning night
  With faltering step alway.

Out of the shadowless gloom of night
  Into the dawning day!
The silvery river, with reeds a-quiver,
  Piped merriest roundelay,
'Mid penitent aspen trees' sad shiver
  In shunn'd and lonely place,
As they wavered and bent from my onward flight,
  And rain'd their tears apace,
Praying, "O, river, with dawn a-quiver,
Swift on thy bounding breast deliver
Out of the gloomy depths of night
  Lover to love alway."

Out of the gloomy depths of night
  Into the gladsome day
I follow'd afar an errant star
  Where the city in silence lay.
Leaping the verge of a pebbly bar,
To clasp a hand on the hither shore,
Outshone the sun as we kissed once more.
  So!
But how could he know, but how could he know,
  We had follow'd afar love's wandering star,
Out of the wildering gloom of night
  Into the gladsome day?

THE LEADING LADY.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

IT was more than devotion with which Herman Carle regarded Gladys Gregory—it was idolatry; but if the lady was conscious of the homage, she treated it with fine indifference.

"The lines trouble me," she said, with a little frown, pushing across the table a sheet of manuscript she had been perusing. "Now listen."

She quoted eloquently:

"If while you loved, protected, trusted me,
  You had but dreamed that I was false as fair—
  That I was proved a traitor to the truth,
  And made you feel how——"

She made a long pause.

"I cannot say them yet. If only the play was not written in blank verse!"

"If only the play were not written at all, Gladys," her companion replied, earnestly. "Your part is a thankless one. What audience could fail to despise such a creature as this *Erminia*, who——"

"But *Erminia* is a strong woman, daring, fascinating——"

"Fickle, false, cruel!" her companion added.

"Yes, but fascinating still, and beloved in spite of it all. Wait till I show her to you as she is. The audience may not admire her, but they shall wonder at her and applaud her."

Herman Carle was still gazing at the beautiful woman with an expression in his eyes that needed no words for its interpretation. She seemed to become suddenly conscious of the significance of the look, and turned slightly away from it.

"You disapprove of *Erminia*, but I understand her, sympathize with——"

"You, Gladys, you?—Impossible! I——"

He checked himself suddenly, but reaching across the table beside which they sat facing each other, caught both her hands.

"Gladys, when will you give me my answer? I have waited so long already——"

She drew her hands away, rose and took a step backward.

"You are disagreeable, Herman, when you mention that subject. I——"

"Gladys!"

He had risen too, still facing her. There was a note of warning in his tone. She glanced at him, uneasily.

"You know I am fond of you, Herman, in a way. You have been a good friend to me—why not continue so? Don't let us quarrel as——"

"'In a way!'" he repeated, hoarsely. "Tell me, then, what you mean?"

But there could be no hope for any man who read aright the expression on that lovely and perfect face.

"We're the best of friends, you know," she replied, lightly; "but to talk of love between us—pooh!"

She made a movement as if blowing something from the palm of her hand, then held it out to him smiling, as she came forward toward him.

He did not move or touch the extended hand, and she turned away frowning. She was not a woman accustomed to have her overtures slighted, even by her victims.

"You like me 'in a way!' you said. What way is that, Gladys?"

"Since you insist upon knowing, as I like my maid," she said, with a cruel little laugh. "She is agreeable to me, she serves me. But I should not dream of—marrying her! Now do you understand?"

With a quick, muttered ejaculation, the young man caught up his hat and left the room. She looked annoyed as the door closed behind him, then reseated herself and began again the study of her part. A few minutes later, and a sharp ring of the doorbell caused her to listen with suspended breath.

She rose with a radiant smile upon her face as she heard outside the tones of Everett Glynn, manager of the Galaxy Theatre. She threw the door wide open as he approached it, and her eyes expressed the heartiness of her welcome.

"Hard at work, I see," and he pointed to the MS. she had tossed upon the table. "*Erminia*, of course?"

"Yes, *Erminia;* the woman who is to make your fortune and my reputation."

"Yet I am far more interested in another woman," he said, significantly. "I shall be jealous even of this new play if it absorbs you to this extent. I got your message that you could not ride with me to-day. Nonsense! I've come in spite of it!"

He touched the bell with an air of proprietorship.

"Miss Gregory's hat and shawl," he said, peremptorily, to the maid who answered the summons. "Time enough," he added, as the lady glanced thoughtfully at the clock. "Only a quick drive through the park. We'll be back by seven."

It was a quicker drive than even he, famous for his fast horses, had anticipated. A heavy shower burst upon them before it was possible to reach any shelter, and Miss Gregory was drenched in a few minutes. He put his arm about her and held her close, covering her as best he could with the light overcoat he had taken off for the purpose. "Dearest!" he whispered, as he did so, while a swift kiss touched her forehead. She nestled down beside him with a long sigh of content. It was the only word spoken on the homeward drive.

Miss Gregory filled her usual *rôle* at the theatre that night, but there was a fire in her eye and a vivacity in her manner which made her more irresistible than ever.

"She's a marvelous woman, by Jove!"

The exclamation came from one of the actors, Valbert, who watched her from the side, while the house rang again and again with the wildest applause. He was one of her countless admirers, and he spoke to Herman Carle.

"Glynn appreciates her, too," he went on. "She's most desperately in love with him—Heaven help her!—though he is more merciful to her than to some of his devotees."

"You said——" Carle had been eagerly watching her, but had turned toward his companion a white, miserable face.

"As intimate as you are with her, not to know! And warn her, I was going to say, but what good would that do?"

And yet Herman Carle had never for an instant suspected such a thing.

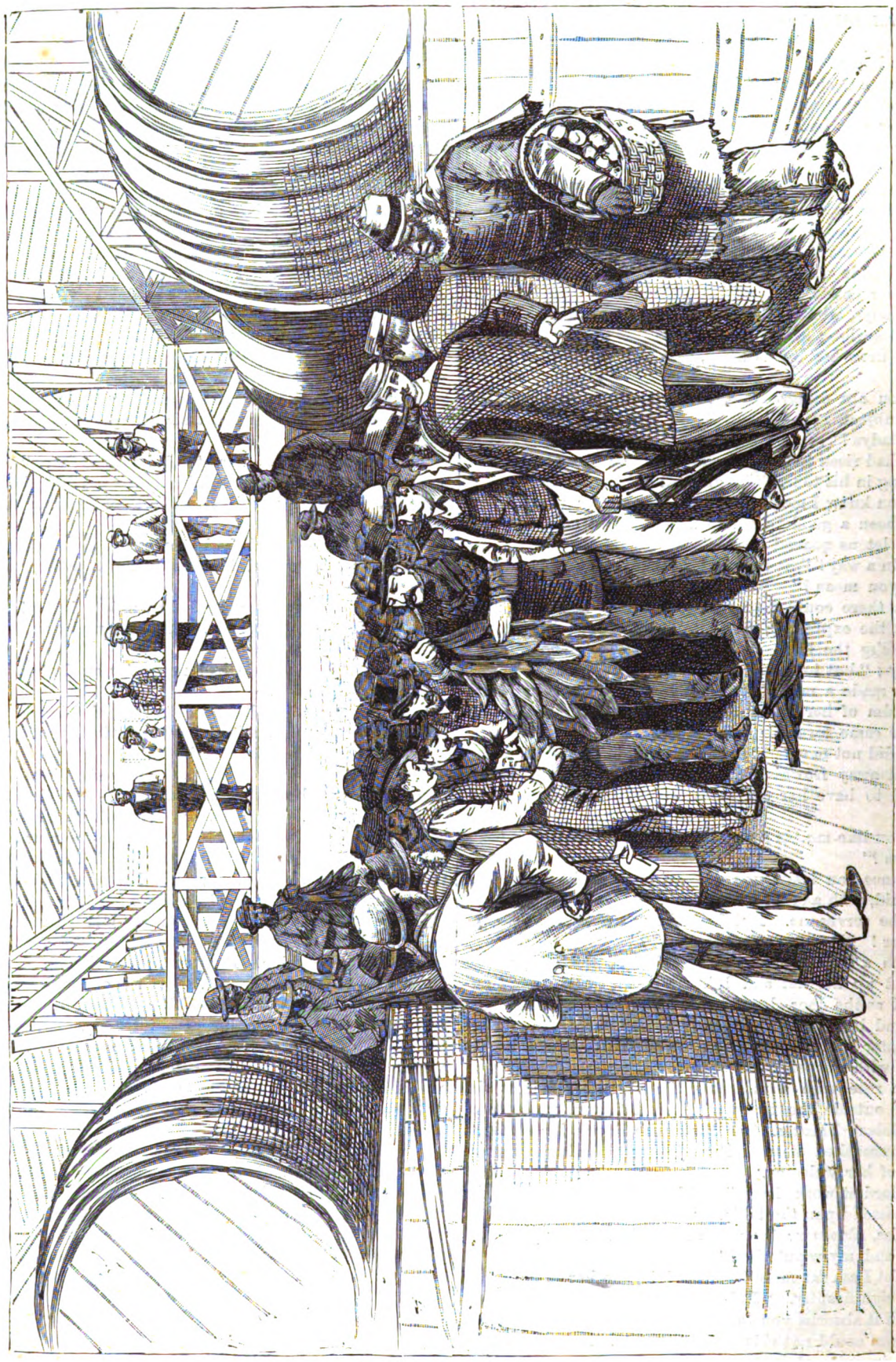
"Go on, go on!" Valbert said to him, shaking him by the shoulder. "Man alive! have you lost your wits? The house is calling for you both."

He looked up to see Gladys Gregory standing before him, flushed, smiling, her hand extended—as he had seen it that afternoon. But this time he took it and led her back to the stage. The applause was like the roar of the sea. But he heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing but the little hand he held in his, while he thought, bitterly, "I have at least helped her to achieve her triumph!"

The next day brought its reaction. Gladys rose late, and unable to speak aloud. By night a high fever had her in full possession. It was six weeks before she was again able to leave her room. But the one who was the irreponsible cause of the trouble appeared to regret it only as it affected his business interests. This it did seriously. The new play had been underlined for a week. In another week it was to be produced with great magnificence. The one then running made but poor progress when the presence of Gladys Gregory was withdrawn.

Everett Glynn had made her a few hurried visits—visits that baffled and tantalized her, that left her face more flushed, her pulses higher than before his coming, with tears that she tried to believe flowed only from physical weakness. Baskets of the choicest fruit and rarest flowers came to her daily without a name or need of any. Yet to her they were valueless, as they did not come from him.

"We'll keep 'Ulione' running for another week," the perplexed manager said, irritably, to his confidential agent, when it was found impossible for Gladys Gregory to appear in the new play. "That will give Ellice time to come up from Mexico—and she shall come, too!" he



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—AN AUCTION SALE OF TOBACCO IN A LOUISVILLE WAREHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 513.

THE LEADING LADY.—"SHE KNELT DOWN BEFORE HIM. HE SHIVERED AT THE TOUCH OF HER HAND UPON HIS KNEE, YET, GLANCING INTO HER UPLIFTED EYES, HOPE AND FAITH SPRANG UP STRONG WITHIN HIM."—SEE PAGE 527.

added, with a frown and a muttered oath. "She studied the part before she went off in that senseless temper of hers. Gladys Gregory never knew it, or of course she'd never have looked at a line of it. I'd rather have Ellice any day—she looks *Erminia* all over—only I hate to yield a point to her, as I shall have to if I get her."

But one of his letters—he seldom committed himself on paper, but the case was urgent—followed a telegram, and brought back to Ellice Rossiter's heart a sweet old hope which she thought she had crushed out of existence. His apparently sincere acknowledgment of the wrong he had done her, settled her momentary doubt of accepting his very liberal offer.

Gladys Gregory's convalescence was a rapid one. The manager's visits ceased entirely. He was absorbed in the new play, which had been produced in spite of her absence, and her rival was applauded to the echo by the public and the press. "A temporary arrangement," was the message sent to her from the manager by Valbert, her most constant visitor. She had determined that it should be ended as soon as possible. She hid the lines beneath her pillow, and studied so that neither physician nor nurse suspected her. The first time that she left the house she took a short drive with the doctor, and saw upon the street the manager of the Galaxy with Ellice Rossiter by his side. He did not see the eager face peering from the carriage. His gaze was bent upon the woman she hated. Gladys Gregory clinched her hands and breathed hard. In a few days—only a few days more!

The next night she occupied a private box at the Galaxy with Valbert, who was not in the cast of "Erminia," as her attendant. The manager, in response to Valbert's statement of her intention to be present, had sent her a message—with an exquisite bouquet—that he should consider it a personal favor if she would attend, and afterward give him her opinion of the performance. He came to the box twice in the course of the evening.

"A business man should have no heart, Gladys," he said to her, in a low, earnest tone; "least of all the manager of the Galaxy. I've had to work like a machine, with no chance to come to you. You understand, of course?"

She nodded her head, absently. She was wondering how much she understood of herself; of him, the courtly, fascinating man whom so many women loved, but who still stood free to choose among them all. Yet when, with a covert look at Valbert, he stepped into shadow, drew her head back suddenly and kissed her forehead, she was sure again that he cared as she herself did.

Three days after, she drove to the theatre, angry with herself to find how weak she was, as she climbed the stairs to the manager's office. She heard a loud peal of laughter before the door was opened to admit her. Everett Glynn was sitting at his desk, while before him, in street costume, drawing on her gloves, stood Ellice Rossiter, talking rapidly. Evidently she had been entertaining him with one of the "good stories" for which she had a generous reputation. She sobered instantly as she turned to face the new comer.

"Ah, Miss Gregory! I trust you have fully recovered. Such an awkward thing for you, and in the middle of the season! *Au revoir*, Mr. Glynn!" and in another moment she was singing loudly, on her way downstairs.

The manager had risen hurriedly on the entrance of the lady. She had grown very pale—perhaps from the exertion of climbing the stairs—and took the seat he placed for her.

"Glad as I am to see you here once more," he said, quickly, "you make me tremble for fear!"

He himself removed her hat, hovering over her with the indescribable tenderness which he so well knew how to show, and, after pouring out a glass of wine, held it to her lips. She put it aside with a slight gesture.

"Thank you! I do not need it. I am as well as ever. Of course it will take time for me to regain my color, but I am quite ready to take the *rôle* of *Erminia* without any more delay. You know how ambitious I have always been about that part."

He nodded slightly and fumbled with some papers upon his desk.

"And you promised to give me your opinion of the play as acted. How does it strike you?"

She hesitated before answering.

"I have my own conception of the leading *rôle*. It differs radically from that of Miss Rossiter."

"Ah! but she has made an immense success, as of course you know."

Miss Gregory looked indifferent.

"She will always be a success as—Miss Rossiter."

"You mean——"

"She is a very bright and beautiful woman; gay, versatile, consequently popular."

"And yet they say that one woman never praises another!"

"I am not fond of Ellice Rossiter, as you know," the lady responded; "but I am willing to do her justice."

"And her *Erminia?*"

"Too coarse. The part has a spiritual subtlety that Miss Rossiter could never discover or display. It was the psychological study of the character that so delighted me. I can show you what I mean when I act it. I am not afraid that my interpretation will suffer by contrast."

"But, my dear Gladys, that is entirely impossible now, you know. I've been promising little Miss Taylor a month's rest as soon as you returned. She's not well, can't sleep, she says, and her *Amy* is a pretty important part. Two of the company have had it for understudy, but of course I prefer you."

"*Amy!*" Miss Gregory ejaculated, *Erminia's* maid! Are you joking, Mr. Glynn."

"Most assuredly not. You know it is out of the question for me to displace Miss Rossiter, and the part of *Amy* is——"

"It is not to be considered for a moment," Miss Gregory replied, quickly. "Nothing would induce——"

"But, my dear Gladys, if I insist?"

"You will not insist."

"You forget that it is not altogether a matter of choice with you," he said, coolly. "You know you are obliged to take whatever *rôle* is assigned you."

As he talked he took a package of papers from his desk. He drew out one which he unfolded and looked over significantly.

"There seems to be no choice for you," he repeated, as he refolded and replaced the paper; "but I am sincerely sorry that the suggestion annoys you."

Miss Gregory smiled bitterly as she rose.

"In twenty-four hours you shall know my decision," she said. "Good-morning, Mr. Glynn."

He went with her to her carriage and gave her hand a lingering pressure as he seated her in it.

"You'll not be unreasonable, Gladys," he said, in a tender tone. "Most woman are so tiresome with their freaks and fancies, but I have never known you to be," and the carriage rolled away.

That evening, toward the close of the last act of "Erminia," Herman Carle read a note from Gladys Gregory, "Will you come to me to-night after the play?" Not another word, and her initials at the end of the line. It was late of course before he could fulfill her request. He found her awaiting his coming with apparent eagerness. It was the first time he had seen her since they stood together bowing to an enthusiastic audience. Could this pale, fragile woman, with great, pathetic eyes, be the brilliant star of that long-ago night of triumph? She was dressed in white, which increased the delicacy of her appearance; there was a bunch of violets at her throat—a morning costume, he noticed—and she looked so like death!

"I was afraid you would not come," were the first words she said to him. "Do you realize that you have not been to see me once?"

"Perfectly. I have come now because you sent for me."

"I never thought you were one to bear malice, Herman."

"Nor am I."

"Yet because I was out of sorts and said something hateful—I've no idea what—you've left me to be dull and lonely as well as sick. And I have longed to see you, to ask your forgiveness, Herman. I don't doubt I was cruel—I feel cruel sometimes."

"To all but one," Herman Carle muttered, failing in his effort at self-repression.

"What do you mean?" she asked, frowning.

"I mean that the only exception is your friend—the manager of the Galaxy. Your attachment to him is as well known as his universal power of fascination. I would congratulate you if I had less conscience. As it is——"

She had grown even whiter at his impetuous words, and shrank back as if he had struck her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I was unfortunate in my mention of it, if it offends you. It is—it was common talk in the theatre."

"It *was?* When?"

"Before Miss Rossiter's arrival."

"Ah!"

Her breath still came in gasps. Her hands were tightly clinched.

"How can I prove to you the falsity of that report?"

"Why should you care to prove it?"

"Because I care for you!" she exclaimed, hysterically. "Oh, Herman, don't you know—haven't you seen?"

She held out both hands to him and came close to him.

"Gladys! Gladys!"

It was an exclamation of anguish rather than of joy. He turned his head away from her.

She knelt down before him. He shivered at the touch of her hand upon his knee, yet glancing into her uplifted eyes, hope and faith sprang up strong within him. He put his arms about her and drew hert o his heart.

"It is so hard to realize that this is true," he whispered. "It is 'the fearful joy,' my darling. I shall doubt it when I go away from you again."

"You must never doubt me," she said, earnestly. "I will give you no time."

"And you will be my wife——"

"To-morrow, if you wish it. You cannot doubt me now, Herman."

The clock struck twelve, The day was dead. Her old life had died with it, she thought; a new existence was coming with the morning about to dawn.

In the same dress which she had worn the day before to the manager's office, she drove the next afternoon to the residence of a minister, where she was made the wife of Herman Carle. A half-hour later she dispatched a note to the manager of the Galaxy.

"I decline to appear in any but leading *rôles*.

"GLADYS GREGORY CARLE."

Everett Glynn sprang to his feet, crushing the note in his hand with a tremendous oath, then reeled backward, faint and sick. For once his fate was beyond his control. He became sure in that instant of what he had before refused to believe—that Gladys Gregory was the only woman in the world he had ever honestly loved.

That night it rained in torrents; the wind blew a hurricane. Gladys was alone, sitting motionless, gazing into the fire which had been kindled in the grate as the darkness settled down. The moaning of the blast outside made a fitting accompaniment to her thoughts:

"If while you loved, protected, trusted me,
You had but dreamed that I was false as fair."

The lines tortured her. If she could for one instant get rid of the frightful words: "And I told him I could understand *Erminia*—could sympathize with the character. He did not believe me. Oh, if he only knew!" She recalled the look in his eyes when he had kissed her good-night. How he loved her! Tears filled her own as she thought of it. Could it be possible that she was growing to love him, too? He is so good, so noble, and I have wronged him so! But I shall love him—I can atone——"

A servant brought a card to her. She read the name, "Everett Glynn." Her heart gave a sharp, convulsive throb, then seemed to stand still. He entered the room, in his quick, imperious fashion, before she had time to send a message, and advancing, caught both her hands.

"What have you done?"

She wrenched her hands from his grasp, and drew back haughtily.

"You have given me the grief of my life, Gladys Gregory! I will never call you by your hateful name! What right had you to——"

Gladys laughed, merrily.

"Is this intended to be tragedy or comedy, Mr. Glynn? I should fancy it was melodrama if I did not know your dislike to——"

"Gladys! Why do you try to parry my words? You know with whom you have to deal. You shall hear me!"

"Oh, yes, I know you!" she replied, lightly. "I have had some acquaintance with you socially, as well as professionally. As the manager of the Galaxy, my last interview with you was not particularly satisfactory—to me. As my guest, you do not seem disposed to make this one any more so."

She talked at random—to gain time. She feared that an instant's pause in her speech would let him hear the beating of her heart.

"Why did I thwart your determination to appear as *Erminia?* I had resolved that you should leave the stage, and as my wife——"

"Fill the *rôle* of *Erminia's* maid! Truly I did not appreciate your consideration."

In spite of the torture which she was undergoing at his hands, she laughed more easily than she had done at first. She saw as by a lightning flash that it might be possible for her to despise this man.

"If I did not understand your motive for marrying *I*

And if I should show Herman Carle, poor fool! the line in your written contract—that only your marriage should release you from your engagement to me!"

"And it has released me—as I meant it should. There is no more to be said about it, if you please, Mr. Glynn. And *I* love my husband."

"Love him!" her companion retorted, furiously. "Superb actress as you are, you must have excelled yourself in that transaction. For it was me you loved, and do love, and you will not deny it!"

He watched her with half-shut, burning eyes. She was looking smilingly at the fire, with no trace of the emotion he had tried to believe his entrance had roused in her. She turned her head proudly.

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Glynn——?" she began.

THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.— PORTRAIT OF HIRAM WOODRUFF.—SEE PAGE 534.

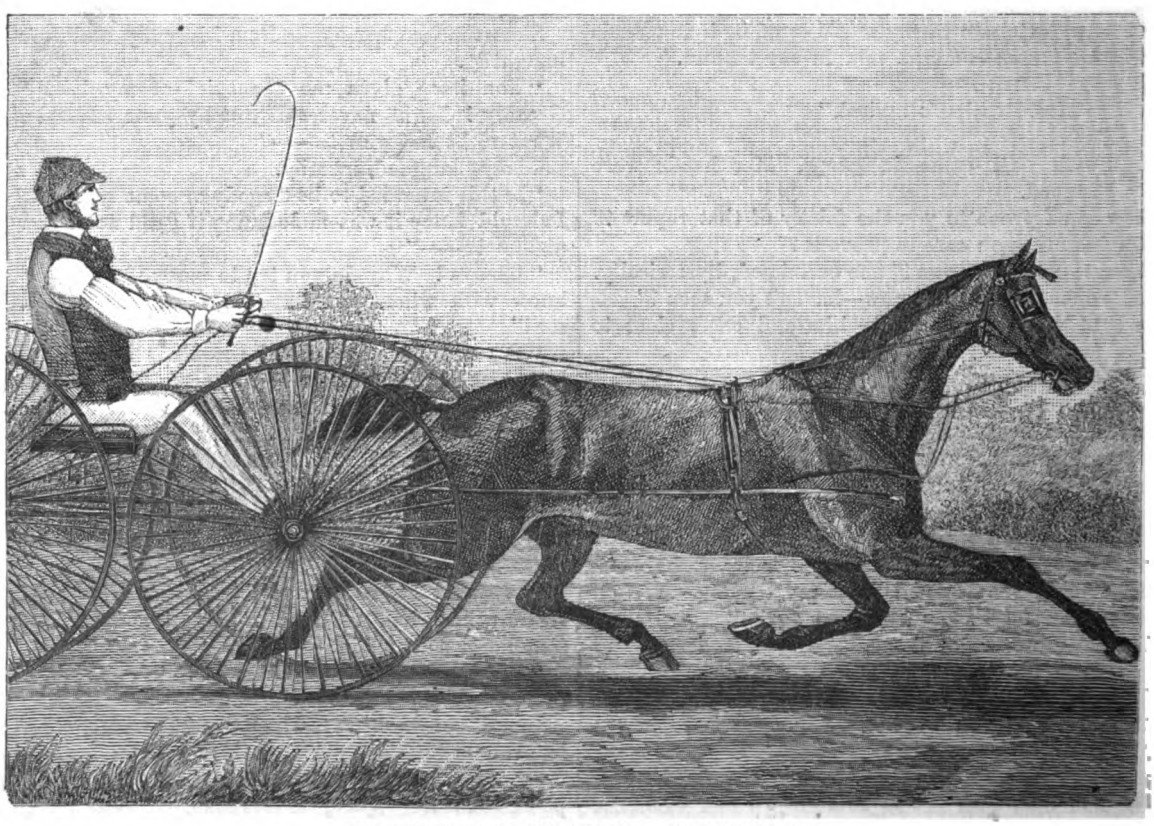
"What has changed you so?" he cried out, fiercely. "Had I been less cautious, less absorbed in business, less sure of you—— I swear I will not give you up, even if—— Oh, Gladys!"

His tone changed suddenly. Great tearing sobs burst from him, and passionate protestations that she could not check poured from his lips. And he really loved her like this! If she had only known before!

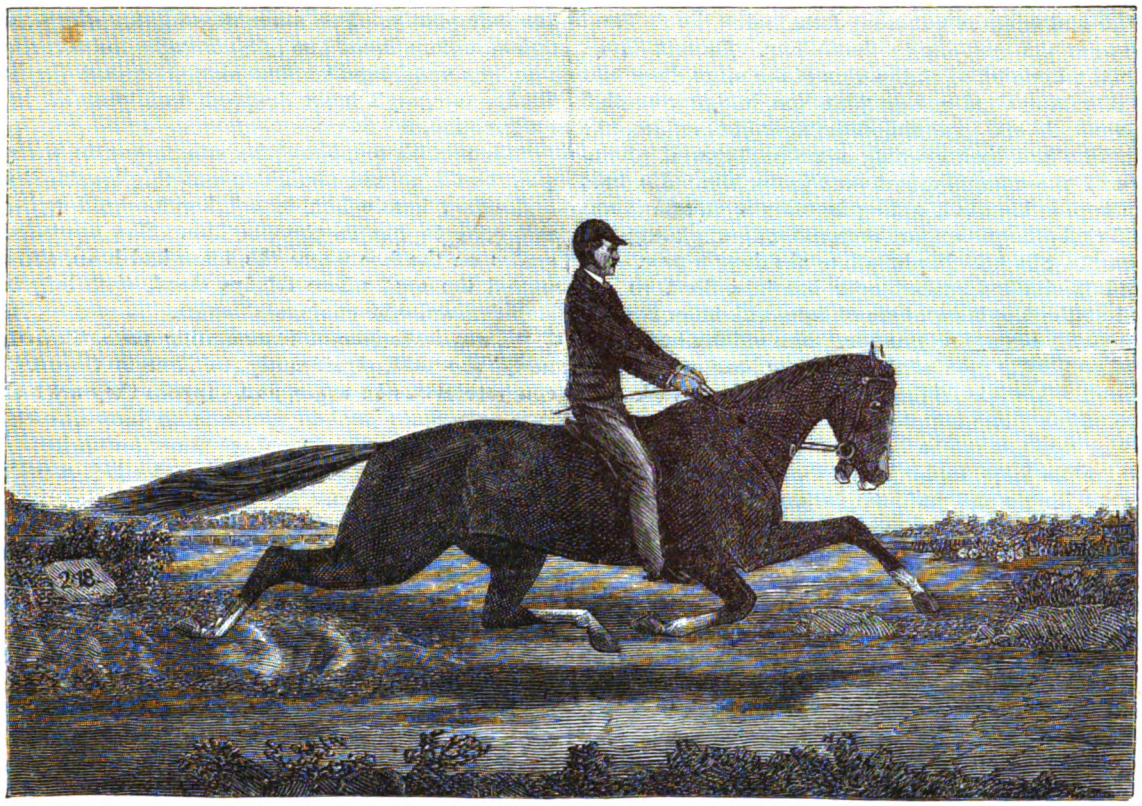
She stepped toward the bell and laid her hand on the knob. He sprang after her to check the movement.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "I have been beside myself. I did not mean to hurt or insult you, Gladys. If I have done so in the past, you have punished me far beyond what I deserve. Wait one moment!" he pleaded, as she showed no sign of desisting. "I came to say something else to you—something you need not refuse to hear. You must come back to the Galaxy, Gladys, and Ellice Rossiter shall go."

Her hand fell from the knob at the surprise and reaction occasioned by his words. A sudden dazzling vision swept before her mental sight. Her old place in the theatre! Her old triumphs! The displacement of her rival, the humiliation of the manager! She looked at him steadily for a moment without speaking.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.— FLORA TEMPLE.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.— DEXTER.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

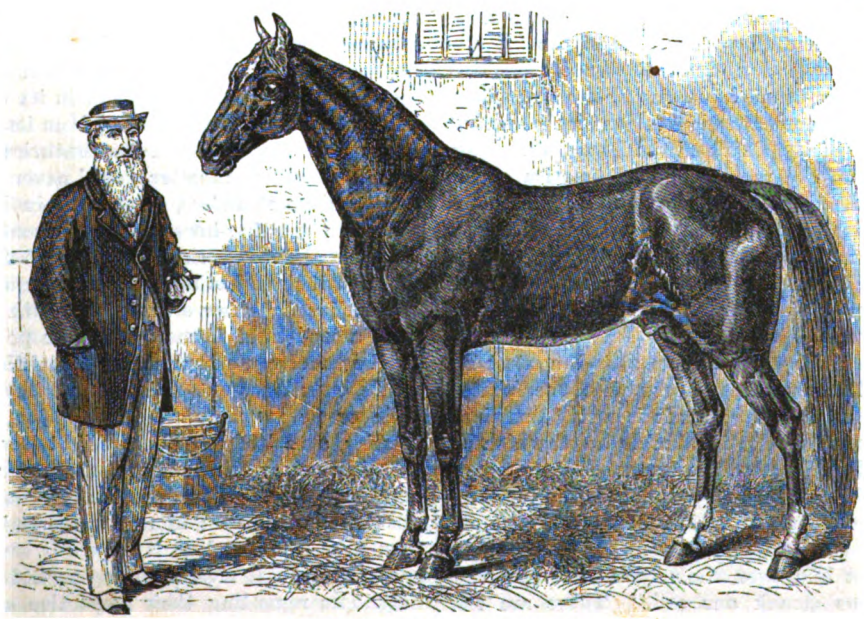
"You will come, Gladys?"

"I have had only to-day a most liberal offer from the Star. I——"

"But you shall not go!" he interrupted, in his customary commanding tone. "Whatever the offer, it shall be less than mine. I tried you too far, Gladys, when I refused you your old position. I did not dream that you would care so much, and Ellice Rossiter was——"

He bit his lip, as if saying more than he had intended. But Gladys's thoughts had outrun his words. To triumph—and publicly—over her hated rival! She was trying to persuade herself that she had no other motive. And yet, with a quick clutching pain at her heart, she recognized the fact that there was a terrible joy in the thought of being once more in the society of the manager.

"You must give me time," she said, in a quick, suffocating tone, and he went away without adding another word.



HAMBLETONIAN, SIRE OF DEXTER.

He had carried the day, after all, he told himself, exultingly. He loved her better than he loved his life—never so much as now. She had cared for him in the past. He was sure of it, and she should care more—he would make her love him as he loved her. She had asked for time. He wanted only that, he thought, himself. With time and a chance to see her every day—what could he not accomplish? He had never failed in the past. He would not fail now.

That night Herman Carle met the manager on his way home, and found his wife in her sitting-room pacing the floor in an intense and excited mood.

"Everett Glynn has been here this evening," she said, as soon as he entered. "He is ready to come to my terms now. He will displace Miss Rossiter if I will return to the Galaxy. Is not that a triumph?"

It was a temptation not to be resisted, and after a night of wide-eyed, anxious deliberation

she decided to accept the offer. All thought of the manager she tried to put away from her.

She went the next day to the Galaxy. Everett Glynn was in the little office at the rear of the stage, they told her. A rehearsal of a new play was in progress that afternoon. As she approached the door of the office, she saw that he had been opening some packages of photographs of the company, just sent in to him. He held one picture in his hand, gazing intently at it, and it was so held that Gladys Gregory recognized it—a photograph of herself. She held her breath as she drew nearer. All the old fascination rushed over her in a flood as she looked at the handsome, earnest face, and knew that he was thinking absorbingly of her. The old tenderness he had fed so fitfully grew stronger in her heart than it had ever been. A wild, frightened consciousness took possession of her. She had deceived herself! It was to be near him again that she had come.

The "little Miss Taylor," who from the time of Miss Gregory's illness had made no further request for leave of absence, came rushing from the stage to the manager's office. She was in a tempest of rage.

"Mr. Glynn!" she began, hurriedly.

He turned toward her with a sympathetic look at her tear-stained face; but she saw the picture he held in his hand, and with a vindictive glance at it raised her eyes to his with a fresh burst of tears. He threw the photograph across the room with a well-assumed expression of contempt. He did not choose that she should suspect the feeling which he feared his face had already revealed.

"Now, dear, what is the trouble, tell me. Another quarrel with Ellice?"

The old familiar tone—the old tenderness. He stroked her hair gently. The same caresses for every woman, and all women loved him! So thought the other woman who was watching him, but at that instant the love in Gladys Gregory's heart dropped dead past all hope of resurrection.

"Come with me, then," he was saying to the young girl, "we'll go and straighten out this trouble."

He drew her to him, kissed her forehead lightly and motioned to her to precede him. She went quickly, smiles on the face where the tears had been, and as she passed the spot where Gladys stood, that lady took a step forward and confronted them.

"I was in danger of interrupting your *tête-à-tête* just now," she said, significantly, to Everett Glynn. "Are congratulations in order, as I suppose they are? though it is sometimes hard to discriminate between——"

The look upon his face checked her for an instant. If she could have felt pity for him at all, it would have been there and then.

"I will not detain you," she resumed; "I only called to say——" (catching sight of Ellice Rossiter coming rapidly toward them, she waited for her to come within hearing before the sentence was concluded.) "I have considered your offer to return to my position as leading lady of the Galaxy, and must decline it. I regret that you are dissatisfied with the present arrangement, but trust you may find some one before next season. I beg your pardon," she added, as Miss Rossiter flung herself between them, glaring with flaming eyes into the manager's face. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Glynn."

And that night she signed her contract with the Star.

THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.

By James B. Townsend.

There are only two countries in the world that possess the trotting-horse—America and Russia. Not that the gait known as the trot is not often found in horses of other lands, but that in these two countries alone the trotting-horse is a distinct species, and has, especially in the former, been brought to its full development and its cultivation made a science. Historians and political economists of the future will rank the trotting-horse among the distinctive and peculiar products of the United States, and will doubtless discuss its decided bearing upon the often-mooted question of the exact character of the mutually sympathetic relations long existent between the people of the Czar and the President. England is the home of the race-horse and America of the trotter. The fame of both has gone out into all lands and it is my purpose to now briefly describe and discuss one of the most remarkable of American productions, on whose cultivation have been expended a half-century of time, much of the best talent of the country, and millions upon millions of money.

While Russia can alone, as I have stated, contest the sole ownership of the trotting-horse with the United States, England gave it to us; for it is now determined that the highest type of the invaluable breed which we possess descends directly from the famous Messenger, an English thoroughbred horse, imported into this country about 1790. It has been well said, that "when that old gray came charging down the gangplank of the ship which had brought him over, the value of not less than a hundred millions struck our soil." There are few trotting-horses or families which have reached fame in America, in whose veins has not run some of the Messenger blood, and who have not been indebted to the various qualities which have enabled them to achieve their great results in speed and endurance to the old thoroughbred of the last century. And yet his importation was in some senses an accident, for little did those who brought him over, know the future that awaited his children, or of the country of his adoption, and which alone have made the trotting-horse the rare animal that he now is. For the trotter is a concomitant of American civilization. Had this country been like England in its earlier history and not been able to reap, almost from its earliest inception as a nation, the benefit of the centuries of civilization of the Old World, the trotter would never have existed here. Two causes, therefore, have combined to produce the American trotting-horse in his present perfection—first utility, and second, skill. As ever in the world's history the first of these has been the most powerful. We had in our earlier days few citizens of wealth and leisure. We were a nation of farmers, and our population was scattered over a large extent of country, with long distances, as a rule, even between our individual habitations, and with little or no means of communication, especially in the interior, save by horses. As might have been expected, therefore, every farmer kept his wagon and driving horse, and these were by no means the least valued of his family possessions. It cost him no more to keep a good horse than a bad one, and so it naturally came to pass that a spirit of mutual rivalry sprang up between him and his neighbors regarding their respective steeds. Not alone did they seek for horses which should minister both to

their pleasure and self-esteem, and which should do them good and necessary service on the road for purposes of communication and business, but which should have or develop qualities that might win them a name and fame among their fellows.

The gait which experience showed was best suitable for road journeys, into which these American farmers' horses naturally fell, and which enabled them to go comparatively long journeys at moderate speed, with the least fatigue and exertion, was a certain stride accompanied by a bending of the knee, and which became known as the trot. It is often urged that there are but two paces natural to the horse, the walk and the gallop, and that the trot is entirely artificial; but no less an authority on the trotting-horse than Hiram Woodruff, the great trainer, of whom I shall speak more at length further on, combats this belief strongly, and with convincing argument. He says: "In the first place, I ask whether a colt can now be found anywhere that does not trot sometimes, and that when he is by the side of his dam, before ever the hand of man has been laid upon him? If it is said that this results from the long domestication of his ancestors, my reply will be that it happens among the produce of horses whose ancestors for more than a century—ay, for more than two—have never been used for trotting purposes, and never were taught to trot at all, if it is true that the Arabs of the Desert only use their horses at the two so-called natural paces—the walk and the gallop. . . . Almost every animal that goes on four legs, whether domesticated among us, or wild, in our country, trots at times. Deer trot in the woods; I have seen them do it. The largest and noblest of our native animals is the elk, and he is a trotter. . . . Away, then, with the notion that the trot is wholly an artificial gait. If it were, I think the attempt to breed trotters would have been a failure; whereas everybody knows that it has been successful."

The trot, then, having been found the best gait for his purposes by the American farmer, became developed more and more. Mutual trials of speed on the road naturally grew into meetings under certain regulations, where the farmers tested their horses' qualities over certain defined distances, and so the country trotting meeting, at first generally an adjunct to agricultural fairs, but finally important enough to constitute an entertainment by itself, was evolved. So, as the spirit of the English equestrian, from varied conditions and circumstances, has always been thoroughly set on the saddle, that of the American horseman, from his conditions, as I have shown, was as thoroughly placed on wheels. There was an added reason for the development of the trotting-horse rather than the hunter or racer in America, namely, his popularity. "Horse-racing and steeple-chasing," well says Frank Forrester, "can never, from their very nature, become, in the true sense of the word, popular. The people may love to be spectators, but can never hope to be participators in them. The masses can never pretend to those sports. The trotting-course, on the other hand, is open to all. It is the trial-ground and arena of the roadster, open to every one who keeps a horse for his own driving to compete thereon, according to that horse's pretensions to speed or endurance. Trotting is the people's sport, the people's pastime, and, consequently, is, and will be, supported by the people; and, as it does for everything else, the demand creates the thing demanded."

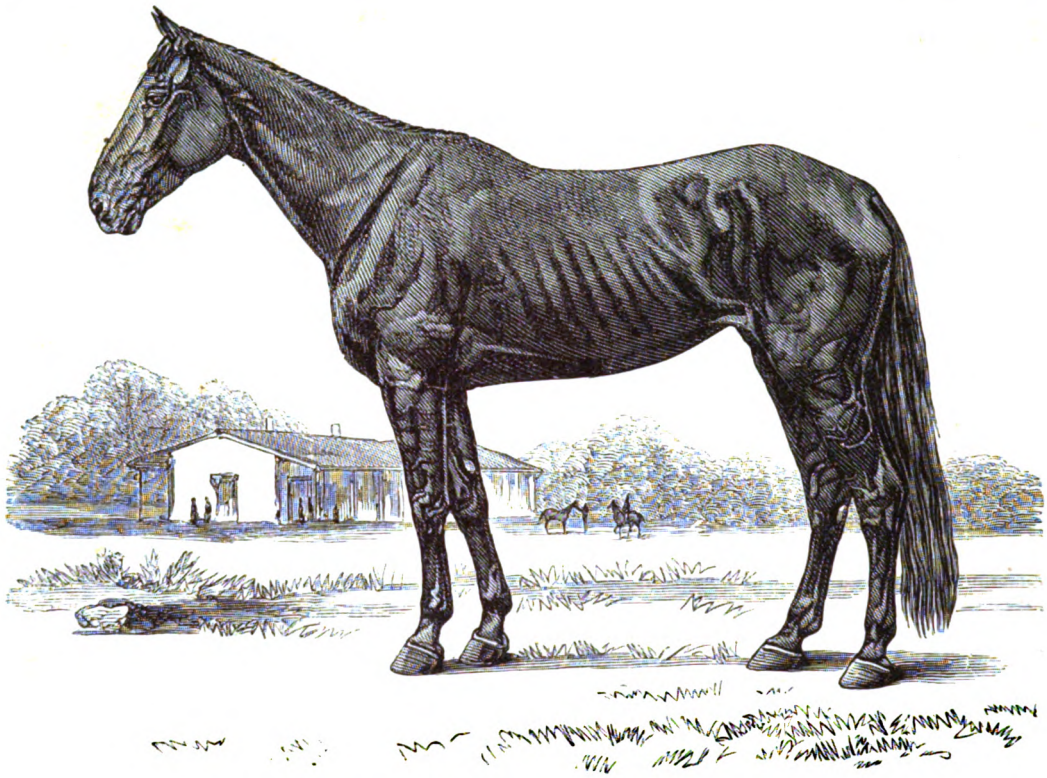
It has been said above that utility and skill produced the American trotting-horse. I have endeavored to show how the first of these operated toward his development, and now come to the question of skill. During the period of the trotter's evolution, from the days before Messenger's arrival, in the last century, to the first recorded public trot for a stake, in 1818, which was a match against time for $1,000, we had been making faster strides as a nation in wealth and civilization. The acquirement of property by families and individuals had produced a certain number of persons in the larger communities and cities of some leisure and abundant means to gratify their tastes. The American gentleman came into being, with all the term implies of education and intelligence. Naturally inclined, from the associations of his boyhood and youth, to an affection for and admiration of the trotter, he began to study his qualities, to expend his money for their better development, and the American trotting-horse received his most powerful aid and ally, and that which has brought him to his present condition of perfection.

Among the numerous names of American gentlemen who have been the especial friends and cultivators of the trotting-horse in America, that of Robert Bonner stands pre-eminent, and to him should Americans who are proud of the position their representative horse has won among the steeds of all countries, be most grateful. Gentlemen there were before Mr. Bonner, gentlemen there are, his cotemporaries, who have devoted their attention, time and money to the trotting-horse, but none who have achieved such results or produced such effects upon the race and its development. It is needless to describe him or his efforts here. They are interwoven with the history of the American trotter, and this brief sketch can present its salient points alone. His name is a household word, not alone among American horsemen, but among the American people.

The Vanderbilt family are also closely identified with the American trotter. Although their connection has only been so close a one within the past few years, comparatively speaking, their great wealth, almost intuitive knowledge of the horse, and keen appreciation of his qualities, has enabled them to own some of the most famous trotters America has yet produced, and to secure great results in speed and endurance with them.

Commodore Vanderbilt was an enthusiastic patron of the trotting-course, and his brother, Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, and son, the present William H. Vanderbilt, have followed closely in his footsteps. How often, as a boy, have I watched the old Commodore speeding a fast pair around the old course near the beach at New Dorp, Staten Island, his handsome face, with its keen eyes and snowy whiskers, firmly set, holding the reins, the fleet trotters seeming to respond to every touch; or again when engaged in a little trot with his brother "Captain Jake," on the same course, how vividly do I recall the whole scene, as the "old fellows," as I called them then, rushed along, horsemen every inch of them, relationship, everything, forgotten in their steeds.

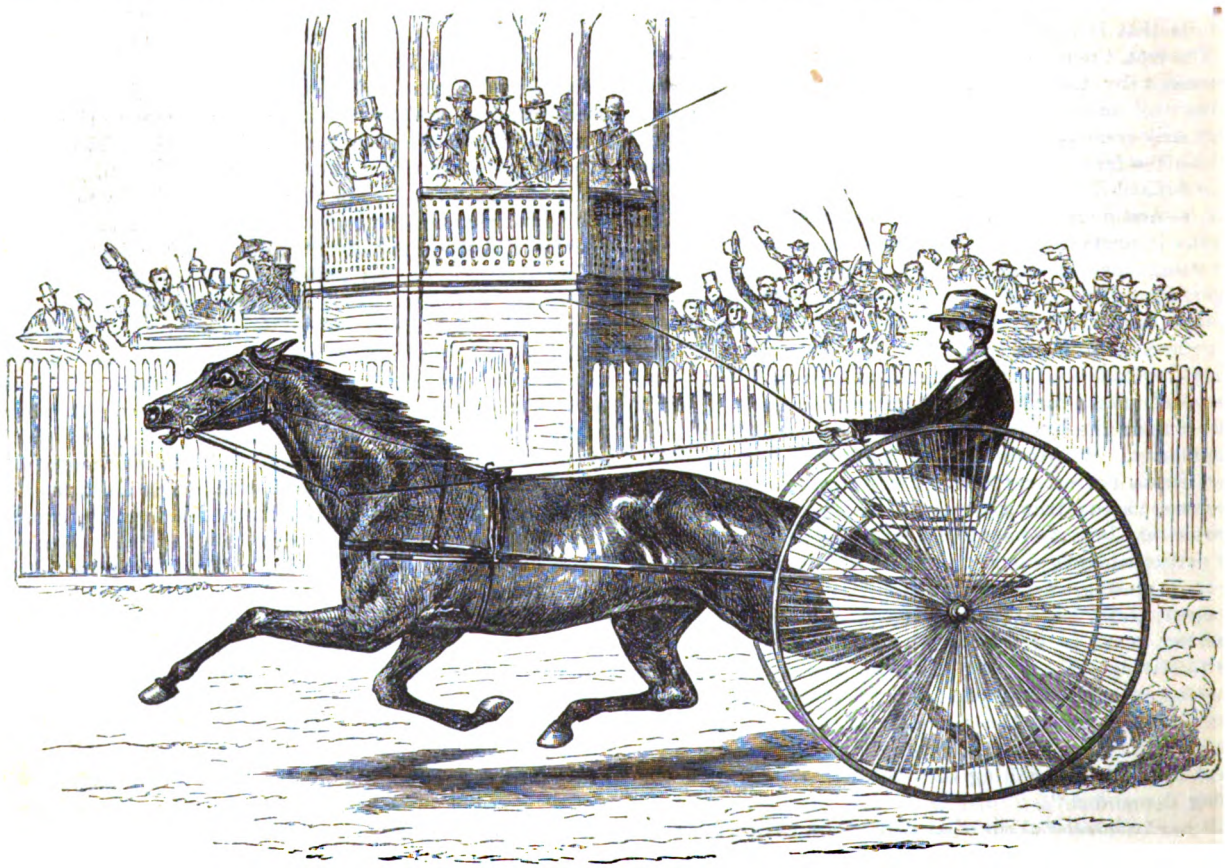
The famous trotters owned by Mr. Bonner and the Vanderbilts, and whose names have become known the world over, will be described later on in due order. I have spoken of Mr. Bonner and the Vanderbilts as representative American gentlemen of wealth, who have made the American trotting-horse the object of their attention and affection, and whose efforts have been chiefly instrumental in securing for him his proud position among the horses of the world. Numerous others there are, who are almost, if not equally, worthy of mention for the same reason; but the list, if once begun, would extend far beyond the limit set to my brief sketch, and this fact has made it necessary to select representative names for a class of men



AMERICAN GIRL, DIED ON ELMIRA COURSE, OCTOBER, 1875.

whom America cannot too highly honor for their labors in this regard. Many have passed away, but a goodly number still survive, and by their example, their enthusiasm for, and interest in, the sport, are preparing numerous worthy successors of later generations.

The American gentlemen who love the trotting-horse



GOLDSMITH MAID AT ROCHESTER, AUGUST, 1874.

may be seen speeding their favorite steeds, in Autumn and Spring, along the upper avenues and boulevards of New York, and in the suburbs of all our larger cities; their names and their horses are duly and daily recorded in the newspapers, and that the sport has enduring qualities is well-attested by the fact that the number of these gentleman-drivers increases, from year to year, keeping pace, as it were, with the steady improvement in the quality of their horses.

If to the American gentleman, then, belongs, in a great measure, the credit for having brought the American trotting-horse to his present stage of perfection, little less credit must be awarded to his agents, the trainer and the driver.

Hiram Woodruff must stand as the representative of the American trainer, as have Bonner and the Vanderbilts for their fellows. A history in even this brief notice of the American trotter would be incomplete without a description of this remarkable man. His name is indelibly associated with that of the animal he loved so well, and to whose training and cultivation his life was devoted. His admirers are, many of them, almost extravagant in their estimation of him.

Says one: "In all the future of our particular turf-history, his figure will loom up to the contemplation of its followers, as the sole great man, who had been produced in connection with that interest, down to the day of his decease." While opinions may differ as to this, there can be no question as to the service he rendered to the interest of the trotting-horse in America. He understood the animal, he knew and loved him, and he never wavered in his belief in his steady development. From the day when, as a mere child, in 1831, he rode Shaking Quaker at the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, in 2:57, until with his hand upon Dexter's reins the noble horse whirled him a mile in 2:26—during the years, in other words, in which the American trotter bridged the space between 2:40 and 2:18, Hiram Woodruff, more than any of his contemporaries, recognized and appreciated the fact that the horse of his love was to be more and more famous in the future. Already many of his predictions have been fulfilled. He came of a family of horsemen, his uncle, George Woodruff, having been famous as a trainer and rider of trotting-horses. Born at Birmingham, Huntington County, N. J., he was only fifty years old at his death, rode and drove during his lifetime the most famous trotting-horses of the period, and scored with them many noted records. He rode and drove Topgallant, a son of imported Messenger, Paul Pry, Dutchman, Ripton, the "white-legged pony," Lady Suffolk, Ajax, Hector, Lady Emma, Flora Temple, Peerless, and Dexter, the most noted horses on the American turf at his time. Just before his death he was anticipating a trial of Dexter, which he confidently expected would result in a record of 2:18. His greatest races were with this great and noble animal, and there can be littlo doubt but that had he lived a few years longer, and Dexter had not passed from the trotting-course, that he would have beaten even the famous horse's best record of 2:17¼, so well did he understand and appreciate his excellences. Hiram Woodruff was a singularly pure man, and early won the respect of his associates, which he always retained.

GOLDSMITH MAID IN 1877.

He died on March 15th, 1867, and his grave in Cypress Hills Cemetery, overlooking the ocean near East New York, on Long Island, will ever be an honored spot among the horsemen of America. A kindly, self-contained man, he brought to his chosen profession as much

ardor and enthusiasm as did ever Raphael to his art, and surely, if the men who, by their labors have elevated other professions and pursuits are called great, Hiram Woodruff deserves that title. Other trainers, riders and drivers there have been and are, connected with the history of the American trotting-horse, whose labors and the interesting incidents in their careers I would gladly describe, did space and time permit me; but failing these, I have taken Hiram Woodruff, the foremost among his fellow trainers, as Robert Bonner is among American gentlemen who have cultivated the trotting-horse.

The horses that have made the American trotting-course famous are many in number, too numerous for detailed description here, and the leaders, the central suns among the various solar systems, as it were, are known in every household in the land. I have spoken of Messenger, the founder and sire of the American trotting-horse, and of whom comparatively little is known, but to whom, if a horse ever deserved a monument, one is richly due. His descendants, almost all of whom are of the color called "flea-bitten gray," are known the country over to-day, and no one horse ever impressed himself and his qualities more upon his race. His son, Topgallant, became the second famous horse on the American trotting course. "He was," says Woodruff, "a dark bay, fifteen hands three inches high, plain and raw-boned, but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. He was spavined in both hind legs, and his tail was slim at the root. His spirit was very high; and yet he was so reliable that he would scarcely ever break, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality. He was live-oak as well as hickory, for the best of his races were made after he was twenty years old."

This famous horse was not known at all as a trotter until he was more than fourteen years old. In his twenty-second year, in 1829, he trotted four four-mile heats against the noted New York one-eyed horse Whalebone, in Philadelphia, in 45:44 for the sixteen miles, or 2:52 1-8 to the mile. Topgallant won the race, having secured two heats to Whalebone's one; one being a dead heat. In his twenty-fourth year, with George Woodruff, uncle of Hiram, as his rider, he trotted a race of three-mile heats at Philadelphia against the well-known horses Whalebone, Dread, Collector, Lady Jackson, Moonshine and Columbus. Woodruff, describing this famous trot, says, "It was one of the finest sights I ever saw when these eight splendid bays and grays, all in the finest order, and their jockeys in the richest and most varied colors and beautiful costumes, came thundering along for the word in the group, at the flying trot. Eight such riders and eight such horses had never met before, and it is doubtful when they will again." Collector won the first heat in 8:16; Topgallant the second, and Dread the third. In the fourth heat Topgallant led his two remaining competitors for two miles, but Dread finally passed him and won the race. The very next week Topgallant trotted a three-mile-heat race against Whalebone at Baltimore and won it. Topgallant lived until twenty-eight years of age, and was speedy to the last.

Lady Blanche was the second leading horse in the annals of the trotting-course in this country. She was by Abdallah, unquestionably of Messenger blood, was foaled in 1829, and was a handsome gray mare, fifteen hands, two and a half inches high, with a long tail. After a long and successful career, she trotted at the age of twenty-four against the horses Snowdrop and Beppo, on the Union Course, and won the race in four heats, her best time being 2:43. She died in 1855. Ajax, who was a son of Abdallah, and the uncle of Dexter, had also immense staying power at an advanced age. In fact, most of the Messenger horses had this quality.

Dutchman is one of the most celebrated of trotting-horses. He was a bay gelding, fifteen hands three inches high, and was raised in New Jersey. His pedigree is not known to this day, and beyond the report, seemingly well-founded, that he was the progeny of a thoroughbred imported horse, nothing is known of his antecedents. He began his career hauling a brick-cart in Philadelphia, was soon transferred to a road-wagon, and having proved that he could trot, was entered in a contest.

In 1836 Dutchman trotted a two-mile-heat sweepstakes race at the Centreville Course against Fanny Pullen and Confidence, winning it in two heats, the time for the first, 5:17½, being the fastest made up to this time in harness. In 1828 he defeated the famous Lady Suffolk and Rattler on the Beacon Course in two heats of 5:11 and 5:13, and the same year again defeated Rattler on the same course in a race of twelve miles, three-mile heats, during eleven of which the horses were never clear of each other. There were only two breaks in the entire race, each horse making one. After defeating Lady Suffolk in the Spring of 1839, Dutchman trotted in harness on the Centreville Course against Awful, a noted bay gelding, three-mile heats, and won the race, making the heat in 7:41, the best performance made up to that time, and one very seldom surpassed since that date. Considering the disadvantages attending the trot, the sulky alone weighing eighty-two pounds, the time made was indeed remarkable. The first mile was made in 2:34, the second in 2:32, and the third in 2:34. Says Hiram Woodruff, his driver: "By considering this time we shall perceive the even rate and great durability of this renowned horse. He put the miles closer together than any horse had ever done prior to that race, and finished the three miles in less aggregate time, taking the whip nearly all the way and never making a break." But Dutchman was to do still better than this. In 1839, under saddle, in a match against time on the Beacon Course, he trotted three miles in 2:34½; 2:28, and 2:30, or 7:32½ for the whole. This record stood unequaled for many a long day. Dutchman died in 1847. His career is a memorable one, and one whose lessons are most important to horsemen. He was an extraordinary horse, but taking his origin and his lack of early opportunities into consideration, it will readily be seen that his rapid improvement and the then wonderful speed he developed were chiefly due to the ability and careful study of his trainers and drivers. Dutchman's chief points of excellence were his endurance and his speed at an advanced age. Ripton stands second to him in these qualities in the history of American trotting-horses. He was a handsome bay horse, his pedigree, like Dutchman's, unknown, and first came into notice in 1835, when he was brought to New York from New England. After several contests, in which he developed much speed, he defeated Lady Suffolk at the Hunting Park Course, in Philadelphia, in 1842, in two-mile heats in harness, winning two heats, the first in the then unparalleled time of 5:7, and making his reputation. During this same year he trotted fourteen two-mile heats and five three-mile heats, and of these nineteen races he lost only six, and this when he was twelve years old. Truly a remarkable record.

The name of Lady Suffolk has been frequently mentioned as a competitor of the horses above named. She was foaled in 1833, and was bred in Suffolk County,

Long Island. Her sire was Engineer, a thoroughbred son of Engineer by imp. Messenger, and her dam was by Plato, another son of imp. Messenger. She was about fifteen and a half hands high; a beautiful gray, with a large, sweeping tail; small head, well set on to a fine, arched neck, with a good deal of the Arab about it; large shoulders and quarters, not too heavy, but showing immense strength and power of endurance; long in the body and with fine and wonderfully good legs. When trotting she went with her head low, nose thrust out and neck straight. She made her first public appearance in February, 1838, near Babylon, L. I., when five years old, winning in three heats, the fastest of which was done in 3:1. Hiram Woodruff well sums up her extraordinary career as follows: "She continued on the turf until the latter end of October, 1853, a period of more than fifteen years; during which time she met almost all the celebrated horses of the day and trotted no less than one hundred and thirty-eight races, besides receiving three forfeits. As they were all races of heats, and many of them four and five heats, I estimate that she took the word from the judges above four hundred times, perhaps nearer five hundred. She won eighty-eight times, besides three forfeits; and the amount she earned in stakes and purses was no less than $35,000. When it is remembered, in addition to all this, that the heats in her races were as often two or three-mile as one, and sometimes four-mile heats, it will be plain to everybody that the mare had inherited in great perfection the hardy constitution, unflinching game and enormous stamina with which her grandsire, Messenger, was so eminently gifted." One man, David Bryan, was her trainer, driver and friend during almost her entire career, and so greatly did horse and man become attached to each other, that after the latter's death in 1851, the old gray mare seemed to droop and was never the same again. Lady Suffolk's most famous races were with Dutchman, Rattler, Awful, Apollo, Lady Victory, Cato, Americus, Washington, Ripton, Bryant and Trustee.

As the star of Lady Suffolk set, that of Flora Temple arose. It was reserved for this celebrated horse to lower the one-mile record to 2:19¾, a record which was untouched for years after her performance. Flora Temple was foaled in Oneida County, N. Y., in 1845. Her dam was Madame Temple, and her sire One-eyed Hunter, who was by Kentucky Hunter, a Western thoroughbred. She was owned originally by a Mr. Tracy, and in 1850 was sold by a subsequent owner for $175 to Mr. Jonathan Veilee, who was the first to recognize her qualities. Mr. George Perrin purchased her the same year for $350, and the following Summer she trotted two short races of a mile and a half-mile respectively against a horse known as the Waite pony, beating him so easily, and developing such qualities of speed and endurance as made her owner convinced he had secured a prize.

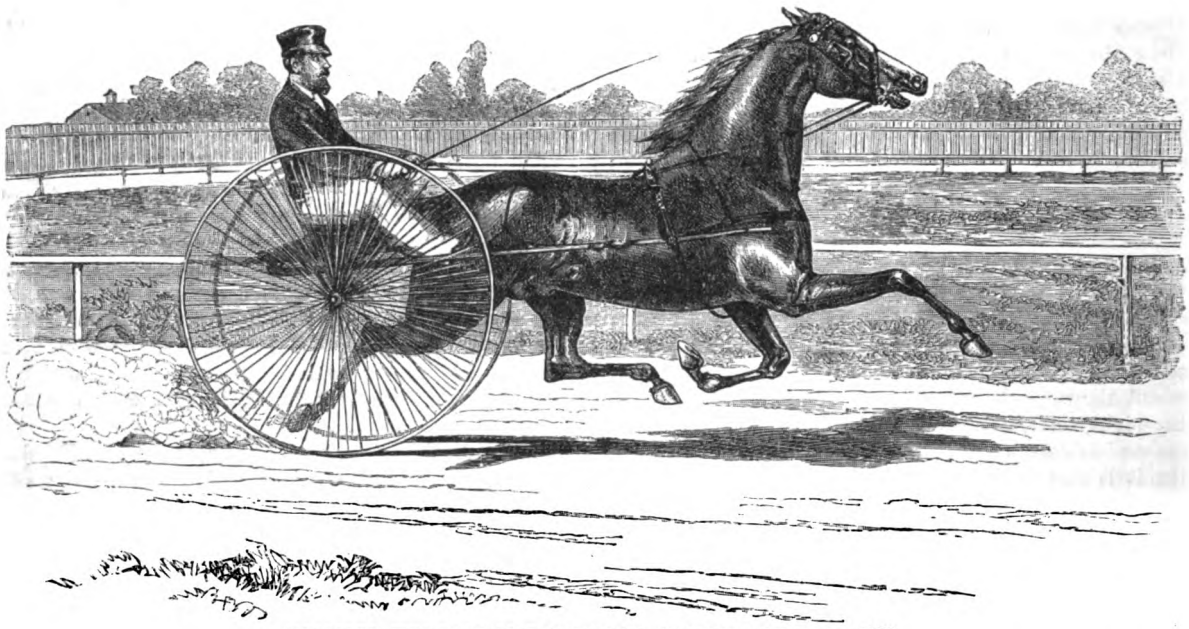
On September 9th of the same year, the little bay mare defeated four well-known horses in a race of mile heats in harness, at the Union Course, in the improving time of 2:55, 2:52, and 2:49, and secured a place in the Racing Calendar under the name of Flora in consequence. After retirement for a year in consequence of an injury, she defeated Young Dutchman at the Union Course in 1852, putting herself among the leading horses of the country by her time of 2:36. It would be impossible to follow Flora Temple throughout her career. Suffice it to say, that it was one of almost uninterrupted success. Let us glance briefly, however, at her greatest performance —the lowering of the trotting record to 2:19¾, and which in those earlier and more enthusiastic days set the country almost on fire with excitement and admiration.

The bay mare opened well the year in which she was to reach the zenith of her fame—a fame to be undimmed until Dexter's great record of 2:17¼ nine years later. Her opening trot on May 31st was at the Fashion Course, against Ethan Allen to wagon, in which she won the first heat by a length in 2:25, the best mile so far ever trotted to a wagon. She won the second and third heats and consequently the race also, and so surprising was her performance that it even enhanced the fame of her competitor. On June 16th, Flora defeated the Californian bay mare Princess, to wagons, and on August 6th, she appeared at the Eclipse Course to trot again against Princess in mile heats, three to five. The odds were 100 to 80 on Princess. Flora won the first heat in 2:23¼, a second better than the record. The second heat she won in 2:22, and the third in 2:23½. This performance made her a national character, and her fame spread over the land. She continued to surpass even herself, however. On August 6th, she won a two-mile heat in harness from Princess, in 4:50½, which for many years was the best two-mile heat ever trotted to harness.

After several trots with Princess at Boston, Portland, Baltimore and Chicago, in none of which did the mares equal their previous best records, Flora Temple appeared on October 15th, at Kalamazoo, Mich., to trot against Princess and Honest Anse for a purse of $2,000, mile heats, three in five, to harness. Flora won the second heat in 2:22½, and Honest Anse having withdrawn, she defeated Princess in the third, in the then unparalleled time of 2:19¾, producing the greatest excitement all over the country.

Although it seemed as if no horse could now question Flora Temple's superiority, one was found to challenge her, the Jersey stallion, George M. Patchen. The mare won the first heat in 2:21, the second in 2:24, and the third in 2:21½. After a long career, and many famous races with George M. Patchen, John Morgan, Widow Machree and Ethan Allen, she was withdrawn from the turf in 1861, and having been purchased by Mr. A. Welch, was placed on the Chestnut Hill Stud Farm, near Philadelphia. Here she became the dam of several colts and fillies, none of which, however, although highly valuable, realized the expectations that the reputation of Flora Temple justified. Indeed, the progeny of mares who have achieved fame, and who have, in consequence, led a laborious life, seldom, if ever, equal their ancestors' performances, and it has become a common saying in England, "For breeding purposes, give me not the winner of the Oaks, but the sister of the winner of the Oaks."

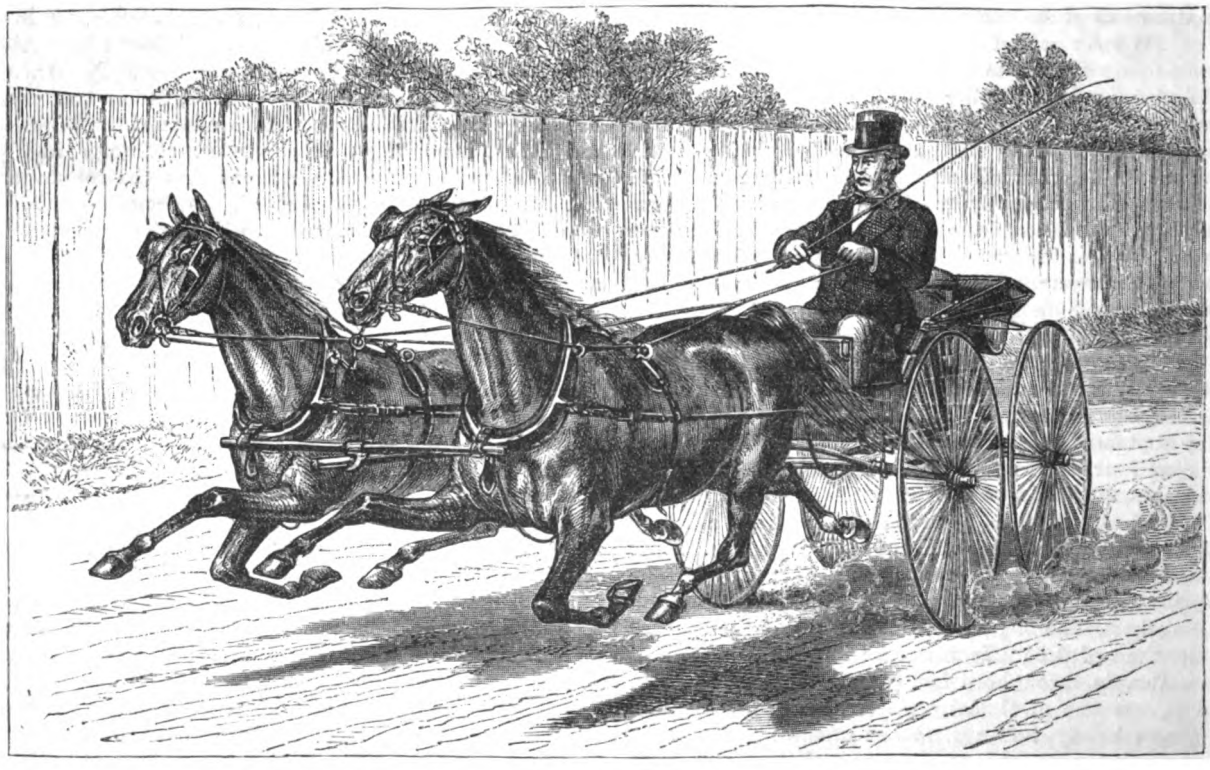
Lady Thorne, a large, gray mare, was a contemporary of Flora Temple, of whom mention must be made. She was foaled near Lexington, Ky, in 1856; her sire was Mambrino Chief, and her dam was by Gano, a son of the racer American Eclipse. She had, by her descent, a double cross of imported Messenger in her veins. She was first called Anna Lecomte, later, Maid of Ashland; and, in 1863, after having won much reputation in Kentucky, she was sold to a Mr. Relf, of Philadelphia, who brought her East, and changed her name to Lady Thorne. Here, trained and driven by Dan Pfifer, she met with success the fleetest horses of the day, Dexter alone being able to vanquish her. When the latter retired from the turf, she became the acknowledged Queen of the Trotting Turf. In 1870, Lady Thorne was purchased by Dan Mace for $30,000, and soon after fell while being taken



SMUGGLER, WHO BEAT GOLDSMITH MAID AT CLEVELAND, JULY, 1876.

into a railway-car, jarring herself so severely as to bring her racing campaign to a close. Her best record—2:18¼—was made on October 8th, 1869, at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., in the second heat of a race against Goldsmith Maid, George Palmer and American Girl. Lady Thorne stood sixteen and a half hands high, and had a long, sweeping stride, going low to the ground.

Before proceeding to a description of the noted horse that first broke Flora Temple's record of 2:19¾—a



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT DRIVING SMALL HOPES AND LADY MAC, DECEMBER, 1877.

record that had stood untouched for nine years—and won for himself the title of the King of the American Turf; namely, Dexter, who is still alive, and an occupant of Mr. Robert Bonner's stable, I must refer briefly to the sire of American trotters from whose loins the great horse proceeded—Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

This celebrated son of Abdallah, who was, in turn, the grandson of imported Messenger, was foaled in 1849, in Orange County, N. Y., on the farm of Mr. Jonas Seely, Jr. When five weeks old, he was purchased with his dam by Mr. William Rysdyk for $125. He was a bright bay with black legs, and his whole appearance was expressive of courage, power and activity. He was never trained, and is consequently without a record. When three years old he was placed in the stud, and it is estimated that he became the sire of 1,240 colts, many of whom became greatly celebrated, and he netted to his owner nearly $200,000.

There are few of my readers who will not remember the excitement caused by Dexter's great record of 2:17¼, and how his name became a household word for months in consequence. He was foaled in 1858, in Orange County. His dam was a little black mare by American Star. He is fifteen hands one inch and a half high, his color a rich, silky brown, and his distinguishing marks are four white stockings and a blazed face. Dexter made his first appearance on the turf in 1864, at the Fashion Course, Long Island, where he defeated Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins and General Grant, in three straight heats, the best time made being 2:34. He was at this time owned by the late George Alley. It was not until 1865, however, that Dexter developed his astonishing speed.

On October 10th of that year, at the Fashion Course, he trotted a mile against time in 2:18 1-5. In 1867 he vanquished Lady Thorne at the Fashion Course in two heats, distancing her in the second; his time being 2:24, 2:22. In a match the same year against Ethan Allen and a running mate he was beaten in three heats in the very fast time of 2:15, 2:16 and 2:19. Later in the same year he made his then unparalleled record. It was at Buffalo on August 14th. The trot was against time for a purse of $1,700. Says the late Charles Foster, describing it: "The famous horse was brought out and warmed up. Budd Doble, the driver, then intimated to the judges that he should drive one round as preparatory. The horse went to the quarter in 34 sec.; to the half-mile in 1:10, and trotted in 2:21½. This was a great deal faster than Doble had intended to drive him; and, indeed, most of the people thought that it was a real effort and failure. After being scraped and cooled off, Dexter was again harnessed and brought on the course at four o'clock. With him there came Ben Mace and the thoroughbred mare Charlotte F. She was under saddle, Mace riding; and it was his office to lay at Dexter's quarters to keep up his emulation and determination to conquer. A little jog or two, and then the trotter, in harness, and the runner, under saddle, went up the stretch, and came along for the word. As Dexter was seen to be going very square and well, it was given. He trotted the first

AMERICAN TROTTING-STOCK SHIPPED TO FOREIGN LANDS.

quarter in 33¼ seconds made the half-mile in 1:7, and came home in 2:17¼, in good wind and with a stroke of commanding power."

This performance capped the climax of his fame, so far as trotting in public races is concerned. He had beaten Flora Temple's great record, became King of the Trotting Turf, and a cry of admiration went up all over the land. He was immediately purchased by Mr. Bonner for $33,000 and is now an inmate of his stables.

There is one more of the celebrated generation of trotters now passing away to whom I must refer before mention of the flyers of the day and hour. This is none other than Goldsmith Maid. She was foaled in Sussex County, N. J., in 1857, her sire being Edsall's Hambletonian and her dam by Old Abdallah. She was thus closely related to the old Messenger family; but, strange to say, she bears little or no resemblance to the illustrious family. She is a blood bay, fifteen and a half hands high, with lower limbs clean and well-formed For the first eight years of her life she ran wild and was intractable in the highest degree. In March, 1865, she was purchased by Mr. Allen Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y., and, recognizing her good qualities, he went to work, and after much perseverance, succeeded in making a trotter of her. In 1866 she trotted against General Butler at Copake in 2:23½. Defeated by Dexter, in 1867, her owner was not discouraged, but entered her in many races in which she showed steady improvement. The season of 1868 was a very successful one for Goldsmith Maid. She won eight races, defeating such horses as Rhode Island and American Girl at Buffalo; George Palmer and George Wilkes at Boston, and General Butler at Waverley. She was then purchased by Doble and Jackman for $20,000, and went to Philadelphia. On July 8th, 1869, she defeated Lucy in 2:20½, on July 51st, American Girl in 2:22, and in turn was defeated five times by Lady Thorne. In 1871, after a series of successes, and at Milwaukee, Wis., in a trot against Lucy, American Girl and Chicago, she won the race in three straight heats in 2:20½, 2:17 and 2:20¼. This lowering of Dexter's record of course made Goldsmith Maid famous. But she had not yet reached the zenith of her fame. In 1872, at Mystic Park, Boston, driven by William Doble, she trotted in 2:16¾, and her name was written highest of all on the trotting calendar. On September 2d, 1874, at the same place, in a trot against time for a purse of $2,500, she made a record of 2:14. She was retired from the turf in 1877.

Did space permit, mention should be made of American Girl, another bay mare whose name has frequently been mentioned as a competitor of the horses described above. She was foaled in Westchester County, and her sire was a son of Cassius M. Clay. Her career was a brilliant one, and she made a record of 2:16¼ in 1874, before her retirement.

The names and fame of Rarus, Maxey Cobb, Phallas, St. Julian, Jay-Eye-See and Maud S are now known all over the land, and they need no detailed description here. They have consecutively lowered the record and surpassed each other's efforts to a point that, even to Hiram Woodruff's far-seeing eyes would, in 1867, have seemed impossible. The public have kept daily pace with their movements, and have watched their performances with eager eyes.

To Maud S, alone, the present Queen of the Trotting Turf, and who worthily bears the title once so proudly won by Flora Temple and Goldsmith Maid, must a line be given. She is a chestnut mare, was foaled in Woodbourn, Ky., in 1874, her sire being Harold, and her dam by Miss Russell, who was a daughter of Pilot, Jr. She was first purchased by Captain Stone for $350, and was given the name of his daughter, to whom the mare had become greatly attached. When four years old Mr. William H. Vanderbilt bought her for $21,000, she having previously made a record of 2:17¼.

Mr. Vanderbilt owned her for six years, and when he transferred her to Mr. Bonner for $40,000, less than half what he might have obtained for her, he said that he had derived more pleasure from her use than from any property he had ever owned. She is a remarkable horse in disposition, appearance and speed.

In 1880, at Chicago, she made a record of 2:10¾; at Pittsburgh, in 1881, one of 2:10½; in August, 1884, one of 2:9¾; and at Lexington, Ky., in November, 1884, one of 2:9¼, which last, she has just again surpassed by her magnificent performance at Cleveland of 2:8¾.

Should not Empress rather than Queen of the Trotting Turf be now her title?

Before closing this brief sketch, mention must be made of the performances of Maud S and Aldine, and of Early Rose and Aldine, trotting together. The first, unfortunately, is not a record, but it stands unparalleled in the history of team-trotting. The two were driven by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, at the New York Driving Park, on June 14th, 1883, to a road-wagon, weighing combined, 411 pounds, and the time made was 2:15¾; and on September 14th, 1882, W. W. Bair, at Hartford, Conn., drove Early Rose and Aldine a mile in 2:16¼.

Thus we have traced the development of the trotting-horse in America, and have followed the steady progress made, from the 3 minutes of the early days of the century, through the 2:40 of the boyhood days of the present generation, the 2:20 of Mambrino Chief and May Queen, the 2:19¾ of Flora Temple. Then a long pause, until Dexter rushed over the line in 1867 in 2:17¼, to be followed by Goldsmith Maid with 2:14 in 1874, Rarus with 2:13¼ in 1878, St. Julien with 2:11¼ in 1881, Jay-Eye-See with 2:10¾ in 1883, and Maud S with 2:08¾ in this present year of grace.

Professor Brewer, of the Yale Scientific School, asserts that it took from the year 2200 B. C. to the present century to produce a three-minute horse. What meed of praise should then be given to the men who have in three-quarters of a century made almost a two-minute horse from the three-minute one of one hundred years ago?

CRŒSUS, King of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his bedizened person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer. "There is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our courtyard, nor a cock on our dunghill, nor a lily of the field, that does not surpass you in glory!"

VICK says that soot is one of the most valuable substances the gardener can employ. That from coal is better than that from wood. It can be employed as a fertilizer for any crop, and it is not only valuable as a manure, but to drive away insects that attack cabbage, turnips, radishes, etc.

PROFESSOR GOODE says that there are 1,400 kinds of fish in the waters of the United States, and 300 of these are useful either as food or in some other way.

A PORTRAIT.

Dark eyes, from which a pure, calm soul looks out;
Brown hair, back-braided from a gentle face;
Lips ready aye to smile, but slow to pout;
A speech original, yet full of grace;
A buoyant walk, as if bright health did guide
Her tripping feet; a merry laugh, whose sound
Makes all the clear air ring; and at her side
A faithful worshiper, who with swift bound
Doth haste away, then quick again is found
Close to her side, where with a fond caress,
The loving creature nestles to her feet,
Makes flying passes at her simple dress,
And follows, flying, all her movements sweet.
Woman and hound, in truth a gladsome sight,
Both beautiful, and things of life and light.

Nor is she frivolous, this gleesome girl;
Her heart is open to the poor and sad;
And the bright smiles that round her lips do curl,
She uses oft to make the sorrowing glad.
God bless thee, dear! May life be full of charm
To thee, who art so fair; may Sorrow fly
Far from thy steps; and may no rude alarm
Haunt thy calm dreams nor wait thy pillow nigh,
Thy presence gladdens earth; may all things fair
Be thine own handmaids whilst thou dwellest there!

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME;

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By Celia Logan.

Chapter V.—The White Form.

A month rolled by, and what had become of Kent Cameron, dead or alive, ceased to be the absorbing question of the village. Not a human being save the doctor had Maryland permitted to cross her threshold in that time. She had been resolving upon her course, and one day bade the doctor tell Roderic Hope to come to her.

She desired to see him.

He came, and for one brief moment she suffered him to hold her hand and then withdrew it coldly.

He sadly inquired:

"Have you no warmer welcome for me than that, Maryland, after four long, tedious weeks of separation?"

"No," was all she said; though her heart was beating wildly at the unaccustomed sight of him she loved so tenderly.

"Why do you turn away and treat me so coldly? Is it because you blame me for your brother's death?"

She shuddered, turned paler than ever, but was silent. He went on hurriedly, for he feared she would check him in this his first chance to exculpate himself.

"All that men could do we did. No one save yourself feels more bitter sorrow for Kent's fate than I do."

"Speak no more," said Maryland, "I have never once blamed you for—for—what has happened."

"Then why this strange and icy manner, so unlike my own Maryland? Is it because you love me no longer? Tell me, oh, tell me, it is not that!"

"Not that," she faltered.

"What, then?"

"It is because"—she nerved herself to say—"it is because I love you too dearly to allow your life to be darkened by the shadow upon mine—therefore I give you back your freedom."

"I will not accept it," he answered. "What! You think me base enough to desert you now when most you need a friend!"

"The pain will be sharp, perhaps, but brief; for you will soon forget me."

"Forget you! Maryland, my Maryland! I shall never cease to love you!"

"Yes," she answered, "as we love the dead. We never forget them, but in time they cease to be essential to our existence, and naught is left of them but a sacred memory."

He said: "If you can thus break with me, it must be because something has come between us to change your heart toward me. Are you *sure*, oh, my beloved! that it is not because I—I—failed—to—rescue your brother?"

"I have already said no to that, Roderic; but his crime——"

"Can never reflect upon his innocent sister. After our marriage, Maryland, we will go far from here, where the memory of that impetuous deed would ever stand as a spectre on our hearth. Do not, oh, do not! ask me to relinquish you. I cannot. You are the woman I chose from out the whole world to be my wife. I am the man you consented to make your husband, and though trial, misfortune, disgrace, if you will, have come between us, my love will last beyond the grave. Is not yours the same?"

Maryland remained silent during this outburst of feeling, with trembling lip and swimming eyes. Indeed, had they not been blinded with tears, she must have seen the fold of a woman's dress flutter through the half-open door.

Agnes Morton had been one of the most persistent callers at the Home during the few weeks past, and notwithstanding the rebuff she had met from Maryland, she had determined to get into the house to find out what was going on, and, in particular, what took Dr. Morton there on such frequent and prolonged visits. In her agitation at meeting Roderic, Maryland had for once forgotten to lock the door of the sitting-room.

Agnes, who was as usual on the watch, saw Roderic go in, tried the street-door, found it unlocked, slipped in, and softly followed him up-stairs and remained outside listening.

Roderic waited in vain for an answer to his passionate appeal to Maryland.

"Why do you not speak!" he asked at last. "Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing—except that I can never be your wife."

"At least tell me the reason why?"

"I have told you. It is because I will not let you share my brother's disgrace."

"That is no reason at all, and I refuse to accept it. Give me a better reason than that for breaking off with me. As your promised husband, I have the right to demand your reason."

"I cannot—will not tell you," she answered, firmly.

"Maryland! Darling, come to me!" called a voice from the inner room.

The sound was low and stifled, but still distinct enough for love's strained, jealous ear to catch. Maryland started, flushed painfully, then turned deadly pale and shook like a leaf. She strove to speak, but could not. Where, oh, where, she thought, was Dr. Morton! She had left him on guard, and he had promised to keep that tell-tale voice silent while she bade her lover a last adieu.

Roderic paused amazed, and looked at her with a new-born suspicion. Her changing color, trembling frame and helpless confusion were to him conclusive proofs of his worst fears. Maryland staggered toward the door of the room where Kent was concealed with the intent of preventing Roderic from entering, for there was that in his eye which made her see in him a man different to the erst soft and wooing lover—a man possessed by the

worst devil of all human passions, the most unreasoning in its fury, the most cruel in its rage, the most relentless in its vengeance—the black and murderous devil of jealousy.

He strode after her, and thrusting her back from the door, seized the knob as if to wrench it off, exclaiming, in hoarse tones:

"I see it now, the reason of your refusal to marry me. You are on with a new love, for that is a man's voice there! You have a man concealed there in your room. You do not deny it. Shame keeps you silent. Do you love this man within there?" he demanded.

Maryland bowed her head in assent.

"And it is for his sake that you cast *me* off? Answer, I command you."

"Yes, I do!" said Maryland, with a tremendous effort.

"My God!" groaned Roderic, staggering to a chair and burying his face in his hands.

Agnes now stepped inside the room, and casting a glance of contempt upon Maryland, said, sneeringly:

"And it was *you* who reproached me so bitterly for a little flirtation with Dimmick! It was *you* who were going to point me out as an object of shame and contempt! I think the finger of scorn will be pointed at *you* first and longest!"

She laughed mockingly. Unheeding her cruel words, Maryland, pitying the agony of the man she loved, had stolen over to his side, and half-kneeling to him, asked in a soft, pleading voice:

"Roderic, do you—can you believe me guilty?"

The gentleness of her tones, the entreating position, the pure countenance that he loved so well, softened his heart and momentarily exorcised the demon, and he replied, not ungently:

"Summon that man within there to testify to your innocence."

"That I will not do," she said, firmly, and rising. "Will you not trust me without that?"

There were signs of relenting in his face, seeing which that beautiful fiend in female form, Agnes, stepped up to him, saying, tauntingly:

"You are afraid, I suppose, to drag out that man within there."

"No," he said, "I *will* drag him out, and make him answer for her treachery."

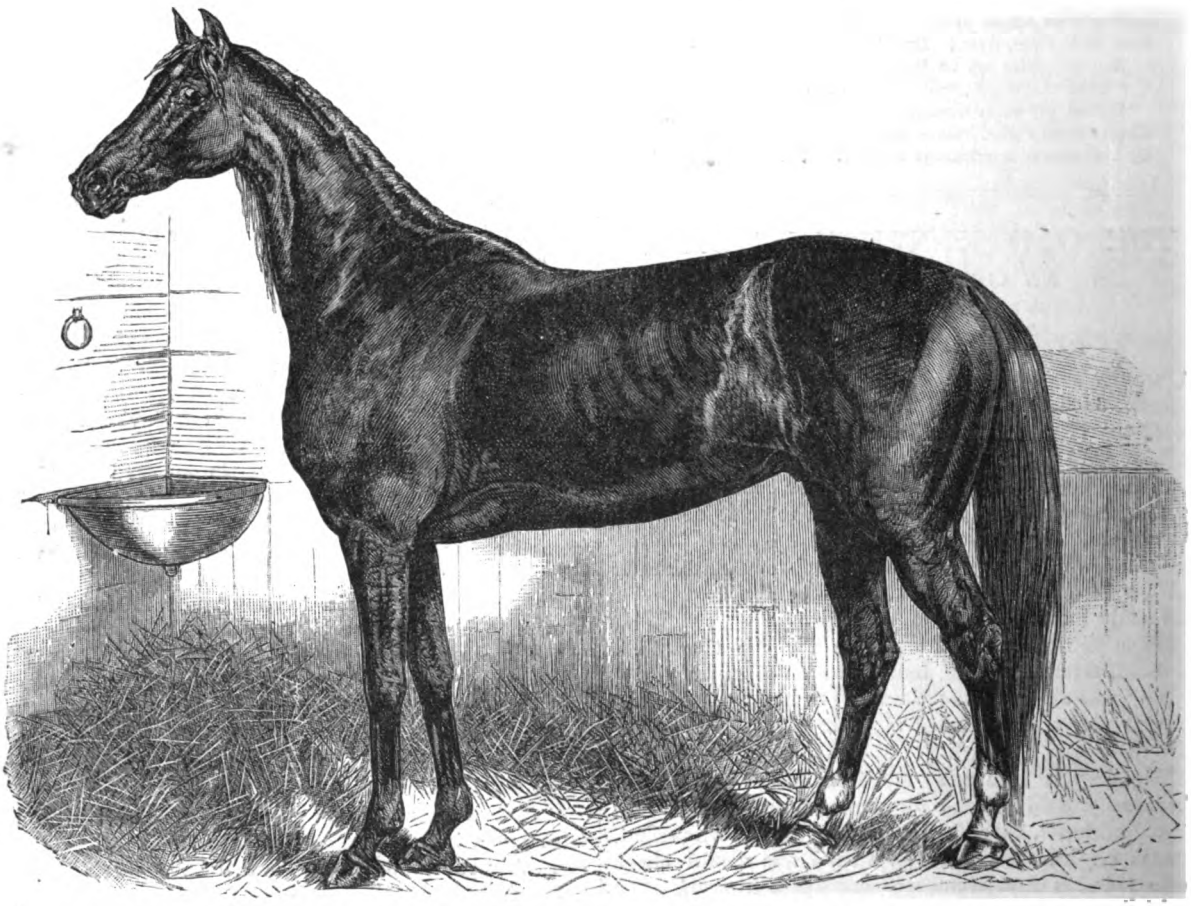
But yet, with his hand upon the knob, there was an innate sense of gentlemanliness that restrained him, and then that look on Maryland's face made him irresolute. There was no similar touch of pity in the cruel heart of Agnes, who cried out to him:

"Open the door; let's see who she's hiding there. Open the door, Roderic; open the door, I say!"

While the man still hesitated, the door was opened from the inside, and Dr. Morton appeared. Looking only at Maryland, he pointed to the form on the bed covered with a sheet, and said, solemnly:

"Maryland, there lies the last of your brother, Kent Cameron!"

Maryland motioned the awestruck woman and amazed man to leave her, and going to the bed, drew back the sheet from the face of the white form and covered it with kisses.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.—ST. JULIEN AT CHARTER OAK PARK, HARTFORD, 1880.—SEE PAGE 534.

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME. —"WITH HIS HAND UPON THE KNOB, THERE WAS AN INNATE SENSE OF GENTLEMANLINESS THAT RESTRAINED HIM, AND THEN THAT LOOK ON MARYLAND'S FACE MADE HIM IRRESOLUTE."— SEE PAGE 543.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

THE burial of Kent Cameron was conducted with what might be called secrecy. No one was allowed to see the body but the undertaker, who was a manumitted slave of Dr. Morton, and devoted to him. The reason given to the people was that Kent had been so disfigured by the maltreatment he had received from the mob, that his features were unrecognizable and unpleasant to look upon.

After the funeral Maryland liberated Sue and Jacob, who married. She held to her determination to break off with Roderic. After several fruitless attempts to alter her resolution, he suddenly left the village, and settled in the great city.

Maryland shut herself up in the old Home, barring her door against all the world with the exception of Dr. Morton and her former slave-girl, Sue.

Mary's hatred of men extended even to the humble tiller of the soil. She would not permit the little farm attached to the Home to be cultivated, and year after year it became a more pitiable sight to see everything running to waste and weed.

The whirligig of time brought its usual changes. Gentle Grace Morton realized the highest ambition of a village girl—that of marrying well and going to New York to live. There she kept up her friendship with Roderic Hope, and in her letters to her father she reported him as becoming rich and famous.

Immediately after the tragedy there was some prejudice in the village against Agnes Morton, from her having caused the death of two men; but this was afterward dispersed by the arrival of her father, who, having at last sown his wild oats, returned to the village to pass his old age with his daughter. As he was immensely wealthy and liberal, he soon became popular, and as Agnes presided at his sumptuous entertainments, she was courted and fawned upon with obsequious servility; and if, when poor, her beauty had won her hosts of suitors, as the rich man's daughter she was the belle of all Kentucky; but whether she had really loved Kent Cameron too truly to wed another, or that she regarded her wooers as mere fortune-hunters, or from any other cause, she remained single.

Dr. Morton's practice, from increasing years, and the presence of new practitioners in the village, fell off, and as he sustained other large monetary losses, his means of succoring others became limited; so that when, five years after the death of Kent Cameron, it was announced that the old Kentucky Home was to be sold for debt, he could do nothing to prevent it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPECTRE ON THE HEARTH.

"How I DO hab to fumble wid dis old latchkey, to be sho'," said Sue, as at last she managed to let herself into Maryland's kitchen. She set a heavy market-basket down upon the table, and glancing around muttered to herself, "How ramshackle ebery ting is in dis yer ole house, but when dey dribes her yout of dis rat-hole, she done won't hab no place to lay her pore head. Arter Massa Kent's death Dr. Morton he says to me, 'Sue, Miss Cameron done bin in sech troubble she's a-gwine to shet herself up in de old Kaintuck Home, and yo must carry her a big basket of food ebbry day from my house, and be sho yo take enuff fur two.' 'Law's massy sakes, massa,' says I, 'do trouble make white folks eat double?' 'Ax no questions,' says he, 'an' don't you nebber breathe no word about nothin' you may see or hyar dar.' An' I habben't nudder, an' I'se toted up dat ar basket ebbry blessed day for five yars, eben the day me an' Jake was married."

A knock startled her.

"Who dar? I wonder! P'r'aps someone come to help her in her trouble, but she don't nebber let nobody in, but I've a great mind to; lots o' folks is bound to come in soon. If de won't go away"—for the knocking was repeated—"I suppose I'se best let 'em in," and thinking she was doing Maryland a service, the black woman cautiously opened the door. "Law's a massy!" she said, with a relieved look as Agnes stepped in. "It's yo', Miss Agnes."

"Yes; tell Miss Cameron I wish to speak with her."

"'Scuse me, miss, but I dassent do dat. You know she won't never let nobody in."

"I know it, but it is time such folly came to an end. Run along home, Sue. I'll wait till she comes into the kitchen."

"For de lub o' de Lord, miss, don't let on I let you in!"

"I will not. Go along, that's a good girl!"

Only too glad to get off so easily, Sue scudded away.

"I wish this disagreeable business were over," muttered Agnes to herself.

She was not long kept in expectation, for the door of the room leading into the kitchen was unlocked on the inside, and Maryland came in cautiously, locking the door after her and putting the key in her pocket. She had been expecting Sue with the dainty supplies, and had heard talking, but as the black woman had a habit of talking to herself, she had supposed the sounds she heard came from her. Her look of surprise and dislike on beholding Agnes is beyond description. Agnes felt the same repugnance and hatred toward her, but she was more accustomed to the hypocritical masking of her features, and therefore kept her face from betraying her feelings, and yet she was shocked at the change in Mary's appearance.

"You here?" exclaimed Maryland.

"Yes," she replied; "after five years we meet again, Miss Cameron. It is a long time, considering that Kent, in the last letter he ever wrote, recommended you to my care."

"Kent did that, and you never told me?"

"Never told you! Did I not write and say you might call on me for anything you might require?"

"Yes, you did so write, I remember; but you alone of all the world held aloof from me! Notwithstanding all that had transpired between us to fill my soul with bitterness toward you, I would have forgiven you everything had you but come to me with a letter written by *him* in "his senses."

"Come to you, after all that had passed between us! Setting all private differences aside, you could scarcely have expected me to come to you in face of the scandal attaching to your name and conduct!"

"And have you come at last," said Maryland, more in sadness than in anger, for her spirit was broken by trouble, "only to insult me?"

"On the contrary, I came to do you a kindness," Agnes replied, condescendingly.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; the matter is a very simple one, and had you been mixing with the world, instead of burying yourself alive all these years, you might have known about it long ago. My father came back from Europe, took me from

the doctor, and we keep house together. He is very rich, and I have all that heart can wish for. He is so grateful to Dr. Morton for having taken care of me for so many years that he says it is his duty to take care of some other young girl who needs help. Hearing the talk in the village about your troubles, and the house being about to be sold over your head, he has taken up the notion of assisting you, and nothing would satisfy him but for me to come here in person to offer you a home."

"You! offer me a home?"

"Yes," continued Agnes, with a lofty air of performing an unpleasant duty against her will. "Not with me, of course! That would never do! I will engage a room somewhere, in some quiet corner of the village, where you can continue to live in your present obscurity and isolation. You must not visit me, nor can you expect that I will visit you, but I will send you a small sum weekly for current expenses, and a couple of dresses yearly. They will be new, as my cast-off costumes would not be appropriate to you, nor should I like you to be seen in them, though anybody would be glad to get them."

"Except me," Maryland said, calmly.

"What?" exclaimed Agnes, amazed. "*What?*"

Maryland pointed to the door as she spoke:

"Go tell your father that I thank him for his charitable intentions toward a stranger, but that I would either beg or starve before I would accept a crust from his daughter!"

"What!" cried Agnes, panting with rage. "Is this your gratitude? You, the talk of the whole village! I have lowered myself by entering this house of ill-omen, and if it were known my reputation would be in danger!"

"*Your* reputation!" exclaimed Maryland, casting a look of withering contempt upon her. "Oh, yes; you bear a spotless reputation! You are rich and happy, while I am impoverished and shunned! You are beautiful and courted still, for who, save me, remembers that poor youth whose life-blood welled out at your feet? Who knows, save me, of the spectre of his murderer?"

"Spectre!—murderer!" half shrieked Agnes, with wide-opening eyes, looking around in fear and horror. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Maryland. "Begone! before I'm tempted to drag my ruined brother's corpse from his unhallowed grave, and set you face to face with the dead!"

In her excitement Maryland's voice had risen to a scream, which was taken up by the affrighted woman, who fled from the house as if she believed the weird threat were possible of instant fulfillment. As her voice died away in the distance, Maryland fell upon her knees.

"Father of Mercy!" she moaned, "how much more of anguish, of insult, and of contumely shall I be called upon to endure? Strengthen me anew, I beseech Thee! or I sink beneath my burden!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD LOVE.

When Agnes fled in terror, she left the door ajar. Maryland, on her knees, with her face buried in her hands, absorbed in her prayer, did not hear the light and cautious step that stole in a moment after Agnes had gone. When Maryland arose, a man stepped forward and faced her. She started back, repressing a scream, and exclaiming:

"Roderic, has the grave given back its dead?"

"No," he answered; "the living has sought you again."

"And why?" she asked, in low, tremulous tones, passing her hand in bewilderment over her brow.

"I have sought you because the old love never dies."

"All that is over and gone long ago—gone with my vanished youth," she sighed.

"Vanished youth!" he repeated. "Why, it is but five years since we parted."

"Yes, by actual count of time, which I see has dealt gently with you; but to me it has been fifty in suffering. Look at me, and tell me if you do not see its traces in my face."

He approached her closer, and his heart nearly died within him as he saw the deep lines of care upon her features, crowned by a mass of snow-white hair.

"Well?" she said.

"I see that you are much changed," he said, with a trace of sadness in his voice which he could not repress; "but to me you are still my pure, sweet Maryland."

"Pure!" she repeated, bitterly, "you did not think so when you spurned me from you the day my brother died."

"Maryland, hear me at last, and listen dispassionately. Maddened by jealousy, which appearances seemed to warrant, it is true that I misjudged you; but when I found how grossly I had wronged you, was not my penitence sincere? Did I not entreat your forgiveness—even on my knees—then and many times after? Did I leave anything undone that man could do to win pardon from the woman he had injured? Despairing at last of winning forgiveness, I left my native village, my home, all that was dear to me, hoping that absence and time might soften your heart toward me."

"Go on," said Maryland, coldly.

"Years have passed, but you have shown no signs of relenting, of recalling me and confessing that you love me still."

"Love—love for *me!*" she said, bitterly. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I have. Dr. Morton wrote me that your brotner—"

"My brother!" she interrupted in alarm. "What—what did he tell you of my brother?"

"He wrote that your brother's death having caused your fortune to pass out of your hands, you had eked out a miserable existence on the little farm here; but that even that is soon to be sold."

"It is true," she answered.

Roderic continued:

"The doctor added that his own means had suffered such diminution that he could do but little for you, and would like to know that you had at least one friend to rely upon after his death."

"Kind, noble old man!" murmured Maryland.

Roderic went on:

"As soon as I received his letter I hastened to you, hoping that you would let *me* be the friend he seeks. Let *me* settle the claims against the old Kentucky Home. I have prospered in New York, and, Maryland, I implore you to become my wife."

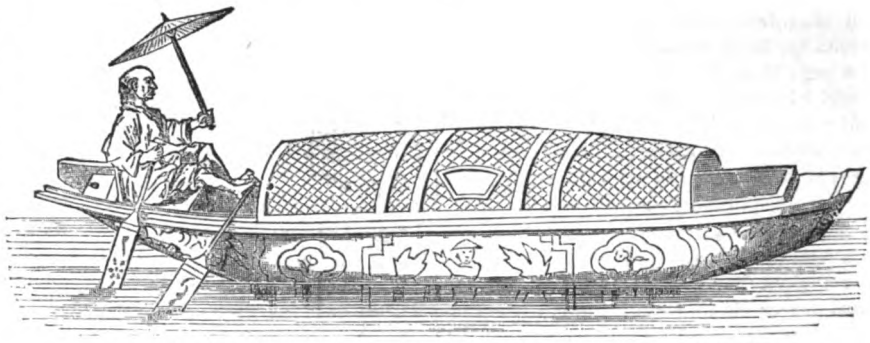
"Wife!—your wife!" she said, in much surprise. "You ask me—you *wish* me to be your wife?"

"I do," he answered, simply but earnestly. "It is the dearest and the only unfulfilled wish of my heart."

The icy reserve which Maryland had maintained throughout the interview, during which she had never even asked him to be seated, seemed suddenly to melt at last.

A hot flush swept over her wan face, then quickly died away, leaving it deadly pale. A spasm as of pain set her lips trembling and twitching; she put her hand to her

heart and swayed to and fro, and when he stepped forward to catch her, she half fell upon the old sofa, which, like the rest of the furniture in the old house, was but a wreck of its former splendor. Roderic was at her side in a moment, and for the first time in five years a human hand was laid caressingly upon the head of the poor girl.



THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.— CHINESE MAIL-PACKET.— SEE PAGE 552.

For a moment — one brief moment only — she suffered his hand to smooth her locks, blanched by sorrow and not by time, then, drawing herself away from him, she said :

"I can never be your wife."

"Will you," he said, clutching her dress as she rose to leave him, and in a voice of supplication ; "after all these years of vain imploring, at least tell me *why* you can never be my wife."

CHINESE DISPATCH-BEARER.

"And do you think I will take advantage of such love as yours, and impose upon you the mystery of my life ?"

"If I am content, why cannot you accept ?"

"Because I could not bring to you that unsullied fame which it is the right of every man to receive with the woman he weds — for mine is now a tarnished name."

"Tarnished !" he repeated, in surprise ; for save with he doctor, Roderic had had no communication with the people of the village since he had left it, and Morton had never informed him of the cruel reports about Maryland.

CAMEL-MOUNTED LETTER-CARRIER.

"Yes," she replied, "do you not know the story that is told and believed here ; that I have for years concealed

RUNNING POSTMEN, INDIA.

TATAR OR GOVERNMENT MAIL-CARRIER.

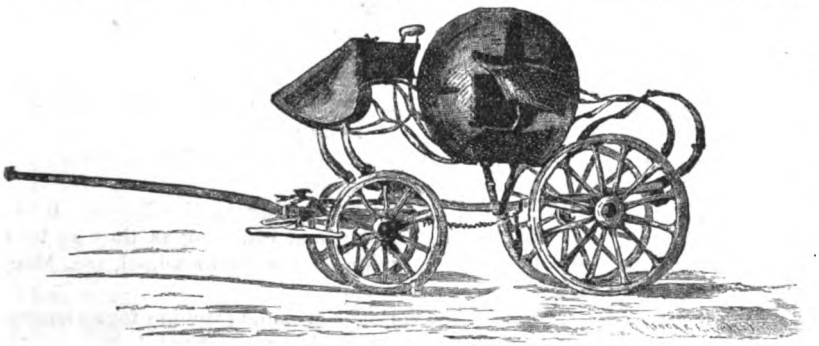
within this gloomy house a man, and that man not my husband? So strong is the general opinion against me that, save faithful Sue, no woman's foot ever crosses my threshold. If I go out upon the streets the women gather their skirts the closer as I pass, lest the touch of mine contaminate them. Even the children point at me as the crazy woman who lives in the haunted house with the ghost—and there *is* a ghost in this house!"

"A ghost!" repeated Roderic, wondering, and with a secret misgiving that her mind was affected.

"Yes. Do you wonder now that youth and hope and love have passed out of my life for ever?" she asked.

"Do not say 'love,' Maryland. I had hoped you had some lingering love yet left for me," and taking her hand, he kissed it.

THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.— POSTMEN IN BENGAL.—SEE PAGE 552.



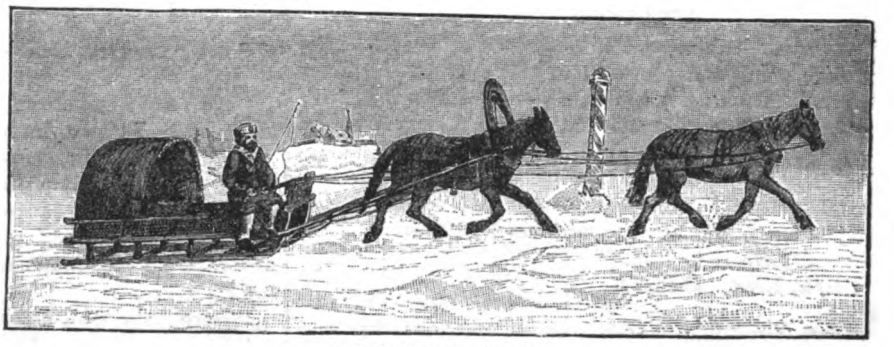
DANISH MAIL-COACH, EARLY PART OF THIS CENTURY.

She did not repulse him; but tenderly, in a softened tone, she answered, repressing a sob:

"Such a dead and heavy heart as misery has left me, I own still beats for you—that the memory of the hour in which we plighted troth is all the recollection of happiness that grief cannot efface—but even were the shadow lifted from my hearth and home, still I could not marry you, for my good name is gone for ever."

"Let me redeem it," he pleaded; "let me give you a name that is not sullied; a name that may one day become sufficiently distinguished to obliterate the stain you say is upon yours—my own."

A sudden flush of joy illuminated Mary's features, and she said, eagerly, her whole frame trembling: "If you offer me this, it must be—not alone because you love me—but because you have faith in me—believe me—*innocent!*"



RUSSIAN MAIL-SLEDGE.

THE RUSSIAN MAIL-POST FROM KARS TO ALEKANDROPOL.

"I do—I *do* believe you innocent, and the victim of some cruel mistake which I cannot fathom, nor even conjecture," he solemnly replied.

At his words, the woman's whole heart went out to him, and the tears repressed for years refused longer to be held back, and gushed forth freely.

He clasped her to his breast, rejoicing that nature had at length given way, and while he held her thus unrebuked, he continued to pour forth his pleading.

"Come to my heart, oh, my

darling, for I believe, I *feel* that you are as pure as when first you became my promised wife. Then let all the wretched past be forgotten; let us remember only that we still love each other. Consent, oh, consent that you will reward my patient waiting—be my wife!"

"Tempt me no more, Roderic," she said, struggling to release herself, "lest I prove a traitor to my sacred trust."

"Your answer—your answer," he said, clasping her the closer to his heart.

A voice from inside the locked room, called feebly: "Maryland! Maryland!"

"My answer!" she cried, with superhuman strength, tearing herself from his arms, and pointing to the door; "my answer! It is *there!* That is the same voice you heard five years ago. It recalls me to my duty now—leave me!"

"At least promise me," he said, no longer seeking to detain her, "that should that voice ever be silenced for ever, you will reveal this mystery."

"That much I promise," she said, resuming her cold bearing.

Without another word he bowed and left her. As he walked toward the old doctor's house to consult with him, had Roderic's thoughts been spoken they would have taken this form:

"Sacred trust! the same voice that called her years ago! She has inadvertently betrayed herself, and at last I have a suspicion of the truth. Strange, impossible as it may seem, I thought I recognized that voice! I will not leave this place until I have solved the mystery which has wrecked her life and mine."

Chapter IX.

THE GHOST IS LAID.

Cautiously locking the kitchen-door after Roderic's departure, Maryland hastened to the door of the inner room, and unlocking it, led in a man who leaned heavily upon her, and was so feeble that he could scarcely, even with her help, reach the old sofa near the fire.

Half fainting he sank back, white to the very lips.

Maryland ran to the basket Sue had brought, and taking out a bottle of wine, uncorked it, poured out a glass, and gave it to him.

"Drink, Kent," she said.

Kent!

Yes, Kent Cameron.

When Dr. Morton overheard the stormy scene between Agnes, Roderic and Maryland, it suddenly occurred to him that the only way to shield Mary's reputation was to show Roderic that it was her brother whom she was concealing. After calling her, Kent had swooned, and the doctor had taken advantage of his condition to draw the sheet over him, and declare him dead.

After Roderic and Agnes had left the house, it was determined by the girl that it would be best to keep up the deception to the world, so, by the aid of the devoted undertaker and the doctor, the funeral service and burial of a body supposed to be that of Kent Cameron were managed without detection. To the last Dr. Morton protested, and sought to show Maryland how rife with danger to herself was the fraud, but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and he yielded. As everybody believed Kent Cameron to be dead, and would individually have sworn that they saw him buried, it is no wonder that when a man's form, from time to time, was seen dimly in Maryland's home, her reputation suffered; for no one who had ever known him would, even if brought face to face with him, have recognized in the gaunt, haggard man now lying exhausted on the sofa—the once splendid-looking, robust Kent Cameron.

The wine revived him, and he muttered:

"I'm so tired, Maryland."

"That's only because the day has been so warm," she said. "The Spring is coming."

"And are the fields green?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, and the trees are full of blossoms."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, trying to rise, "I *must* go out and see them. I must breathe once more the fresh, soft air of Spring;" but he was too weak to stand, and sank down.

"Not to-night, Kent," said his sister. "Some other time when you get stronger."

"That's what you always say," he answered, pettishly.

"You must be patient, dear."

"I have been patient ever so long, and a good boy"—a fit of coughing that racked his wasted frame prevented him from speaking for a minute.

Which of the two beings was the more unhappy? The poor woman, in possession of her senses, keenly cognizant of her misery and his, or the man, unconscious of trouble and fancying himself a boy again?

Again he spoke, in a fretful, complaining voice, as a thwarted child might speak.

"I'm tired of always staying in the house. I hear the other boys shouting and whistling as they go by to school. Why don't you let me go to school, too, Maryland?"

"Because—because," she said, searching for an answer, "your clothes are not good enough, Kent."

"Then buy me some new ones, do, and unlock the door and let me go out. I promise you I'll only play a couple of games of marbles, and come right back."

"After awhile, Kent—you *must* wait until you get stronger."

"How can I get stronger if you won't let me run out and play? I think you mean to kill me."

"Oh, Kent!" she gasped, a quick, keen pain shooting through her heart. "How can you say that?"

"Well, then, if you won't let me go out, let some of the boys come in and play with me, and buy me some new toys. I've broken all the old ones. Where's my top?"

"Here," she said, getting it.

"Twine it for me; I'm too tired."

"You haven't slept this afternoon—that's why," she said, spinning the top; but as soon as he heard the humming he put his hands to his ears, saying, quickly:

"Stop it! stop it!" I can't bear the noise."

"Lie down and try to sleep, Kent," she said, soothingly, arranging the sofa-cushion and helping him to lie down. As soon as he was comfortable, he asked her to tell him a story; and drawing a stool up she sat down beside him and began:

> Three children, sliding on the ice,
> All on a Summer's day."

"Oh," he said, clapping his emaciated hands and smiling, "that's just what *I* should like—to skate when it's warm."

A signal knock was heard upon the door—two slow taps, and two in rapid succession.

"There's the doctor," said Maryland, springing up and going to the door.

"Come out a moment, Maryland," the doctor said.

She stepped outside, not forgetting to lock Kent in, who indeed seemed to have lost all wish to go out, and lay listless or dozing.

"Strange news, doctor," she said. "Agnes and Roderic have both been here."

"I know it," he replied, "each to offer you a home. What did you decide?"

"To reject all offers, except yours."

"I knew you would; but, my child, had you not better think seriously before you again reject Roderic? Remember it is the last chance you will ever have of happiness—of marriage, and a home of your own. I am convinced that you could trust Roderic with the secret we have so long kept between us."

"I am afraid to do so, doctor," she replied. "His ideas of honor are so exalted that, notwithstanding his love for me, Roderic might feel it his duty to deliver my brother up to justice."

"Not if he knew that his life hangs on a thread which must soon break."

Maryland shook her head.

"Well, if you will not do that, of course it is useless to urge you to make it publicly known that your brother is alive; by doing so you could recover your grandfather's property, and the money that has accumulated during the last five years. Even if arrested for the old matter, Kent would not live to stand the slow process of the law."

"It would only be to embitter his last days, doctor, and the money would not long be mine."

"True," he said; "I forgot that."

"Have you found a shelter for us?"

"Yes, where you will be safe from prying eyes, if we can get him away from here unseen; but the announcement that the house is to be sold has revived interest in you and the old story, and there are loungers always about, waiting for what they may chance to see. We will have to take our chances."

The moon was now and then obscured by the driving clouds which predicate the approach of a storm, and under the blackness of these the doctor hoped to get Kent away unseen.

"Have you prepared him for the removal?" he asked.

"No; but he will offer no opposition. He is always longing for the outside air."

"Let us go in then and get him ready. I have a carriage waiting about a block off. Wrap him up the best you can, and I will take him to the carriage. After we have been gone a few minutes, vail yourself and follow the carriage. In this way we shall escape the observation which we should not fail to attract if we all went together."

The doctor and Maryland went into the kitchen, which she had been forced to make a living-room, because Kent was always cold, and she could afford only one fire. As Maryland went into the adjoining room to get Kent's long disused overcoat, the doctor gazed after her, thoughtfully.

"Poor, poor Maryland!" he said to himself. "What superhuman sacrifices has she not made for this poor remnant of humanity? But I must wake him up, and get him ready. Kent," he called, "wake up, wake up!"

Kent was lying with his face to the wall, and as he did not turn nor move, the doctor put his hand upon his shoulder and turned him over on his back.

"Great God!" he exclaimed; "he is dead!"

Maryland entered the room in time to hear him.

"Dead! she cried, rushing to him, and falling on her knees by his side.

Yes, there was that in his face that sends a sudden conviction of the truth even to the mind of those who have never looked upon death.

"Dead! dead! Oh, my brother," she moaned, "have I suffered so much only to lose you at last? He will never speak again, will he, doctor? He is gone, and alone I must go forth from the house where we were born—alone, alone for ever more! But you are happier than I, Kent, for here, in your boyhood's home, unconscious and careless of the world's woes, even as a boy again, you go to meet our parents."

The doctor was shocked to hear her talking to the ears that never again would hear an earthly sound, and tried to draw her away, saying, gently:

"Maryland, be calmer; you have borne so much, be strong in this. You have done all that you could for him, and now that he is gone, do you not see that it is the will of God to bring your sacrifice to an end? Do you not see that——"

"That the hour of my vindication has come at last?" she said, springing to her feet. "I do—I do! Did you not say that there were always loungers about?"

He nodded.

Like a mad woman Maryland ran to the door, threw it wide open, calling wildly and beckoning, "Neighbors, neighbors! come in—come all of you, men, women and little children!"

They needed no second invitation, but rushed in by twos and threes till the little kitchen was thronged, and even the yard. Among those who were lingering about, were Agnes and Roderic. They, too, came in.

"Come in, come in!" the woman still cried, like one demented; then, suddenly controlling herself, she resumed her ordinary manner, and facing the wondering crowd, thus addressed them: "I have called you in because I wanted to see all of you who have shunned me for so long as an evil woman. Come here, one by one, and look upon this pallid face!"

Wondering still more, the men awed, the women frightened, they drew near and gazed upon the dead man upon the sofa.

"Is there one among you who recognizes him?" she asked.

There were shakings of heads, and a general murmur of "No," "No."

"None of you know this poor wreck! It is the man you have so long and rightly suspected I have lived with alone, but not in shame, for that was my brother! Ah!" she said, heedless of the exclamations of astonishment that broke from the crowd, "I see one there who will know I speak the truth!" and, darting forward, she seized Agnes by the arm and dragged her toward the corpse. The frightened woman vainly tried to shake her off and get away, but Maryland held her tightly and compelled her to look. Look! look!" she said, "upon the changed features of the man you once pretended to love. Do you know them?" Agnes bowed her head. "Then declare to all these people that at last you know me to be innocent, and I will forgive you—even his ruin!"

"Forgive me!—forgive me!" wailed Agnes, cowering away from the body, "I wronged you—I wronged you!"

"So did we all!" shouted a man. The shout was taken up by every voice, and forgetful of the presence of death in the desire to right the living, "So did we all!" "So did we all!" was shouted again, till the cry floated out upon the green fields, and fragrant leaves, now illumined by the undimmed lustre of the moon.

"Enough," said Maryland. "Heaven itself has vindicated me to man. I thank you all, friends, but I wish to be alone with *him* again."

POSTMAN, ST. PETERSBURG.

RURAL POSTMAN IN THE LANDES, FRANCE.

Dr. Morton led the white and trembling Agnes from the room. The rest followed reverently, with uncovered and bowed heads. One alone of all the crowd remained—Roderic Hope. He took her hand, and as they knelt together by Kent's lifeless form, he whispered :

"Maryland, *my* Maryland !"

And as they prayed together, some male and female plantation slaves, returning from the cotton-fields, sang softly in the evening air as they passed the haunted house :

"Weep no more, my lady,
Weep no more to-day;
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
The old Kentucky Home far away."

THE END.

THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.

By GORDON CUMMING,

Author of "The Newspapers of the World."

How strange to think of the wonderful organization which insures the regular transmission of every little letter, and its final safe delivery to its owner, at the remotest ends of the world, in crowded foreign city, or in the solitudes of the mountain or the forest ! In my furthest wanderings, I have never yet reached any point so isolated as to be beyond the ministrations of the Post Office, but strangely varied have been its emissaries !

I had heard of a settler in an uncivilized island, who, while building himself a boat, required some tool which he had left at home, so he selected a smooth chip of wood and thereon wrote a message, which he bade one of the bystanders carry to his wife.

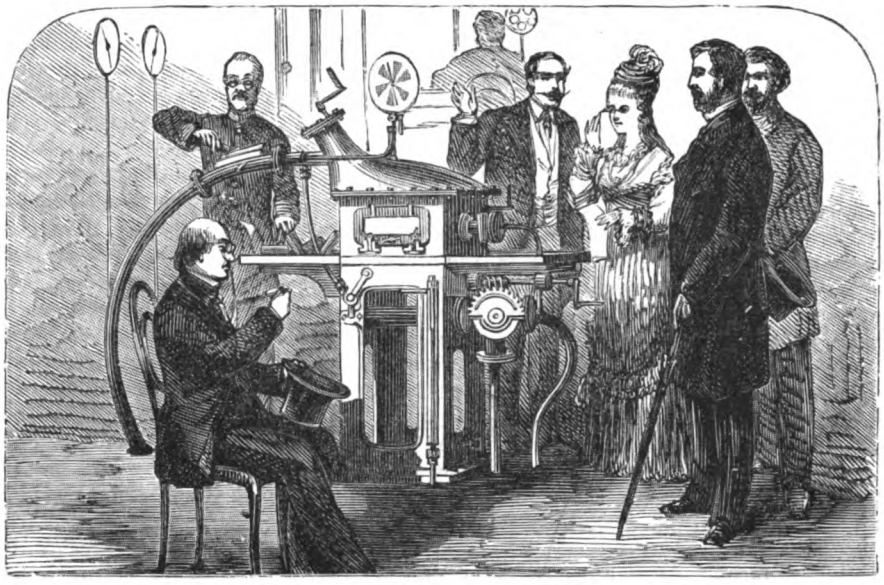
XVTH CENTURY, LETTER-CARRIER, WITH PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

NUREMBERG POSTMAN, XVIIITH CENTURY.

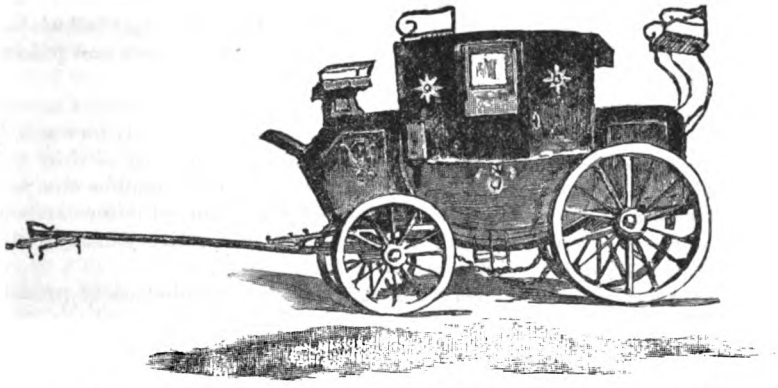
BRESLAU POSTMAN, XVITH CENTURY.

Of course the man, on seeing her look at the chip and then deliver to his care the needful tool, attributed the whole to magic. Nevertheless, he had unconsciously been a letter-carrier of the most primitive type.

Slightly in advance of this is the system of writing with a sharply pointed instrument on long strips of the firm, green palm-leaf—a substitute for paper—which is in common use in Ceylon and on the seacoast of Hindoostan, and wherever the cocoa-palm flourishes—or still better, the broad-leaved taliput or Palmyra palm. Whole books are thus inscribed, but for letter-writing it is particularly useful, and the missive is folded and tied up with a trail of natural string plucked in the forest, and is slung from a light stick and so carried to its destination.



THE IMPERIAL TUBULAR POST-OFFICE, BERLIN, GERMANY.



FAMOUS ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, "THE FLYING COACH," WHICH WENT FROM LONDON TO OXFORD IN SIX HOURS.

In my travels in the Himalayas, we found a truly useful friend in the native postmaster at Kotghur, which was the furthest limit of the great postal network. Thenceforward, as we journeyed in the wilds, he forwarded all our letters by a very lightly garbed special runner, who carried them, as English village children carry sweet violets, in the end of a cleft stick. Thus the letter was perhaps carried for several days, and was at length delivered, as clean as when it started.

The commonest type of Indian post-runner, or "Tappal wallah," wears a long white coat, tight trousers inclose his lean legs, and his headdress is a huge light blue turban. His letter-bag is slung on his side, and it is necessary that he should be a good linguist, and be able to read a great variety of strange, crabbed characters, for several of the multitudinous languages of Hindoostan are written in quite distinct characters, all of which are alike incomprehensible to our untutored eyes. The rural letter-carrier of Hindoostan carries a long stick with a sharp iron point, which can be used as a weapon in case of need. This stick is adorned with six little brass bells, which serve to frighten away reptiles and dangerous animals, and also to give notice of the approach of the post. The danger from wild beasts is, in some districts, a very real one, the "tappal" runners through the forest districts in the

POSTING A LETTER IN THE RAILROAD MAIL.

south of Ceylon having occasionally had very narrow escapes from the attacks of "rogue" elephants and other wild animals.

Of all varieties of Indian letter-carriers, clothed or unclothed, none are so picturesque as the Camel Express Messengers. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and a large green turban embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved sabre in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels, and ornamented with blue beads and cowrie-shells, and small brass bells round the neck to give notice of their swift approach. It is said that their rough and rapid trotting, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their days. Two heavy mail-bags hang to right and left on each side of the camel, and the saddle is so arranged that a passenger can take a seat behind the postman.

In no country of the world is the postal organization more wonderful than in Japan; the chief marvel being that, till about a dozen years ago, there was no regular Government institution of posts in the country. In 1871, when Japan awakened like a giant from her long sleep of exclusiveness, and set to work to accomplish changes of every sort, she resolved to establish the European postal system; and with such astonishing zeal has she done her work, that within ten years the British, American, and French post-offices, which had been established at all the open ports, were closed, foreign nations being satisfied with the thoroughness of the Japanese postal system. In that short period mail routes had been organized over 36,000 miles; mail-trains and steamers, post-vans, and runners were all enlisted; 3,927 post-offices and 7,439 letter-boxes had been established; money-order offices and post-office savings-banks were in full operation; 7,500 persons were employed on the regular staff; stamps, stamped envelopes, post-cards and newspaper-wrappers were issued at the same rate as our own; letter-postage to any part of the Empire being at the rate of two cents, and post-cards one cent; while within the limits of the City of Tokio these postages are respectively only half-price.

Where the post-office had thus started at full swing, it is needless to say that the telegraph was not forgotten; and by 1880 it was in full working order over a distance of about 10,000 miles, and giving employment to about 15,000 persons.

In very strange contrast with this extraordinarily rapid postal development in the little island Empire of Japan is the equally wonderful stagnation in the vast Empire of China, where, even to this hour, there is actually no Government institution for the transmission of posts.

Japan has already developed such a widespread system of newspapers as would of itself require an elaborate method of distribution; but China, that esteems itself the most literary of nations, is still practically without newspapers. Consequently these do not call for postal consideration.

But as regards letters, a considerable proportion of the 400,000,000 Chinamen do occasionally exchange letters—those who cannot write for themselves hiring scribes to do so. These letters are consigned to firms which have houses in all the large towns, where letters are forwarded to distant ports, to be there distributed by special agents, who generally collect the postage from the receiver. There was certainly something comic in the fact that when China was no longer able to exclude foreigners from Pekin, the British postal arrangements were no sooner established than some of the Imperial officials came to ask Sir Frederick Bruce to forward certain state documents for them between Pekin and Canton. On the death of the Emperor Hien-fung, which occurred just at that time, intimation thereof was sent from his country palace (a distance of 600 li, which is upward of 200 miles) in twenty-four hours, which is the highest speed attainable in China. But the placid Celestials, to whom hurry appears a form of vulgar impatience, and to whom telegraphs are an abomination, are content that all ordinary communications should be conveyed either by slow paddling or poling-boats, or else by foot-runners, whose high-sounding title of "the thousand-mile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter-bag is secured on their back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

But though the rise and fall of nations in the outer world of barbarians are topics wholly without interest to these millions, there *are* some subjects which call forth enthusiasm and an eager desire for early information. Foremost among these is the declaration of the list of sixty successful candidates for literary degrees in the Confucian classics at the great annual and triennial examinations. So great is the competition for this honor, that sometimes as many as 8,000 candidates present themselves in a single province! Then, when this long-looked-for list is published, the rivers and creeks in the neighborhood are all astir, and swift, lightly built boats, each manned by half a dozen strong rowers, start off at full speed to convey the news to anxious relations and fellow-citizens.

Others have made agreement with the owners of carrier-pigeons, to whom the lists are immediately forwarded, and the messages, being inscribed on slips of thin stiff paper, are rolled up into the smallest possible compass and attached to the legs of these winged letter-carriers, who straightway start on their respective journeys at a rate of eighty miles in three hours.

Of vehicles we find every conceivable variety pressed in to aid the post-runner in his labor. In Natal the post-cart is a light four-horse vehicle—not much to look at, but capital as a means of getting over vile roads with very deep ruts. In the mountainous districts of Brazil, a two-wheeled wagon, drawn by oxen, is in use—the wheels being cut out of a solid block and fastened to the axle.

In some parts of Russia, buffaloes harnessed to two-wheeled vehicles convey the postmen on their road, but more frequently mail-sledges are drawn by horses, by reindeer, or, or in the far north, by dogs.

The latter we find again in Canada—as, for instance, in the mail-service between Selkirk and Lake Winnipeg, where the work is done by trains of letter-sleighs, each dragged by three dogs, harnessed in single file.

Passing from Canada to the United States, we find the most gigantic postal system in the world, working with the regularity of first-class machinery; and nowhere has its wonderfully rapid development been more remarkable than in the establishment of communication between the capitals of the extreme East and West—New York and San Francisco.

Twenty years ago, settlers starting for the Far West, with their heavily laden wagons, knew that the journey would occupy six months of hard travel, and might involve many dangers of varied character—chiefly from hostile Indians, prairie-fires, and rattlesnakes. Once started on that far journey, many a weary month must elapse ere any tidings could reach them from the home they had left.

Great was the excitement when a company of fearless, determined men announced their resolution to carry let-

ters from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific in fourteen days. The feat was deemed impossible. Nevertheless, the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express was duly organized, the vast expanse of country right across the Great Continent was divided into runs of sixty miles, and at each terminus rude log-huts were erected as stations and stables for men and beasts.

The latter were strong, swift ponies, selected for their hardiness and great powers of endurance, and the riders were all picked men, experienced scouts and trappers, noted—even in that region of keen, hard-riding men—for courage and good horsemanship; and many a time must both have been tried to the uttermost in the course of those terribly long and awfully lonesome rides across the trackless prairie, continually in danger of attack, by day or by night, by wild Indians or highway robbers.

Once a week an express messenger started from either side of the Great Continent. From the first moment to the last, not a second must be lost. As long as the pony could gallop, gallop he must; and the eager beasts seemed as keen as their riders, and scarcely needed the cruel spur to urge them on. For sixty miles at a stretch they must keep up their utmost speed; and when at length the goal was reached, where the next messenger was waiting in the saddle, ready to start without one minute's delay, the precious letter-bag was tossed from one postman to the other, and, ere the wearied incomer had even dismounted, his successor had started on his onward way.

Then pony and man might rest and feed, and rest again, till the return of the messenger with a refilled bag, which was warranted to accomplish its journey of upward of 2,000 miles in 240 hours. (The railway on the New York side being already constructed as far as St. Joseph, that station was the eastern point to which the Pony Express had to run.)

This Pony Express was continued for two years, accomplishing its work with amazing regularity, and involving many a feat of splendid riding and wild adventure. It proved, however, a ruinous failure from a commercial point of view, and the company collapsed with a deficit of $200,000.

The telegraph was by this time complete, so for a while it was the bearer of all overland communication, and letters had to travel from New York to San Francisco *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, which occupied just a month. In those days comparatively few steamers entered the Golden Gates (the entrance to the great harbor of San Francisco), so the fortnightly arrival of this steamer, with its precious cargo of letters and newspapers, was a signal for hours of intense anxiety and excitement. Not only were the merchants of the city eager for business letters, but crowds of miners came in from the mountains, in the (too often vain) hope that the mail might bring them some word from home.

Of the enormous amount of labor and thought which has now covered so vast a tract of country with an intricate network of postal arrangements, a faint idea may be gathered from the exceedingly bulky annual report of the Postmaster-general of the United States—a report which fills 800 pages of closely printed matter, besides a supplementary volume of 454 pages of postal laws and regulations. Beside these imposing volumes, the modest 59-pages Parliamentary report of the British Postmaster-general seems quite a small matter. Indeed, on looking over the statistics of the postal facilities in the thirty-eight States and eleven Territories, we find that the three which head the list—Pennsylvania with its 3,716 post-offices, New York State with 3,082 and Ohio with 2,620—together possess nearly as many post-offices as Britain in A.D. 1854 could number, including all sorts of letter-boxes and offices, her grand total in that year having amounted to 9,973.

In the thirty years which have elapsed since that date, British facilities have been trebled; there are now 31,700 receptacles for the collection of letters, of which 15,951 are post-offices.

Of the postal statistics of the United States, I will only note that the total weight of mails dispatched in 1883 to Postal Union countries amounted to 1,266 tons, and that "the number of pieces handled"—*i.e.*, letters, newspapers and post-cards collected or delivered—was 1,324,637,701, the average handled by each letter-carrier being 359,955.

In systems so vast and so admirably organized as these, the work of the letter-carrier ceases to have any individuality. It is the work of a chronometer, as faultless as anything human can well be, and possessing as little picturesque interest as does a handsome, solidly built street in a great new city.

Of the amount of care and mental anxiety whereby postal punctuality is purchased, we may form some estimate by noting the agreements concerning the contract time allowed for the transport of the mails between the most distant countries, and the penalties exacted for delay. Thus, in the case of the mails from India and China to Brindisi, there is a fine of £200 for every twelve hours in excess of contract time. On the voyage to or from the West Indies, the penalty for overtime is £25 for every twenty-four hours, while between London and Calais it is £5 for fifteen minutes. By another contract, which comes into force this Autumn, the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company undertakes thenceforward to convey the mails between Holyhead and Kingstown in fifteen minutes less than the time hitherto allowed; a fine of £1 14s. to be exacted for each minute in excess of contract time. Such details as these give us a very practical notion of the literal value of time.

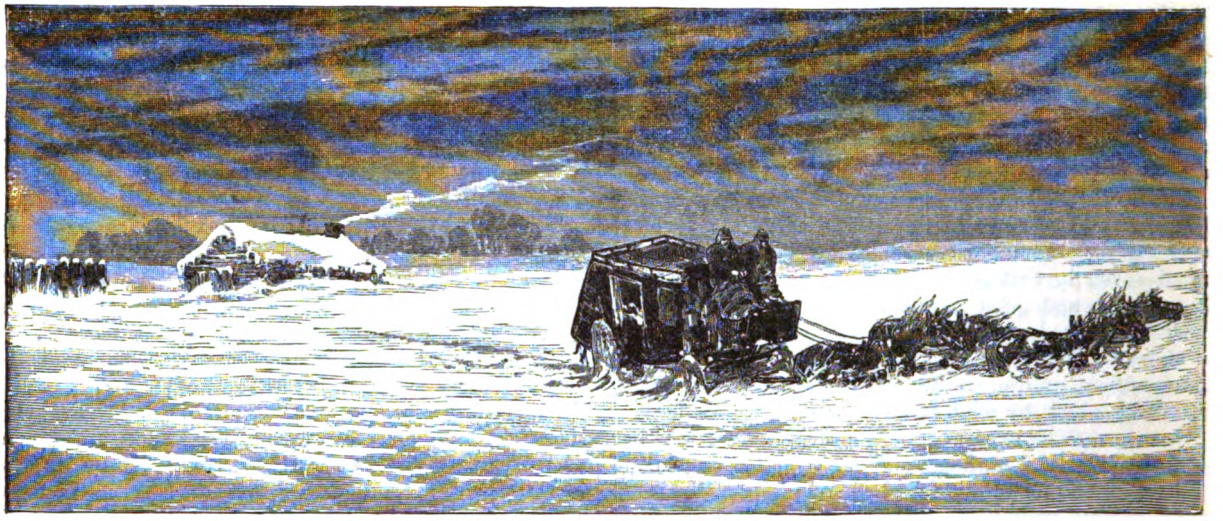
Like that of all mighty institutions, the growth of the Post Office has been slow and gradual; and we, in the enjoyment of all our postal privileges, find it hard to realize how our ancestors could have endured their total privation of all such.

The establishment of a commercial postal service seems to have originated in the thirteenth century, to insure facility of communication between the eighty-five cities of Prussia, Livonia, Westphalia, Saxony, the Baltic, and the Netherlands, included in the Hanseatic League.

After this beginning, regular letter posts for the public convenience were established between Austria and Lombardy, and between Vienna and Brussels. Judging from such old engravings as we here reproduce, these early postmen do not appear to have been very heavily burdened.

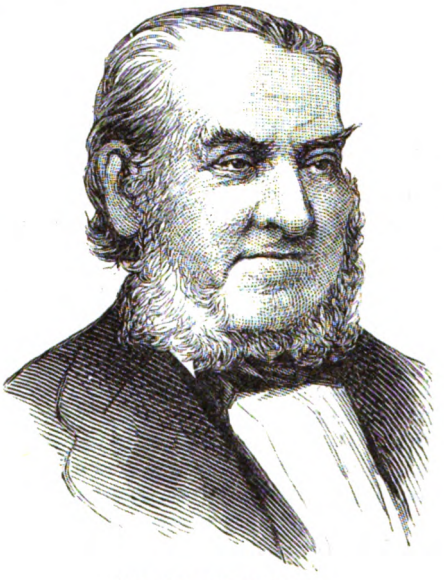
Scarcely picturesque, but doubtless comfortable, is the solid-looking postman of Nuremberg, whose portrait, as sketched a hundred years ago, we here reproduce. The spear which he carries is his symbol of official dignity.

The English postal service represents the steady development of two and half centuries. Prior to the sixteenth century, all letters in Britain were sent by messengers who wore the royal livery, but only hired post-horses as they happened to require them. In the fifteenth century a company of foreign merchants made arrangements for the conveyance of letters between London and the Continent. This private enterprise was, however, made over to the Crown, and James I. established a Post Office for foreign letters.



WESTERN MAIL-COACH IN A HEAVY SNOW.

Another century, however, elapsed ere any postal arrangements were made to facilitate intercourse within the kingdom. In 1635 Charles I. authorized Thomas Witherings to run a post night and day between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back again in six days, carrying all such letters as were directed to towns near the road. Eight main postal lines were established at the same time, and the bearers were authorized to carry letters on a graduated scale of from twopence to sixpence to any part of England. If across the Border the charge was eightpence, and to Dublin by packet, sixpence.



COLONEL JOSEPH DODD.

To cross the Border in those days was a serious matter, for its wild glens were the refuge of the wildest spirits of both lands, and the Borderers were ever noted robbers. But even in the more settled districts the letter-carriers were so frequently attacked by highwaymen, that, so late as A. D. 1700, it became necessary for both the Scottish and English Parliaments to pass Acts making robbery of the post an offense punishable by death and confiscation. While the "post-boys" (as they were called, without respect to the gray hairs of many) were thus subject to perils from land robbers, equal danger awaited their brethren in charge of the mails for Ireland or foreign countries. Every mail-packet had to be armed as a ship-of-war, ready to hold her own against any privateer which might see fit to attack her; and, indeed, such pirates might chance to capture many things besides letters, for these marine posts were charged with all manner of articles—such as "fifteen couple of hounds, for the King of the Romans"; "a deal case with four flitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam"; "two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen"; and even "a doctor, with his cow and other necessaries."

In 1783, it was suggested to the great Mr. Pitt, by Mr. John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres,

COLONEL DODD CARRYING MAILS FROM NEW YORK ACROSS THE HUDSON SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

MAIL-CARRIER ON THE FRONTIER.

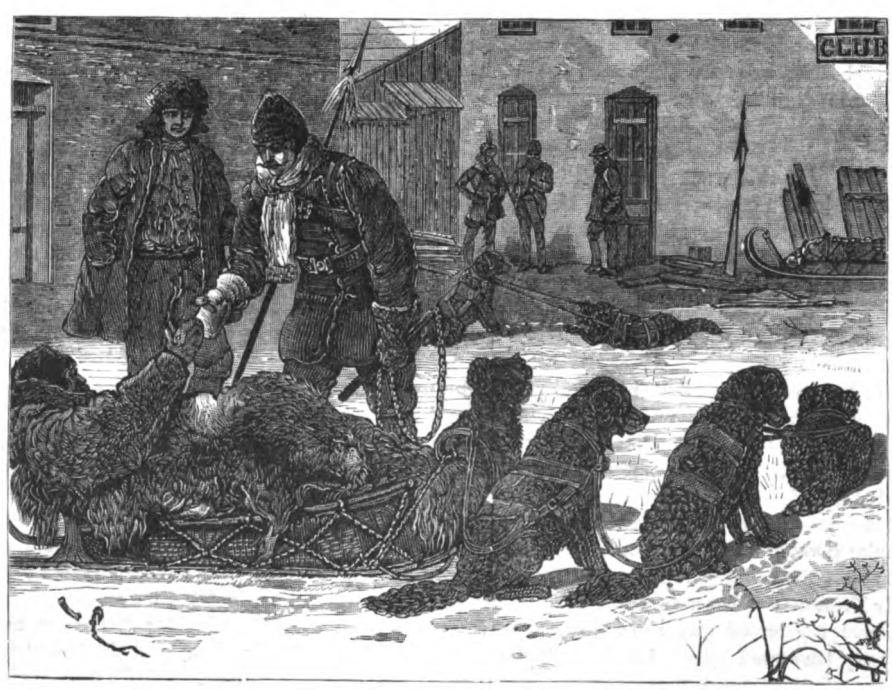
A FRONTIER POST-OFFICE.

that, instead of employing horsemen, mail-coaches should be established and escorted by trustworthy and well-armed guards. This innovation was strongly opposed by the Post Office authorities, but was eventually carried, and Mr. Palmer installed as Controller-general of the Post Office, to the immense advantage of all concerned, and the great acceleration of the mail service.*

Hence originated the mail-coaches, which so many of us can still remember as one of the cheeriest features of rural life some thirty or forty years ago, when the coming and the going of the coaches, with their first-class teams, and the cheery drivers and guards arrayed in scarlet, and the sound of the brass horn, were the daily great events of villages and remote country towns—the bringers of good or evil tidings in days when telegraphs were as yet undreamt of.

When the system was in full working order, there were 94 four-horse mail-coaches running regularly in Great Britain, besides 49 two-horse coaches in England.

Very quaint and picturesque, but certainly not so suggestive of mirth and gay company



DOG MAIL-TRAIN IN THE NORTHWEST.

* Apparently the pace had not improved since Charles I. had established his post to run between London and Edinburgh and back in six days, and nights.

as the old English mail-coach, is the essentially solitary vehicle which was devised in Denmark for the safe and swift conveyance of letters, and which continued in use till the year 1842: a bullet-shaped receptacle, into which the mail-bags were thrust, and secured by a leathern flap, the whole being lightly poised on strong springs. No place is here provided for the armed guard, and should any accident occur, the solitary driver must manage for himself as best he could.

While the British postal system was gradually developing improved methods of conveyance, the grandest change of all was brought about when, in 1837, Sir Rowland Hill first suggested the advantages of a reduced and uniform rate of postage to all parts of the kingdom. After considerable opposition he carried his point, and in 1840 the penny post for half-ounce letters was established throughout Britain, and postage-stamps were invented to facilitate pre-payment.

A penny-post for the delivery of letters within the limits of London and its suburbs (which then formed a comparatively small radius) had been established in 1685; and in 1776 Edinburgh had followed suit with four letter-carriers, whose business it was to walk daily through what is now known as "the old town," collecting letters, and ringing bells to attract attention.

The establishment of Rowland Hill's uniform penny-post led to an immediate increase of letters which was positively amazing, being due not only to increased correspondence, but to the cessation of the illegal dispatch of letters by private hands. That such were numerous can scarcely be a matter of wonder, when we consider how very small a letter could be received north of the Border for eightpence, and, either from excess of weight or some other cause, the sum charged was liable to a considerable increase. Thus, an old resident in the Green Isle of Lismore, just off the coast of Argyleshire, tells us that in his young days he had to pay one shilling and twopence for every letter he received, and when the postage was reduced to one shilling it was considered a great step forward; but when, about 1835, it was further reduced to eightpence, the rejoicing was great indeed.

A very considerable improvement in the regulations for the delivery of letters in rural districts in the Southwest of England and Wales was effected in 1851, when Anthony Trollope (who had already been employed on similar work in Ireland) was deputed to go over every nook and corner of Cornwall, Devon, the Channel Islands, Worcester, etc., etc., in order to define the beat of every individual letter-carrier. Of this work he has left us a very interesting account in his autobiography. He tells us that, knowing that the postal regulations of France require that every letter shall be actually delivered by an official letter-carrier to the person to whom it is addressed, he aimed at the nearest possible approach to this standard, and it became the ambition of his life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers. Their beats were apportioned on the understanding that no man should be required to walk more than sixteen miles a day. Trollope took good care to find out all the short cuts, so as to insure the including of the largest possible number of houses in the distance.

Bicycles and tricycles now help many of the rural postmen to "make good time." I am not aware that the letter-carriers of the Fen districts have profited by the wisdom of their French brethren in the Department of Landes, that desert region of reedy marshes, and ever-shifting sands, only traversed by muddy uncertain roads. Year by year, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, the *dunes* (as these sand-hills are called) encroach more and more on the fertile tracts, actually overwhelming houses and vineyards. Here and there, on the marshy heath, or in the forests of cork-trees, are scattered the wretched huts of the people, who were mostly shepherds, cork-cutters and charcoal-burners. One of their chief industries is the manufacture of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, clumsy indeed, but warranted to stand any amount of wear and tear.

But even these active peasants find it exhausting work alternately to trudge ankle-deep in light dry sand, or through oozy peat-moss, so they have borrowed a hint from the long-legged water-birds that stalk among the marshes, and have adopted the plan of walking on very lengthy stilts. Thus they get over the ground at double pace, and being well-raised above the world, they can keep a better outlook for their stray sheep or swine, or for the position of such game as may be worth stalking at leisure.

This, then, is the mode of travel adopted by the postmen on the southernmost seaboard of France, while going their rounds among the remote villages, conveying the rare letters, which must be such doubly precious prizes in those lonely districts.

Toilsome as were the sixteen-mile beats apportioned by Trollope to his rural letter-carriers, their task was less severe than that imposed on some of the Scottish post-runners—those, for instance, who carried the mails between Fort William and Inverness, a distance of about sixty miles. The men started simultaneously from either point, and met at Fort Augustus, where they exchanged bags, and on the following day returned to their starting-point. Thus each man did his sixty miles on foot in two days, and was allowed the third day for rest ere recommencing his weary tramp. The distance was often seriously increased by accidents of weather, deep snowdrifts or swollen rivers sometimes compelling long circuits.

No general system of posts was thought of in this country till 1692, and even then it took twenty-eight years to get into operation. At last, in 1710, Parliament organized a department with a postmaster-general for the colonies, who was "to keep his chief letter office at New York, and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in other of Her Majesty's provinces or colonies in America."

In 1732 the papers noted that the Post Office, though organized in America for thirty-eight years, had never yet been established south of Philadelphia, but since the Hon. Alexander Spotswood, Esq., had been appointed Postmaster-general, he had extended it 350 miles further to the City of Williamsburg, in Virginia, and shortly designed extending it 100 miles to Edenton, North Carolina, and in time to Charles Town, South Carolina.

The postal system remained, however, very insignificant till Benjamin Franklin was made deputy postmaster-general, when he startled the people by proposing to run a weekly mail from Philadelphia to Boston, the mail-coaches starting from each city on Monday morning and arriving on Saturday night.

On the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789, the Post Office Department devolved on the Federal Government. Postage at first was high, eight cents for a single letter for forty miles or less. Some reduction was made in 1816, but in 1843 the general discontent was such that the Representatives from many States were instructed by the Legislatures to insist on a reform. In 1845 postage was reduced to five cents for 300 miles, and in 1851 to three cents for 3,000 miles; and in 1883 to two cents for any part of the country.

How business has increased in the New York Post

Office may be imagined from the fact that only about ten years ago, in December, 1874, Colonel Dodd died holding a position in it which he had held for fifty-eight years, having entered it when the Post Office was in Garden Street, and the whole business was managed by a force of three clerks. It was part of his duties in his early days to cross the North River in a skiff to Paulus Hook—now Jersey City—and receive the Southern mail from the contractor so as to bring it, without loss of time, to the city. The mail-bag he then trundled on a wheelbarrow to the office. Winter or Summer, he never missed a mail, and lived to see the present grand Post Office begun.

FADING GLORIES.

(*From the Spanish.*)

Oh, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the pleasant hour employ
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening dreams must be
That into the engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave!

Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our life is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought,
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair.
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay
The steps that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on!

MISS ARGLEROY'S TEST—A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By Miss Caroline B. Le Row.

Chapter I.

"It's a good thing there ain't no outstandin' debts agin the estate, so fur as known," remarked old Deacon Stickney, striking with his jack-knife the heel of an expansive boot which rested on his knee. "Everything's settled up pretty nigh; but what in nater has become of that will is one of the mysteries."

The young lawyer, Rodney Livingstone, his companion, paid little heed to the words, his attention being held captive by a dress hanging on the opposite wall. It was of some soft, light material—he had no idea what—and one sleeve drooped gracefully in full sight, rounded as it had left the wearer's arm, with rich, full lace gathered about the waist.

There was a fascination in the sleeve, and the strange thrill which he felt when he caught sight of it was only a little less strong than if the arm to which it belonged had touched his arm.

It could not belong to Miss Cornelia, the housekeeper. Nothing so lovely, ethereal and altogether poetic, could by any possibility be associated with that strong, gaunt spinster, who was at that moment in the kitchen beyond, paring potatoes for the noonday meal.

"It's a good deal cooler in the keepin'-room, gentlemen," she called out, in her thin voice. "I s'pose there ain't nothin' to hinder your goin' in there."

"This is the room the squire died in, isn't it?" asked the old deacon.

"Yes, 'tis!" snapped Miss Cornelia, in a tone which implied that his dying anywhere was a circumstance to be resented.

Rodney Livingstone looked more closely around the room. On a little table near one of the windows was an opera-glass of gold-and-pearl, with initials engraved upon it—"E. B. A."—an elegant inkstand of Russia leather and a well-worn portfolio of the same material, with a few half-written sheets of music.

"There's a lot o' papers in one of them trunks overhead, so Miss Cornelia says," remarked Deacon Stickney. "I reckon you'd better go up there with me right away."

In his examination Livingstone came upon a picture, the photograph of a girl whose shoulders were enveloped in a black lace mantle, one corner of which was thrown coquettishly over her head.

It was not a handsome face, but a striking and very fascinating one. Turning over the card, he read again the same initials and the date, "Vienna, 1875," just two years before. This, then, must be Squire Edsill's niece, the sole heir to his immense property.

"Well, 'tain't here, at any rate." Deacon Stickney rose slowly, rubbing his rheumatic leg.

Rodney Livingstone locked the old trunk, in which, however, he did not replace the picture.

"I can do that any time," he remarked, mentally, feeling the need of justification for the doubtful transaction.

THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.—POST-OFFICE AT TANGIERS.—SEE PAGE 552.

Down-stairs Miss Cornelia was busy as ever. The lawyer stopped to speak to her.

"Where is Miss Argleroy to-day?"

"I dunno. Outdoors somewhere. She's just wild over the woods and the roads over them mountains. I shouldn't think she'd care for 'em after all the travelin' she's done."

"Has she ever been here before?"

"Only once—years ago. She was a wild young thing, then, you'd better believe. The squire, he spent lots o' money on her, and had her edicated in a French convent down to New Orleans, where her mother died. She's been to Europe, an' Italy, an' lots o' places; I dunno for what. I don't think the squire ever cared much for

MISS ARGLEROY'S TEST.—"'I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS ARGLEROY. I AM RODNEY LIVINGSTONE, AT YOUR SERVICE.'"—SEE PAGE 559.

her, though. He was a dreadful queer man," she concluded, abruptly. "There was no queerer old man than Squire Edsill."

The housekeeper echoed public opinion. Squire Edsill was famed throughout the county for his eccentricities. Rodney Livingstone had grown tired of hearing of them, but they suddenly acquired a new interest.

He declined Miss Cornelia's invitation to dinner, and walked back to the village, speculating upon the

new element introduced into his legal affairs. "Miss Argleroy," he thought. "I wonder where she got her name? Agnes never spoke of her, but very likely she never heard of her. I must write to the dear girl today. Positively that Miss Argleroy came near putting it out of my head."

He felt for his pencil-case and his hand touched the photograph. Drawing it out, he examined it with fresh curiosity, then placing it on a little easel which stood on his desk, he began his letter:

"My Dear Agnes—I spent nearly the whole forenoon at the farmhouse making the necessary examination of papers, etc. No will has so far been found, and the good old deacon is very much exercised in consequence. It was never recorded and is probably destroyed. Though he witnessed it, he chooses not to tell its contents, and declares his intention not to interfere with the legal disposition of the property.

"It seemed very strange to miss your dear face and figure from the old sitting-room, but I hope the change is doing you great good. You certainly needed it, physically, I mean, of course, for my own darling, how could it be possible for you to improve in any other way? Don't—even if you can, which I do not believe."

As he held his pen suspended for a moment, his glance rested once more upon the picture. He had almost forgotten that he wished to write to Agnes about Miss Argleroy. He re-read the last few words of his letter, and smiled a little as he resumed:

"I can imagine how you would drop your precious little head on my breast if you heard me say those words, and I long inexpressibly to have you here in your old hiding-place. Heaven grant we may not be long separated.

"Miss Argleroy, Squire Edsill's niece, has just arrived from Europe. I doubt whether you know anything of her, and I feel sure, though I have not seen her, that she is a type of woman the exact opposite of yourself—my opinion of her being easily inferred in consequence. She is already completely established in the old house, occupying, because of the fine view of the mountains, the room in which the squire died."

He wrote page after page before the letter was finished, then throwing it aside as if impatient that he could not continue it indefinitely, busied himself over some legal documents.

Miss Argleroy was late to dinner, but the repast was not a solitary one, Miss Cornelia keeping up a stream of discourse from the buttery.

"Deacon Stickney an' the lawyer, they was here nearly the hull forenoon, peekin' into everything, an' snookin' around from the suller to the garret. Rodney Livingstone, he asked a good deal about you."

"About me?"

"Why, of course; he's interested in the heir to the property."

"Have you confidence in these men—this lawyer that is to settle things?"

"Lor' yes! I'll trust 'em. Rodney Livingstone—why, Rodney Livingstone is as good as gold and as honest as the day!"

"You seem to know him well."

"Oh! I've knowed him ever since he come to the Falls—ever since he knowed Miss Agnes."

"Miss Agnes? I suppose, of course, you mean Miss Halstead?"

"Yes. 'Twouldn't be nigh so lonesome for you, Miss Ev'lyn, ef she was back in the old house, an'——"

She made a quick gesture, as striking as it was characteristic.

"I'm not lonesome—not yet. Wasn't my uncle fond of Miss Halstead?"

"Oh, fond enough in his way; he didn't never tackle to her particularly."

"Yet he sent for her to come here and live with him?"

"Yes, that was one of his freaks. Old Mr. Halstead done him a good turn once, and she was a kinder helpless little thing when her father died. But I allus mistrusted——"

She stopped short and bit her lips.

"Mistrusted what, Miss Cornelia?"

A question from Evelyn Argleroy was fatal. The personal magnetism which compelled an answer was the most powerful and inexplicable thing about her.

"Well, I didn't mean to say nothin', but I guess the old squire would have left all his property to Agnes Halstead ef she'd a suited his notions. He could have done it, and fixed it so that you could not have helped yourself, neither. He was not fond of your mother, you know, and didn't feel very comfortable about you."

Evelyn Argleroy smiled—the brilliant, dazzling smile which flashed over her face occasionally.

"What is Miss Halstead like?" she inquired.

The housekeeper waited to break an extra egg into the custard she was stirring before she answered.

"Well, she's jest about perfect, 'cordin' to my idee; and ef two people ever loved each other true in all this world, it's Rodney Livingstone and Agnes Halstead."

"They are engaged, then?"

"Not yit. Rodney, he's poor—and proud, too. He don't mean to bind her by no promise, but it amounts to the same thing."

The dinner was less interesting than the conversation; but Miss Argleroy was obliged to let it drop, some outdoor duties claiming the attention of the housekeeper.

Chapter II.

"Miss Argleroy!" Rodney Livingstone removed his hat as he pronounced her name, then stood silent before her.

She was lying at full length upon the grass, her arms thrown up over her head, her eyes fixed upon the tree, which threw heavy shadows about her.

She had been singing softly to herself before he had seen her, and the sound had attracted him; but he was not prepared to see this elegant woman, whose graceful figure, in its rich dress, formed a picture as beautiful as it was startling. She regarded him with less astonishment.

"Please," she said, holding out her hand as indication that she desired his assistance in rising.

He extended it instantly, involuntarily stepping back a few paces as, standing erect, she tossed back the loosened hair which had fallen over her eyes, and looked at him intently.

"How did you know my name?" she asked him.

To any other woman he might have returned a false or evasive answer; to Evelyn Argleroy he said, directly:

"Because I have seen your picture."

She made no comment upon his answer, and he was not conscious how closely he was regarding her until she spoke again.

"You might at least tell me yours, considering the disadvantage at which you have taken me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Argleroy, and thank you for the reminder. I am Rodney Livingstone, at your service."

She had been idly pulling the leaves from the tree by which they were standing, but she threw them aside and leaned against the trunk with a new interest in her eyes.

"You are the lawyer, then, interested in my affairs?"

"I have that honor, Miss Argleroy."

He was just a little uncomfortable under her continued gaze.

"I have not yet apologized for my intrusion. I will do so now, and take my leave of you."

He bowed low, turning as he did so.

"Mr. Livingstone!"

Instantly he faced her again.

"You may be interested in one or two items of my uncle's last letter to me," she said. "He wrote to me in London three weeks ago, asking me to come here at once, and agree to stay with him until after Thanksgiving Day. It was a surprising proposition, but I agreed to it. I remembered the place—Paradise, it seemed to me in my childhood. I have had an exciting life for five years, and I was glad of some change. Now that I am here, I shall stay for the length of time he specified. Miss Cornelia told me yesterday," she went on, "of Miss Halstead. I did not even know that she was a member of my uncle's family."

She watched him closely as she spoke. His face would have betrayed him, even if she had not known that she was speaking of the woman he loved.

"Will she return and keep me company in the old house, do you think? What are her present plans?"

She asked the second question before he had time to reply to the first one.

"She is with friends in the northern part of the State. It seemed best for her to go at once after your uncle died, and she is to remain there until——"

"Until what?"

"Until I can make for her such a home as I am every day longing to take her to as my wife," he answered, with proud manliness.

"Please write to her and tell her that I want—that we both want her back again. She must keep the home that my uncle gave her until she goes to yours. She is very dear to you?"

"Dearer than my life, Miss Argleroy."

"And very lovely?"

"Very."

She smiled that rare, flashing smile, which illuminated her whole face.

"That is a lover's estimate," she said. "I will tell you my opinion when I see her,"

For all answer he bowed again.

It was a curious proposition which she made, a curious interview altogether. Miss Argleroy was certainly a very strange as well as most fascinating woman. The last point was very clear.

He had felt the magnetism of the rich voice, the firm white hands, the expressive eyes and gestures, every minute while he had been with her.

She interested but perplexed him, repelled him at the same time; he could not have told how. Something of his thoughts must have shown itself in his face, for she said, suddenly:

"I believe you are speculating about me."

He was annoyed at her penetration.

"You cannot wonder at that," he said.

"No, nor can you that I have some curiosity as to what you think."

"Does that mean that you want me to tell you?"

"As you please."

He made no reply.

"I am not in the least like Miss Halstead?"

"Not in the least."

"And *she* is a lovable woman."

She laughed in a satirical and tantalizing way.

"You certainly are not a logical one, Miss Argleroy."

"A logical mind, Mr. Livingston, is the prerogative of—the legal profession. It is considered an unwomanly attribute. But I hoped you would be brave enough to answer me directly."

"Brave enough!" he repeated, as if piqued by the word. "It is a question of knowledge, not courage. If you care for an opinion formed in so short an interval, I will say that though your inference was not a logical one, it may for all that be correct."

She smiled again in an amused way, as if pleased with a frankness and audacity as great as her own.

"Send for Miss Halstead at once," she said, in the imperious style natural to her. "I have made up my mind to have her here, and I do not choose to be disappointed."

She caught up her hat and strolled away into the woods, apparently forgetting his existence.

"A very singular woman," he thought to himself; "but a very charming one for all that. I wonder what Agnes will think of her?"

Agnes Halstead returned to the old farmhouse within two weeks after Rodney's message reached her.

"I judge Miss Argleroy to be what is called 'eccentric,'" he had written her; "but one of the brightest and most interesting women I ever met. I am curious to see how you will get on together."

Their acquaintance had certainly begun harmoniously. Evelyn had welcomed her in a way which put her entirely at ease, and she was amused, not in the least disturbed, by the peculiarities which Rodney had mentioned.

"Have you had a happy life with my uncle?" Evelyn one day asked her, abruptly.

"I am very grateful for all he did for me," was the answer.

Miss Argleroy made a grimace, at which her companion laughed.

"Ah, so am I. We are bound to be that, I suppose. Ingratitude is very unbecoming, especially in a woman. There has been no will found yet?"

"No," replied Evelyn.

"And I am to be very rich."

"You surely are not sorry?"

"Sorry. No. Anything but that. I want money. Isn't it the best thing in the world? And the next best is—what I want almost as much. Have you no curiosity about me?" she concluded, abruptly.

"You have asked me no questions."

"Probably you will tell me what you choose I shall know."

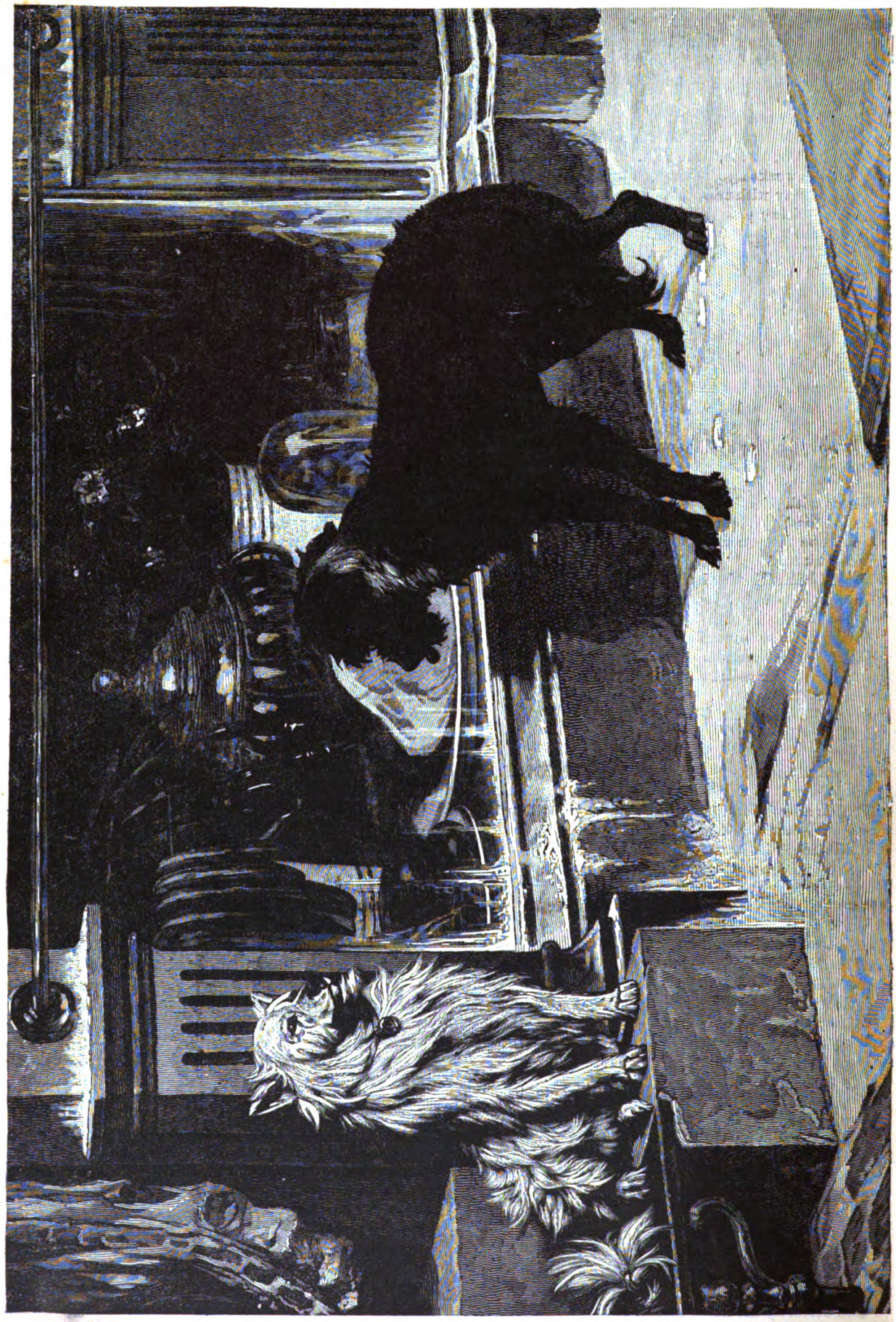
"Admirable! If society at large was only as sensible and considerate! I will tell you, then. It is my art, the profession I have chosen, the grand success I mean to make. Do you believe I can do it? Listen!"

She threw back her head and began to sing. Agnes listened with suspended breath. On and on went the glorious voice, without pause or break or tremor, through Beethoven's divine melody, the love-song of "Adelaide."

She sang as if from inspiration, her eyes flashing, her figure swaying and thrilling with a great emotion.

"So Sappho might have sung in the classic isles of her own Greece," thought the woman who watched her with an appreciation which could find no expression in words. Miss Argleroy turned as she finished to confront Rodney Livingstone, who had entered the house while the girls were together. She bowed to him haughtily.

"It is, then, always your custom to come upon people unawares," she said, in a tone which was meant to show her objection to his presence.



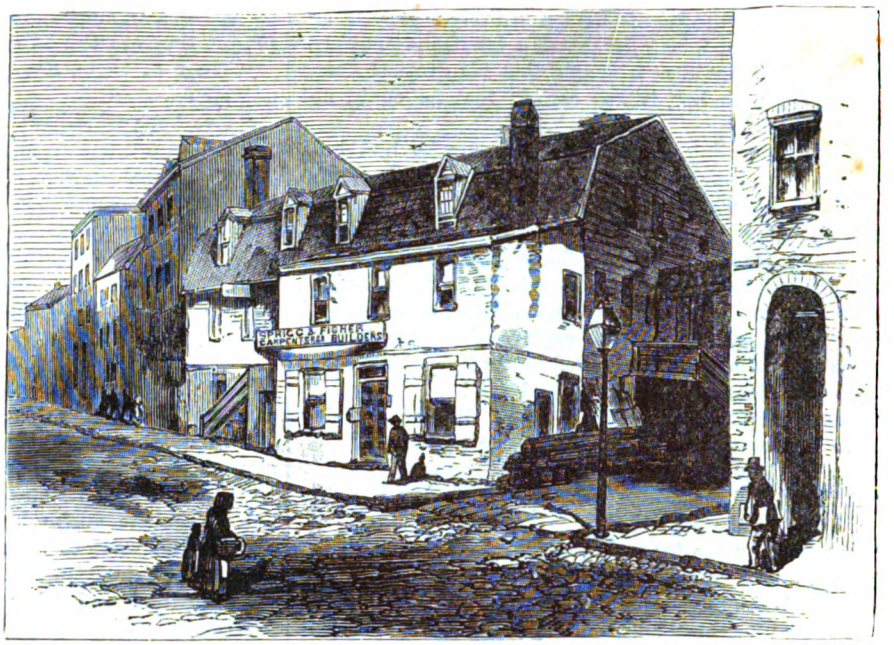
THE WELL-FED AND THE STARVING.

For the second time I find myself compelled to beg your pardon, Miss Argleroy"— his dignity was as great as hers —"but surely gods as well as men would presume to listen to——"

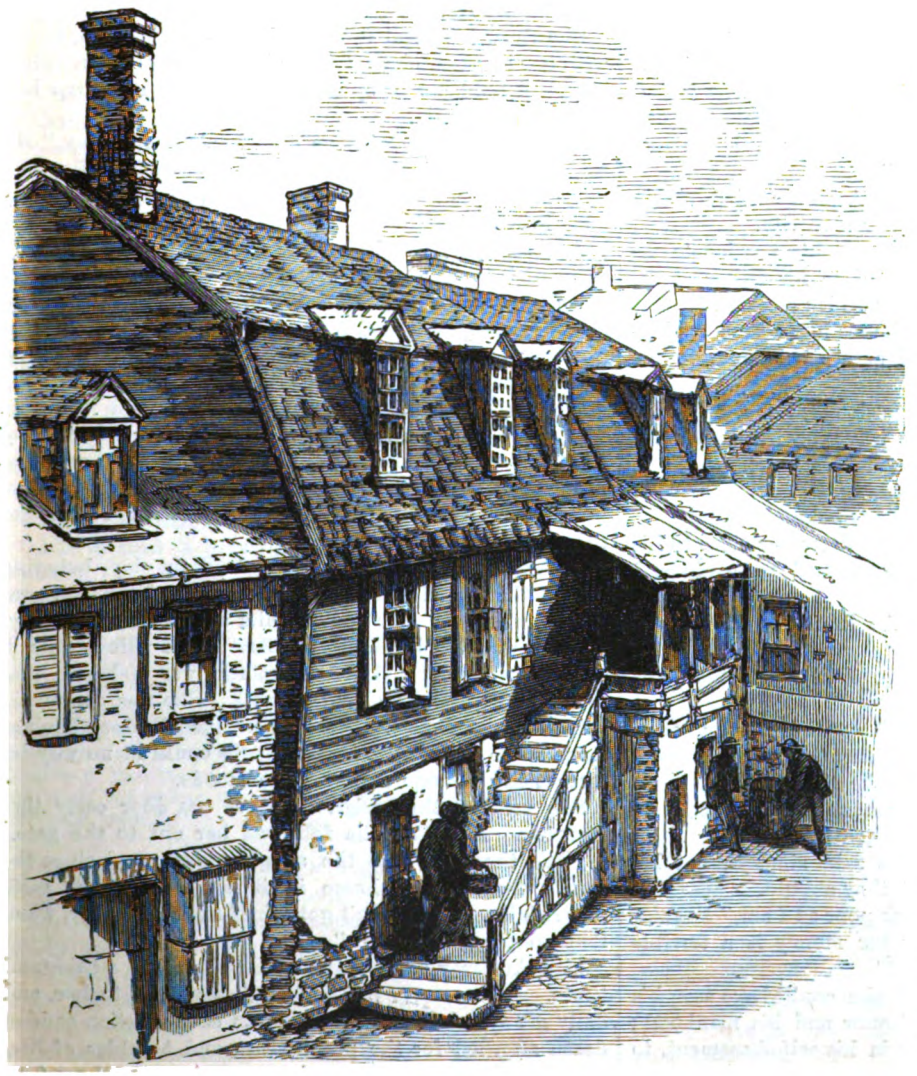
She made a quick gesture to check the praise which was in his eyes as well as upon his lips.

"Do you often sing like that?" he asked, as if still listening to the melody which filled the room.

"Always, when I sing at all," she answered, with a light laugh. "It has been weeks since — some little trouble here," and she lightly touched her throat. "The mountain air is already removing it. I was almost sure it would when I came."



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.— KAMINSKY'S INN, MERCER STREET, REGARDED AS ONE OF THE OLDEST BALTIMORE INNS, JUST BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION IN 1867.— SEE PAGE 568.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, BALTIMORE, IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE "FOUNTAIN INN."

CHAPTER III.

SUMMER was over, and the glories of the October woods were slowly fading. In a few weeks would be reached the limit which Miss Argleroy had set for her sojourn.

In the house itself there was no change, save that a grand piano had been placed in the parlor, a striking object in the midst of the dull, old-fashioned furniture. Miss Argleroy spent hour after hour at the instrument, not singing —she seldom sang, and when she did, there was certainly something missing from her voice — but hard at work upon difficult instrumental selections, into which she apparently threw her whole soul.

"You seem to forget the universe when you play," Rodney Livingstone had said to her.

"I forget myself," she replied, "which is more to the purpose."

If she could have done so utterly she might have been more at peace.

He was with her often. She was always conscious of his presence in the room, even when he stole in quietly and remained out of sight. Generally he was beside her at the piano.

She made no objection to his being there. For a long, long time she had found her greatest joy in his presence. For him—if it could not be said that his greatest peace lay in being with her, it was certain that he could not find it elsewhere.

And this dazzling, fascinating woman, who had held him in a spell ever since he had first seen her face, who had stirred his whole nature into rebellion and unrest—could she ever quiet or satisfy it? A thousand times no! Away from her he was himself once more. He could ask and answer the question fairly. But the sight of her face, the touch of her hand, above all, the sound of her voice—and he was the captive of a magnetism as fatal as it was inexplicable. And Agnes? To lose Agnes was to lose heaven. And yet—and yet!

"I am glad you do not sing, Evelyn," Rodney one day said to her, as they sat together at the piano.

They had been perfectly silent for a long time.

"And why?" she asked, running her fingers over the keys, but making no sound.

"It takes you too far away from me," he answered.

"That would be impossible!"

She laughed almost harshly.

"Do you remember our first talk together?" she asked him, after an interval of silence.

"Shall I ever forget it?" was his intense answer.

"Remember it to some purpose, then," she said, with a curious sharpness in her voice. "You told me several truths at that time about myself and—Agnes."

"I told you something that was *not* true," he exclaimed, earnestly. "You knew it was not, even when you forced me to admit it. 'Not a lovable woman,' you said of yourself. Heaven knows for what—I do not; and you disprove it every day of your life!"

"I wish you hated me!" Evelyn Argleroy cried out, in a tone which left no doubt of her sincerity.

"I will not hear you say so," was his passionate rejoinder; "and it is too late—too late for either of us. Who is to blame, Evelyn? How was it possible?"

She made a quick gesture to silence him; then, springing up from the piano, walked across the room to the window.

He followed her silently. She shivered as she felt his touch upon her shoulder. She threw up her hands appealingly as she turned and faced him.

"Rodney! Rodney!" she cried out.

It was the first time she had ever spoken his name.

He threw his arms about her and drew her close to his breast, holding her there while he kissed her again and again.

"This is your place, Evelyn! It is the fate which follows us!"

For a moment she lay passive, then raised her head that she might look into his eyes.

"It is only when I am with you that you care, Rodney?" she asked, some intuition of the tragic truth making her lips white as she spoke the words.

"How is it with me when I am away from you?" he replied, with a short, bitter laugh.

"You can best tell that," she said, simply; but his words misled her, as he meant they should.

"I wish to heaven you were as poor as I am," he said, fervently. "The thought of your money is a terrible one to me. Do you believe it?"

She would have believed it if she could have seen his heart. He was sacrificing his honor and his manhood; but it was torture to him, even in his self-abasement, to think that in other eyes he would stand condemned for a motive of which he was innocent.

"Love and money," she said, in a curious reflective tone, "they are the two things that——"

"What of them, Evelyn?" he asked her, as she did not go on.

"I've been afraid of them both," she said.

"Afraid of them? Why afraid?"

She did not answer, and they were silent a long time, each one engrossed with thoughts in which the other could have no share. A depressed mood had crept over Evelyn Argleroy. The brilliant flush and sparkle had died out of her face and eyes. She was very pale.

"What are you thinking of to make you look like that?" Rodney suddenly asked her.

She threw off his hands and began to pace the floor again. He watched her gloomily, distracted by a thousand conflicting thoughts.

"How long must I wait, Evelyn?" he asked, in a strange and irritated tone. "Give me your promise at least, that I may be sure of you."

Even as he spoke her mood changed again. She crossed the room to where he stood, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

He thrilled under her touch.

His anger died instantly.

"Wait till Thanksgiving Day. I will tell you then; but never, never say or think that I do not care, for I love you, Rodney Livingstone, as you never did, as you never can, love me."

She drew his head down and kissed him once, twice, with her strange, characteristic impetuosity; then, before he could hold her or speak to her, she turned from him and left the room.

"Come and dine with us on Thanksgiving Day," she said to him, abruptly, a week before that New England anniversary. "You know that was the limit set for my visit to America."

Agnes heard it and Miss Cornelia—the former utterly unsuspicious of hidden meaning in the words or deeds of any one about her. Miss Argleroy's independence and eccentricities accounted for everything which a jealous or exacting nature might have attributed to another cause, and Rodney Livingstone had been too cautious or too crafty—and certainly too much in love with Agnes in spite of his mad infatuation—for her to have any idea of the true state of things. Miss Cornelia had been less blind, but believing that a "wise head keeps a close mouth," resolutely shut hers, and stolidly waited for things to take their course.

Thanksgiving was a cloudless, brilliant day, bringing with it the first sleighing of the season, and the first sunshine for a week. A sudden whim seized Miss Argleroy. A service was to be held that day in the village church and she would attend it. Anything was welcome that promised diversion to her thoughts. She was consumed by a fever of unrest. She had avoided Rodney Livingstone since their last interview. He could in no way interpret her strange and variable moods.

She ordered the sleigh to be at the door early that morning. Miss Cornelia followed her out to the gate.

"It's the first time the sleigh's been used since the squire was brought home in it last April," she said, mournfully. "He hadn't got a half-mile off, either, when that apoplexy took him."

Miss Argleroy had heard the story less than a thousand times. It was never particularly interesting to her, and daily growing less so. Yet what an easy solution sudden death afforded for the perplexities and troubles of life, she thought, as she drove along. She was well used to the road, but the fall of snow had changed its appear-

ance, and as she drove rapidly down the hill, the runner struck some hidden obstacle which nearly overturned the sleigh.

"Neither apoplexy nor accident will relieve me from the responsibility of my own fate," she thought, as, stooping, she picked up the cushion which had fallen from the seat beside her. On the bottom of the sleigh she saw a folded paper, which had also fallen from the seat. She opened and read it as she drove along.

A quick exclamation broke from her lips. She thrust the paper into her pocket, turned the horse's head toward home, and greatly surprised Miss Cornelia by her sudden appearance.

"You surely hain't been to church, Miss Evelyn ?"

"I've changed my mind," the young lady replied, shortly.

She ordered dinner postponed till five o'clock. The rest of the day she spent in her own room—quieter than usual, Miss Cornelia thought.

If she could only have seen her as she struggled through those long, solitary hours !

Agnes was alone when Rodney came. He was thankful for that, even while listening to catch the first rustle of Miss Argleroy's dress. He speculated dully upon the strange condition, looking at Agnes as a man might gaze on the most precious thing in life, which he has deliberately thrown away.

Miss Argleroy's manner, when she met him, would have confused a man of even finer perception than Rodney Livingstone.

"Miss Cornelia will tell you it was one of my freaks to change the dinner-hour ; so it was. I hope it has not inconvenienced you any."

She was at her best and gayest. She had never been so brilliant, so irresistible in every way.

From the moment she entered the room, Rodney Livingstone had no thought for any one on earth save the woman who had so fatally entranced him.

"Leave the table standing for a few minutes, Miss Cornelia," Miss Argleroy said, as she rose at the close of dinner. "Come with us into the parlor. As one of the witnesses to my uncle's will, I know you will be interested in the document which I found this forenoon under one of the cushions of the sleigh, probably carried with him on his last trip to town."

She produced the paper as she spoke, and handed it to Rodney Livingstone.

"I have read it myself," she said. "You may do so officially."

He obeyed her, mechanically.

"I, Ebenezer Edsill, being of unsound body but sound mind, whatever my enemies may say to the contrary, do hereby give and bequeath to my niece, Evelyn Boyd Argleroy, my entire property, on condition that she agrees to abandon all public and professional life, and give up the musical career which she has chosen contrary to my wishes and advice. In case of her refusal to agree to this, the property is to revert to Rodney Livingstone, the son of the woman who but for infernal interference would have been my wife."

The paper dropped from his hand. He stood staring at her like a man turned to stone.

"A concise and explicit document, certainly," she said, lightly, stooping to pick it up.

"Rodney Livingstone's a lawyer, but you've astonished him, I'll be bound," Miss Cornelia remarked, with exaggerated emphasis. "Who would have been the wiser if you'd kep' it to yourself ?"

Miss Argleroy turned toward him.

"I told you once that I was afraid of love and of money both," she said ; "that they might tempt me from the life I had chosen for myself. I choose it still. I voluntarily break the condition laid upon me, and the money is thereby yours—not mine ! I leave it with my best wishes for you and Agnes. For myself there is Europe and my art."

She turned quickly to the piano and, seating herself, began to sing. It was too dark to see her face, and her voice told only what she chose to have it tell. But one who listened to her knew that she realized the worthlessness of his love as well as the glory of her art—making sacrifice and separation possible to her.

OLD BALTIMORE INNS.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Baltimore has always been famous for its hotels, as well as for its general hospitality, and in the speeches which are made at the annual banquets of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and on other public occasions of local self-gratulation, it would be as gross and unpardonable a violation of the proprieties to overlook this circumstance as to omit reference to the products of the Chesapeake Bay or to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the great terminal advantages of the city.

Celebrities and dignitaries have visited the Monumental City from all parts of the world, and have grown enthusiastic over the kindness of the people, and have left tributes of their appreciation. The proximity of Baltimore to Washington has made it possible for the illustrious men of the nation, from the President down, to pay frequent visits, and in the earlier history of the country the presidential advents were quite frequent. Washington, Jefferson and others often came and were handsomely entertained, and have left acknowledgments of how much they prized the demonstrations in their honor. There are not a few records of this sort in the correspondence of these exalted personages and elsewhere, and the old Baltimorean can easily put his finger on them.

Of late years, or within the last quarter of a century, the Presidents do not seem to have come over so often. Rather, indeed, do the Baltimoreans go to them ; and it has often been objected to the situation of Washington as the capital that it is too near the Monumental City. The political delegations form an almost incessant train of visitors to the White House—or did under the Republican Administration—and it cannot be denied that the matter had grown into a very serious abuse and source of annoyance. General Grant particularly complained. The time by rail between the two cities is but forty-five minutes, and it will be seen how readily this may be taken advantage of and turned into an irritating species of molestation.

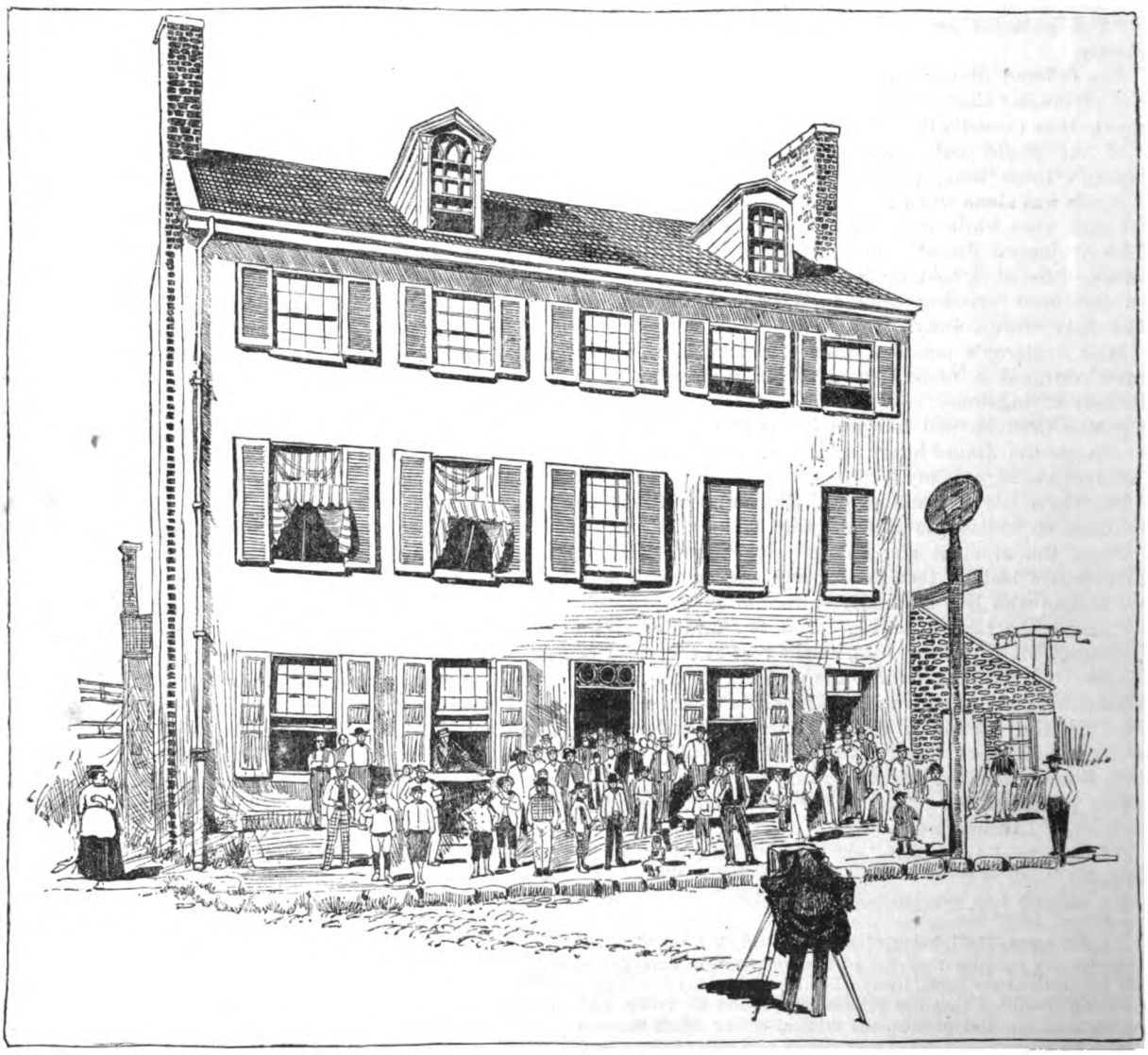
But the early presidential visits, while probably not really more frequent, partook more of the character of public events. Then, as we shall presently see, traveling was an affair of moment. There was the expectation for weeks, and a certain preparation was necessary ; for, although the distance is but forty miles, it was, under the old conditions, a journey. And the coming of the head of the Government being known, the Baltimoreans made their preparations. There was always a reception-committee and an escort, and His Excellency was conducted in great state to the "Indian Queen" tavern or the splendid "Fountain Inn," and a great dinner followed and other festivities.

George Washington Parke Custis wrote in his later days to a friend : "In the days of the first Presidency, it

was the habit of a choice band of Revolutionary worthies to assemble at Grant's 'Fountain Inn,' to receive and bid welcome to the first President on his journeys to and from the seat of Government at Philadelphia." And he thus describes the reception after an accident which befel General Washington on one occasion: "Meantime the shades of night were fast falling upon Baltimore, the troops had stacked their arms, and, together with groups of citizens, were looking with much anxiety for the videttes, who had gone out to gather intelligence. At length a trooper is seen at full speed approaching, waving his cap, the signal that the white chariot is near at hand. The troops fly to their arms, the line is formed, the passing salute is given, and then the whole are in full march for the 'Fountain Inn.' In those older days there were but few houses westward and extending toward the water from the 'Fountain Inn.' On an open space thereabouts was dragged the artillery that thundered from its brazen throats Baltimore's welcome to him she most delighted to honor. The scene became strikingly grand and picturesque. The blaze of the cannon lighted up the objects around, displaying a spectacle whose truest magnificence consisted in its being an affair of the heart, where a whole city, moved by a generous and noble impulse, regardless of the hour, assembled to do honor to him to whom all honor was due."

Now the President decides upon any visit he may desire to make—always to enjoy private hospitality—in a few minutes. When the moment draws near he telephones for a chair in the parlor-car, and is driven to the station and whisked away to Baltimore in three-quarters of an hour. His arrival excites no particular attention. Very few beyond the reporters take note of it, and his sojourn over, he departs, arousing as little stir as when he came.

Baltimore, however, as the local orators always remind their fellow-citizens on hospitable occasions, has many advantages by which a visit to the town may be made pleasant. Not anywhere is the home-life more cozy, or are the resources of comfort more diverse. Much, too, is to be justly said of the quality and variety of the food—Maryland cooking being a sort of standard—of the cleanliness of the streets and houses, and of the genial character of the climate. The highest sanitary authorities have testified to the healthfulness of the city, and the intelligence, cultivation and refinement of the inhabitants is not less well known. The beauty of the women has long been celebrated in song, if not in story, and that



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "HAND TAVERN."

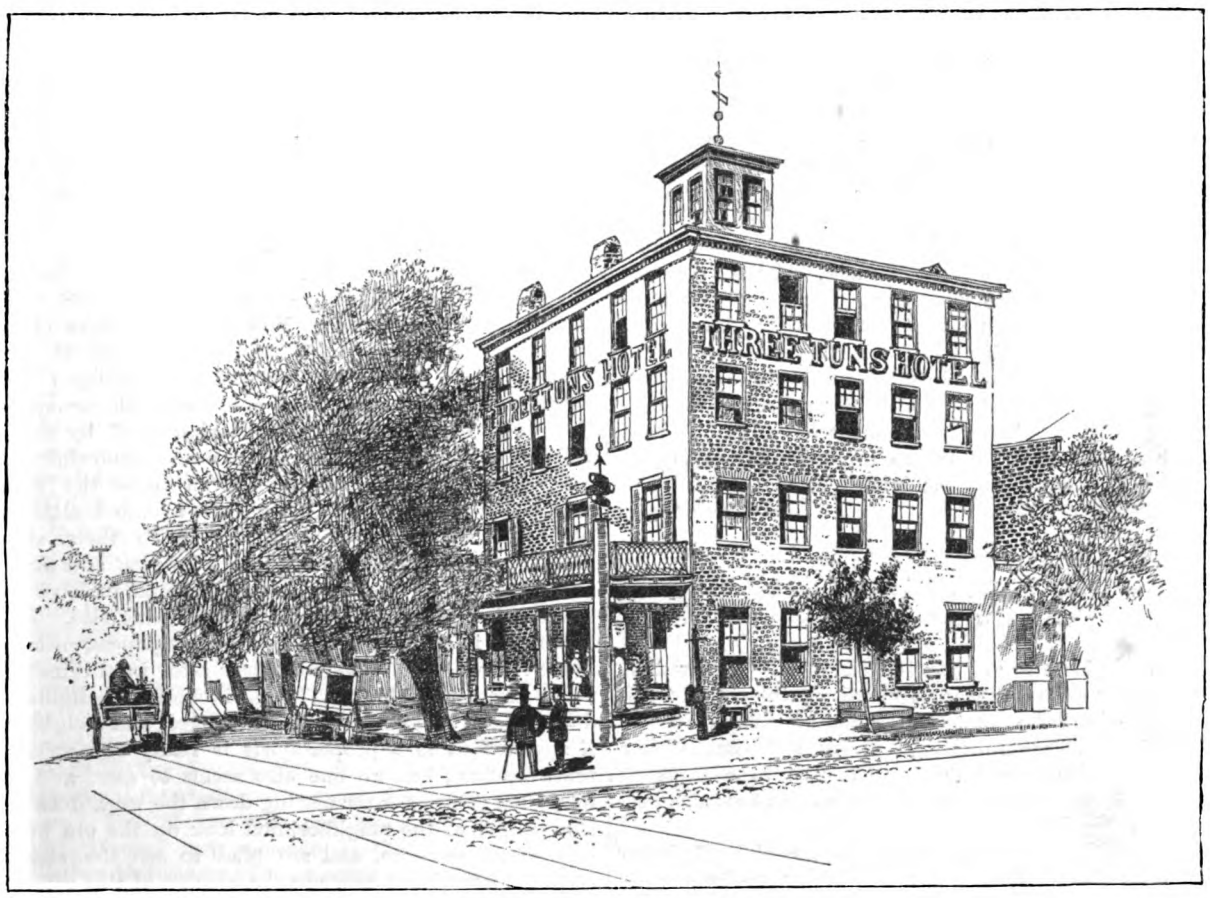
this has not been exaggerated is one of the points about which the visitor invariably seeks early occasion to satisfy himself.

And handsome, brave and courteous are the men. Attestations to all this have been repeatedly given by the travelers who have alighted in the town, and many of these expressions, particularly with reference to the superiority of the hotels, such, for instance, as Charles Dickens's tribute to Barnum's, have been jealously preserved and are often quoted.

The literature of inns is always interesting, and it is a little strange, almost every topic having been dealt with, that no one has devoted a book to the subject. Timbs and others have written about them incidentally, but there is no volume, I believe, which deals with these ancient establishments—the last of which are so rapidly passing away—exclusively. Almost every memory will furnish a considerable amount of quaint reading—legend, anecdote and legitimate chronicle—of these resorts. The dramatic occurrences which have taken place in inns, some of them closely connected with political history—the love-stories, quarrels, elopements, murders and even suicides—would make a volume by themselves.

This is particularly true of English inns, and to speak of these almost at once carries the mind back to Chaucer and the "Tabard." Old tavern life, as the descriptions have come down to us, or as we may gather them from plays, biographies, private letters and diaries, is full of an odd fascination. Shakespeare has given some delightful pictures, and with the mention of his name arises the memory of the "Boar's Head," at Eastcheap, and *Mrs. Quickly*, vagrant *Jack Falstaff*, the *Prince*, *Bardolph* and the rest. No photograph could have the minute vividness and fidelity of his word-painting of these vanished scenes, and, as we read, the whole rises and breathes again as in life.

Inn life seems, however, peculiar to the English. There are many and famous French, Spanish, Flemish and other inns, and travelers, particularly Sterne, have described humorous and even exciting experiences. But the mention of the old English inns and taverns suggests something different. There is a certain domestic flavor about these hostelries, and they are associated, not with foreign travelers, but with the people themselves. Not a little of the same spirit attaches to the memory of the inns of the older cities of this country—the "White Swans," the "Beehives," the "Black Bears" and the like, of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "THREE TUNS TAVERN."

Some of the few remaining old London inns are now receiving a word of good-natured regret from the newspapers and magazines as they rapidly disappear before the relentless advance of modern improvement. Of really ancient structures of this kind there are scarcely half-a-dozen left. As was remarked by someone writing about them recently, eight or ten years ago they were nearly all in existence, unaltered and undisturbed. Now not many can be counted—the "King's Head," the "George," and two or three others—and some of these have been turned into that most unsentimental of institutions, the modern restaurant.

Many of the London inns and taverns are famous enough from their literary associations to be almost sacred; and as there are eccentric Englishmen doing all sorts of things with their money, it is surprising that

some whimsical Duke of Portland, or other oddity, has not thought to buy up such monuments and leave them, as long as they will hold together, for the contemplation and reverence of posterity. Even the sites where they once stood have a sacredness of character. But this really seems to strike Americans more than the English. Every year there are travelers from this side who visit London, and, after undertaking the proper pilgrimage to Stratford, return to the metropolis and seek out the haunts of Dr. Johnson and his brilliant cronies.

Old Johnson loved an inn. In his sturdy and emphatic way he has recorded his honest liking for these establishments as they were in his time. Boswell writes: "We dined at an excellent inn, where Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great a plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it was his own. Whereas at a tavern there is general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend to you with the alacrity that waiters do who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

He then repeated with great emotion Shenstone's lines:

> "Whoever has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

Tennyson has sung of the "Cock," and its head waiter, and Dickens seems to take an unceasing interest in these resorts. It will be remembered that it was at the old "White Hart" where Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller first met. Thackeray's tastes led him to a different quarter—he was essentially a club man—but even he has left a good word for the old taverns.

Remembering how former generations of Englishmen have praised the old inns and their home-like delights, it seems odd how little interest is taken in their disappearance, and particularly how little regret is expressed over the fact. The Americans themselves, who are not supposed to be sentimental about such matters, could scarcely show less feeling. Very few of the London structures remain, and scarcely anyone takes the trouble to note them as they go, or to obtain likenesses of them "in their habits as they lived," which is all the more surprising in the age of cheap photography. Such memorials, if secured and preserved, could not help being of remarkable interest to posterity.

Already the conditions of travelling life are wholly different, and in course of time must be still more so. There is now absolutely no association between the old inn modes and surroundings and those which attend existence in modern hotels. The ancient hospitality and welcome, the obsequious landlord, the patriarchal servants, the huge, substantial dinners, the bowl of punch, the immense beds and the lavender-scented sheets—where are they? There is nothing of the sort now. We have instead the multitude of "modern inconveniences" in their stead, which are certainly good enough in their way; but no one can be said to live at a hotel, however long he may stay there. He is only "stopping," although he may pass his existence in such an institution. It is all, like everything else, modern, machine-like. The old friendly intercourse between travelers is gone. There is, at present, instead of the traveler the tourist, who descends from his swift boudoir-car, and is registered while the electric bells are ringing, and in a moment is transferred to his room by machinery. No one knows, or cares to know, anybody else. The proprietor is never seen. There is the gorgeous manager, with his jewels and broadcloth, the troops of haughty waiters, who seem to move by a concealed mechanism; the splendid accessories and appointments, the magnificent table.

These being the present conditions, it is pleasant to escape them when occasion permits, and visit some of the old-fashioned places, about which still linger traces of the past. The plain fare, the shabby rooms, the darkness and dinginess and even the moldy smell—all this is novel, and possesses a flavor of the bygone time. There are, however, few of the old inns of this country remaining, some in the country towns and scarcely a dozen altogether in the cities.

The old Baltimore inns were once quite famous. Traces of their excellence and popularity are to be found in many directions. Noted travelers have chronicled how handsomely they were entertained at these caravansaries; and it is interesting to come upon these records. But these antiquated and hospitable structures, like those elsewhere, are disappearing as if by magic. Indeed, after standing so long, it is wonderful how quickly and silently they go. Even those the writer remembers in their places a few years ago, and although old, still substantial and cheery, with their steep, shingled roofs and quaint gable windows, and sturdy chimneys, are now, as one searches, found to have vanished or become transformed into something else. Their departure is scarcely noted in the newspapers, or a few lines tell what, if it were looked into, would make a really interesting story. The old inhabitant beholds the departure of these memorials with regret and a sigh, and if approached in a proper spirit is ready with valuable reminiscence; but no one else seems to care, and certainly the contractor for tearing down the work does not. The people of the neighborhood look on the old buildings as an eye-sore, and are glad to see the change. And it is surprising how much a change of this sort will alter the appearance, and even the character, of the whole neighborhood. Two of the old taverns recently disappeared from Front Street, in Baltimore—the "White Horse" from the corner of Low Street, more than a hundred years old, and the "Bull's Head," opposite the theatre—and the whole place looks different.

Here and there old stage-coaches are still to be found in the city; but it must be confessed that they are objects of derision rather than reverence. One or two of them lumber along certain of the roads yet, those which later means of transportation have not affected. But it is puzzling how people managed to ride in these curious vehicles. Every day there is one starts from the general post-office about three o'clock in the afternoon, jingling and jolting up to the yard a little while before. It is curious to see the one or two unfortunate passengers getting in, as if ashamed of the circumstances which have condemned them to this forlorn and obsolete mode of

travel, and to see the neat modern mail-pouch going out. There is an incongruity in the spectacle. Where is the guard, with his horn and greatcoat, his jackboots and blunderbuss? The mailbag is tossed carelessly on the roof, and the driver, a personage in no way picturesque, mounts to his seat and sets his diligence in motion. There is another, unless it has been withdrawn very lately, that starts from the "General Wayne Inn" every morning. The locomotive, and even the horsecar have, however, elsewhere supplanted these machines.

It is pleasant still to drive out upon the roads and turnpikes, once full of the old coaches and travelers on horseback. The charm seems to be felt particularly toward sunset in the Summer evenings, the long shadows falling across the pretty hedgerows, the winding fences, and the broad and dusty way. The lowing of the unseen cattle is heard, and the whistle of the birds, as they were by the wayfarer a century ago. Behind are spread the red and glaring clouds of the decline of day. It is an hour for musing and melancholy, and the mind falls naturally into thoughts of the past, and the vanished scenes are easily called into life again.

In those days there was some character in traveling. In many ways human nature was to be studied, and to be seen under various lights and aspects. As it is now, the railway train affords little or nothing. The traveler, in truth, can scarcely be said to do his own traveling. He commits himself to the luxurious carriage, as he does his trunk to the baggage-car, and other people take charge of both, and are responsible for the transportation. As Mr. Ruskin says, he is simply shot from one point to another, like something in a pneumatic tube. He looks out of the window, but, however splendid the scenery may be, it is gone in an instant, and the succession of pictures is so swift that he is in a little while stunned and bewildered and unable to discriminate. Very different all this from the old, leisurely way.

As it is pleasant to drive along the old posting and wagon roads, so it is not less interesting to visit the sites of the vanished inns and taverns. These structures can be traced even where they do not remain. They were solidly built, and not much of a tearing-down process is necessary. Generally, the foundations and walls are undisturbed, and only a few touches are required to turn the building into something new and strange. In some cases nothing more has been done than to remove the sign and alter the front a little, and so transform the old establishment into that most vulgar of modern resorts—a barroom. One of the old inns on Front Street—the "White Horse" just mentioned—the writer was unpleasantly surprised to find, on going there the other day, a beer saloon. The proprietor had made an effort to brighten it up, and the place, whose former appearance was remembered so well, could now be barely recognized. It bore a certain air of shabby spruceness. But about the whole there was something disagreeable—perhaps it was the sight of the foaming beer glass that had taken the place of the pleasant former sign.

The very earliest records of life in Baltimore show that the taverns were comfortable and in some degree famous. There are distinct traces of them, although the name tavern has degenerated. Formerly it indicated the cosiest of hospitality—the home of wits and brilliant spirits—while now it has a low sound, and suggests something disreputable. Nothing could more sharply indicate the difference of manners and customs. Then, everybody went to the tavern to smoke his pipe and quaff his liquor and discuss the news; now, the only frequenter of the places we know by the name is the sot and blackguard. The change of meaning is significant of the general contempt in which the institution itself has fallen.

In possession of the Maryland Historical Society there is a sort of map or drawing in ink of Baltimore as it appeared in 1752, the work of one of the Moale family. Every house is drawn, there being but twenty-five, and the number of inhabitants about two hundred. Still there were two taverns—one of them, "Payne's Tavern," as it was well known for a long time—very conspicuously shown in the engraving. This structure stood on the corner of Calvert and Mercer Streets. A short distance away, and on the site where the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad are now located, stood "Rogers's Tavern." These are the earliest Baltimore inns of which we have any distinct knowledge. Who Rogers was is unknown, but Payne is said to have been a Philadelphian. Except the rude outline of his establishment indicated in the map, there is absolutely no trace or memory of it. From the situation it must have been the most important building in the town, the bulk of the travel going there, and the inhabitants seeking it as a place for news. Two inns might be thought to be enough for a place of the size of Baltimore at that time, and yet such could scarcely have been the case; for a certain Mr. Larsh, from Pennsylvania, is recorded as having erected another in the following year, building at the corner of Baltimore and Gay Streets. Five years later a Mr. Jacob Myers built still another on the opposite corner of the same streets. He seems to have been a public-spirited citizen, and his name is connected with several enterprises of local importance. His inn remained standing a long while.

The word inn is a pleasant one, full of comfortable suggestion, and it is melancholy to see it gradually losing its old respectable significance. We can fancy the bustle and excitement of arriving at one of these institutions; the stage lumbering up, creaking and jangling, and the travelers descending. Everybody is in a state of fuss and expectation. Then follows the substantial dinner and the cheerful evening by the fire, with citizens dropping in to hear the latest news or to discuss foreign and domestic politics. The cookery was, however, plain in the primitive times—a coarse abundance we should, perhaps, call it now. The inn-parlor or office, or whatever it might be termed, had a bare floor, which was freshly sprinkled with fine silver-sand every morning. Huge logs burned in the great wide fireplace, and a negro came in at intervals, when necessary, to put a fresh one on. Dogs were, of course, privileged, and were stretched lazily about the room here and there. Pewter plates were used, unless on unusual occasions, and the guest drank out of a tankard of the same metal. There was generally, however, a large punch-bowl, usually of silver, in which in Summer cool toddy was made. It is surprising how much drinking went on without apparently the least intemperance. A few travelers preferred wine, but, as a rule, every man took with his meal, or afterward during the evening, a quart of toddy, which seems a generous allowance and argues stout heads. A racking brain next morning would probably be the result now. Beer was also a favorite beverage, and the ladies took chocolate, coffee being but little used.

At the inns, or those of the superior class, important meetings of the citizens were held, municipal and even national affairs of note were discussed and settled. And here, in the evening, came everybody to learn the news from the guests coming in by the stage-coach or on horseback. Then the traveler was really an object of interest. He was a person of adventures and one who

OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "GENERAL WAYNE."

brought information. His day had been one of novelty and even of excitement. He had passed, and sometimes stopped, at a variety of places, and had talked with many people, and there was in his possession all the casual intelligence of the road as he came along. He was received, not only with courtesy, but with a kind of awe. But now the traveler brings no news—the telegraph and the newspaper have preceded him. Unless he be a celebrity he is unnoted.

The "Indian Queen" was among the earliest and best known of the old Baltimore inns, and it is heard of repeatedly in old letters and diaries. But when the house was opened is unknown, nor is there a print of it to be had; but the situation is well established, at the corner of Baltimore and Hanover Streets. Here the Continental or Provincial Congress met in 1776, the purpose being to avoid possible British interference in Philadelphia, and John Adams writes: "The Congress sit in the last house at the west end of Market (later Baltimore) Street, on the south side of the street, in a long chamber with two fireplaces, two large closets and two doors. The house belongs to a quaker, who built it for a tavern." Now large warehouses occupy this locality, and the noise and bustle of traffic are continuous.

The old sign stood on a tall post at what would be at present the curbstone—an Indian maiden with a crown of feathers and a profusion of gold ornaments. The surroundings were of course thoroughly rural, for the streets were not even paved. Market, or Baltimore, Street, was not paved, indeed, it is said, until 1781, but was muddy and full of holes. An old citizen related, some years ago, that when the army passed through the town in the year just mentioned, he saw a soldier nearly drowned in a mudhole in what is now the most central and busiest section, but a sort of sidewalk was laid and the projection of the porches of the house duly regulated. In Summer evenings people sat out in front, as they do to this day; a wonderful instance of the survival of a primitive custom in spite of extraordinary changes in other respects.

The "Indian Queen" had a wide veranda or piazza in front, and in the rear, gardens, where the citizens played bowls. There was a good view to the southward, and down Market Street came the coaches and wagons from the West. Among other important assemblies which convened here, was the first meeting in Baltimore of the society of the officers of the Maryland Line, which took place July 4th, 1796.

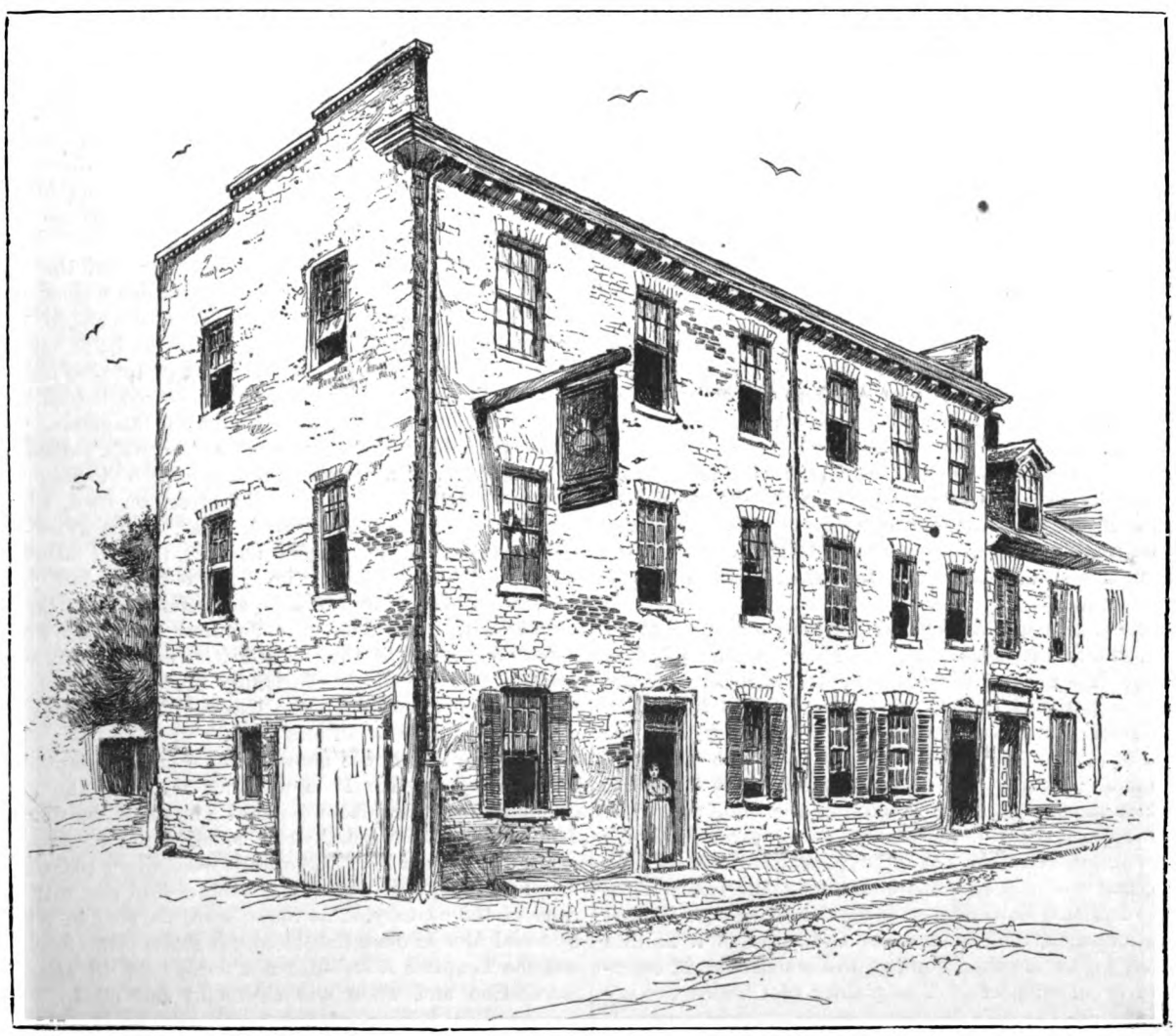
On the spot where now is reared the magnificent "Carrollton," on Light Street, at the corner of Baltimore, there stood formerly the famous "Fountain Inn," and, curiously enough, there seems to have been always, from almost the earliest history of the city, a hotel on this site. Strangers are surprised to find the entrance to the "Carrollton" on Light Street, which is a narrow, dark lane, instead of on the main thoroughfare, and the explanation is that tradition required it to be so. When the new structure was about to be erected, some of the persons interested proposed that the position of the entrance should be changed, but the elders immediately protested, on the ground that any change of the sort would divert trade. "Country families have been coming here for generations," it was said, "and they have always come up from the water and entered the house on Light Street.

If they did not find the doors in the old place, they would consider that the old 'Fountain Inn' was no more, and would seek hospitality elsewhere." Such is the story, supposed to illustrate Baltimore conservatism.

The "Fountain Inn" was erected some time during the Revolution, and it speedily won a national fame. Washington, Jefferson and others were entertained there; indeed, the first mention of it in local history is in connection with a visit of the father of his country in September, 1781, when, accompanied by a distinguished suite, he was on his way to Virginia. Here also Lafayette found hospitable quarters long afterward, in 1824; here the stage-coaches had their headquarters, the earliest line to Philadelphia having been established in 1773. Another line was started in 1782, and a few years afterward one with Washington and Alexandria.

Particularly notable were the balls at the old "Fountain Inn," in some of which Washington figured. The dancing, however, took place in a hall opposite the inn, which was part of the property, and many of the guests came in full dress on horseback. We can see the gentleman descending, in cocked hat and sword, ruffled wrists and flapped waistcoat, velvet or buckskin breeches and shining buckles, and assisting to the ground his fair companion, attired in flowing gown of flowered or plain silk, trimmed with precious lace, and on her beautiful head a coiffure of gigantic altitude.

John P. Kennedy, who died in Baltimore in 1870, at the age of seventy-five, gives the following pleasant picture of his native city at the close of the Revolutionary War: "I have a long score of pleasant recollections of the friendships, the popular renowns, the household charms, the *bonhomie*, the free confidences and the popular accomplishments of the day. My memory yet lingers with affectionate delay in the wake of past notabilities, male and female. In the train of these goodly groups came the gallants who upheld the chivalry of the age—cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder: most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leather faces—old campaigners renowned for long stories; not long enough from the camp to lose their military brusquerie and dare-devil swagger-proper; roystering blades who had not long ago got out of harness and begun to affect the elegancies of civil life. Who but they! Jolly fellows, fiery and loud, with stern glance of the eye and brisk turn of the head, and swashbuckler strut of defiance, like game-cocks, all in three-cornered cocked-hats and powdered hair and cues and light-colored coats with narrow capes and marvelous long backs, with pockets on each hip and small clothes that scarcely reached the knee, with striped stockings with great buckles in their shoes, and their long steel watchchains that hung conceitedly half-way to the knee, with seals in the shape of a sounding-board to a pulpit; and they



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "RISING SUN."

walked with such a stir, striking their canes hard upon the pavement. I defy all modern coxcombry to produce anything equal to it—particularly when one of these weather-beaten gallants accosted a lady in the street with a bow that required the whole side of the pavement to make it in, with a scrape of his foot and his cane thrust with a flourish, under his left arm, till it projected behind along with his cue ; and nothing could be more piquant than the lady as she reciprocated his salutation with a courtesy that seemed to carry her into the earth, with her chin bridled to her breast, and such a volume of dignity. This avenue (Market Street) was enlivened with apparitions of grave matrons and stirring damsels, moving erect in a stately transit like the wooden and pasteboard figures of a puppet-show—our present grandmothers, arrayed in gorgeous brocade and taffeta, luxuriantly displayed over hoops, with comely bodices laced around that ancient armor, the stay, disclosing most perilous waists, and with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, where they took a graceful leave in ruffles that stood off like the feathers of a bantam. And such faces as they bore along with them ! So rosy, so spirited and sharp ! with the hair all drawn back over a cushion, until it lifted the eyebrows, giving an amazingly fierce and supercilious tone to the countenance, and falling in cataracts to the shoulders. Then they stepped away with such a mincing gait, in shoes of many colors, with formidable points to the toes, and high, tottering heels fancifully cut in wood ; their tower-built hats, garnished with tall feathers that waved aristocratically backward at each step, as if they took pride in the slow paces of the wearer.

"It was a comfort itself to see a good housewifely matron of that merry time trudging through the town on bad weather wrapped in her great *roquelaire*, with both arms thrust into a muff, and a huge tippet wound about her neck in as many folds as the serpent of Laocoon, with her beaver hat flapped down over her ears and her feet bound in pattens that lifted her some inches above all impediments of ice and rain, clanking on the pavement with the footfall of the 'Bleeding Nun.'

"Even the seasons were on a scale of grandeur unknown to our day. There were none of your soft Italian skies and puny affectation of April in December. But Winter strutted in like a peremptory swaggerer into a barroom. And the nights seemed to be made on purpose for frolics, they were so bright and brisk ; while the madcap spirits of the time, crowded in sleighs, sped like laughing phantoms through every highway. The volleys of snowballs and the horsebells jangling out told of the universal mirth that marked the career of the old-fashioned Winter."

Colonel Thomas Scharf, the local historian, in a few light, graceful touches, gives a similar graphic picture : "While the aristocratic planters of the lower counties and the polished citizens of Annapolis, who took their tone from the miniature court that formed around the royal or provincial governors, imitated, at some distance, the London fashions and manners, as if to show that if not the rose themselves, they 'lived near the rose,' and while the hardy pioneers of the backwoods adopted, partly for convenience and partly as an expression of forest freedom, many of the customs and almost the entire dress of the Indians, Baltimore as a central point, a great mart of interchange, took in most of these things a middle course, preferring solid comfort to the extremes of ostentation or of rudeness. The planter of Charles County coming in to have his draft on London or Bristol cashed, the buckskin from Frederick, with his load of dressed deer hides, might feel both at ease in the unpretentious store or under the hospitable roof of the Baltimore merchant.

"And these stores and dwellings, though almost as far removed from the planter's manorial hall as from the backwoodsman's cabin of logs, were yet very substantial and comfortable structures of their kind. Built of timber, and weatherboarded over—a construction generally superseded by brick, with the walls firmly bonded by tying with every alternate brick—with high sloping roofs of shingles or tiles, and a rope and windlass outside to hoist up bales or casks, these old stores had a solid, business-like appearance that seemed to betoken a satisfactory state of the ledgers within.

"Our ancestors thought with Ruskin that a man's working place was not a place for ornament, and their decorative architecture rarely went beyond a chequer work of black bricks among the red, and even this in sober eyes savored of foppery. But one decoration they permitted themselves on account of its practical utility, and the shop fronts blaze with signs, not merely the name of the tradesman, but the effigies and symbols of his business to speak to the unlettered eye. The importer of Irish linens announced his wares by the sign of the spinning-wheel ; the dealer in fancy goods, or haberdashery, took the golden fan or golden umbrella, and the breeches-maker and glover, whose raw material came from the Western forests, set up the sign of the buck and breeches. A public-spirited watchmaker, if his shop faced the south, would sometimes put up a sun-dial, from which the passers-by, who had no train to catch at an exact second, could regulate their leisurely movements or verify their own chronometers. Names that were afterward to be famous in American history sometimes appeared on these modest fronts, and a store devoted to the sale of East India and European goods on Market Street, the second door above the Market House, bore the name of Mordecai Gist.

"Business was business in those days, and the merchant, when he had seen the last Conestoga wagon, towering high at stem and stern like a Spanish galleon, with its team of six or eight horses with jingling bells, take its melodious departure, or the last cask of tobacco hoisted out of schooner or pungy and safely stowed, betook himself to his home, safe from disquieting telegrams. His home, perhaps suburban, was but a short walk's distance, and was perhaps a square structure of two stories and a hip roof, standing back from the street or road, with a garden bright in Summer with roses, pinks, sweet-williams, larkspurs, hollyhocks and all the old-fashioned flowers. Or, if less pretentious, it was the modest "saltbox" with balcony at the side, sometimes coated on the outside with a conglomerate of mortar and coarse gravel —pebble-dashed, as they called it. In the rear stood the smoke-house where the family bacon was cured, and the great bake-oven for the loaves, pones, biscuit and other varieties of bread and cake.

"Within, the house showed the same substantiality. The ceiling we should now think low, for the great chimneys and fireplaces secured abundant ventilation. The windows were small, with small panes of greenish glass, often set in lead. The walls were either painted or white-washed, wall papers not coming into use until the close of the century. The rooms were warmed in Winter by wood fires in open fireplaces, for stoves—the Franklin and the Tenplate stove—did not come in until after the Revolution and wood was abundant and cheap. The furniture in houses of any pretense was of solid mahogany ; veneering, like many other superficialities,

being a comparatively modern device. Heavy straight-backed chairs, a dining-table duly polished every day with wax and cork until it shone like a mirror; a side-table or a buffet—on which stood decanters of Holland gin, Jamaica rum and Cognac, with Madeira which now would be priceless, but was then *vin ordinaire*—breathed the spirit of hospitality, and every guest or caller was expected, as a matter of course, to take a glass or two."

We come now to a homelier sort of inns—the last of the "old school," and the few remaining specimens of which are fast vanishing—those ancient hostelries to which the farmers resorted. Once they were quite numerous in Baltimore, before the days of the railroads and when the long trains of Conestoga wagons, with their flour, whisky and other products, used to pour in from the West; but now only some three or four remain.

Some day the romance of the old national road, over which there was once so much traffic, should be written. The Conestoga wagon was a vast machine, generally painted blue and with a huge white canvas top, and drawn by six or eight magnificent horses, hung with bells. There was in the old days an endless line of these to and from the West, each attended by its equipment of teamsters in their white frocks, and filled with goods of various sorts. The flour, bacon and other things were brought to Baltimore and exchanged for groceries and drygoods. At night, in the Spring and Fall, the streets in the neighborhood of the present Lexington Market were blocked up with these equipages.

The inns patronized by the wagoners were mostly located in this neighborhood and bore quaint and significant names, mostly borrowed from England. There was the "Globe," at the corner of Howard and Baltimore Streets, where the Howard House now is; the "White Swan," at the corner of Franklin and Eutaw; the "Golden Horse," at the corner of Franklin and Howard; the "Golden Lamb," the "Black Horse," and several others in the same vicinity. The signs were particularly conspicuous, and the names have to our ears a slightly grotesque sound in some instances, but possibly the idea was to fix them in the memory.

The "Hand Tavern," on Paca Street, near the market, is still standing and well preserved, and stanch farmers on market-days will always be found sitting about the office. The "Three Tuns Tavern," at the corner of Pratt and Paca Streets, has been greatly modernized. It has now a good deal of the air of the familiar hotel of the present day. Efforts have been made to modernize others, but the result is incongruous.

The most conspicuous of the farmers' inns at the present remaining is the "General Wayne," on the corner of Baltimore and Paca streets, and it is an object of much interest to strangers, chiefly from its venerable appearance and conspicuous situation on the main thoroughfare. This structure was erected by Colonel John Eager Howard soon after the close of the revolution, and looks exactly the same as it did a century ago. There has been no effort to transform it into a modern hotel. The sign still swings at the corner of the street, showing General Wayne in battle, standing by his charger and his head uncovered, a cannon ball at his feet. Some years ago this work of art was retouched—a piece of vandalism. The old yard at the "Wayne" is gone, however, or rather is now a sort of horse market. Formerly this was very extensive, and galleries ran along overlooking it, as in the old inns of Shakespeare's time. In those vast inn-yards, as is well known, dramatic performances were once given, and they are said to have suggested the present shape of our theatres.

The "General Wayne" is three stories high, and there is a multitude of windows, with faded green window shutters, and along the walls in front run cracks and creases with curious wavings, and as the building has not been painted for many years, the whole has a dingy and even begrimed appearance, supporting the story of its age. A walk through the interior, up the dark staircases, along the passages and through the venerable rooms, is not without interest. The property will no doubt soon disappear, and already the surroundings make it look out of place.

The "Rising Sun" on High Street, on the contrary, has no such aspect, since the street itself is of ancient and homely appearance. The houses are mostly but two stories high, and some of them of "frame" or timber, with trees growing along the curb. There is something provocative of reflection in a saunter through this pensive, shady thoroughfare, if such it may be called, and the old inn, which stands just where the bend occurs toward Baltimore Street, cannot help arresting the observant eye. The spacious yard, with its wide stalls for the cattle, is still there, and through the doorway of the office one can make out the well-worn floor, the substantial chairs above the stove, the counter where so many sturdy arms have leaned, the fly-spotted prints on the walls, the small windows with their cracked panes, and over everything a hoar-frost of dust. There is a drowsiness of aspect about the place; yet something, too, rough and ready, like the worthy farmers who still come there.

The "Bull's Head," opposite the Front Street Theatre, was an exceedingly interesting building, but the writer on going there recently found it had become a saw-mill or something of the kind. Here the actors of the stock company were fond of sitting in the afternoon after the rehearsals. Some of the very best stars have played at the "Old Front," such as Macready, Charlotte Cushman, Jenny Lind and the elder Booth. The neighborhood is very theatrical, less so, however, now than formerly, and the costumers' establishments and private boarding-houses and the like are still found on Low Street, adjoining. It is at the corner of this street and Front that what was formerly the "White Horse Inn," which was built before 1761, and is now a drinking house, still stands.

Along the country roads leading to Baltimore yet remain a few quaint hostelries and pot-houses of ancient and uncertain date, wrecks of the posting days. Here are also still a few of the old toll-houses, but soon, like the inns and taverns, they will have vanished, and their places be not even remembered.

VOLTAIRE, in his history of Charles XII., says: "Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Cassimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the 'Belles Lettres.' An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked to a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, which came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine." This is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem with this title.

WIDOWED AND HELPLESS!

AMONG THE PIGEONS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not until Tuesday of the week following the fire that the safe which belonged to Bluff & Bragg was removed from the ruins. Mr. Barcase remained in New York during the intervening time, and he and his young friend Ampstead had much pleasure together.

Mr. Barcase made the acquaintance of Mr. Bluff and Mr.

Bragg; but these gentlemen were too busy getting settled in new quarters, getting together a new library of law-books, furnishing and beautifying their new rooms in a way far superior to what the old had been, and attending to the interests of clients whose lives and fortunes—to say nothing about honor, and in too many of the cases it was best to say nothing of that—depended on their efforts, to give the lawyer from Pleanton much attention.

But Barcase didn't mind that at all. He spent the days, when Ampstead was busy with the interests of Bluff & Bragg, in many pleasant ways. He read all the newspapers; he wrote long letters home every day, getting long letters in return, and he studied into the political affairs of the city with an all-absorbing interest. He would have deeply enjoyed helping to "save his country," on this very field.

In the evenings, when John Ampstead was at leisure, these two men spent their time together. Many were the plans which the young man made for the future, and much was the good advice which the good old man gave him.

On Monday evening Mr. Bluff called at the boarding-place of Mr. Ampstead, where Mr. Barcase was spending the evening.

"We shall get the safe out in the morning," he said, "and open it at once. You will both be present, will you not?"

They said they would be, and Bluff, who was in a hurry, departed.

The next morning the two friends were at the ruins in good season. A derrick had been rigged for raising the safe from the place where it had fallen, and swinging it over the sidewalk where it could be lowered and examined. The fallen *débris* had been removed from above it; the chains and hooks connected with the derrick had been fastened to it, and the men who were to furnish the motive power were already there, gazing, with the indifference which comes from familiarity with scenes of ruin and loss, at the work they had to do. They were in no hurry, but waited the pleasure of those in authority, with a lazy patience, while they smoked very short and very dirty clay pipes.

Bluff was already there when Mr. Barcase and young Ampstead arrived, and was giving a few final directions in a nervous manner. He was very pale. It was a matter of much moment to Bluff & Bragg whether the safe had saved its contents or had not. It meant the difference between keeping the wealth they had earned during long years of hard and crafty toil, or finding themselves at the foot of the ladder of fortune, unable to pay their debts until they could earn the money to do it with. In the safe were records which were almost priceless; in the safe there were piles of bank-bills—that is *there had been*—of large denominations, some of them the property of Bluff & Bragg themselves, some of them belonging to funds held in trust for heirs and litigants. In bank-bills alone, the safety of the contents of this huge box of steel and iron—the safety or the opposite—meant a difference of almost a million dollars. There were deeds to disputed lands; there were letters which men—and women too—would have given fortunes to be allowed to burn unread; there were receipts for money paid, which the signers would have sold their very souls to have the power to demand again. There were some precious bits of evidence there, too—evidence to put the necks of some men in the hangman's noose, who ought to live—evidence to keep some men from the gallows, who richly deserved to go there. Rich and poor, high and low, good and evil, there were hundreds ready to pray—though they prayed all too seldom—regarding the condition in which Bluff & Bragg might find the contents of their safe; prayers that they might find all they had left there, unaltered and uninjured, on the one side; prayers, bitter, blasphemous and tear-choked, for the oblivion of dust and ashes, on the other. It is no wonder that Bluff was very pale.

It is no wonder that Bragg was very pale too, when he arrived, as he did, a few minutes later.

For Bluff & Bragg, *the men*, were men of the most stern integrity and unswerving honor. The money gone, since it had been their trust, they would return it, laboring until they were bent and gray to do it. The deeds burned, they would hold themselves indebted to those who had owned them, for the full value of the land. It was only those whose relations to the contents of Bluff & Bragg's safe were more than financial, who needed to worry that morning; where mere money measured a man's interest in it, Bluff & Bragg were ready to take the entire worry upon themselves. For Bluff & Bragg, *the men*, were as honest and honorable as any two men you could have found anywhere among men. As for Bluff & Bragg, *the lawyers*, they were successful! When they took a client's interests into their hands, they had a habit of *winning*—winning in spite of their own opinions; winning in spite of the law; winning in spite of evidence; in spite of judge, jury, anything—*everything!* The men, Bluff & Bragg, were anxious to see the inside of their safe. They were pale and nervous and anxious. They knew what they had to gain—or lose.

And Seth Barcase and John Ampstead were as eager and restless, and pale and nervous, as Bluff & Bragg, and they had no idea what they had to hope or to fear. There was a mysterious package which they hoped to regain—they knew no more than that; they thought no further.

A policeman came up and stood near by.

Two or three reporters for the daily newspapers were on the lookout for an item, and tried to interview those who were present, but with poor success, and returned to a broken and disjointed conversation among themselves.

"Did they find the man who was burned?" asked one.

"No; nor ever will. There wouldn't be anything left of him after all those hours of flame and furnace-heat. They looked for him near the safe, but they did not find him. They needn't have expected it."

"We are ready," said Bluff, briefly.

The men with the derrick bent to their task.

The safe, its beauty gone for ever, rose sullenly from where it had lain, its outside almost red-hot, for many hours after its fall.

The few who were standing by pressed forward; then they shrank shuddering back.

There was something beneath the heavy thing which sent the blood back to the heart, leaving the bravest cheek white—something which brought tears into the eyes.

A broken skull, half crumbled into shapelessness by the fierce heat it had undergone, a shoulder-blade, a fleshless hand, discolored lines among the ashes, themselves but ashes too, showing where trunk and limbs had lain when the horrible death came. That was all.

They sent for the coroner, or for his deputy, as the safe was swung to its resting-place upon the sidewalk.

They gathered up the scanty remains of the dead, tenderly and reverently as true men ever regard those who have passed out from among the living.

This hand had robbed Glugg; had it attempted to rob Barcase?

This shoulder had shoved shut the door of the safe, and, if there were anything saved within, it was his bravery which had done it.

These empty sockets, where the eyes had been, had love looked out from them? He had said so. Women die of starvation, sometimes, even among the almost boundless wealth of New York city. Days count fast when food is gone. Perhaps his wife was dead already; if so, she had died and made no sign. Neither Bluff nor Bragg nor Barcase nor Ampstead; no, nor any man nor woman I know or could name, know now or ever knew. Love's eyes may be looking for him even yet, and harking for the steps which went up to the fire beleaguered rooms of Bluff & Bragg, and never more came back. Only One knows.

That broken skull! Had the brain which lived within it learned the secret of the Braynor inheritance? If so, so far as this man went, the mystery and the misery were still secure.

His name? None knew of all those we have met within the world these pages bound. I cannot tell.

His past? His future? His personal traits of goodness or of evil? What can I write?

You have been at my side, as I have shown him in these pages first of all. And when he went into the burning building that morning I have told you of, he went out from among men and out from our story together, and forever.

They opened the safe. The nameless dead had won the reward no one could ever claim. Scorched and blackened in some cases, nothing which the safe had contained was destroyed. It still lacked some time of noon when Mr. Barcase had again in his hand the package which had grown to fill so large a place in his life, and had satisfied himself, by a glance at the writing, that John Braynor's hand had really written it, and that it was therefore genuine. He walked to John Ampstead's rooms. They procured a thick and heavy envelope; they sealed the document into it, using plenty of wax that all might be very secure. Then Seth Barcase addressed it, in the words in which the other envelope had been addressed.

He took out his watch.

"I ought to reach home by the first train, if possible," he said; "I have been away a very long time for me. I think by hurrying I might do the business I wish to do, and still catch the train. I have decided that it is best to have this document kept where it will be perfectly safe. I lost it once, and I might again; or, if I kept it in my own house it might be stolen, or should my house take fire and be burned down it might be destroyed. Is there no place where a parcel like this can be deposited in this city?"

John Ampstead told him there were places where one could rent a small drawer or compartment in a fire-proof and burglar-proof vault. He gave the street and number of such a place, connected in this instance with a bank, and said he would walk in that direction with him.

They passed by the hotel where Barcase had made it his home, and the lawyer paid his bill and ordered his valise sent to the depot. Then they went on to the building where it was proposed to deposit the package which John Braynor had left.

"I cannot wait long enough to go in," said John Ampstead, as he stood on the steps, "for I have a message or two to deliver for Mr. Bluff to some persons who had property in his safe, and they must be delivered before dinner. Write me soon. Let me know all the news at dear old Pleanton, whenever anything worth recounting happens there. Tell Dr. Pilleo to write me too, and good old Mrs. Johnson. I shall have a letter from father or mother twice a month, but they don't always tell me all the news. Good-by!"

And he reached up his hand and shook that of the old lawyer, the young man standing on the sidewalk and the other on the first step leading up to the bank.

Then John Ampstead walked briskly up the street.

* * * * * *

Life settled down into a humdrum sort of routine for young Ampstead. By day, he read venerable tomes on the subject of rights, and wrongs, and pleadings, practices, exceptions, etc., until his head ached, or copied documents in which "whereas" and "aforesaid" and other bits of legal lore chased each other in and out in almost endless prolixity. In the evening, he read other things, or sought recreation at the theatre or opera, or adventure in the streets.

He found recreation where he sought it.

Men who look wisely usually find what they seek.

It was almost the middle of September. John Ampstead had had no letter from Seth Barcase yet, and it was only yesterday that he had taken time to send him a tardy letter himself. He had half hoped for an answer to-day, feeling, as he did, a little homesick, but evening had come, and no letter.

John Ampstead tried to enjoy life. He had a pleasant fire in his room, though the season was still early, for the nights were sometimes cold. He had gotten himself into easy-fitting slippers and a loose dressing-gown; he had seated himself in his laziest (sometimes written *easiest*) chair, close before the fire. He had an entertaining book. He was ready to enjoy his evening fully.

There was a tap at his door.

"Come in," he said.

The person who entered with the servant was a telegraph-messenger.

"For you, sir," said the boy, handing out one of the uncouth-looking envelopes, so familiar to all of us, in which it pleases the Western Union Telegraph Company to hide the happiness or the horror of the words they carry.

John Ampstead opened and read it.

"PLEANTON, *September* —, 1880.

"MR. JOHN AMPSTEAD, New York—Letter for husband received. What does it mean? Answer. MRS. SETH BARCASE."

He looked at the slip of paper. He looked at the messenger-boy. He looked at the fire. He looked at the wall opposite him. His thoughts were chaotic. His mind seemed almost as blank as the wall—or the stolid face of the messenger-boy; he could not understand more of his feelings than he could of the contents of the slip before him. He did not know whether it was best to laugh or cry.

Answer?

What was there to answer?

"Letter for husband received." Whose letter? His? He sent him one yesterday. Did she refer to that?

"What does it mean?" It meant exactly what it had said; here, pleasant gossip about his own daily life; there, questions about the people in Pleanton; at the last, kind wishes for the lawyer and his family, and for all friends who might ask about him in the village or the country round about. Answer? What was there to answer? But he must say something. He said this:

"NEW YORK, *September* —, 1880.

"MRS. SETH BARCASE, Pleanton—Yours not understood. Send enough to make clear, at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

The boy went away with the message, and Ampstead seated himself to think. Why had not Barcase himself telegraphed? Had he done something to offend the old man, or had Mrs. Barcase suddenly gone insane? He could not reach a decision regarding any of the questions. There was nothing left for him to do except to wait.

And waiting is the hardest thing in all to do
One hour, two, three.

He rose and paced nervously up and down his room.

Then a sudden thought struck him. He put away his slippers and drew on his boots. He hung his dressing-gown in the closet, and put on his coat. He placed his hat and cane and gloves where they would be handy. He found it impossible to rid himself of the feeling that he would soon have another telegram from Mrs. Barcase, and a definite one when it should come; and he believed, though without any of the reasons on which only, according to the philosophers, belief should be based, that definiteness meant some new sorrow and some fresh disaster.

It was almost twelve o'clock when the second telegram came. The boy who brought it began to look tired.

"There ain't ter be no answer to this un," he said, rapidly, and started to leave.

"Wait a moment," said Ampstead, kindly, "I may have a message or two to send."

The boy waited. Ampstead opened his fateful envelope.

"PLEANTON, *September* —, 1880.

"MR. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD, New York—Barcase wrote on Monday, August —. Business might detain some days. No word since. Supposed with you till received. MRS. SETH BARCASE."

So this was the meaning, the terrible meaning, of it all? So this was the disaster which had fallen? The date given was that of the day before the Tuesday on which the safe had been opened, and the lawyer had parted from him, on the bank-step, on his way home. And now it was Friday night, and on Tuesday next it would be three weeks since he bade his friend good-by. He dared scarcely hope, so long the time had been; he could barely more than fear. Seth Barcase suddenly gone from among those whom he had loved most and known best; gone without a word; gone without a sign! Seth Barcase missing!

John Ampstead wrote three telegrams and sent them by the boy. They were as follows:

NEW YORK, *September* —, 1880.

"MRS. SETH BARCASE, Pleanton—I have not seen Barcase since Tuesday, August —. Then on way home. Accident or foul play feared. I begin search at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

"NEW YORK, *September* —, 1880.

DR. PILLEO, Pleanton—Mrs. Barcase in trouble. Barcase missing. Take father and see her. Telegraph anything new.

"JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

"NEW YORK, *September* —, 1880.

"J. AMPSTEAD, Pleanton—Pilleo will call and explain. Begin search about Pleanton at my expense. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

Then he sat down to think and plan. There was little else that could be done until morning, and he could not sleep with all this doubt and mystery in the very air about him. He could only think, hoping that thought might bear good fruit for the future; he could only plan, praying that his plans might unravel the mystery of the missing man, restoring him to his friends if alive, laying him in a grave which love would find a pleasure in tending, if dead; and, if wickedness or treachery had had their evil way with him, seeing that there was vengeance meted out to each wrongdoer.

It was not a pleasant thing to think about, this empty place among the throngs of men. John Ampstead knew too well, from what he had read, of those who go out with the tide and never come back, up the dark and wicked river, to haunt the eyes of murder.

He had heard too much to be pleased with his thoughts; far too much of the Morgue, with its almost daily burden of unclaimed dead. And the unclaimed dead of more than two weeks ago! What was there left to do for one of them?

It was not pleasant thinking of the wild tales he had heard, and from the lips of servants of the law who knew of what they told, of the secrets of the sewers carrying away the victims of murder.

It was fearful to think. It was agony to try to plan! He had parted from his friend at noonday! But—*his friend was missing!*

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN AMPSTEAD was out and engaged in his search as soon as it was fairly light.

He went to the hotel where Mr. Barcase had stopped, first of all. Did the clerk remember Mr. Barcase? He did. Had the baggage been sent to the depot as ordered? It had. Then the clerk informed him that there were a number of letters for the gentleman, and would Mr. Ampstead take the responsibility of taking them? Mr. Ampstead would and did.

He looked the envelopes over as he stood in the great hotel-office; he examined the postmarks; he examined the handwriting. Pleanton for a postmark, over and over again, once every day for a time; later, often enough for every train. The handwriting of Mrs. Barcase, over and over again, strong and firm enough for a girl at first, weaker and more tremulous than even her age would warrant, later.

The tears came into the eyes of Mr. Ampstead. He touched the letters tenderly. He could guess something of what one might have found in them, of the loyalty which had done its own unswerving duty, as the days went by, writing as she had promised she would do; of the pride which would not complain; of the excuses of business and care which love had offered itself; of the growing anxiety which could ill endure the long suspense.

Two weeks and more! A long time for a woman to wait on the silence of one who had promised her he would write to her every day while he was gone.

Only a little more than two weeks! A short silence to base complaint upon.

John Ampstead put the letters carefully away in his pocket. If anything happened—that is, if anything had happened—Mrs. Barcase should have them all again. He felt he understood them all; he felt he knew the sleepless nights she had spent over them, and the tears which had fallen upon them.

It was not time for the banks to open. It would not be time for hours. So John Ampstead hurried to his boarding-place, and went through the form of eating breakfast—a wretched form, for he felt that he could scarcely swallow a mouthful.

Then he went to the bank. It lacked two hours of time for it to open. No matter. He would wait. He would not—could not—be late. He, young yet, unused to the real experiences of life—he, alone and unaided, would penetrate this mystery. He had given himself that day in which to do it. Sunday should be a day of peace to the waiting wife in Pleanton, or, at least, a day of certainty. He said that; he believed it. He little

knew the fact that men whose whole lives have been full of training, calculated to fit them for such tasks, follow patiently a slender clew for years, and often find nothing at the end of the road they have searched with such earnest faithfulness.

He walked up and down in front of the bank for two hours. His waiting ended then. The bank opened. He went in.

He asked for the cashier, to whom he was introduced.

MISS SMASHER.— FROM A PAINTING BY SCHLEZINGER.

"I am John Braynor Ampstead," he said.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Ampstead," said the cashier, extending his hand.

Ampstead took the proffered hand. It seemed a strange thing to him, the touch of that palm.

In wonder he looked up at the cashier.

That individual was looking curiously at him.

John Ampstead suddenly realized how strange an errand he had come upon, and felt embarrassed. He looked, no doubt, much as he felt. But he thought of the letters he had in his pocket; of Mrs. Barcase, lonely and waiting in her home in Pleanton; of Mr. Barcase—*missing!* These thoughts nerved him for his task, an honest if a strange one.

"I—I came——" he began, and paused.

The cashier did not smile, he did not frown. He was, to all appearance, simply a well-dressed human machine, capable of doing almost anything and saying almost anything; but capable only when the regular levers were moved, and the regular keys punched. He was waiting for John Ampstead to begin the performance, and John Ampstead, like a musician who starts a song on too high a key, was getting himself together to begin over again. He finally blundered directly into the middle of the business he had on hand.

"Did a gentleman by the name of Seth Barcase call here about noon two weeks ago last Tuesday?"

I don't believe the cashier knew without making an examination of his books. I don't understand what harm there would have been in giving a prompt "Yes" or "No" to any one who inquired, if he did know. But John Ampstead had happened to punch that key which is called "Identification"—a most numerous and oft-times ridiculous part of the machinery of the bank cashier—and the corresponding parts of the apparatus answered.

"Can you find some one who will identify you here, Mr. Ampstead?" asked the cashier.

"Identify me? Why, I have purchased drafts here a half-dozen times."

"I do not doubt it; but I do not remember you."

"Will you be satisfied with an introduction from Mr. Bluff or Mr. Bragg?" asked John Ampstead.

"Mr.—Mr.——"

"Bluff, I said. Will you be satisfied if Mr. Bluff will vouch for me?"

"*If* he will vouch for you?" with a drawling emphasis on the first word, which was little less than an insult; "I will be entirely satisfied with that."

And he turned nonchalantly away, and was immediately busy with an enormous book.

Let us be glad that there are more men with brains and sense in this, and in all other fields of human labor, than ever before in the world's history, and that the mere machines are being successfully punched out of existence.

John went away and got Bluff. Bragg offered to come too, and rather wanted John to consent to accept his offer. There was, possibly, some particular key in this particular machine that he wished to punch. Bluff & Bragg liked John Ampstead, and men who enjoyed the favor of Bluff & Bragg were very likely to prosper.

Bluff was in a hurry. He could not stop long; but he had a way of making his wishes understood so fully that one was likely to regard them in his absence. There was a breezy briskness about Bluff's introduction.

"My friend, Mr. Ampstead. Anything you can do for him will be appreciated."

Then Bluff hurried away, and the cashier said:

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Ampstead," and extended his hand. But this time John Ampstead took no notice of the hand which was offered.

"Did a gentleman by the name of Seth Barcase call here on business, two weeks ago last Tuesday?"

"He did."

"Did he rent a compartment in your vault?"

"Not exactly."

"Did he deposit any document here, or arrange for the care and protection of any document?"

"He did."

"Was the document addressed to 'John Braynor Ampstead, in trust with Seth Barcase, Esq.?'"

"It was."

"I am John Braynor Ampstead.'

"I understand that."

"Mr. Seth Barcase is missing."

"Indeed?"

"He has been missing since the day he called here."

"I regret it."

"And we are exceedingly worried about the matter."

"I should expect that. Does search reveal nothing?"

"Not yet. You see search has not yet commenced. His wife supposed Mr. Barcase was here in New York with me. He was on his way to the railroad station when I parted from him on the steps of this building, consequently I had no other thought than that he was at home."

"Remarkable! And no one has thought it best to inquire about him during all this time?"

John Ampstead's face flushed. Did the man mean to insult him? It certainly looked as though he did. But Ampstead answered, calmly enough:

"No one supposed there was any necessity. His wife believed him in New York; I believed he was at home. She wrote to him every day. I found the letters at the hotel this morning. They establish her belief."

"Certainly," responded the cashier, looking straight into Ampstead's eyes, and speaking with slow and sarcastic emphasis, "certainly." Then he added the question, quickly and sharply: "Is Mrs. Ampstead a young woman?"

I think John Ampstead would have struck the man for the insolence of his voice and manner, had it not been for the iron railing behind which he stood. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that he had nothing to gain by anger, and everything to lose, so he answered, cool and calm tones behind his cutting words:

"I regret that I am not able to give you the date of her birth. She is between fifty and sixty, I believe."

The cashier whistled softly to himself, and shook his head.

"I confess I don't understand the case at all," he said.

"Evidently not. It isn't necessary you should. The understanding of the case is not a part of your business. You are concerned in the matter only as the custodian of the package."

"Thank you for your frankness," said the cashier, with a sudden politeness that appeared dangerous. "You are correct, my concern is solely with the package of—of—— Do you know what the package contains?"

"No, I do not."

"You do not? Strange! Perhaps you could guess? Shall we say—*money?* The package of—*money?* It would be a pity to burn money. Do you think it is money?"

"No, I don't think it is, and——"

"Bonds, mortgages, stocks?"

"I think not. But what do you mean by——"

"Not money nor bonds nor mortgages nor stock? What do you guess there is in it?"

"I don't guess; I cannot guess. I haven't the slightest idea."

"Indeed? Haven't you now? It's none of my business, of course, but it would seem a pity, if it were money, or what represented money, to burn it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"About what I said. Mr. Barcase deposited a duly certified copy of the will of Mr. Braynor with the document of which we are speaking."

"Well?"

"By the terms of that will Mr. Barcase is to give you this document on two conditions."

"Certainly."

"And in the event of his prior decease the document is to be destroyed."

"I know that."

"Well, as the custodian of the document at the present time, I shall consider it my duty to burn the envelope unopened when I know that Seth Barcase is dead."

"You don't dare."

"I do dare; and I will."

"I—I——"

"Have a care. Am I to think from your manner, and from the words you seem ready to speak, that you would disregard the will of Mr. Braynor and open this envelope if it were in your possession?"

"You are to think nothing on the subject—nothing whatever. I will have that package in the possession of another custodian before night."

"No, you will not. I gave Mr. Barcase a receipt for the package, returnable to him only on the presentation of the receipt. I accepted the copy of the will as directive regarding my actions. Neither you, nor any one else except Seth Barcase, will ever get that package out of my possession. That is law, as perhaps you may know by the time you have studied with Bluff & Bragg a few months longer. Good-morning."

And the cashier busied himself with his big book again. There was nothing else for John Ampstead to do but to go.

Law? Doubtless it was law. Doubtless John Braynor had had a right to impose such conditions as he pleased, and to say that if a certain man died that should be the end of the message he had been so careful to leave behind him. Seth Barcase had written the will; Seth Barcase was a good lawyer; there was no reason for thinking that he had not done his work well. The law was probably on the side of the man who had the sealed envelope in his custody. There was only one hope, so far as John Ampstead could see, for getting the advantage of the cashier in case it was found that Seth Barcase was really dead, and that would be to insist that the documents be delivered to the heirs of Barcase for destruction, instead of being burned by the cashier. A judge, the matter carried to the courts, would be likely to look with suspicion on such a request, and why not? It would be a very suspicious proceeding indeed. And why ever make such an attempt? Only to be revenged on the cashier for his suspicion and his sarcastic meanness. Ampstead desired to see the documents the envelope contained; he desired to read them; he was hurrying with his legal studies for that very reason, and would have welcomed the advent into his daily life of some new variety of young woman—a young woman able to lead his fancy into captivity.

But never, never under any circumstances, would this young man stoop to such a dishonor as the betrayal of John Braynor's wishes would have been. Had he had that sealed envelope in his possession, as he walked from the bank toward the railroad station after his interview with the cranky cashier had filled his mind with bitter thoughts, he would simply have considered it a sacred trust.

And, with the proofs of the death of Seth Barcase in his possession, he would have destroyed it with his own hand, without hesitation and without delay.

That was the honorable and conscientious sort of young man which John Ampstead was, which promised well for the happiness of the probable young woman who was likely to be a party to a mutual leading captive of feelings and fancies, somewhere, sometime, somehow.

But he resented, all the same, the words and actions of the man on whom he had called, and wondered if it was natural disposition, fortified by the iron railing behind which he daily intrenched himself, which made him what he was; or whether it was merely a broken night, a late supper, and a glass too much of champagne.

John Ampstead looked the questions which fate had presented to him squarely in the face.

He had no doubt whatever that the package which had been a part of his inheritance — under conditions — was the most important element of his future which had ever come into his life. With the death of Barcase that would be gone. Very well, he would give that no second thought. Let it be as it was. His whole energy and thought must be given now to the finding of Barcase. He had allowed the disagreeable man at the bank to make him almost forget that he had only gone there for the purpose of learning of the movements and plans of the missing lawyer. Barcase found, be it dead or alive, there would be time enough to think of the results to him which would follow.

He went to the great railroad station. He found men who were very, very busy; but he found the most courteous and sympathetic treatment. They could tell him nothing, but they showed that they were sorry they could not. They were all, from ticket-agents down to baggagemen, gentlemen—patient, long-suffering, question-answering, passenger-bullied, watchful, cautious, genial gentlemen—true railroad men!

The ticket-agents could not say whether they had sold a ticket for Pleanton, at about twelve o'clock, two weeks ago last Tuesday. It wasn't reasonably to be supposed that they could. But they were sorry they couldn't.

The employés about the station didn't remember seeing any man in particular, two weeks ago last Tuesday, at about noon. There was a crowd there then, no doubt, for there always was, and very likely he was in the crowd. But they didn't know; they couldn't tell; they were sorry.

The books of the baggageman showed one thing which might be of help. One piece of baggage had been checked for Pleanton, some time during the day on which Seth Barcase had disappeared—that is, during the railroad day, or some time between midnight on Monday and midnight on Tuesday. The baggageman could not tell what sort of baggage it was, whether valise, or trunk, or the huge case belonging to some commercial traveler. He could not say what sort of person had checked it. He told all he knew; he could do no more; he was sorry.

It was noon by this time, but John Ampstead could not eat. His whole forenoon had been a terrible disappointment.

"It looks as though night would come before I could find him," he said, sadly.

It did look so!

He reluctantly laid the matter before the police

authorities that afternoon. Such an appeal as that which he made was no new thing to them, and their sympathy was not quite so marked and expressive as Ampstead could have wished. But they understood him, at least, which was pleasant after his morning episode at the bank, and they did not hesitate to assure him that they would do all they could do. That assurance would have had less comfort for him in it if he had known how little they had really promised him.

He applied to private professional detectives. The little he could tell them was not enough for a clew, and they very frankly told him so.

"If you want one of us to work," said the gentleman in charge of the detective agency, "we shall be very glad to put one of our very best men at your disposal; but I must tell you plainly that it looks to me like a hopeless case. Two weeks and more, and search only just begun. If he is dead you will never know it. And the chances that he is still alive are very small indeed."

But John Ampstead felt that he should be easier in his mind if he had some one at work, and he said so. So when he went home to his boarding-place he had the new and peculiar sensation of having one of those mysterious men who are supposed to unravel all sorts of social and legal knots—and who do, *when they can*—at work for him.

John Ampstead took time for a hurried meal. He left word for the detective, should that gentleman happen to call, asking him to write or telegraph, and to spare no expense. He sent a note, explaining where he was going and what his reasons were, to the police authorities. Then he took a night train for Pleanton.

Not dead! Not lying under the fading grasses and late flowers of the dying summer-time, with sad faces and weeping eyes above him. Not dead! Not that!

Not wounded by some cruel foe, or maimed in some dreadful accident! Not that!

Not sick, with loving hands about his pillow! No, not that.

There was only one word to say of Seth Barcase—only one; a word more despairing than death; a word more hopeful than wounds or sickness; a word so paradoxical that those whose hearts must feel it, and brains think it, and loving lips say it, may die of broken hearts when they might know the worst, bear it, and live. One word; the word which has had most of horror since armies began to tramp up and down the earth; since snowy mountains began to hold the secrets of hardy adventurers; since ships first sailed away from port, to sail into port again no more for ever. One word; the word which has been the despair of the loving and the loyal, and the hope of the vicious and the vile, ever since apt imitation learned the lesson of Cain. And poor John Ampstead fell into a broken slumber, the noise of the flying train in his ears, saying that word over and over to himself: "*Missing.*"

Chapter XXIII.

The train was late that night.

It was past dawn, the clear daybreak of a beautiful Sunday morning, when John Ampstead stepped out of the cars at Pleanton.

He spoke to the agent as he entered the waiting-room for a moment, before going on to the village.

"Good-morning. May I leave my valise here somewhere? I may not remain over night, in which case I sha'n't need it."

"Certainly. Come this way."

And he led the way toward a little room where baggage was often kept. As they entered, John Ampstead suddenly started back in astonishment.

"Whose valise is that?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Where did it come from?"

The agent looked at the check.

"New York," he answered.

"When?"

"I don't know."

"Some time since?"

"Yes. Between two and three weeks, I think."

"You know that Seth Barcase is missing?"

The agent stooped and picked up the valise, and looked it over with sudden interest.

"Yes, I learned night before last that he wasn't in New York, as his folks supposed; and of course he isn't in Pleanton, as you supposed. I never thought of connecting this unclaimed valise with his disappearance. In fact the unclaimed piece of baggage was already an old story when I first heard that he was missing. But now that I look at it, I feel almost certain that this is the very valise which the old lawyer always carried. Don't you think so?"

"I do. I am almost certain of it."

"So am I. I never had it in my possession before, and so cannot feel sure; you see Mr. Barcase always carried his valise himself."

"Did he?—Is that so?"

"Yes. I've often mentioned it as a peculiar fact in the case of so old a man. He never checked a valise from this station, so far as I know, nor ever had one come here checked."

"That is strange. But he never traveled much, did he?"

"Well, that depends on what you mean by the question. He never had the habit of rushing down to New York every few days or weeks, though I have known him to go several times; but he frequently went up or down the road a short distance."

"And never checked his valise?"

"I think not."

"Not even in the case of his New York trips?"

"No."

"And usually carried a valise?"

"I think so?"

"Even on his short journeys?"

"Yes."

John Ampstead picked up the valise and looked at it himself. Then he set it down upon the floor again, as though reluctantly.

"I suppose we couldn't open this to make certain whether it is his or not?" he asked.

The agent shook his head.

"No, that couldn't be done," he said; "besides, it isn't necessary. Mrs. Barcase can come down here. If she identifies the baggage positively, I'll deliver it to her, taking a receipt for it in order to shield myself and the company in case of loss. If she is as sure it is his as you and I are, I will allow her to examine it. But I think we had better let it alone. Come into the office, won't you? We can talk this matter over in there. It may be that I can suggest something that will help you."

Ampstead followed the agent into the office.

"I suppose you can tell when that valise was received here?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the agent, turning to a book; "and that was just what I was about to find out. Let me see! Monday—Monday—no, Tuesday; it will be three weeks next Tuesday."

A LITTLE BROTHER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE GIRARDET.

"I think that settles the matter," said Ampstead, "as it was on that day I last saw Mr. Barcase. Up to this time there hadn't been any certain trace of him beyond my parting with him in front of a certain building in New York. Now I think I have something definite to go upon. No one but the owner could check this valise, I suppose?"

"Probably not. Of course any one who had obtained possession of it, even by fraud, could check it. But it is not reasonable to think that that happened."

"And no one could check it without a ticket?"

"Certainly not."

John Ampstead thanked the agent, and, leaving his own valise, took his way to the village.

He had two unpleasant things to think of in connection with the trouble which had come to Mrs. Barcase and himself and their friends. The fact that a certified copy of the will, under which he held the document which John Braynor had left, had been deposited with the document itself, looked as though the lawyer had begun to think of death; the fact that he had given the care of his valise to the baggageman of the railroad company, instead of keeping it himself, looked like a confession of some sudden physical illness or weakness. Of course the latter fact, if it were a fact at all that he had checked his valise, might be explained by means of reference to some sudden whim or fancy. And the former fact might mean no more than that the lawyer had made up his mind to be the custodian of the document for the future, only in name, and felt it a duty to take all possible precautions, and provide for all possible contingencies.

Nevertheless, they were two very unpleasant things of which John Ampstead had to think as he walked up toward the house of Mr. Seth Barcase that bright and pleasant Sunday morning.

He found Dr. Pilleo and the older Mr. Ampstead sitting on the front steps of the Barcase house, too genuinely troubled to think that they might appear undignified.

A few questions and answers put him in possession of the whole situation. Mrs. Barcase was very ill, nervous prostration being the name which the young physician whom Dr. Pilleo had insisted on calling in in consultation gave her disease. Dr. Pilleo did not hesitate to say that the disease had taken a nervous form, but that it was entirely due to sorrow and worry. The letter from John Ampstead *to* Seth Barcase, when the wife of the latter had supposed that he was with the former in New York, had been a terrible shock. Then had come the telegrams. And on Saturday it had developed that Mr. Barcase had numerous outstanding debts, long past due, and that the creditors, who had waited with patience until now, were inclined to think that they could wait no longer.

"Of course Mr. Barcase is dead," said Dr. Pilleo, "though his wife will not listen to such a suggestion, and the sooner we can have the proofs of that fact in presentable shape the better for all concerned. I am deeply sorry for his wife. I sorrow for the tried and true old friends. But that does not alter facts. Mr. Barcase would not have remained away and silent for so long if he were alive; and he has not come home, and he has given no sign. Accident or sickness is an untenable theory; Mr. Barcase must have had papers on his person which contained his name and address, and if he had suffered some attack which took away the power of speech or consciousness, or even reason itself, his family would have been promptly notified. There are two things left to consider: First, accident of such a character as to destroy his identity, his papers, and (of course) his life. No such accident has taken place. There has not been an accident of any sort whatever between here and New York. Second, we have to think of Mr. Barcase as a murdered man. It is the only thing which is reasonable, or, to my mind, considering all the circumstances, even possible. Therefore he is murdered; therefore he is dead. Am I not right?"

"I confess I fear it," said John Ampstead, "though I cannot quite see what the motive would be. Who had he for an enemy?"

"It's hard to canvass motives here and now. We may each have vague suspicions, which we wouldn't mention to our dearest friend, when the crime under consideration is so terrible a one as murder. It isn't motive; it isn't theory; it is *fact—fact* with which we must deal. I have no doubt that Seth Barcase is dead. And I say that we owe it to ourselves to bend every energy toward proving it."

John Ampstead thought of the sealed envelope, of the bank cashier, of the will which John Braynor had signed. It was a terrible blow to him, believing as he did in the great importance of the secret document, to think that it had gone from his power for ever.

"In the hands of God;" the thought of it came to him like a gracious promise from across the desolation of the dark grave. "In the hands of God;" that was what John Braynor had said when the great gates at the further end of the dark valley were slowly swung ajar for him to pass through. "In the hands of God." It should be to him a tower of strength, a buckler and a shield, a guard to keep him when in danger and sorrow and temptation. Not a promise to reward arm-folded indolence and drooping-eyed resignation, but an incentive to work and toil. Not a pledge that the way should be straight and short and easy, but an inspiration to be strong of will and unswervingly resolute. Like a revelation from the Great One, in whose hands John Braynor had left the keeping of his secret, came the faith to John Ampstead's heart that he should yet know the secret which had been intended for him.

"I believe Seth Barcase lives," he said, firmly, "and I will not give it up. I shall search myself, and I shall pay others to search, only for the living man. I will leave it to others to look for his body, if they will. But I do not believe he is dead; I will not believe he is dead; I will never admit any proof short of absolute certainty."

Dr. Pilleo shook his head gravely.

"You are young," he said, gravely but kindly, "but not so young but that experience has already taught you that death is real and certain. You loved John Braynor; he is gone. You cling to my friendship; but I am going the silent way, despite your love or that of any other, one of these days. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, you love them all, but they are all mortal. You loved Seth Barcase, your true and wise friend always, but why should you be so earnest in denying evidence which should convince?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell you. But something in my soul says that my wish is the truth."

"And because of your foolish feeling you will exert all your efforts in the wrong direction, will you? When it is your duty to hunt for the dead man, and for those who have murdered him, you will waste your inheritance in sending detectives searching far and near for a man who no longer lives; following other men over half the world, chasing shadows across the sea, doing anything and everything but what you ought to do, will you?"

"I am sorry to differ with you, Dr. Pilleo—very sorry. But I know that our strong friendship will not suffer because of any honest difference of opinion. You must allow me the liberty of thinking as my own faculties make necessary, and of acting as I think best. I freely admit, even now, that I may be mistaken, and that my feelings may be illusory. But I believe the future will show that I am right. When I find, to my own satisfaction that I am not, I will promptly say so. When I am convinced that I cannot find Seth Barcase alive, I will spend the money which you have mentioned—the money which John Braynor gave me—to find when and where and why he died."

"And, in the meantime, his family will be ruined. The house and property will be gone. His wife will be in her grave. You—you, John Ampstead, will be largely responsible for all that; because, but for you and your opinion, the true theory would have been accepted and acted upon, and the want and misery which the lack of money entails would have been avoided."

"So far as money is concerned, I will attend to that. I will pay off the indebtedness upon the Barcase property; I will supply the needs of Mrs. Barcase; I—I——"

"Well, what?"

"I will do anything, rather than give up my belief; I will expend any amount, rather than admit that Seth Barcase is dead."

"I believe you; you look capable of doing just that thing. I fancy you offering some one a pension on condition that the dead go unburied. I am ashamed of you, positively ashamed of you."

"But, doctor, you are unjust. I have as much right to my opinion as you to yours."

"Not at all. Not when your opinion is a barrier in the way of justice. His family don't need charity, they only need what is right and just. If Seth Barcase himself could speak to us from the heaven to which I am sure he has gone, he would agree with me that it is the duty of all his friends to seek to prove his death."

"But why? Explain yourself. I do not quite understand."

"Don't you? I supposed you knew. I will tell you. There is an insurance on the life of Seth Barcase, large enough to pay all debts and leave his widow a handsome fortune. Do you not agree with me that it is a shame to let her suffer from the importunities of creditors when the companies are holding her own back from her in this way?"

"I still think that Seth Barcase lives, and I know that no one would be more reluctant than yourself at the thought of taking from an insurance company that which they should not justly pay. Of course, this being true, if the man is dead it is important to prove it. How much is his insurance?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"And the indebtedness?"

"About ten thousand dollars?"

"Is that all, or only that which is secured by mortgage?"

"That is all."

"And what are the annual premiums on his policy?"

"I don't know exactly. I think he has had it since he was about thirty. Probably not far from five hundred and seventy-five dollars."

John Ampstead bowed his head for a few moments in thought. Then he said, with determination:

"I will hold to my determination and my belief, and at the same time I will see that justice is done. I will pay Mrs. Barcase twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for the policies of insurance on her husband's life."

"You will?—How?"

"I will raise that amount by mortgages on the property I received from Mr. Braynor."

"But that is at least a quarter of the value of the real estate he left you, isn't it?"

"I think so. But what if it is? I ought to be able to raise that amount on it, had I not?"

"Certainly you had. But what about the interest on the amount you pay Mrs. Barcase?"

"There will be none. I shall buy the full ownership of the policies."

"And the future premiums?"

"I will attend to that myself."

The tears came into Dr. Pilleo's eyes. He came to where John Ampstead stood, and clasped his hand warmly.

"Pardon the sharp and cruel things I have said," he pleaded, "and remember only the care and anxiety for Mrs. Barcase which prompted my words. You are doing generously—nobly. You are taking much expense upon yourself which strict justice would not warrant. I honor you with all my heart."

"Thank you. I have always meant to deserve your good opinion, and I always intend to in the future. But remember that you cannot praise me in this matter without being inconsistent; from your standpoint my action is a mere matter of business, for if Seth Barcase is really dead his policies of life insurance are worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"But he may not be dead."

"So I think. So I feel sure. And I shall bend all my energies to finding the living Seth Barcase. Not dead—only missing—is the theory I shall never give up."

Mrs. Barcase was informed of the proposition which John Ampstead had made, and of the belief to which he held. Strength came to her because of his strong, brave words. She felt that her husband was not dead. She felt a new certainty, when she knew that the man who had last seen him agreed with her.

She was not enough of a business woman to have faced boldly the onslaught of the creditors. She was not enough of a business woman to see that the proposition which Mr. John Ampstead had made was a more than business one, that it was generous in the extreme.

John Ampstead insisted that no one should tell her more than her own calculations made evident. Neither Dr. Pilleo nor Mr. Ampstead felt like casting a straw in the way of the noble deed which John had at heart, and no one else knew of the matter until it had been fully arranged.

There were several telegrams sent back and forth between Bluff & Bragg, of New York, and John Ampstead, at Pleanton, on Monday; and, on Tuesday, there was placed to the credit of Mrs. Seth Barcase, in the little bank in Pleanton, the sum of fifteen thousand four hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifteen cents; the entire indebtedness of Mr. Seth Barcase, amounting to nine thousand five hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-five cents, had been previously paid; the three policies of insurance, tontine policies in New York companies, for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in all, premiums due on December 14th, 19th and 31st, respectively, were legally transferred from Mrs. Seth Barcase to Mr. John Braynor Ampstead; and a mortgage on certain real estate, in Pleanton and elsewhere, had been given by Ampstead to secure Bluff & Bragg for twenty-five thousand dollars of borrowed money.

That done, John Ampstead felt that he must not remain longer inactive in Pleanton. He must return to New York, and put a detective at work following the clew which he had found at the station in Pleanton. He decided to take the night train, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Barcase was able to sit up again, by this time. The terrible sorrow and suspense were wearing upon her, and she was growing thinner and much older-looking each day. But she leaned upon the hopeful spirit of John Ampstead, rather than upon the despondent souls of the older Ampstead and Dr. Pilleo; John Ampstead had put away from her future all financial difficulties, whatever might happen—or have happened—and she felt that she dared hold up her head again, and hope.

Ampstead had been so sure that the valise at the station was the property of Barcase—he had felt such certainty in his own mind that his theory was true—that he had waited until all other matters were arranged before mentioning the fact that there was an unclaimed valise there at all. Now, however, sitting in the little parlor in Barcase's house, on Tuesday evening, with Mrs. Barcase in an easy-chair just across the table from him, and with Dr. Pilleo near him, he determined to mention the matter, rather as explaining his purposes in connection with the search made for Mr. Barcase than for any other reason.

"I shall have the conductor and all the trainmen who were on the train from New York to Pleanton, three weeks ago, hunted up and thoroughly questioned, as soon as I reach New York," he said.

"Yes," said Dr. Pilleo, "that will be well."

"And I shall put a detective on to search thoroughly at every station, at every stopping-place, wherever any one could possibly have left the train between New York and here."

"You mean you will if you get any information from the railroad employés who were on the train?"

"I shall, anyway. I have neglected saying that there is a valise at the station here, an unclaimed valise, which came here the day when Mr. Barcase disappeared, and which the station-agent and myself feel sure belongs to him."

"That is important if true," said the doctor; "I suppose you could identify his valise, Mrs. Barcase?"

"Certainly," replied that lady.

"I was about to propose that you take us in your carriage, doctor, and that we all go down to the depot," said John Ampstead.

The doctor agreed. Mrs. Barcase was soon ready. They drove out of the village, and across the narrow plain beyond, and to the station. The station-agent stood on the platform, and greeted them pleasantly as they came up.

"We came to examine that valise," said John Ampstead.

"You're too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes, and we were evidently mistaken."

"What do you mean?"

"That the owner called for it."

"With the check?"

"With the check."

"When?"

"Last evening, I believe, just before the time for the night train for New York. I was selling tickets at the ticket-window; the boy was attending to the baggage; the man who presented the check came when there was quite a number of persons standing about. He paid very liberally for storage, and gave the boy a half-dollar for himself."

"Exactly. And can the boy describe him?"

"Not to my satisfaction. I doubt if he would know him again if he were to meet him face to face."

"Where did the man go?"

"He took the train for New York."

"And so," said John Ampstead, bitterly, "this is the end, is it?"

"It seems so."

"Would you have given the man the valise?"

"I scarcely know. Everything was perfectly regular. He told the boy just what he wanted, just when it came and how long it had been here, and picked it out himself without any hesitation, which was marked enough to attract the boy's attention."

"But you would have been able to describe the man?"

"Certainly I should, after our talk on Sunday morning. Prior to that time I might have been as thoughtless as the boy has been. Of course he knew nothing of our conversation."

"And you would have let me know at once?"

"I should. I should have sent a messenger to you who would have got you here before the train. But I didn't know until a half-hour ago that the valise was gone."

"I would give a great deal to be sure," said John Ampstead, slowly; "a very great deal. But I believe that valise belonged to Seth Barcase."

"So do I," said the station-agent.

A cloud drifted along the horizon, and the wind from that way struck sharp and cool, sign of the waning year. And around John Ampstead's heart there was a deeper, sharper chill; and he said over in his soul those saddest words which men, or angels, or God Himself, can ever say: "Too late!"

Chapter XXIV.

Dr. Pilleo took Mrs. Barcase home. John Ampstead waited for the train. He reached New York without accident or incident worth relating. On Wednesday he had another interview with the police authorities, who had done nothing in his behalf, thus far, and who promised to continue their interest in the case. On Wednesday, too, he had an interview with his private detective, and directed him to seek out and question the men who had charge of the train on the ever-memorable Tuesday of three weeks before, and then to see what he could find between the city and Pleanton.

"Report at once when you find out anything, Mr. Peeker," said John.

Peeker said he would.

"And let me see you when you've thoroughly looked this ground over, whether you find anything or not."

Peeker assured him that he would call within a fortnight.

If faith is one of the pre-requisites of success, Peeker's mission promised to be a dismal failure.

John Ampstead had a long conversation with Bluff & Bragg on the subject, on Wednesday afternoon. They were his true friends and his earnest well wishers; but they gave him less satisfaction than he had hoped to find there. The fact is, that they had not been successful criminal lawyers all their lives without getting an idea of the sort of human nature habitually manifested by one-half of mankind, which was likely to go a long way toward convincing them that if Seth Barcase had gotten into the hands of some members of that unspeakably vicious half of the world, it wasn't likely he had found

"SANTA LUCIA."—DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

his way out again. It was hard to say just what they thought to so enthusiastic a young fellow as John Ampstead was; but they were too honest to give much encouragement where they felt that any at all was out of place. Besides, detective work was quite out of their line. "First catch your man," was the opening line of the receipt which they used when they wanted a human being thoroughly well done.

John Ampstead visited the various newspaper-offices on Wednesday, too. He arranged for advertisements in each, and, in accordance with his wish, the evening papers of that day contained the following:

"PERSONAL.—Mr. Seth Barcase intended to leave New York for his home in Pleanton, three weeks ago yesterday. No one is known to have seen him since noon of that day. His family and friends are convinced that he is still alive, and desire information of him. Any statements regarding him, which prove on examination to be trustworthy and reliable, will be liberally paid for. Address J. A., care of Bluff & Bragg, City."

"PERSONAL.—S. B.: Come home. No trouble from creditors or others."

"$100 REWARD.—Did Seth Barcase leave New York city three weeks ago yesterday? The man who can answer this question, *and prove his answer*, can have above-named reward. Call at office of Bluff & Bragg, and ask for J. A."

These advertisements were scattered through the papers pretty well, so that any one looking for something of the sort would be likely to see one or more of them, and John Ampstead felt that they covered the ground pretty thoroughly. He rather objected to putting in anything like the second one, for he felt that there was something implied in it which was unjust in the extreme; but Bluff & Bragg, two excellent gentlemen, who knew average human nature much better than they did Seth Barcase, had suggested it, and, for the sake of completeness, it had gone in.

John Ampstead went home to supper on Wednesday evening feeling quite well satisfied with himself. He had done a good day's work. His faith in finding Seth Barcase, alive and well, was still strong. He had said that he was foolish to have supposed, last week, that one day was enough for the task; he had decided that one month might be necessary.

Which was an eminently wise and nerve-saving decision!

Having done a good day's work, eaten a good supper, and decided that the future would be all right, and given it a month to get right in, there was no visible reason why John Ampstead shouldn't get out his large and roomy slippers, creep into his dressing-gown, bury himself in the depths of his easy-chair, and study human nature from the pages of Wilkie Collins. But he did none of these things. He turned away resolutely from "The Woman in White," saying something under his breath, with a sigh, about the "coming young woman." He did not fail to remember that one of the conditions of John Braynor's will involved a young woman.

"The coming young woman," he called her.

Yes, John Ampstead, she *is* coming!

Ampstead believed that Seth Barcase was sure to "turn up, safe and sound as a dollar," as Peeker had expressed it, but what Pilleo had said he had taken deeply to heart. Barcase must die some time; he must be a lawyer before then, praying that Providence would further fully provide. So he had resolved on evening study; resolved to take advantage of the legal study he had taken during his college course; resolved to prepare as rapidly as possible, and to be admitted to the Bar at the earliest possible moment, all of which was highly praiseworthy, and all of which was likely to involve a great deal of night work and much self-sacrifice.

John Ampstead went down to the office of Bluff & Bragg. He was the only one connected with the establishment who had anything to do there that evening. It was lonesome, silent, grim; but John lighted the gas, gathered the books he meant to use, and seated himself for his evening's work.

He had read half an hour, perhaps, certainly not longer, when there came a tap at the door. He answered the summons. A tall, lean, faded-out and colorless sort of man stood there.

"Come in, sir," said John, looking curiously at the stranger.

The gentleman accepted the invitation, and, having been offered a seat near the table, he took it.

He looked about him doubtfully. Perhaps fine carpets and pictures and statuary and luxurious furniture were not exactly what he had expected to find in the office of the men who had to deal every day with the most hardened and degraded and depraved of persons.

"I believe, I thought—that is—is this the office of Bluff & Bragg?"

"It is; what can I do for you?"

The man laid down a copy of one of the evening papers on the desk in front of Ampstead. A heavy line had been drawn, with a blue pencil, around the offer of "$100 REWARD."

"I want to see J. A.," said the man.

"I am J. A."

"You?"

"Yes, John Ampstead, at your service."

"I am an assistant physician at the ——— Hospital," said the man, "and your advertisement attracted me as soon as I saw it. I felt that it was possible that I could give you some information. When was Mr. Barcase first missing?"

John Ampstead pointed toward the advertisement.

"Three weeks ago yesterday. I parted from him at about noon on that day. He intended taking a train out of the city in a short time."

The man rose to his feet.

"That disposes of the matter," he said, quietly, "as the gentleman I had in mind first came to my notice on Wednesday, three weeks ago to-day, and at about this time of night."

"In what way?—Where?"

The man leaned upon the back of the chair from which he had risen.

"At the ——— Hospital. He was brought there, injured in the head; the back of his skull had been crushed in. He had been found in the street, in a suburban part of the city, senseless and apparently dying. No one could tell how he had received his injuries; there was some reason for thinking that he had been struck with some heavy weapon, some reason for believing that he had fallen and struck his head upon the stones at the edge of the sidewalk, and some for thinking that he had been run over by a heavily-loaded wagon. No decision was ever reached. He never regained consciousness. He died two days later."

"And why did you think it best to see me about him?"

"Simply because he is the only man who has been in our hospital, for months past, whose identity is in doubt. We usually find out the names and residences, at least, of those who are brought to us from accidents or assaults in the streets. But he was never traced out. And when a man has been dead for three weeks, in a city like this, it is not likely that his identity ever will be known."

"Had he nothing by which he could be identified?"

"Nothing. There was no pocket-book, no knife, not a handkerchief, even."

"Can you describe him, and his clothing?"

The man did so. There were many men to whom the description would have applied. There were many men who dressed as the deceased dressed. Take an old man,

hale and hearty and vigorous despite his years; dress dress him in easy-fitting garments of decent black, not too fashionable in cut; supply him with good, substantial undergarments and linen; let him shave his face clean; and then—broken and blood-stained, with the seal of approaching death already upon him—the description might be said to cover Barcase as it might have covered many another.

There were some hesitations in the physician's narrative; there were some discrepancies in his description. But, taken as a whole, the picture was a vivid one—the work of a man who, had he not been a physician might have found fame and fortune in an artist's life—and it was a picture which was very like the memory of Seth Barcase, a picture which was terribly like the missing man. True, the shades and shadows in the artist's work were not just where the friend of Seth Barcase would have put them if he had been the maker of the word-picture, but it was wonderfully real—wonderfully real.

"Your description is much like the missing man," said John Ampstead, honestly, "and I am deeply interested in what you have said. I suppose the body of the deceased can be exhumed, even at this late day, and an attempt made to determine whether he and Seth Barcase were really one?"

"No, sir; I regret having to say that that cannot be done," replied the physician. He seemed greatly embarrassed, and his eyes failed to meet John Ampstead's glance for the first time in their interview.

"Why not?" asked Ampstead.

"Well, you see, he was entirely unknown, and——"

"Yes, I see that. And what else?"

"And his body was unclaimed."

"Yes."

"And so—so it went—there is little doubt of that—it went to the dissecting-table." Ampstead drew a long breath. He was inexpressibly pained.

"And his clothing?"

"Some of the clothing is preserved. I presume a member of his own family would be able to identify it if it was Mr. Barcase who died there."

"And it will be preserved?"

"If you wish it, it will be preserved indefinitely."

"I do wish it. Mrs. Barcase is not well, and ought not to undertake the journey to New York at present. Besides that, we have another clew, dating from the Tuesday when Mr. Barcase was last seen by any one certain of his identity, instead of from the following day, as yours does. We are following that clew; we hope our labor will result in finding Seth Barcase alive; if we fail—I shall not forget what you have told me."

"Very well. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

The physician withdrew, and John Ampstead took up his books with a sigh, still determined to push his preparation forward by means of an evening's work that very night.

But the physician, going down-stairs from the office of Bluff & Bragg, met another man coming up. The other man had it in mind to interrupt the night labor of Mr. John Ampstead.

So, John had scarcely turned his back to the closed door, and commenced to run his eyes along the lines of legal wisdom, when there came another tap at the door—a quick and imperative tap, as though the one outside meant to have his own way in all things possible. And he didn't wait for an answer to his summons; he followed up his knock by opening the door and coming in.

(To be continued.)

A WEARY THING.

The dreary wind bends down the maple leaves,
And sweeps the rain-drops from them as it goes;
The gentle night floats o'er the harvest sheaves,
And bathes in sleep the lily and the rose;
Low on the hillside lines of quiet lie,
Through the broad meadow comes the breath of flowers;
While the pale star-light, falling from the sky,
Steals through the shadows to the forest bowers.

Beneath the shelter of the creeper's leaves
(The old, old creeper that has blossomed well,
Creeping up slowly to the cottage eaves,
Where early dews and sunshine soonest fell),
Young Amy sits, with wistful, earnest eyes,
Gazing across the meadows, through the lane,
Down to the valley where the village lies,
For one she loves, who cometh not again.

She hears the flutter of the night-bird's wings,
She hears the rustle through the tall grass creep,
The murmur of the brook—a thousand things,
That make the pulses of her being leap.
From off her parted lips there falls no sound,
The welcome lingers on them as of yore;
But ah! the darkness draweth closer round,
And deeper seems the silence than before.

For long, long weeks has Amy watched at night
For him who waked the first blush on her cheek,
For him, who cast the glow of love's young light
Across her pathway, once so bare and bleak;
He taught her simple heart, unlearned and poor,
(Save in the language of its daily prayer),
How rich it was, how great its happy lore,
Its love's intensity, its strength and care.

And she, with wonder in her downcast eyes,
Listened unto the music of his words
In dangerous silence, while in still surprise
Her young heart fluttered like a forest bird's,
Until she loved him, and with simple pride
She bound anew the tresses of her hair,
Where gold and sunlight wavered side by side
That she might come before him still more fair.

She wandered with him through the green old woods,
Within whose covers twilight slept and dreamed,
Where restless shadows danced in waving floods,
In quiet dells where sunshine never gleamed.
But when the red leaves fluttered down the air,
Golden and brown, with many a scarlet stain,
He left her with the promise sweet and fair,
That with the Spring flowers he would come again.

And still she stays beneath the creeper's leaves
When the last sunbeams to the twilight yield,
Watching the shadows creeping o'er the sheaves
Of yellow wheat out in the harvest field;
Gazing across the meadow by the spring.
Down to the valley with its peaceful homes,
Saying: "Alas! it is a weary thing
To watch for one who never, never comes!"

A MODERN MIRACLE.

By Cathie Jewett.

Sansie came singing down the stairs and poked her head in at the parlor-door. I say poked advisedly, for it was exactly what she did; but, seeing me in tears and Harold in distress, she would have stolen quietly away, only I caught sight of her vanishing crimps and called her back.

"Tears and tempest!" she cried, in her clear, sweet voice. "I thought people always married first and quarreled afterward. Are not you two rather reversing the natural order of events?"

"We are not quarreling," I explained. "I am only

trying to persuade Harold not to be guilty of an act at once idiotic and suicidal."

A dull red flush spread slowly over Harold's handsome face, yet he spoke pleasantly enough:

"You have got to big words, Hilda, and that proves that you are nearly vanquished. As it is quite impossible for me to make a brute of myself, I do not see but you will have to submit to the inevitable, my dear."

"A blue inevitable!" cried I. "No, sir. I never will!"

"I thought it was green," said Sansie, in painful bewilderment. "You certainly told me it was green."

A WEARY THING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 591.

"And so it is," I sobbed—"green and blue both. As if it was not enough for Aunt Hilda to give me that atrocious green wedding-gown, and insist upon my wearing it, Harold's brother must needs go and send him a blue suit, and make the same unreasonable request. It will never do for me to offend Aunt Hilda. It would be forty thousand dollars in some other person's pocket for me to refuse to wear that horrible dress; but because I am obliged to wear green, that is no reason for Harold to get nimself up in blue—bright, blazing, unmitigated blue! We should be the laughing-stock of the whole town; we should be known to all posterity as the unblendables. I cannot! I will not! and I shall not! make any such spectacle of myself. Harold must wear black, as a gentleman should. Black will give tone to the emerald splendor of the occasion, and it will please me."

Without a sign of yielding, Harold answered:

"I wish that I might please you in this, Hilda; but you do not understand what George is and has always been to me. When I had neither father, mother, nor home, he fed, clothed, fought for me all those long, miserable years while we were alone. He went barefooted and half-starved that I might be comfortable. The first real suit of clothes I ever wore he bought me; they were blue—bright-blue. I remember to this day how fine I thought them. We were together—he, pinched and cold and ragged; I, strutting by his side, round and rosy, with my hands in my pockets. When Uncle Seth found us—then our troubles were all over. Five years ago he went West to fight the battle of life alone, with little money and few friends, simply because he fancied that here he stood in the way of my advancement. He has come three thousand miles to see me married, and

A MODERN MIRACLE.—"NOISELESSLY I AROSE, SILENTLY I CREPT TOWARD THE DOOR, STANDING JUST A TINY CRACK AJAR. THAT OTHER ROOM WAS QUITE DARK, SAVE A CHEERFUL OPEN FIRE, WHICH CRACKLED IN THE HEARTH. JUST IN FRONT OF IT SAT SANSIE AND HAROLD."

in every pocket of the objectionable suit he brought me I found, snugly folded, a one-hundred dollar greenback. Say what you please, it was no mean wedding-gift. I accepted, and I shall wear it!"

"Even that does not make me willing to go to the altar a green victim tied to a blue stake," I persisted.

"Then wear a white dress, and let Aunt Hilda go," said Harold. "You have got a pretty one. I saw it the other day—all little soft frills and satin tags. Wear that."

"I wish I could," I answered. "But aunt would never forgive me if I did. I am her namesake, and if nothing happens I shall be her heiress. I cannot afford to offend her."

"And I," said Harold, "cannot afford to offend

George; so, as I said before, we shall have to submit to the inevitable and make the best of it. You know it is really of no vital consequence what we wear at that time, and we can dress to suit ourselves for ever after."

"You can dress to suit yourself now," I cried. "Here is Sansie—she has a white dress and a yielding disposition; that seems to be what you desire. Perhaps you can make a bargain with her. I marry no man whose brother's wishes are more to him than mine."

"Hilda! stop! think!"

Sansie's voice startled me. I dared not look at Harold. Turning, with stately dignity, I sailed out of the room.

Fairly outside the door, I rushed up the stairs in a hot, tempestuous whirl of passion.

Somehow, in some way, I cannot at all explain it—no one ever does know just how such things happen; I suppose I was careless—I know my eyes were tear-blinded—and at the very top of the long flight of stairs I slipped.

There was a quick, wrenching effort to recover myself, a half-dozen distinct, stunning blows, and then I lay helpless in Harold's arms. Dimly I saw his dear face bend above me; faintly I heard his voice, and then through thick darkness and a sound as of mighty rushing waters, I drifted away out into that dim border land that separates the known and the unknown.

For days and weeks I lay there, only half-conscious of suffering, helpless, indifferent, unreasoning.

Then one glorious Spring morning I awoke. The sunlight was flooding the earth; the birds were singing, mate calling to mate with rollicking glee; my room was cool and fresh and sweet with the scent of flowers.

Beside my bed sat Sansie, and Harold and Aunt Hilda.

I called to them feebly; it was as if I had just returned after a long journey, and by my helplessness and pain I knew that I had entered into a land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

It was long before Harold would acquiesce in this decision; he would have made me his wife in my first conscious hour, but I would not accept the sacrifice.

He was young and strong, and I would not burden him with the living death of my own blighted existence.

I had no mother to comfort me at that awful time, and I would fain have borne the burden of the doctor's hopeless verdict alone, but Sansie laid aside all her bright plans for the future, folded them up, as it were, with the pretty dress she was to have worn as my bridesmaid, and took her place beside my bed.

"I shall stay with you for the present," said she, "I am hoping to spend my life among sick people; you will be excellent practice for me, dear."

"I shall never leave you, Hilda," whispered Harold. "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my first thought, my sacred care, my only love, always."

When I was able to bear it, Harold's brother George came to see me.

He was like Harold, only older and graver looking.

My heart went out to him when he kissed me and called me "little sister."

He seemed in no haste to return to his far Western home.

"I have a partner," said he, "in whom I have perfect confidence; and Harold needs me now."

So it came about that I saw much of him, for Harold could only be with me in the evening, and I insisted that Sansie should not quite neglect her medical studies.

In those days how beautiful Sansie seemed to me! She was large and fair and wonderfully strong for a woman; all the physical comfort of my life seemed vested in those white, soft hands of hers.

One day, some four months after my accident, George came into my room with a stranger. For a wonder I was quite alone, for Sansie had gone out a few moments.

George introduced the strange gentleman as Dr. Dalrymple.

"A very old friend of mine, and a wonderfully clever doctor, I assure you, Miss Hilda," he said. "I am anxious for his opinion of your case, and so I brought him around to get acquainted."

After that evil days came upon me. Dr. Dalrymple seemed intent upon testing the extent of my powers of endurance. Day by day he wrought upon me horrible and nameless tortures, and afterward left me to the restless slumbers born of morphine and exhaustion.

At last Harold and Sansie, moved by my entreaties, rebelled furiously against my further suffering.

Then the doctor came to me alone.

"Miss Hilda," said he, "your friends say that I must not give you any further pain. Do you think, child, that it has been a pleasure to me to see you suffer? Far—far from it. But I have worked with an end in view—an end I have never dared mention. You have been told over and over again that your case is a hopeless one. I may be an enthusiast; I confess to a desire to triumph where others have failed, and I confess also that my treatment is an experiment; but I believe that, with God's help and your co-operation, I can cure you. Years ago, at the risk of his own life, George Perrott saved mine. From that day to this I have loved him like a brother. At his request—I may say at his entreaty—I came to you. I will stay or go away, as you decide."

"Do you mean," I sobbed, "that I may be well again, stand upon my feet, go and come as I please?"

"I hope and I believe," he answered, "that even that is not impossible, if you will be patient, hopeful, and, above all, obedient."

"I will be like a child," I cried; "I will be like wax in your hands. You cannot hurt me now. No suffering or torture shall ever make me complain; but do not tell the others. You and I will work together. If we are successful they can share our joy. If we fail, they need never know."

After that I complained no more of Dr. Dalrymple's treatment. All through the long and weary Winter the terrible struggle went on.

By Spring I knew that my cure was a possibility, but the long battle had left me wofully worn and wasted.

Then Dr. Dalrymple was obliged to leave. At my request he gave no hint of the wonderful work so well begun, the beautiful, blessed truth, that into my long-helpless limbs life and strength were slowly stealing. That was our secret, and he left it for me to tell.

When he went away he gave Sansie many minute directions as to bandages and lotions.

"You will make a famous doctor one of these days," said he to her; "and when you are a good deal older, and not nearly so pretty, I will take you into partnership."

"That is a good offer, doctor," said Sansie, "and twenty years from now I will be sure to remind you of it," and so with a laugh they parted.

After that I used to think a great deal about them—the wise, skillful doctor and my beautiful Sansie.

He seemed just the man to make her happy, with his ample means, his sound principles, and his kind heart.

Then, too, what a treasure she would be to him, with her youth, her health, her strong vitality and boundless enthusiasm.

Day by day the possibility of living apart from my friend grew upon me.

I had hopes which she did not share, dreams which were fast becoming realities, of which she had no knowledge.

Dr. Dalrymple wrote to me often, and I think that Sansie used to feel hurt because I never showed her his letters.

One morning when I was quite alone I tested my new strength. For one half-moment I stood, unsupported, and then, with a passionate cry of glad thanksgiving, I sank back upon my bed.

Every day after that I used to send Sansie away on some pretext or another, and before long I found myself able to walk, very feebly, it is true, and only a few steps at a time, but every motion brought to me joy and thankfulness unspeakable.

One evening I awoke from a light slumber, the lamp was burning dimly, and from the adjoining room I heard the low murmur of voices.

I cannot tell what strange freak prompted, what whimsical fancy led me to try, at that time, my new and unsuspected powers.

Noiselessly I arose, silently I crept toward the door, standing just a tiny crack ajar.

That other room was quite dark, save a cheerful open fire, which crackled and sparkled on the hearth. Just in front of it sat two people, Sansie and Harold.

How beautiful she was! So large and fair, with the red glow of the firelight falling all about her.

For a moment there was silence, then Sansie spoke:

"I love you, yes," said she, with a dreamy smile. "I have been ambitious, perhaps, and so I am now, but I have no desire that does not turn toward you. I know no higher ambition than to be your wife, and yet I cannot marry you while Hilda lives. She is fading away like a blighted flower, and I will not embitter her last days with a joy she cannot share."

"So be it," answered Harold. "I will wait patiently, even though the waiting be long."

Then he kissed her, over and over, on the red, sweet lips that kissed again.

I crept back to my bed, praying never again to leave it; glad that my secret might go with me to that grave where Sansie and Harold were waiting to lay me, and which seemed to my tortured heart a blessed resting-place.

All that long, dark night of sorrow I spent in an agony of prayer, and at length, from the bitter travail of perfect human weakness, was born a more than mortal strength.

Then I could say in all honesty, "God bless Harold," and afterward, "God bless Sansie."

In the morning I called her to me, and drew her sweet face down to my own, worn and white and marred with pain.

"Sansie, dear," I said, "I know your secret. Death is long in coming to me. I do not want you to wait for your happiness until watching and time and care have spoiled the sweet, fresh beauty of your face. I should be happier far to see your joy and to share it."

The girl burst into a passion of tears, but did not speak.

"You will be his wife very soon," I entreated.

"It shall be as he says," she answered, at last, and then went quickly out of the room.

By-and-by George came in.

"I have been talking with Sansie," said he. "Is it true that you wish her to be married?"

"Quite true," I answered. "I desire it above all things; do not dissuade her, I beg you."

While I was speaking Harold came into the room.

He dropped upon his knees beside me.

"Hilda! Hilda!" he sobbed, "it seems wicked, this joy that mocks your sorrow. You cannot bear it."

And then he kissed me, not once, but many, many times. For a moment there came into my heart a little fear for Sansie.

He had kissed her; that I knew, for I had seen him; had his heart gone out to her as it did to me?

Then the thought came to me, "He is kissing me as we kiss our dead," and I turned from him.

"Sansie Perrott," I said, with a brave smile, "it is a better name than Hilda Perrott, and I am glad that a better woman than I shall bear it in my stead."

There came long days after that, when I saw but little of Sansie, so absorbed was she in ruffles and tucks and feminine follies.

"I want this wedding over," said I, autocratically, and, fearing the effect of prolonged excitement, Sansie made no objection when an early day was named.

She would not bring her sewing and sit with me, but from the adjoining room I could hear the busy "snip, snip" of her scissors, and every now and then she would break into quick snatches of song.

She was evidently as happy as she dared to be, and I was more so than I would have believed possible.

Aunt Hilda was delighted. She liked Sansie, and made her a good many really valuable presents.

She came over one morning, bringing two bundles—a large and small one.

"You had better give Sansie that green silk of yours," said she. "I have found three or four yards of new that will do to fix the waist and sleeves, so it will make over nicely for her. I have brought you a pretty wrapper that will be of real service," unfolding as she spoke a dress of comfortable make and rich material, but of most objectionable color—in short, it was green.

I was very glad to give the unfortunate silk to Sansie, and should have done so before but for the fear of Aunt Hilda's displeasure.

I scarcely saw Harold until the eventful evening arrived.

I could not much blame him; and yet the thought that he avoided me was bitterly painful.

George came every day, gravely pitiful, tenderly kind. His very presence seemed a help and comfort.

That evening Sansie came to me in the early twilight—came in all the white splendor of her bridal loveliness. She was very sweet and gracious, but more than usually silent.

She made sure that my bed was placed just where I could look through the open door into the next room, where the strange, sweet ceremony was to take place. Little she knew how once before I had looked into that very room. Little she dreamed what I had seen and what I had heard!

So we sat alone together, hand clasped in hand, yet with a great, sad secret separating us. The room beyond was lighted up brilliantly.

We saw the minister come in with Aunt Hilda, and by-and-by one or two other particular friends.

They all seated themselves rather solemnly, and I heard Aunt Hilda sniff. Aunt Hilda always sniffed at weddings.

Then another door opened, and George and Harold came into our room.

George was dressed quite faultlessly in black; but Harold, in honor of the day, wore the old despised blue suit.

It was becoming, surely; and as he took me in his

arms for the last time, quite regardless of Sansie, all the pain and sorrow and loss of my life came over me like a great and overwhelming flood.

So, when they all passed into the next room together, I turned my face to the wall and wept silently.

Slowly, sweetly, in all their grand simplicity, fell upon my listening ears the solemn words of the beautiful marriage-service:

"I, George, take thee, Samanthia."

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON.

I opened my dazed eyes.

In the centre of the room stood Sansie, all glorious in white frills and little satin tags, and beside her stood George Perrott, taller and handsomer than ever in his happiness and pride. Ah, there was no treachery to me in this marriage, no unfaithfulness in Sansie's love.

The room was lighter now than it had been when I made my strange mistake, and truly the brothers were much alike.

How wonderful it seemed to think of Harold once again all my own, Harold standing just behind the bridal pair, alone, and with sorrowful, downcast eyes.

The minister raised his hands, and as the sacred words of the benediction fell from his lips, every head was bowed, and every eye closed.

I threw aside the coverings from my feet, not so useless as every one dreamed, and arose gently.

Slowly, painfully, but quite unsupported, I crossed the room and stood beside Harold.

A NATIVE DAM.

"Amen!" There came a scream from Aunt Hilda, a shrill cry of delight from Sansie, who turned her back upon her husband, in most unwifely fashion.

Then Harold's supporting arms were around me, and after one whispered word from me, we two stepped forward.

"I, Harold, take thee, Hilda," and at the words, all the pain and hopeless passion of the past fell from me like a garment, and we twain stepped into the marvelous radiance of that fair land where two walk together in perfect love and trust.

Afterward, amid tears and laughter I had to explain it all.

"God bless Dr. Dalrymple!" cried Harold, enthusiastically, and "Amen!" said George.

"Yes, bless his heart!" amended Sansie; "but he was a gay deceiver, and Hilda was another, to think"—shaking a menacing finger at me—"for one moment to think that I would be guilty of kissing any man but George; it is good enough for you, Mrs. Perrott, quite good enough for you, that you were obliged to put up with a green-and-blue-wedding, after all."

MY SETTLEMENT AT TAVEITA.

I looked at my wrapper, I looked at Harold, all in bonny blue.

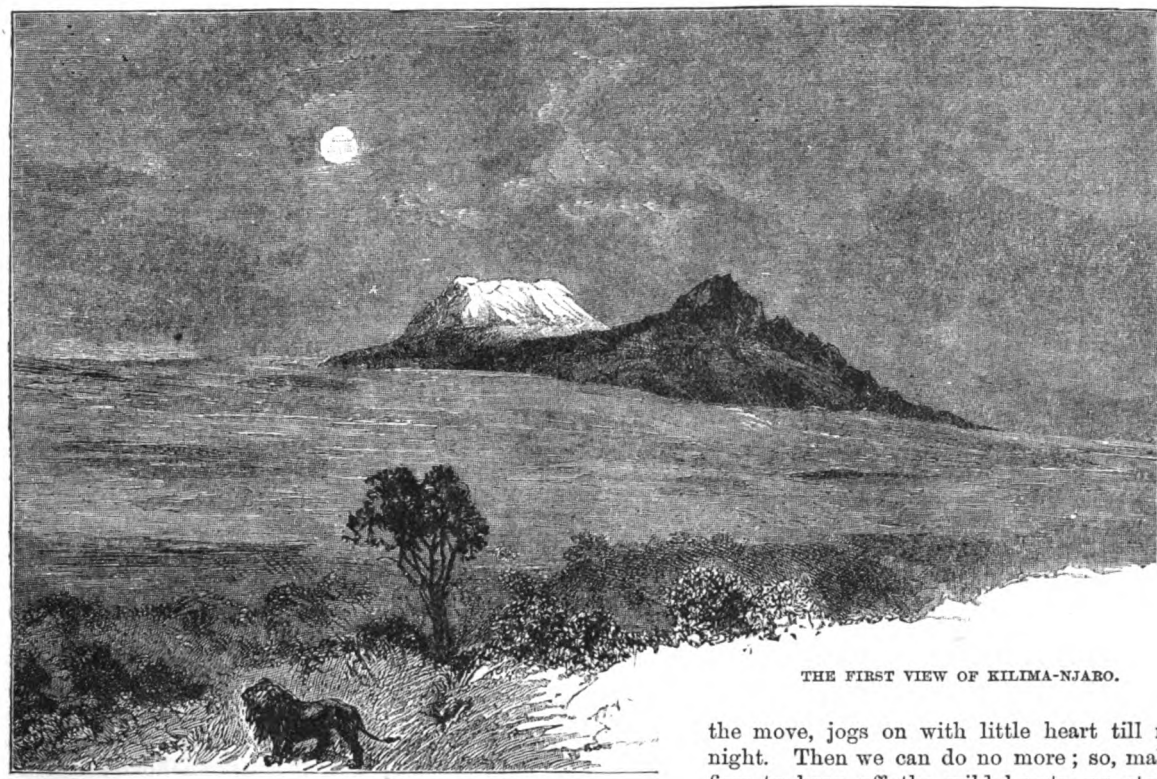
"Dear me!" I cried; "I never thought."

"Never thought!" repeated Sansie; "look at her well, a bride who never thought of her dress. Surely, to-night our eyes have seen a Modern Miracle."

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO.

By H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.

The caravan has been toiling on across the hot plains of Lanjora through the sultry afternoon, and now toward evening stops to lay down its many burdens amid the dusty tufts of scorched grass round the base of a great mimosa-tree. Only one hour must we rest, for water lies two days behind us and one long day's journey in front, and we intend but to stretch our tired legs on the lumpy soil until the obscurity prevailing after sunset is dis-



THE FIRST VIEW OF KILIMA-NJARO.

pelled by the uprising of the full moon. Then beneath her cooler rays we shall journey on toward our goal for half the night, and so be spared a longer walk through the heat of to-morrow's sun. To-day has been sultry, and, though the rainy season is over, the western sky is a mass of lurid clouds, which in one part of the horizon are particularly dark and concentrated. *I* know what causes this, and what object these cloud-masses are jealously concealing, like the courtiers and officials who surround the person of some Eastern emperor; and I, who have journeyed many weary miles to see the greatest snow-capped mountain of Central Africa, impatiently long for some giant broom to clear the sky of those heavy mists and vapors which now hide him from my gaze.

Slowly a globe of yellow-white rises in the east and mounts into the clouds, from whence a softened light descends and shows the track across the plain winding away like a crooked snake toward the west. With many an impatient sigh and grunt the weary men take up their burdens, and I, no less tired, but compelled to show my porters an encouraging example, stagger on to my blistered feet and limp along in front of the caravan, which, once more on the move, jogs on with little heart till midnight. Then we can do no more; so, making fires to keep off the wild beasts, we stop to rest till dawn. With the falling temperature of the small hours, a brisk wind arises from the heated plain and sweeps the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass that obstinately clings to Kilima-njaro. Feverish and over-tired, I cannot sleep, and sit and watch the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men are snoring around me, and the night is anything but silent, for the hyenas are laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I wake my servant Virapan (a Tamul boy, who has accompanied me from Aden), and whilst he is making my matutinal coffee I drop into a doze, from which, at dawn, he rouses me, and points to the horizon, where, in the northwest, a strange sight is to be seen. "Laputa!" I exclaim; and as Virapan, though he has read "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" in his native tongue, has never heard of "Gulliver's Travels," I proceed to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explain my exclamation by pointing to the now visible Kilima-njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibô and Kimawenzi and the parent mass of mountain, rises high above a level line of cloud, and thus, completely

THE MKUYUNI STREAM.

severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembles so strangely the magnetic Island of Laputa.

Weird is Kilima-njaro in the early flush of dawn, with its snowy crater faintly pink against a sky of deep blue-gray, wherein the pale and faded moon is sinking, and the stars are just discernible; but as the stronger light of perfect day prevails, and the clouds which conceal the base of the mountain disappear, its appearance is disappointing. Owing to an atmospheric illusion Kilima-njaro, which is in reality about forty miles distant, appears to rise from the plain just beyond those distant clumps of trees, and its greater peak of snow, so distinctly crater-like in form, together with the lesser and more jagged Kimawenzi, are as hard and commonplace in look as the cheap Italian water-color drawings of Vesuvius, charged with "body-color," and devoid of aerial effect.

The country here swarms with game, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Jipé. Herds of hartebeest (*Alcelaphus tora*), gnu, eland and buffalo defile before us, while the giddy zebras risk their lives by galloping up to inspect the passing caravan. The air is full of soaring vultures, a sure sign of abundant game, and further, as a corollary to the presence of the large herbivora, we soon detect in the soft soil the footprints of hyenas and lions. Just as we approach a green mass of bushy trees, to my amazement and surprise, a large black-maned lion crosses the path not thirty yards off, and what is stranger still, appears to take no notice of our coming. I only have a bird-gun with me, and my servant is unarmed, so I stop still to watch his movements until the foremost man of the caravan comes up, when, taking his Snider from him, I fire it somewhat precipitately at the lion, and, whether from excitement or incorrect aim, miss. The lion, who was crawling through the long grass, turns round, gazes at me, and trots off; while simultaneously a magnificent sable antelope, who had been grazing in close proximity, and whom the lion was evidently stalking, bounds with terrific leaps through the tangled bush, and I am left alone on the scene contemplating my lost chances somewhat blankly. The fact is, in African travel it is not easy to combine the accomplishment of twenty miles, walked every day on foot, with exploits of the chase.

When the rest of the caravan has come up with me I look at my watch, and find with joy that it is close upon midday, the hour for rest and food, so I gladly give the tired men the order to halt, and whilst my meal is preparing I explore our present surroundings.

For some two days since leaving the mountains of Taïta we have been crossing a waterless tract with poor herbage of dusty brown or yellow, white and gray withered trees, and real verdure has been denied us; but now on reaching this point where the lion greeted us a change of an agreeable character comes over the scene. Tall umbrageous trees cast a welcome shade over the short herbage, which is closely cropped like a lawn by the many herds of antelopes. The bushes are vividly green, and some of them bear tufts of bright-colored flowers. Many birds frequenting the bosky trees attest the proximity of water—we are, indeed, close to a little affluent of Lake Jipé—and the feeling that we we are now without threatened thirst adds to the pleasure of our repose, and promises for the future less arduous journeyings. Here, indeed, we are within the influence of Mount Kilima-njaro and the area of perpetual moisture surrounding its cloud-capped snow peaks.

Having rested, and satisfied our imperious appetites, we decide to push on further so as to reach the town of Taveita by to-morrow morning, so we walk on through scenery of increasing verdure, and swarming with animal life, till near sunset, when we build a "boma," or circular fence of thorny boughs, and sleep securely within, without fearing the possible attacks of Masai or other prelatory tribes.

The next morning, with the snow peak of Kibô fully in view against a sky of intense blue, we arrive at the precincts of Taveita, and are gladdened by the sight of banana plantations standing out in glistening green against the background of stately forest. For some mile or two before entering the great rendezvous of East-Central Africa trade the track winds through superb avenues of lofty umbrageous trees, and after many days of journeying in a sun-scorched wilderness the tired eyes of the traveler are here refreshed by the soft green of the exuberant vegetation, while he no longer tramps along a stony road under a blazing sun, but follows a soft, leaf-covered path plunged in absolute shade. In the near precincts of this forest settlement every path cut through the dense and impenetrable bush is blocked by a massive barricade of tree-trunks, with a narrow, delta-like slit in the centre, through which the men have to crawl and drag their burdens. There is no one to challenge us in this gateway, because the "passport" regulations of Taveita have been greatly relaxed of late years; but a few decades back this elaborate hindrance to free transit was the only protection the wretched Taveitans had against the merciless assaults of the Masai robber bands. By erecting these wooden obstructions across the only feasible approaches to their forest stronghold they checked the impetuous onslaught of the brigands, and were able, moreover, to kill many of the bewildered Masai with their guns before these people could creep round or destroy the barrier. As the Masai never throw their spears, but always use them and all their other arms in hand-to-hand conflicts, they are naturally at a disadvantage when opposed to an enemy who has intrenched himself behind a slight fortification, and can use his firearms to advantage. More will be said about this when I come to treat particularly of the native races of Kilima-njaro; at present, having squeezed through the narrow doorway, we are standing in Taveita, whilst the guns of the caravan are announcing to its inhabitants, with many a sonorous boom re-echoing through the forest alleys, that strangers are arriving with peaceable and friendly intentions, and a wish to trade. As I am in the act of crossing a narrow rivulet, by means of the slippery stem of a banana that has been thrown across it, I catch sight of the first natives, who are now on their way to inspect our caravan, and when I look up, and they see my white face and strange costume, a glad shout of surprise goes up from their wide mouths, and they push forward to seize and shake me by the hand.

Such an unusual and demonstrative welcome gives me a pleasant impression of Taveita to commence with, and this, I am glad to say, is strengthened as time goes on. Its inhabitants are, however, not only remarkable for their *bonhomie* and kindly disposition, but present other notable characteristics which are not long in impressing themselves on my observation. Firstly, their hair is generally worn in long strings, where the wool is stiffened with fat and red clay into a number of rats' tails. There are generally one or two incisors knocked out in the upper jaw, the lobes of the ear are enormously distended with wooden cylinders or rings, and lastly, the Wa-taveita, like most of the natives of Inner Eastern Africa (and unlike those of the West), are totally ignorant of what we call decency. I would like to express this more delicately by saying that they were innocent of all

clothing, but this would not be the case, as many of the inhabitants wore cloth, or skins, round their shoulders, either for adornment or when the weather was chilly with breezes blowing off the snow-capped mountain.

I feel at home with the Wa-taveita from the first, for they are thoroughly conversant with Swahili, the coast language—the French of Eastern Africa—and as I also know this tongue, we have at once a medium of ready communication. So the natives who have come to meet our caravan, and trot along by my side to direct me to the accustomed camping-place, chatter as we go, and not only ask for, but impart, information. One of the first questions is, "What is your name, white man?" "Johnston." "Jansan?" they shriek, laughingly. "Why, you must be Tamsan's (Thomson's) brother." (Mr. Joseph Thomson, on his way to Masai-land, had passed through Taveita, leaving a very pleasant impression behind him. As by an odd coincidence we were both white, and our names, in the natives' pronunciation, only differed in the initial consonant, the evident inference was that, to use the natives' phrase, "we were of one mother.") It would be of so little use trying to disabuse them of this happy and likely idea, that I accepted tacitly the suggested relationship, and it is soon noised about Taveita that Bwana Tamsan's brother is come, and many of Thomson's old friends flock to greet me.

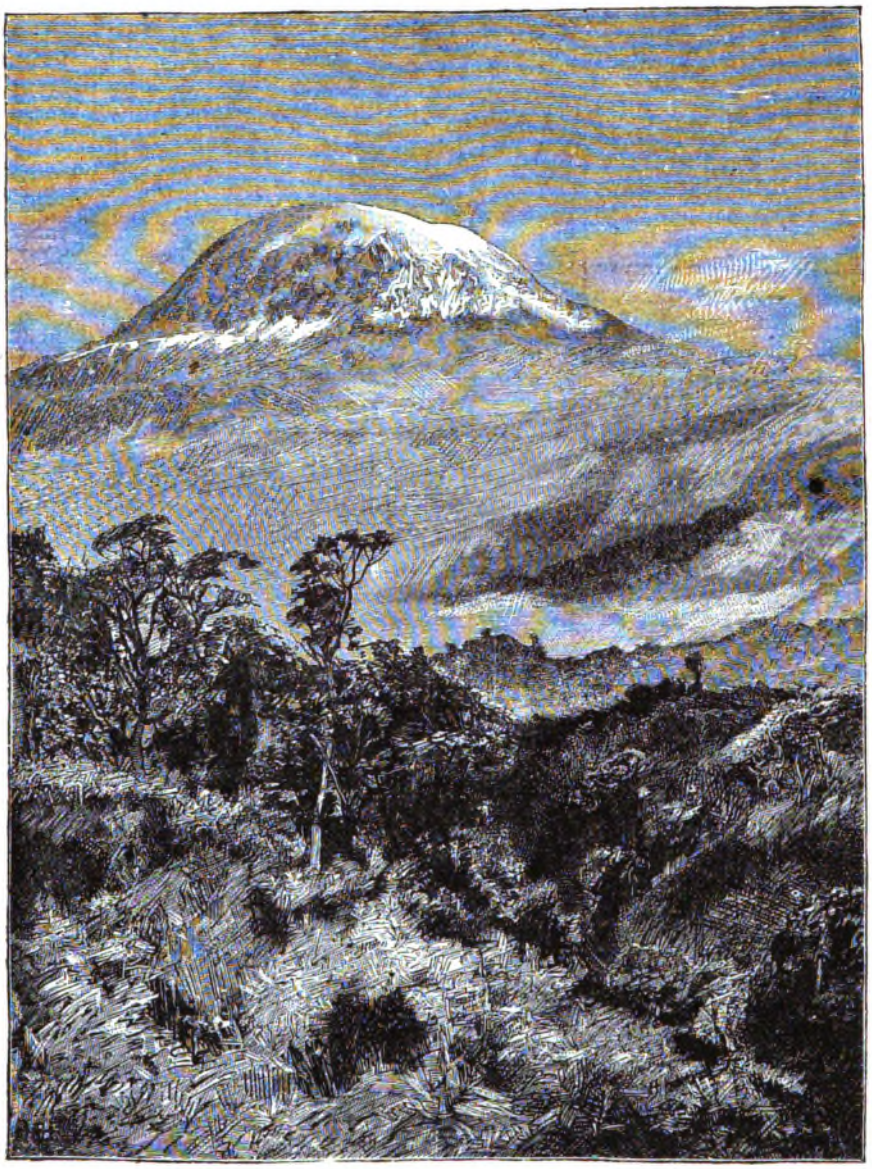
Our camp is established in one corner of a vast clearing, nearly square in shape, whereon certain Swahili traders, *en route* to Masailand, have built a temporary and straggling village of palm-thatched huts to accommodate their wives and concubines during their absence in the wilds. As soon as my tent is up, and my goods are properly stored and placed under the supervision of a trusted man, a food allowance is measured out to the hungry porters of the caravan. That is to say, a bale of cloth is unpacked, and each man receives three ells (or "hands," as they are here called) of white American sheeting, which is to purchase him sufficient food for three days. After the distribution of cloth the men disperse for the rest of the day to forage in the Taveita market, and I am free to attend to my own affairs and to receive my new acquaintances.

This little colony of quiet agriculturists, known as Taveita, is unlike the neighboring states in being a Republic, or Commonwealth, administered rather than ruled by an oligarchy of four or five important men known as the "Wa-zee," or Elders. There are really two entirely distinct races inhabiting Taveita—the Wa-kwavi, a tribe of settled Masai who have turned from lawless robbers into honest, thrifty tillers of the soil, and the Wa-taveita proper, a people of Bantu stock, allied in origin to the Wa-kamba further north and the Wa-chaga of Kilima-njaro. The Wa-taveita predominate over the Wa-kwavi in numbers, and the Elders are mostly of the former stock. These functionaries have come to greet me with little gifts and offerings such as they deem most acceptable to me, and, of course, expect an equivalent present on my part.

About half-past seven A.M. on the morrow we resume our journey toward Kilima-njaro. I am going to establish myself at the court of Mandara, chief of Moshi, a state on the southern flank of the mountain. Mandara is almost the only man in this country known by report to Europeans on the coast. He has sent letters to, and exchanged presents with, Sir John Kirk, and has seen, perhaps, each of the four or five Europeans who have ever approached Kilima-njaro. The way to his country lies first west, then northwest, of Taveita, and the distance to be traversed is some twenty-seven miles.

After leaving our camp we first have to cross the River Lumi.

Leaving the river, we walk for about two miles through very magnificent forest, where Raphia palms reach a great development; next we emerge abruptly on an unattractive wilderness of low thorny shrubs and coarse grass. The land rises gently before us toward the huge mass of Kilima-njaro, which is at present screened with lowering clouds. In the middle distance are broken chains of jagged hills, interspersed with isolated hillocks and mounds of conical shape, suggesting the idea that when the great discharge of eruptive matter from the two huge volcanoes of Kibô and Kiamwenzi was temporarily or permanently checked, the sick earth broke out all over the irritated surface with minor pustules and pimples through which the disturbing matter was discharged, the present aspect of the mountain and its vicinity being the result of the scars and hardened scabs of these now healed-up earthboils. We walk for some ten miles over an unattractive country devoid of water, and little better than desert. The hills are sparsely overgrown with sad, gray-looking trees, almost leafless or else sprinkled with scanty foliage of an olive-green. But as we have crossed a ridge stretching out into the plain, and our path, from sloping upward, descends a little on the other side, this fantastic vegetation, befitting the precincts of some horrid mediæval monster's lair, modifies its repulsive character, and becomes intermixed with shrubs and grass of vivid green, while to our joy we descry, some half a mile ahead, a belt of dense purple-green foliage, which in these African wildernesses always denotes the presence of water. In fact, a few minutes' walk takes us from the dull white glare of the hazy noontide in the open, shadeless waste into a cool, delicious bower of deep green shade, where at first, so great is the contrast, we blink our eyes and can see no details. Then I make out a clear limpid stream slipping over small stones, or forming still, quiet, mirror-like pools between gray walls of smooth, massive tree-trunks, which resemble stone in their color and polish. Often the severity of these broad wooden bulwarks will be tempered with rich masses of foliage depending from the smaller boughs above, and breaking up with graceful and fanciful detail the somewhat formal outline of the vista. The tree-trunks that border the stream are many of them singularly broad in girth. In one or two cases they are grappled with by parasitic figs that wind themselves round their stout victim like vegetable boa-constrictors, or, as in the example illustrated, like some huge, long-bodied lizard. In the shade of this green tunnel, where the little river—which the Swahili traders call the Mto wa Habari, or "River of News"—bores its way through the forest belt, we cast down our burdens and prepare to rest and eat our midday meal. The men go off to the other side of the stream, and are lost to sight in the woodland; I only know of their presence by the occasional murmur of voices coming from their camp, and by the blue curling smoke of their cooking-fires, which ascends in gentle puffs through the network of leafy boughs. My portable table and campchair have been unfastened, and the former is set up on a level patch of sward by the waterside, and is quickly covered with a snowy cloth from the canteen, while my servant further lays it with the enameled iron plates and knife and fork and napkin for my solitary meal. To pass the time and forget my impatient hunger whilst the repast is being prepared, I sit down on my campstool and make the rough sketch of the stream which is presented opposite; but my artistic labors are gladly laid aside at the announcement that lunch is



KIBÔ IN THE EARLY MORNING.

more, and start again on the road toward Moshi. The afternoon is sultry, and we feel so meritorious in having accomplished our ten miles before lunch, that there is a general disposition to take things easily; besides which, our path takes us through much more pleasing country than in the morning. We cross a biggish stream (which rises near the summit of Kilima-njaro, and is called the Kilema River), then a smaller one, and at last, near our preordained camping-place for the night—a charming "almost-island" (this term sounds more expressive than peninsula), nearly surrounded by the little Mkuyuni River. Lions roar at us all night from across the water, but we sleep securely. Soon after dawn I am aroused from a labyrinth of dreams, and have to dress hurriedly while my tent is pulled down and packed up, and my coffee is being prepared. By seven we are on the road once more, following in the spoor of the lions who visited us last night. Their footmarks continue along the path for several miles before they are lost in the bush. In Africa, wild animals avail themselves of the natives' paths as convenient highways along which to pass, whether seeking water or foraging for food.

ready, and I sit down with keen satisfaction to my tempting table, which has been further brightened by a little bouquet of wild-flowers, gathered and arranged by Virapan. What do you think I eat? Well, now, I will just take the trouble to describe this one meal, so that you may better realize how I ordinarily fare in Africa while on the road. Here is a plate of fowl soup to begin with, nicely flavored with onions, thickened with a little maize flour and rice. Two thin slices of toast lie beside it, made from some loaves my cook baked while we rested at Taveita. After the soup is finished comes a little good curry made from the soup meat, and flavored with cocoanut milk (for we have carried a sack of cocoanuts from the coast. Then, when the curry is eaten, a fresh plate is brought me, and a dear old battered calabash about half full of delicious honey, which tastes like the smell of mimosa-blossoms; and after eating some of this spread on a slice of Taveitan bread (which deserves its recipe in brackets: two pounds of maize flour, half a cup of palm wine, a quarter of an ostrich egg, a pinch of salt, and a spoonful of butter), I wind up my lunch with a cup of fragrant tea, and sit over an old book, while my men, with all possible speed, pack up the *impedimenta* once

I toil along the ascending path, and after an hour's stiff pull, catch a glimpse of an enchanting land. Hitherto our track has led through thick bush, with every view of the surrounding country shut out. Now we have entered a clearing, near to cultivation, and nothing impedes our view. Northward the vast mass of the mountain stretches upward into the heavens, its twin peaks shrouded in heavy cumulus clouds, and below the clouds, the billowy swell of hill upon hill and ridge succeeding ridge is a deep sullen blue under the heavy shadow of lowering cumuli. Then come a few lines of dark purple-green forest, still in shade, and, in the middle distance, where the sunlight breaks upon the scene, the gentle, rounded hills gleam out against the sombre background with their groves of emerald-green bananas marking the commencement of the cultivated zone. Nearer to us succeed deep ravines, with thread-like cascades, clumps of tidy forest —just a few tall trees left growing out of religious veneration—smooth, sunny downs, whereon flocks of goats are grazing, patches of freshly tilled soil, cultivated fields, hedge-lined lanes, and lastly, the red denuded hill, the

No-man's land, the Pisgah, on which we are standing to gaze on this Promised Land, toward which for thirteen days we have been toiling through the wilderness. There is, however, no preordained restriction to my entering it, nor is my lieutenant qualified to play the part of Joshua, so I, who have been pausing here to let all my followers come up with me and regain their breath, once more take up my staff and march into Mandara's country.

Some soldiers, decorated with white and black monkey-skins, and armed with tremendous broad-bladed spears, come forward to greet us, and indicate a cleared space of ground whereon we may encamp. Mandara does not make his appearance until the tent is up and everything in order. When I hear that he has arrived I go forth a little way to meet him, and see standing in front of a semicircle of warriors a man of tall commanding figure clothed in a garment looking like a long and very dirty nightgown. I see at once by his face that it is Mandara, as his mien is so singularly king-like, and differs so strikingly from the mean physiognomies around. His face is oval and full, with somewhat aquiline nose, wide mouth, perfect teeth, and thin lips, a firm, well-modeled chin, prominent cheek-bones, and *one* eye of wonderful fire and brilliance, the other optic being steeped in darkness. His eyebrows are contracted in half-amused wonderment, and he regards me in rather a quizzical manner. However, I favorably impress him during our first interview. The letters from Sir John Kirk to the chief are duly read and presented, and I then retire to rest in my camp. We are here about 3,500 feet in altitude, relatively at the foot of the mountain, but yet with splendid views over the plains, which lie 1,500 feet below. All around are signs of agriculture of a high order, and though the people are naked, one can see they are anything but savages. There is nowhere a congeries of houses that can be called a town, but the whole country, where it is cultivated, is equally inhabited. Wherever the ground is not in cultivation it is covered with brilliantly colored wild-flowers — balsams, hibiscus, dissotis, green and white ground-orchids, scarlet aloes, and numberless species whose names I know not, and from all these the bees are taking toll. The mild-eyed kine driven from the pastures suggest supplies of milk; the throng of bees about the blossoms imply that honey is also to be had. On the branches of all the big trees hereabouts are hung oblong cases—boxes—made of bark, in which these half-domesticated bees construct their hives and store their honey. These "honey-boxes," called by the natives "Mizinga," which word is also applied to cannons on the coast, are familiar objects in East Africa, and may generally be met within the vicinity of villages.

On the first day after our arrival Mandara sends me guides to point out the site of land on which I am to settle and build my first station. It lies about two miles to the northeast of the chief's residence on the brow of a fine hill nearly 5,000 feet high, but of course not much elevated above the surrounding country.

The morning after our arrival at Kitimbiriu (as our hill-site is called) I have so much to do that there is no time to contemplate the beauties of the scenery. There are ninety men of Mombasa, who have carried my goods hither, to be discharged and sent back to the coast. There are all the necessary preparations to be made for commencing our settlement, and each of the men remaining with me must have his work told off to him. This one is to set to and clear the ground for a kitchen-garden, that one must drive our milch cow and her calf, our goats and sheep to the green pastures, and follow them as they browse, and bring them home at sunset. Another takes the fowls under his care (all these live creatures have been bought immediately after our arrival, and so each of the thirty men who remain with me must have his appointed task. The cooks set to work to

TREES WITH HONEY-BOXES.

organize a kitchen, the builders seek for poles in the forest to make the framework of our dwellings, the roadmakers ply their spades and pickaxes to clear an easy road, and so the busy hum of work rises like a cheerful refrain throughout the hours of daylight. When the red disk of the sun dips below the blue horizon of the plain I ring a bell, and the men with gleeful shouts acknowledge the signal for a suspension of labors and return the implements to the tent before they troop off to their cooking-fires.

But after a day or two, when things are going smoothly, when all palavers with Mandara and his subjects are at an end, when the seeds have been planted in my gardens, and I can trust the immediate superintendence of my men to my lieutenant, when I have set my two collectors at work pressing plants and collecting insects, I am able to spend a few hours of the day in invigorating, health-giving rambles round the neighborhood of my settlement.

Our primal houses are roughly made in a very few days.

Happy time this is! Everything is fresh to me. The cares of journeying, the weary tramps of twenty miles a day, are over. I can be sure of water and food, and know at stated hours in the day a tempting meal will be awaiting me. So, with a light heart, I set out to explore the beauties of my African Switzerland. First, of course, I crave for a good view of the giant dome of Kibô, the highest summit of the mass, the "Kilima-njaro" ("Mountain of the Snow Fiend"), as the coast people call it, the "Home of God" (Engaji Engai) as it is more reverently termed by the Masai of the plains. This, the highest peak in Africa (18,800 feet high) is not always on view. For weeks together he will be swathed in clothes. But should you be an early riser you will scarcely fail to catch a glimpse of him just at sunrise, when before the cold breath of morning the unfolding clouds part and scatter and disclose his splendid crown of virgin snow irradiated with the pink morning sunshine. Thus it was that within a few days of my arrival I had my first good stare at and began my first detailed sketch of Kilima-njaro.

The jealous clouds, however, grant me but a poor half-hour in which to sketch the features of their monarch, and I am compelled to defer the completion of my work to other opportunities.

Throughout the four months of my residence on Kitimbiriu the beauties of the scenery never palled and never grew monotonous. With such varied atmospheric agencies the effects around us changed like the designs of a kaleidoscope, and rarely came two alike. Sometimes, perhaps at early dawn, everything would be vailed in blank mist, save only the summit of Kibô, and this would gleam out above the clouds, like some supernatural vision, rosy in the effulgence of the coming dawn. Or, it may be, in the noontide every trace of vapor will have vanished, and the velvet forest lies glowing in gold-green light and dusky purple shadows, every detail strongly marked, while the precipices, jutting rocks and shining *névés* of Kibô are discernible with startling clearness, though the peak lies distant nearly fifteen miles. In the afternoon, perhaps, the sky is hung with dense curtains of purple gray cloud, and the plain below lies in monotonous blue shadow; only away to the west, behind the pyramid of Méru, the heavens exhibit one clear cloudless belt, which the descending sun turns to refulgent gold, and against this relief, as on some antique illumination or decorative design, the peak of Méru and the jagged hill-tops at its base stand out in a simple tone of indigo.

So passed my first few weeks in Kilima-njaro; in planting, building, scheming; sketching landscapes, and skinning birds. No troubles as yet overcast my horizon, and if, afterward, I was harassed with anxious fears and worried with intolerable suspense, the memory of those darker days is overborne by the vivid impression I retain of this first and brightest period of my sojourn in Kilima-njaro, which I find noticed in my diary as "The happiest time I ever spent in Africa."

For nearly four months, however, I chafed under a sense of impotence. I had come to Kilima-njaro expressly to visit and collect the fauna and flora living at high altitudes near the snow line; but owing to the obstacles arising from the hostility and suspicion of the natives I was continually repelled in my various attempts to ascend the mountain and make my habitation in the upper region above the inhabited zone. At one time I was detained a semi-prisoner by Mandara; at another, when I had regained his good graces, and endeavored to ascend with his guides, Mandara's enemies, the Wa-Kibôso, came in force and turned me back. If I sent my followers to collect they fared even worse than I did, being too timorous and apprehensive to do any work, and falling constantly into ambushes, where they nearly fell victims to the wiles of the savages.

At last deliverance came. My convoy, which I had dispatched to Zanzibar soon after my arrival, returned with reinforcements, but not until we had anxiously awaited their coming for many weeks. I then took leave of Mandara and our charming settlement in Moshi, and changed my headquarters to Taveita, thinking thus to proclaim my neutrality in the quarrels of the rival tribes of Kilima-njaro, for Taveita is a peaceful republic, on good terms with all the neighboring states. Without loss of time I sent messengers to the Chief of Marang'u, informing him that I wished to pass through his country as a friend and ascend Kilima-njaro to the snow, promising to pay liberally any guides who might volunteer. My embassy was well received, and returned to Taveita with a fine fat sheep as an offering of the "Sultan's." I went to Marang'u (a state lying on the southeast flank of Kilima-njaro), gave its sovereign handsome presents and magnificent promises to slake his exorbitant greediness, procured three guides, and at length, nearly worn out with worry and hard work—for remember, gentle and sympathetic reader, that all the burden and responsibility of the Expedition lay on my shoulders undivided—I had the satisfaction of starting for the third or fourth time to reach the snow, not any longer apprehensive of native hostility, for besides the protection now accorded me by my whilom foes, I had what was more valuable—a little force of forty well-armed, resolute men.

Imagine that we have spent all one afternoon climbing through the well-cultivated, inhabited zone, and have at length reached the heathy wilderness at an altitude of 6,500 feet, where, beside a lovely fern-choked brook, we encamp for the night. As soon as morning breaks we strike the tents, swallow a hasty breakfast, and recommence our climb, and soon enter the dense virgin forest, which within the limits of 7,000 and 10,000 feet, clothes all the southern face of Kalima-njaro. The woodland scenery here is very pretty and English-like, though fine timber is rare, the trees being short and twisted, and choked with dense undergrowth. The wild flowers are beautiful.

Our path is very wet with the moisture that drips from the forest, and often obstructed with huge tree-trunks that lie across it. It is one of a series of tracks which converge from the different little kingdoms on the mountain up to a height of about 9,000 feet odd, where they

join a path running nearly due east and west from Shira. We fear no man, and pass blithely along the ascending path, talking and laughing gayly, in pleasant contrast to the silent tread and cautious whispers which marked our previous excursions into the wilds of the Alpine region. The ascent is so gradual, that after walking from dawn till half-past eleven we find ourselves at an elevation little exceeding 7,000 feet. By three o'clock a height of 9,000 feet has been reached, and here we proceed to camp for the night. On the way we have passed for some distance through a region clear of forest, and merely covered with open grass. At our camping-place, however, we enter the woodland again, and here, fortunately, we find a little stream of water. Indeed, on the road between the mountain and Marang'u water is everywhere abundant. I catch a small chameleon and several beetles in this place. The next day we leave this camp at eight o'clock and journey eastward for about two hours, searching for a good sight whereon to make my settlement, which must be close to water, and not too high up, so that my shivering followers may not suffer unreasonably from cold. I soon fix on an admirable spot—a grassy knoll rising above the river of Kilema, which takes its source near the base of Kimawenzi. The altitude of this site is nearly 10,000 feet. It is about four miles in a direct line from Kimawenzi, and about seven from Kibô. Directly my choice is made, so that no time may be lost, the men set to work at once cutting down the giant Ericas (heaths), and using their trunks for building-poles and their dry heather for thatch, while the coarse grass that here covers the ground is reaped, and also employed for roofing the huts and making snug beds on the ground. With such rapidity do the men work, that before nightfall on the day of our arrival some fifteen cozy huts have been largely completed and a rough kind of kitchen has been made for my behoof.

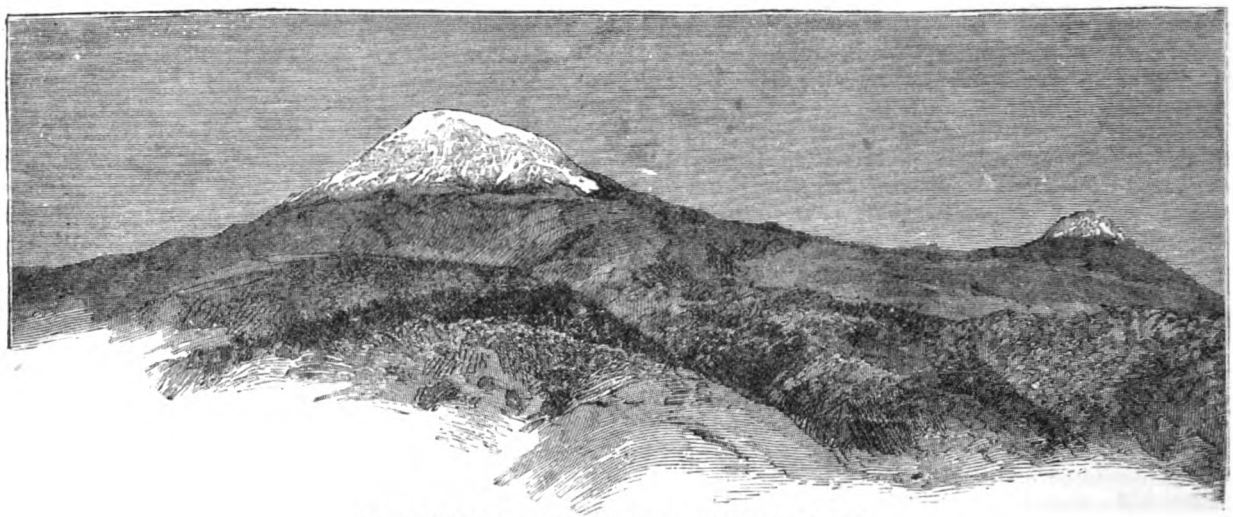
The day succeeding our arrival bands of natives—our whilom foes—arrive from Kibôso, bringing provisions for sale, both good in quality and cheap in price, so that all anxiety about provisioning my party is at an end. I cannot but admire the enterprise which these people showed in carrying their wares some eight or nine miles to trade with one whom but a few days before they had considered a dangerous magician. I soon got on excellent terms with these Wa-Kibôso, whom in past days I had looked upon as my bitterest foes, and who had been in turns amazed and mystified by my fireworks and my theodolite.

Unfortunately, a bruise which my kneecap has sustained forces me to confine my rambles for the first few days after my arrival to the immediate vicinity of my new settlement, though I have plenty to do in collecting specimens of the very interesting flora and fauna which surround us. The first lengthy excursion I make is to the base of Kimawenzi, the lesser of the two peaks. The terrible hurricane of wind, however, that rages round this jagged series of lava spurs prevents me from continuing the ascent, though I doubt whether it be possible for any one to reach the summit owing to the want of foothold.

My chief idea, naturally, is to attempt the ascent of the great peak of Kibô, which marks not only the apex of the Kilima-njaro mountain-mass, but is also the highest of all known African mountains, reaching, as far as I can calculate, to 18,800 feet above the sea level. To make a successful ascent it will be necessary, owing to the time occupied on the journey, to pass a night at some point half way. Accordingly, I cannot go alone, but must induce a few followers to accompany me to carry my necessary *impedimenta*. My Indian servant, Virapan, of course volunteers, but I have to leave him behind, as he is not only disabled with severe ulcers on the legs, but I am afraid to quit the settlement without putting some responsible person in charge. So I select three of my followers who look agile and strong, and providing each man with a warm blanket, and loading them with my own coverings, with food, and with implements for collecting and observing, I wait until the morning mists have somewhat cleared, and then turn my face to that quarter of the sky where the heavy concentration of cloud masses indicates the presence of the great Kibô. Starting at nine, I walk upward, with few stops until about 1:30. At first we cross grassy undulating hillocks, the road being fairly easy. Then we enter a heathy tract, scorched and burnt with recent bush fires, but higher up, where the blaze has not reached, the vegetation is fairly abundant and green. Small pink irises stud the ground in numbers; an occasional gladiolus of a vivid crimson gleams out brightly from the tufted grass. About 12,600 feet we strike a pretty little stream, flowing S.S.W., and lower down carving its way through a tremendous ravine, the sides of which are clothed with thick vegetation, and gayly lit up with the brilliant red leaf-shoots of the Protea (*P. abyssinica*) shrub.

As we ascend on the further side of the stream-valley, we come to some strange boulders, or smooth masses of rock, about which the ground becomes pappy and boggy with water; in fact, three or four warm springs of a temperature of 91 degs. Fahr. here issue from the ground. Mounting high above the rivulet, the scenery becomes much harsher; vegetation shows itself in dwarfed patches as we pass the altitude of 13,000 feet, and the ground is covered with boulders, more or less big, apparently lying in utter confusion and without any definite direction. These slabs of rock are singularly shaped, and marked like huge tortoises, being divided by lines and seams into a tessellated surface. They are not very difficult to climb over, and even seem to act as irregular stone steps upward. In their interstices heaths of the size of large shrubs grow with a certain luxuriance, and bright yellow *Euryops* flowers stud the occasional patches of bare earth; while every now and then my eye alights with pleasure on lovely clusters of pink everlasting flowers, growing, where they do grow, so thickly that they present a blushing sheet of rosy bloom.

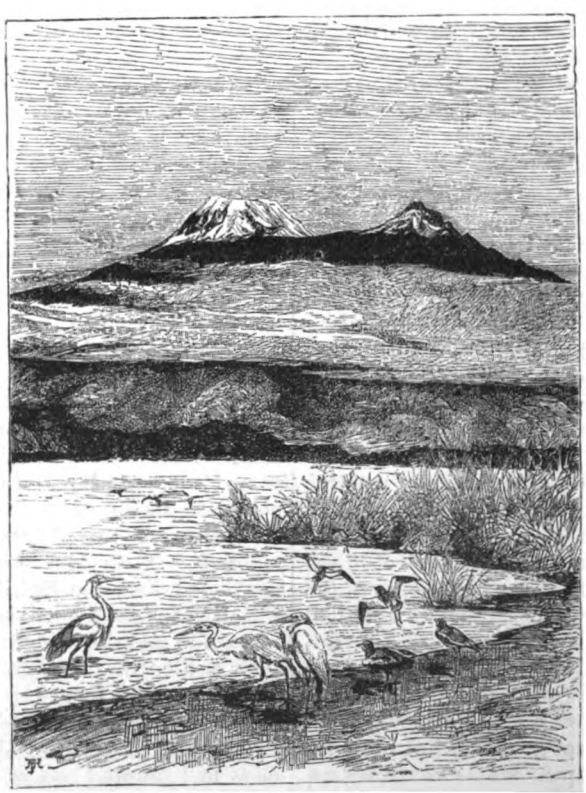
About 13,700 feet I see the last resident bird, a kind of stonechat apparently. After this, with the exception of the great-billed ravens, which are continually waving and circling round our heads, as if we are likely to become carrion sooner or later, there are no other living creatures in sight, though we continually encounter the footprints of buffalo and antelope. On reaching a height a little above 14,000 feet, I stop again to boil the thermometer and refresh myself with a little lunch. Throughout this ascent, which is easy, I suffer absolutely nothing from want of breath or mountain sickness, although my three Zanzibaris lay behind panting and exhausted, and complain much of their lungs and head. Moreover, roaring gusts of wind breaking the silence of the mountain makes them look round with ashy countenances, convinced that the Spirit Kilima-njaro, in fact Njaro himself, the frost demon, is upon them, coming *in propria persona* to chastise our presumption. I often dread that their panic will overcome them, and that they will turn and flee, casting away my collecting things, instruments, and provisions. About this time, too, we occasionally hear distant rumblings of thunder echoing among unseen cliffs and valleys; and though these weird sounds may only be referable to that cause, still I confess that to a



KILIMA-NJARO, SHOWING BOTH ITS SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS.

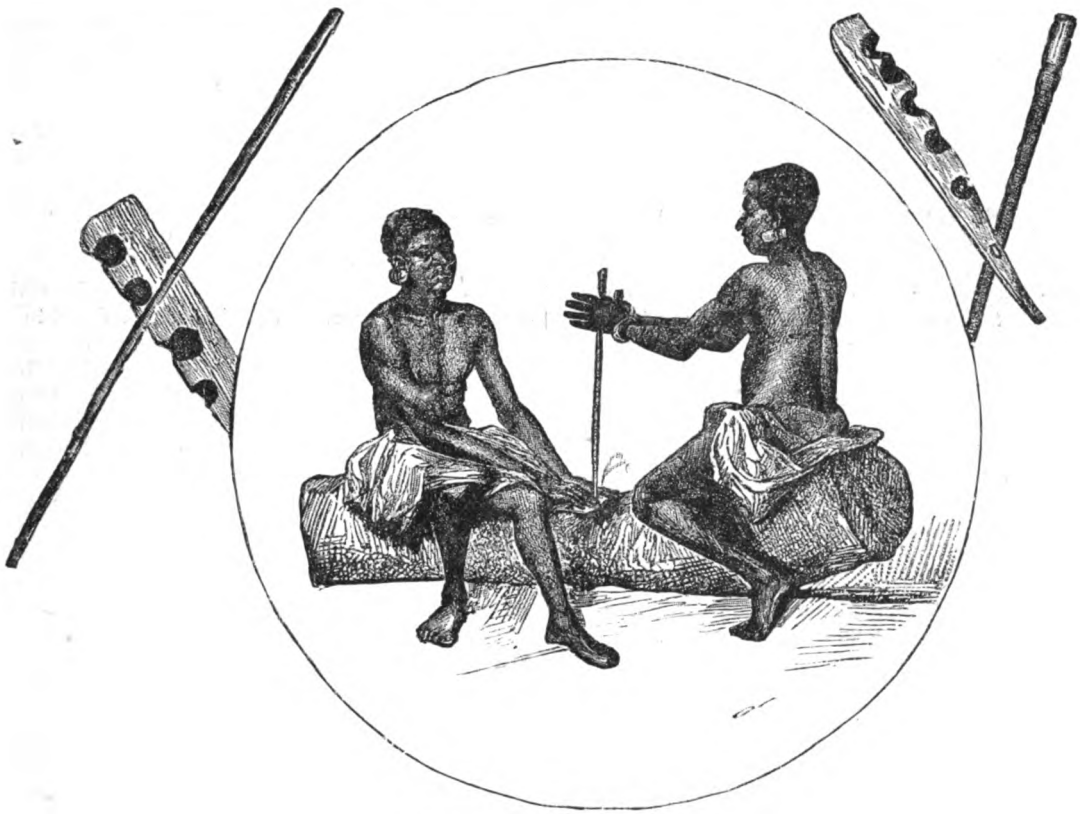
negro's imagination they do resemble somewhat the rising murmurs of an angry spirit. However, I resolve not to try their powers of endurance much longer; so, with due directions for making fires and constructing a rough shelter for the night, I hasten to continue my ascent while the weather will permit.

Mounting up a few hundred feet higher than the last stopping-place, and rounding an unsuspected ravine, I arrive close to the base of a small peak which has been a continual and useful point to aim at during the whole journey from my station. I am now at an elevation of 15,150 feet, and on the central connecting ridge of Kilima-njaro, and can see a little on both sides, though the misty state of the atmosphere prevents my getting any good view of the country. This ridge, which from below looks so simple and straight, is in reality dotted with several small monticules and cut up into many minor ridges, the general direction of them being, on the southern side from northeast to southwest. To the eastward I can see the greater part of Kimawenzi rising grandly with its jagged peaks and smooth glissages of golden sand. Westward I still look vainly in the piled up clouds, for the monarch of the chain yet remains obstinately hidden, and I am at a loss how best to approach his crown of virgin snow. At length—and it is so sudden and so fleeting that I have no time to fully take in the majesty of the snowy dome of Kibô—the clouds part, and I look on a blaze of snow so blinding white under the brief flicker of sunlight that I can see little detail. Since sunrise this morning I have caught no glimpse of Kibô, and now it is suddenly presented to me with unusual and startling nearness. I begin to notice that the outline of the eastern face of the summit is much less convex or rounded than it has appeared from a point lower down, and more under the peak, and that now its square craterous form becomes more evident, as when seen from a distance in the plains below. But before I can get out my sketch-book and sharpen my chalk pencil the clouds have once more hidden everything—indeed, have inclosed me in a kind of London fog, very depressing in character, for the decrease in light is rather alarming to one who feels himself alone and cut off at a point nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc. However, knowing now the direction of my goal, I rise from the clammy stones, and, clutching up my sketch-book with benumbed hands, begin once more to ascend westward.



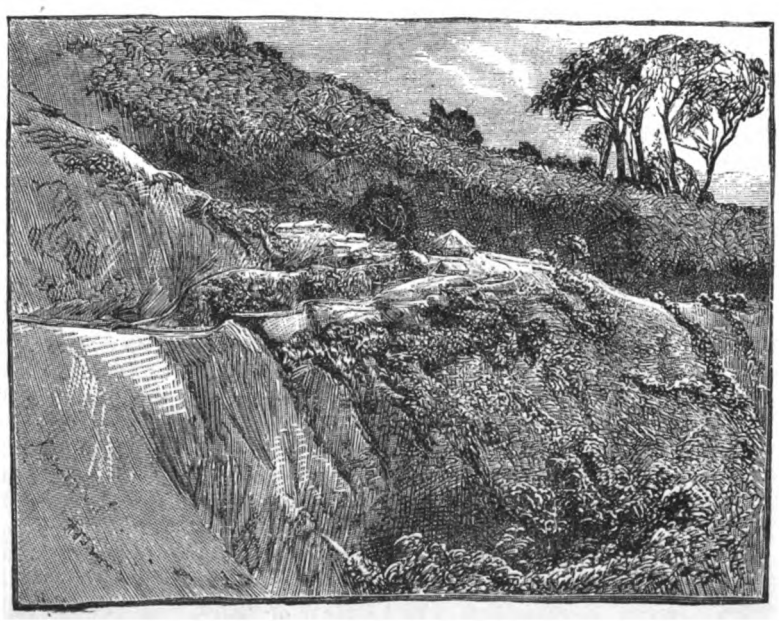
KILIMA-NJARO SEEN FROM LAKE JIPÉ.

Though reflection tells me it would be better to return to my followers, and recommence the climb next day, I still struggle on with stupid persistency, and, at length, after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encounter snow flying at my very feet, and nearly plunge headlong into a great rift filled with snow that here seemed to cut across the ridge to interrupt it. The dense mist clears a little in a partial manner, and I then see to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits are concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow is just discernible, and altogether the prospect is such a bleak and gloomy one, with its all-surrounding curtain of sombre cloud and its uninhabited wastes of snow



TAVEITA MEN MAKING FIRE.

and rock, that my heart sinks within me at my loneliness. But just as I am imagining myself the sole living being at this elevation, and the only spectator of this vast solitude, a something sweeps over me, driving a wave of cold, misty air against my face, and making my heart thump with a sudden inexplicable terror. There is nothing supernatural, however, in the visitation. Only a huge black-and-white raven, which, emerging from the mist, alights on a ledge of rock in front of me, and contemplates my appearance with evident surprise. I could easily slay this creature so boldly regarding me, but the idea of doing so never enters my head. It almost seems the embodiment of the mountain spirit, whom to fire on would be sacrilege punishable by being hurled down the abyss of snow and rock which yawns on one side of the ridge along which I climb. So I leave the raven still perched quietly on the stone until the mist screens him from my backward look, and meantime go plodding along upward, till at length, utterly exhausted and numbed with cold, I throw myself on the snow-bespattered ground, and feel that I shall never regain the force to quit this horrid solitude of stones and snow. However, a few minutes' immobility and a sip from my flask somewhat restore my courage, and feeling convinced of the impossibility of ascending any higher on this occasion, I proceed to boil my thermometer, to ascertain the altitude. The mercury rises to 183.8, an observation which, when computed, gives an altitude of 16,315 feet. This is the highest point (within a little more than 2,000 feet of the summit) which I ever attain on Kilima-njaro. Fearing to be benighted in these alpine solitudes, I now resolve to hasten back as quickly as possible to my improvised shelter, for the clouds are thickening, and thin showers of sleety snow are falling. A high wind arises and whips



KITIMBIRIN, OUR FIRST SETTLEMENT ON KILIMA-NJARO.

my face with the icy rain, and makes it difficult to keep my footing. At length I reach the boulders and the sand, then descending with greater ease, enter once more, at about an altitude of 15,000 feet, the region of vegetation. Keeping in view the small hillock I have already mentioned as such a useful landmark, I ultimately find my way back to the spot where I have left my men. What is my agonized surprise to discover, on searching the sheltered hollow, that it is deserted and abandoned. I hesitate but little. Sooner than remain here without blankets, food or fire, I will endeavor to regain my station, even though I have to wander all night on the lonely flanks of the mountain; so, starting off in the waning daylight, I hurry over the now easy descent at a pace which soon quickens into an irregular run. I cross the stream at the well-remembered ford, and, cheered by the sight of old landmarks, and warmed by the violent exercise, I march on straight in the direction of my little village. The mists disperse, the moon shines out brightly, I can clearly distinguish familiar hill-tops, and, on reaching once more the banks of my own river, I then have an unfailing guide to follow until the glimmering watch-fires of my settlement glance out from its bushy stockade, and the loud voices of men break the still and frosty air. As I step in through the palisade, and appear before my almost terror-stricken men, I see I am at first taken for my own ghost, and not till I have spoken a few sentences in a very real and energetic tone to the three culprits who have deserted me is the impression removed. It transpires that my three followers had remained for about an hour in the place I had left them, and then, seeing I did not return, had been seized with an irresistible panic, had caught up their loads, and had returned helter-skelter to the station. Fortunately they have not lost the collections; so, after a short rebuke, I am disposed to condone their fault, the more so as I feel too thankful to return to warmth and shelter, and familiar faces, to pass unnecessary time in unprofitable scolding.

I remain some little while longer in this elevated settlement, and, although I am much hindered by the bad and tempestuous weather, I make excursions in all directions for the purpose of collecting. In one of these trips I once more reach the snow, but owing to the length of time involved in a climb to the snow line (for the slope of the mountain is very gradual), I am never able to accomplish the entire ascent of either peak, going and returning in one day; and as I find it impossible to induce my shivering followers to accompany me into the mists and hailstorms, and cannot unaided carry instruments and food, I have reluctantly to resign my long-meditated feat, and leave the actual summit of Kilima-njaro still virgin.

I prepare to evacuate my highest station on Kilima-njaro, at the end of October, and following a new route through an unexplored country, return to Taveita and the coast.

Leaving our alpine settlement, with its grassy slopes and forests of arboreal heaths, we take the path running eastward round the upper slopes of the mountain. For a day and a half we wander through the dense forests that clothe the southern flank of Kimawenzi, with no guide but the compass, and no track but the paths just trodden before us by wandering herds of elephants. At length we emerge on the cultivated country, and, at a height of 6,000 feet, descend into the district of Bombo. The savage inhabitants of this unvisited district at first greet us with hostile war-cries, and, taking our quiet progress for an organized invasion, advance to assault us with their feeble spears and flights of arrows. However, seeing we do not diverge from our path nor return the onset, they finally stand aloof, and we march unopposed out of their country into the No-man's Land beyond.

We pass close to the brink of Lake Chala, an extinct crater filled with water, and strangely and most picturesquely situated above the almost level plains below. Reaching the River Lumi (our river," as we always affectionately call it), we march along its bank till our beautiful forest home of Taveita is entered, and here we gladly surrender ourselves to a few quiet days of repose before starting for the coast.

I am, indeed, unhappy for one cause only at this time —namely, the prospect of being soon obliged to quit this paradise. Still, the original term of service for which the men were engaged will be up at the end of November, and before that time I must reach the coast to pay them off. Unless more funds are forthcoming I shall have to discharge my porters, pay their wages, wind up my affairs, and return to England, for living in Central Africa is no more possible without money (or money's worth) than it is elsewhere. Nevertheless, I cannot bear to think I am quitting the country, and feel so hopeful and convinced that help in some shape or form will await me in Zanzibar, and that in a few weeks I shall be back in Taveita with renewed zeal for my work, that I do not like to abandon my comfortable and well-ordered settlement to the wild beasts and white ants, especially as the ground it is built on is my own, purchased from the natives of Taveita. Therefore, after a little deliberation, finding, moreover, that I have many goods and implements of husbandry which I can neither carry to the coast, for want of porters, nor bring myself to throw away, and disliking also to abandon my goats, fowls, ducks, pigeons and tame ostriches, I finally decide to leave four men in charge of the settlement, who should await my return during three months, and if I do not then arrive, pack up as many of the things as they can carry, and accompany one of the Swahili caravans returning to the coast.

These and other preparations made, I take a most reluctant farewell of my pretty town, and also of the pleasant-tempered and friendly Wa-taveita, who entreat me to return very soon and dwell amongst them. I then make a short march of four hours to the northern corner of Lake Jipé, where I camp out, remaining a few days in the vicinity of this piece of water, in order to observe the denizens of its banks. Lake Jipé is, in reality, a shallow back-water of the Lumi River, which afterward becomes the Ruvu, and enters the Indian Ocean at Pangani. It is, in short, a tiny edition of the Albert Nyanza, twelve miles long by three to four broad. On the southern bank the Mountains of Ugweno rise grandly to heights of 6,000 feet and 7,000 feet, contrasting markedly with the opposite shore, whereon we are encamped, which is a flat plain, but little raised above the lake.

The last grand view of Kilima-njaro that we obtain is from the borders of the lake. The craterous shape of the larger peak becomes very massed. Here we gaze for the last time on the majestic lineaments of the king of African mountains, and then regretfully turn our backs on him, leave the borders of the lake, and cross a low ridge of limestone hills that shut out Kilima-njaro and Jipé from our gaze. Our faces are now turned toward the fine Mountains of Parc, which, though not ascending to any greater height than 7,000 or 8,000 feet, still are so admirably picturesque in outline that they recall, with their green valleys and tumbling streams, the mountain scenery of Wales.

In the plains below, the soil is rich, black and alluvial;

green grass grows luxuriantly, together with some lovely lilies, whose white blossoms star the prairie in all directions. Here I see more game at once than I have ever seen in Africa. It is a sportsman's paradise—a delicious dream of happy hunting-grounds scarcely to be realized in this life. Hundreds and hundreds of giraffes scud before us; herds of elands (the bulls in deep dun color, with glossy hides that look like satin in the noonday sun) saunter along, now nibbling the sweet grass, now trotting off as we advance. Myriads of red hartebeests, sable antelopes, pallahs and zebras stud the undulating plain, while a small group of ostriches may be observed on our left-hand side, and a rhinoceros stands under the shade of a mimosa to the right of the path, flicking his short tail from side to side, and watching the movements of the caravan with suspicion. Alas! they have no reason to fear me. Waterless, dead beat and sun-stricken, it needs all my resolution painfully to plod along the path, and I am quite incapable of stalking big game when I doubt if I shall have sufficient force left to carry me to our camping-place at Ngurungani.

Arrived here in the early afternoon, we find a large force of Mosai camped round the drinking-pools, and it needs more than an hour's patient diplomacy to keep these worthies from submitting us to indiscriminate slaughter; we only, in fact, induce them to leave us alone and go their way by adopting an unworthy subterfuge, and assuring them that we have smallpox (a disease they much dread) in our caravan. The next day we camp at Kisiwani, a pretty spot at the foot of the Parc Hills. Then twenty miles further on we come to the fruitful and pleasing district of Gouja, a settlement of Wazeguha, ruled by the sons of Semboja, the Chief of Western Usambara. Here signs of coast influence are quite apparent, and, for the first time since leaving Mombasa at the commencement of the expedition, I knew I was not among savages.

We rest a day in this pleasant spot, and then walk on in two or three stages until the mountain walls of Usambara (rising a clear 4,000 feet or more from the plain below, like giant cliffs) stand over us, and the residence of Semboja is reached. Here we see the red flag of Zanzibar flying, and are informed that Semboja, the most powerful chief between Kilima-njaro and the coast, delights to number himself among the vassals of Sayyid Barghash. I take advantage of this to present the letter of introduction given me by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the epistle produces a pleasant and palpable result in a present of goats and bullocks. The chief, in fact, is vastly hospitable, and will not let me leave till he has had a good long gossip. On parting with him I give him a good fowling-piece and some other articles, principally clothing, and we both exchange assurances of sincere friendship.

On leaving his capital we make for the Ruva River—which takes its rise in Lake Jipé—and, following its banks for three days, at length arrive at the seacoast, and draw up in the town of Pangani, where I install myself in the comfortable house belonging to the Universities Mission. Here I get some of the sweetest foretastes of civilization. Though the building is unoccupied save by the caretaker, it has been recently visited by the missionaries, and they have left behind an ample store of magazines and newspapers, and after being cut off for so many months from the outer world, I throw myself like a famished creature on all this store of journalistic pabulum.

In three days' time my caravan men are paid off, and I leave for Zanzibar in an Arab dhow. Arrived in the Metropolis of Eastern Africa (it will soon be called the Necropolis if people go on dying as rapidly as they have done lately), I find that though verbal encouragement beyond measure has been sent me to continue my work in Eastern Africa, there is, as a matter of fact, no fresh grant of funds, so regretfully I take my passage in a British India steamer to Aden. After a few days at this unjustly vilified spot, I set out for Suez, spent a few days in Egypt, and reached London *viâ* Brindisi, within little more than six weeks since I last saw the snow-peaks of Kilima-njaro from the reedy shores of Lake Jipé. This ends the hasty sketch of my journey to the Snow Mountains of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

ST. AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward;
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That on my bosom lies.
As these white robes are soiled and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;—
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
  Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors,
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity,
  One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with His bride.

THE HERMIT OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

By Henry Hill.

Chapter I.

In the year 1856 I took my Summer vacation in the mountains.

Previous to that I had always gone to the seashore, and it did not require an unfriendly critic to tell me that sameness was noticeable in both my pen and pencil sketches.

I said, "I will see if I can't get out of this rut," so I studied maps and railroad-guides, talked with friends, interviewed tourists and sports, and finally selected a portion of the Alleghany Mountains, traversed by one of the main trunk-roads as my objective point.

The whole region was almost unpopulated (and is to this day), and this constituted its chief attraction to my mind; for I wanted to commune with nature, not with man. The mountains were very high, the forests were absolutely primeval, the streams turbulent and full of

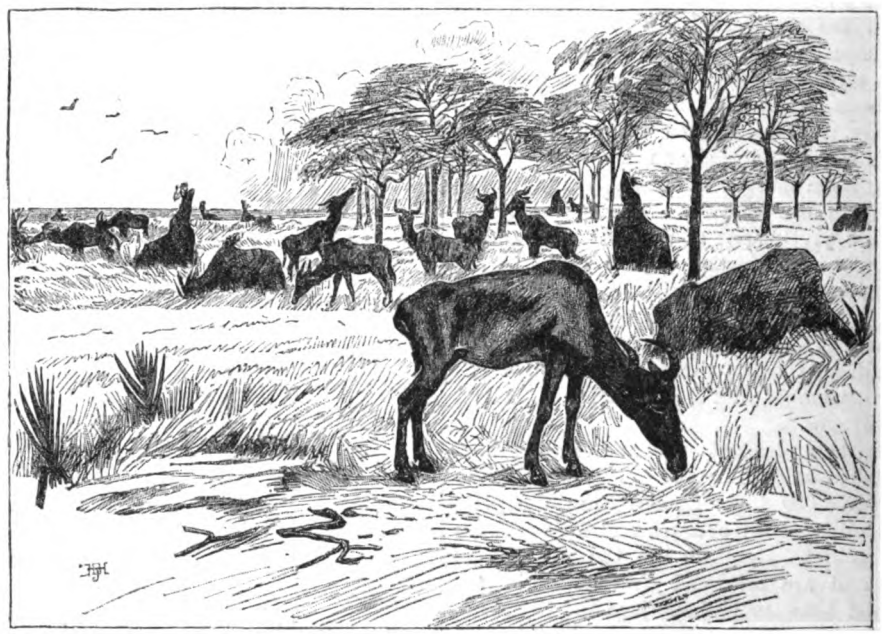
cascades (so my friend, the lumber merchant, told me), and, he added, "the brook which drives my saw-mill is swarming with speckled trout." He also said that his foreman would be not only willing but glad to board me for a month, if I would put up with rough mountain fare, and that he would give me a letter to him requesting him to do so. "There is not another house," said he, "within fifteen miles in any direction."

"What do you mean," said I, by "rough mountain fare?"

"Why," he replied, "ham and eggs, speckled trout, corn bread, hot coffee, for breakfast. Bread and milk, with berries, for lunch. Roast or fricasseed chicken for dinner, when quail and partridge are scarce, and——"

"Hold on," said I. "Are you trying to guy me?"

"Not at all," he replied; "my foreman's wife is one of the best cooks in the world; a regular New England woman; and they have a couple of bright boys who are perfect young Nimrods. Honestly, I never fared so well in my life as when I was up there a couple of years ago, and spent three days overseeing the putting-in of steam-power to drive the mill when water is low. I would like to spend a month there every Summer; but you know, not being a bachelor like you, I have others to consult, and our cottage at Newport is very inviting."



A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO.—THE RED HARTEBEEST, ANTELOPES AND ANT-HILLS. SEE PAGE 596.

At six o'clock in the morning of the first of June I took the cars at the depot of the ——— Railroad, with all the paraphernalia of a sportsman and all the traps of an artist, which I stowed away on the hooks and brackets of my seat. Soon after noon, the panorama of villages, vegetable gardens, and farms had wound itself up, and long stretches of forest began to unwind. The noises of the train changed; short, quick puffs were uttered by the engine, and these increased to snorts. The wheels seemed to grind upon the rails. We were going up—up—up—a gradually increasing grade; mile after mile, hour after hour. Occasionally some opening in the trees would show deep valleys stretching away into blue distance without a sign of human habitation.

At five P.M. the train stopped to wood and water at an obscure station, named on the time-table, but without platform or office, or anything to indicate its connection with the road, beyond a high, leaky tank, a lot of freshly sawed timber, and a great wood-pile.

Here I disembarked.

"Are you the gentleman from New York?" said a pleasant, manly voice.

"I am," I replied. "Are you Mr. ———?"

"I am," said he. "Come right this way. The wagon is behind the wood-pile. My mare don't like the cars."

"Too-hoo! too-hoo!" screamed the locomotive; "and "crunch, crunch," growled the wheels; "and chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck," cried the links which connected the cars as the great serpent again straightened itself and whirled off out of sight.

Seven miles in a light lumber-wagon, over a corduroy road, brought us to the mill, a building with no architectural proportions, but one which distinctly indicated abundant capital invested and vigorous intelligent management.

On the road my companion had told me its capacity, the reasons for locating it where it was, the immensity of the trees in its vicinity, the profits on timber of extra length, and added: "I suppose your friend told you that he owned twenty-five thousand acres here, which prevents all competition. Next year, we shall have a switch laid from the station right up to the mill. But here is my house," said he, suddenly. "Elegant, isn't it?"

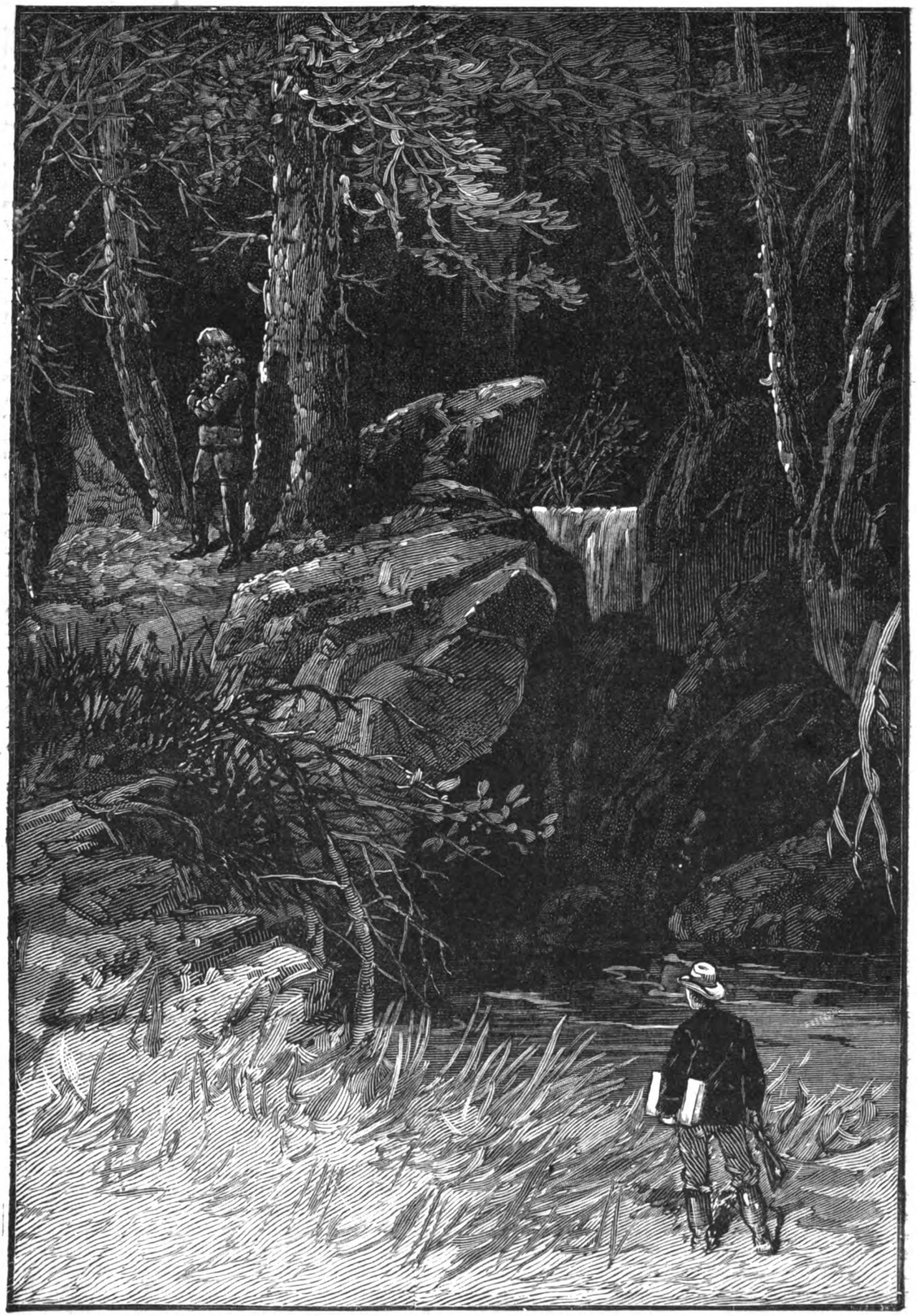
It was not an inviting structure. It was built of boards, unplaned and unpainted, but it was well put together, and looked as if it might be dry and comfortable.

"I'm trying to make a little money," said he, "and to save what I make. If living here in the woods don't spoil us all, in five years we can go back East again."

I confess I was surprised when I entered, prepared as I had been by external appearances for the exact opposite of what was revealed. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor; pictures of no ordinary merit adorned the walls. Grass bouquets and wreaths of Autumn leaves occupied suitable positions. A large sofa, several easy-chairs, a well-filled bookcase, a centre-table, and a piano, all attested the presence of intelligence and refinement.

A savory smell gave evidence that preparations were being made in an adjoining room for the entertainment of their guest and boarder. I was as hungry as a wolf. The odors of that repast come back to me now just as they fell upon my senses then.

The door opened, and in stepped madam. She was a tall, finely-formed, bright-eyed, sensible-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had been a schoolteacher in New England, I afterward learned. She was dressed in that ineffable taste with which sensible women always



THE HERMIT OF THE ALLEGHANIES.—"WITH HIS LONG, WHITE HAIR AND FLOWING BEARD, HE MIGHT HAVE STOOD FOR A PORTRAIT OF BELISARIUS—OR EVEN MOSES!"—SEE PAGE 607.

array themselves—by which I mean that I can't remember now, nor do I think I ever knew, what she had on. I only know that she looked well—in fact, to my somewhat excited imagination, superb.

I was introduced to her, and by her immediately to the supper-table!

Talk about Delmonico's. The very choicest luxuries of his most elaborate and expensive bill of fare were on that table. Quail, snipe, trout, and yellower butter and whiter bread than can be obtained in the city for love or money. But why dwell upon the sumptuous repast? It was only one in many. Greater pains than usual were probably taken, as my arrival had been expected; but the mountain air kept my appetite so sharpened that if the quality of the bill of fare ever fell off I never noticed it.

Presently the two boys came in; bright, handsome, athletic young fellows of thirteen and fifteen years. They brought strings of fish and a brace of partridges.

I soon learned that their hours were divided as follows: From six to eight in the morning, "doing the chores"; from eight to ten, studying their lessons; from ten to twelve, helping their father at the mill; from twelve to one, dinner; from one to six, five hours, the time was their own; for hunting, fishing, trapping or exploring. Supper at six, then one hour for "the chores," and in the evening, recitation in the parlor; the father being the professor of mathematics and penmanship, and the mother having charge of the other branches.

Not a bad sort of life for a boy! Perpetual work and yet perpetual holiday. Not a bad way to bring up boys, I thought. I was right. One of them is now a prominent lumber-dealer at the West, and the other is president of a Southern railroad.

The month I passed in that pleasant family is a bright and shining spot in my memory. The boys and I became fast friends. They knew the woods round about like young Indians. They seemed to have an Indian's instinct in all things which indicated the presence of game or the approach of storms.

I learned more from these two boys than I had ever known before about the mysteries of Nature. During that time I killed three splendid deer, caught upward of five hundred speckled trout (one a monster, of which more anon), shot sixty-three brace of partridges and a gross of quails, had a fight with a black bear, in which I escaped unhurt, and sent him away limping, with a double-barreled charge of buckshot in his rascally hide—but I must stop this; a whole book would scarcely contain all my adventures and experiences.

I will only relate one more. I discovered and interviewed a hermit—a veritable, actual, flesh-and-blood hermit.

It came about as follows:

One day, after I had learned the points of the compass, or thought I had, and could navigate my course alone, or thought I could, I started out with gun and rod and sketch-book very early in the morning. I followed up the mill-stream, not stopping much except to enjoy some exquisite view of dark valley or sun-gilded mountain, or to inhale the fresh and fragrant odors of the woods.

I had heard the boys speak of another stream about five miles to the eastward, on which there were no mills, and which had been rarely if ever fished. The boys argued that the largest trout must be found there, but their father had never allowed them to go so far away. It occurred to me that if I should just go over there (five miles are nothing to a good walker), and should succeed in capturing the largest trout ever caught, I could do some proud boasting on my return.

I left my bearings and pushed on east.

It is astonishing how easily one can get lost in the woods. Some light clouds began to cover the sun, and in half an hour east, west, north and south were all one to me.

I traveled on, thinking it was in a straight line, but when one turns out three feet for one tree, and two feet for another—now to the right four feet, and now to the left two feet and a half, straight lines easily become circles; besides, I lost sight of another fact—that the stream itself of which I was in search might be as crooked as my own zigzag course, and yet be generally parallel with the other.

Six hours passed by, and no stream. Then I knew that I was lost—lost in the great forests of the Alleghany Mountains, which stretch from New York to Georgia—the waters of which flow on one side to the Atlantic and on the other to the Gulf of Mexico.

The silence was oppressive. The trees were immense. Some of them were a hundred feet high and six feet through at the trunk. They were the natural growth. No ax had ever echoed in those solitudes. I began to be very nervous and apprehensive. It was past noon, and I was undoubtedly beyond the limits of my friend's twenty-five thousand acres. It seemed like some hostile territory.

I was not very tired nor very hungry as yet, but I began instinctively to calculate how long a man could live without food. Then I thought of my gun and my rod—and of the fact that I had a box of matches and at least thirty charges of ammunition, which reassured me.

It would be strange, surely, if I did not reach some human habitation before all should be exhausted. So I once more pushed on for about three hours. Suddenly I heard distant rumbling as of cars going over a bridge. "Ah, ha!" said I, "the railroad! Yes indeed! Why didn't I think of that before? I am aiming at a wide mark. I shall strike the track somewhere, and by following it I shall come to some town, even if I fail to stop some train by my signals."

The rumbling increased. It was no train. No, it was the sound of falling water. "Why, yes," said I, "that stream is exactly what I started out to find. Why should I be so easily diverted from my objects and intentions? I can follow down a stream as well as follow up a railroad track. It will lead somewhere."

The roaring grew louder. Presently I saw the water. Tumbling over rocks, whirling in little eddies, now dashed into whitened spray, and widening into a clear pool at the bottom, the loveliest cascade I had ever seen was revealed to me through the opening trees. Mosses and lichens covered the rocks, which were festooned with vines bright with scarlet blossoms, and great ferns clustered around the pool. The clouds had disappeared and the sunshine poured in upon the scene as if it had sought through all the woods for an opening, and rushed in shouting for joy.

Out came my portfolio. Down I sat upon a rock to sketch the scene. I forgot utterly that I was lost. I only thought of the beautiful, beautiful scene. I sketched the outline, then the rocks, the fall, the running water, the pool, the ferns, and was adding the trees one by one, when a new object attracted my attention. Was it imagination, or was it the figure of a man leaning against the trunk of the great evergreen at the head of the falls? If a man, he was of herculean proportions. His hair and beard were white as snow. His beard hung to his waist. I was never superstitious, but the thought of a sylvan deity presiding over this en-

chanting spot forced itself upon my mind and quickened my pulses.

"Well," said I to myself, "you are an extraordinary genius. You start for a certain brook for the express purpose of fishing, and when you reach it you go at once to sketching. You think you are lost in the forest, and would give the world to see a human face, and as soon as one appears, lo! and behold, he is something supernatural and awe-inspiring."

"Hello!" said I. "Stand perfectly still for a minute or two. I want to work you into this picture."

He did stand perfectly still—too still for my comfort. He made no reply. He stood as still as a statue. The sun shone directly upon him. He was not more than fifty feet away. My eyesight was perfect. He wore a hunting-shirt wide open at the neck. His face was like new bronze. His eyes were deep-set. He wore long boots coming above his knees. He was very tall, very straight, very broad-shouldered. His front was magnificent. He matched the great tree against which he leaned. He was grand! With his long white hair and flowing beard, he might have stood for a portrait of Belisarius—or even Moses! His absolute repose was startling; but when I reflected upon my own youthful vigor, and upon the fact that I was the most proficient athlete of the gymnasium, I felt ashamed of my nervousness, and as he was motionless I went on with my sketch. Finally, having so far finished it as to be able to complete it from memory, I said: "Thank you; now move as much as you please."

The figure at once replied in a loud, clear voice, "Away, intruder!" meanwhile remaining as motionless as before.

I don't know how it occurred to me—perhaps it was psychological; at all events I made the sign of a certain secret organization which I verily believe to be of very ancient origin, and which spreads universally over the world, even among barbarous tribes. At this he started, and waving his arms wildly, cried out, "Begone, I say, begone!"

I noticed that, although evidently under great excitement, he made the return sign of the fraternity; so, from that moment, it was no longer doubtful that I was addressing a man and a brother. But why this strange conduct?

Advancing to the edge of the rock, he cried: "Who are you? Why do you invade my solitude?"

I had seen Forrest and Charles Kean and Murdoch in "King Lear," but I had never seen so sublime an attitude—so splendid a tableau, as he now presented. He had thrown off his hat and stood bareheaded in the sunshine.

"This is a madman," I said; "undoubtedly escaped from some lunatic asylum; but he gave me the sign, and he asks questions. I will reply;" so I answered, quickly, "I am an artist from New York, spending my vacation in the mountains. I am lost in these woods. You undoubtedly gave me the sign of the brotherhood. Why, then, do you assail me with these harsh words, and order me away? Unless you own these premises you have no right to do so, and if you do, I demand your hospitality. Remember your oath!"

"Young man," he replied, after a pause, "there is something in your manner and appearance which leads me to believe that you speak the truth, although I long ago lost all faith in mankind. Stay where you are. I will come to you."

At this he disappeared behind the ledge of rocks, and I awaited his arrival.

Chapter II.

I hastily examined my gun, saw that it was loaded and capped, and stood it against a bush near at hand. Several minutes went by and he did not arrive; meanwhile I worked as rapidly as possible upon the picture, devoting myself principally to shading and bringing out the figure of the hermit himself. Just as it began to stand out the most prominent feature of the sketch, he came upon me suddenly from behind. He held loosely in his right hand a long, heavy rifle.

"Why do you bring that with you?" I inquired, watching him closely.

"Because," said he, "I always carry it with me."

"Ah, well," I answered, "that is a good reason, if you are an honest man, and I believe you are. See, how do you like this picture?"

He looked at it long and earnestly. He was evidently pleased. At last he said:

"No human being save myself has ever entered my abode since I turned my back upon the world to live in this forest; but if you will give me the sacred word of a brother of the Order that no one shall ever know it, and that you will not divulge to any one that such a man as I inhabits this locality, I will protect you to-night and guide you to some safe place in the morning. The chances are that you would never find your way out of this wilderness alone."

His speech was clear, his enunciation that of an educated and well-bred man, and, although there was a mystery about his manner almost startling, I was completely relieved from all apprehension, and at once accepted his invitation.

"Come," said he; "follow me."

I did so, and he soon led me to the top of the ledge, then back from the stream a short distance, where we suddenly came upon the most strangely constructed habitation that could be imagined.

It was in reality a log-house, but being half below and half above the surface of the ground, and completely surrounded and covered with bushes, a hunter or surveying party might easily pass it by unnoticed.

When we had reached the interior I found that it contained two rooms, each about twenty feet square. One was a living-room, and the other was evidently a storeroom. A good assortment of farmers' and carpenters' tools hung against the wall, and firearms and fishing-tackle occupied brackets at convenient places. The furniture of the place was scanty and rude, but comfortable. A table, a rustic lounge and chair, a hammock and a camp-cot, were the principal features; no books, paper or writing-materials were visible.

"Come," said he, "you are my guest for the night; look at my inclosure."

We passed through the storeroom, where the carcasses of a deer and a wild turkey hung upon pegs. There were eggs, and a pan of milk, and a pile of potatoes and bushels of nuts, and in one corner a sack of flour. A small stock of cooking-utensils and crockery rested upon a rude shelf.

Opening a small, strong door in the rear, he led me up six steps into an open space. It was an inclosure of irregular shape, containing half to three-quarters of an acre. This was surrounded by a strong palisade, the principal posts of which were the stumps of trees which had been felled.

On the outside, a dense thicket of brambles and tall bushes completely covered it, so that any person passing that way would not imagine its existence.

Here was a well-cultivated garden. In one corner was a pen containing goats and kids, and in another domesticated wild-fowl were inclosed.

It was evident that my host had every arrangement for living without any connection with the outside world, save an occasional trip to some town for the purchase of ammunition or some little luxury.

"Now, brother," said he, "come into supper."

Throwing off his hat and coat, he then proceeded to prepare at a small furnace an excellent meal of venison, which, to my sharpened appetite, surpassed in gustatory flavor any of which I had ever before partaken.

"How long have you lived here?" said I.

"No matter how long," he replied, "nor why. It is many years since I turned my back upon a base and wicked world. Let me see that picture."

I handed him the sketch, which he took and gazed at for several minutes in silence.

"Do I look like that?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "as I am the artist, I should feel some delicacy in deciding that question. Is the picture a good one in other respects?"

"Excellent! Perfect," he replied. "The cascade, the trees, the rocks, the pool, all are perfect."

"Then it is probable that your likeness is a good one."

"Yes," said he, mournfully, "I am growing very old."

"Do you like this sort of life?" I asked.

"Why not?" said he. "No one lies to me here, no one defrauds me, no one slanders me, no one deceives me."

"But you are violating the laws of nature. The world could not go on——"

"Stop! Young man, I have nothing to do with the world. I live as I please. Have I not a right to do that?"

"Scarcely," I replied; "the world has claims upon every man."

"No, no, no, no!" he cried, with great vehemence. "I gave the world all I had of education, character, integrity, long, long ago. The world scorned it and spurned me. I gave my heart—the richest, purest first fruits of my love. It was scorned and spurned. I became desperate. I was dangerous. To avoid crime in my desperation, I fled—but—but—but what right have you to catechise me in this manner?"

"Pardon me," I said; "I do not wish to catechise you. Your personal history would of course be interesting to me, but it is your own. Believe me, I profoundly respect your character as I understand it, and deeply sympathize with you in the wrongs or griefs which have driven you to this solitude. Pity you I do not, for I see you are independent and happy. There is a fascination about your style of life which I confess enchants me. Should I be defrauded, wronged, slandered, deceived, as you have been, I would wish to become a hermit like you—just such a hermit. Not an ascetic, mortifying myself with haircloth and other tortures, suffering self-inflicted privations, but having a little selfish paradise of my own in the heart of some primeval forest, at the head of a picturesque waterfall, living by gun and rod, on the choicest of nature's luxuries."

STATUE OF PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.—BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.

"You make pen-pictures too, I perceive. You are a journalist, are you not?"

"Yes," said I, "I am the artist correspondent of——"

"Do you intend to violate my hospitality by making it the subject of a speculation on your return?"

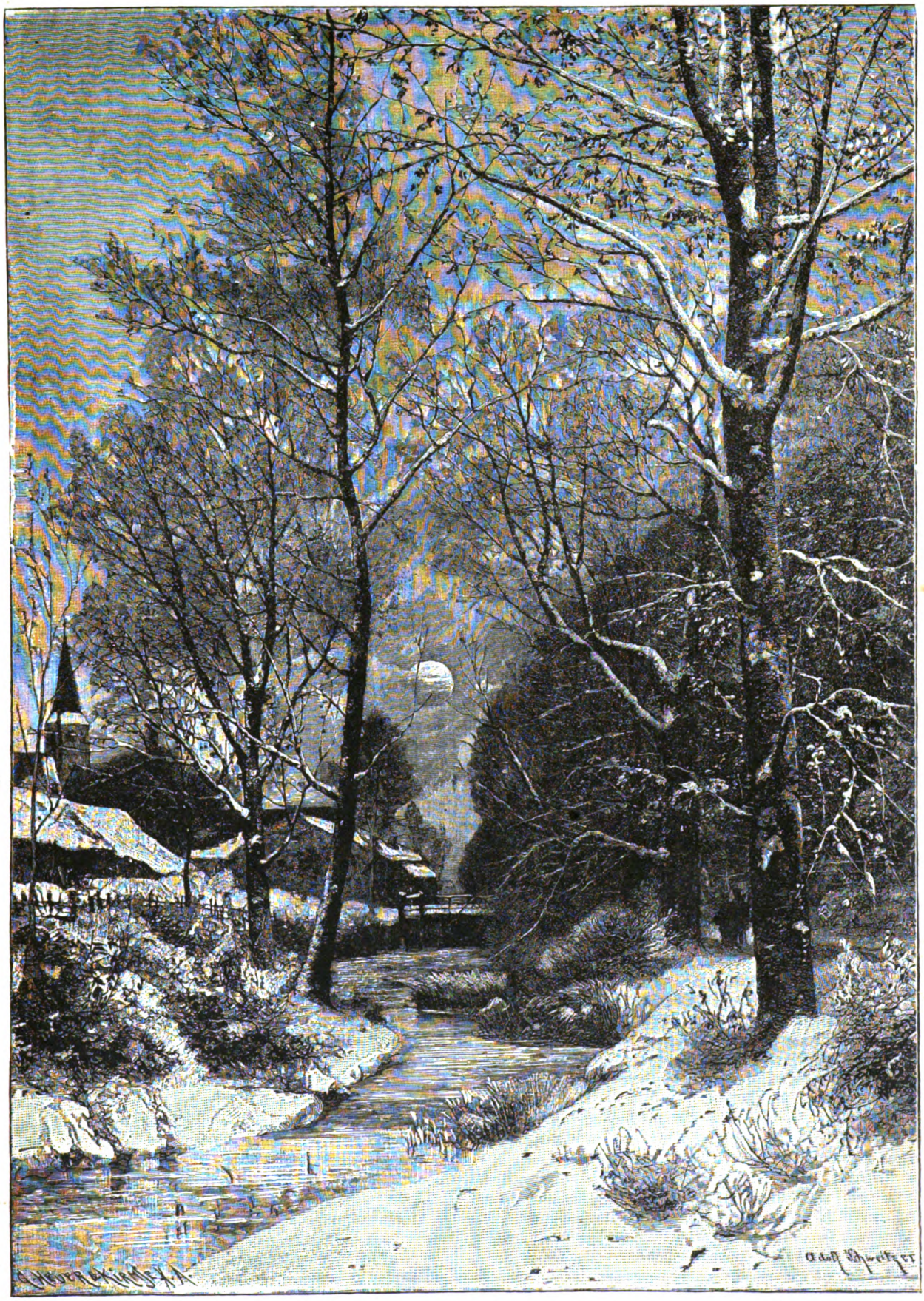
"Have I not given you the word of a brother?"

"Brother!" said he, scowling fiercely. "I have never been more grossly wronged than by a brother; but it was not a member, it is true, of the Brotherhood whose sign you gave me. It was only the distant relationship of Cain and Abel. Fool! fool! fool that I was to return your sign! But no, I was bound by an oath, and can I violate my oaths because others do? I returned your sign, and you are my guest. You are sacred here till morning; and let us change the subject of our conversation. I shall tell you nothing of my past history. Talk of something else, or let us be silent."

"Thanks, brother, or, rather, father," said I. "If inadvertently I trespass upon delicate ground, do not be offended. I will endeavor to avoid it. You cannot live without some connection with the world, I perceive; for your clothing, as well as certain things on your table and in your larder, prove this."

After a long pause he replied:

"True, I can buy better boots and coats and hats than I can make; I can get an occasional sack of flour and a little pepper and salt, and powder and shot—but see! I can avoid the rascals except three or four times a year, and then I can make my interviews as brief as possible, never visiting the same place or seeing the same faces twice. I have only one to support, and my chief wants are supplied by my rod, my gun, my garden, my goats and my fowls. A few skins sold supply everything else. In the world I was a slave—a slave to every rascal and



ST. AGNES'S EVE.—"DEEP ON THE CONVENT-ROOF THE SNOWS ARE SPARKLING TO THE MOON."
SEE POEM ON PAGE 607.

liar and deceitful woman who would lie and cheat while I would not. Here I am a king. Like Robinson Crusoe, 'I am monarch of all I survey.' My goats and fowls don't lie to me or cheat me. Since I have kept aloof from mankind I have never been wronged or deceived. I sometimes wish I knew what had become of— But no, it is nothing to me. Come, now; we have talked enough. To bed. You take the cot. I will sleep in the hammock. Discharge your gun before retiring. Mine must remain loaded. I always sleep with it at my side. I trust no one; not even you."

I did as I was directed; I could not well do otherwise, and I saw plainly that his precaution was natural from his standpoint of view. I could see that the promptness of my obedience pleased him. So, dismissing all apprehension, I was soon sleeping soundly.

When I awoke, the sun was just rising and Old Lear was just building his fire.

"Go and wash," said he, "in the brook."

I did so. On my return he said:

"Will you have trout for breakfast?"

"Yes," said I; "if I may catch them."

"You," said he, angrily—"you fish in my pool?"

"Do not be angry, brother," said I. "If they are to be caught, what odds who takes them?—whether they be caught with worm or fly?"

"Do you fish with a fly?" he said, looking at me curiously. "That art I never learned. I have always used the worm."

"All right," said I. "I'll show you how it is done, and in return I will present you with my rod and reel and all my stock of flies, together with the sketch you like so much."

"Go on," said he. "The chances are that you will not fool Old Solomon."

I glanced at him quickly, the thought flashing through my mind that he was a madman, after all.

Smiling for the first time, he explained that Old Solomon was the pet fish of his pool.

"I know that he is ten years old, and he was at least a three-pounder when I first saw him," said he.

We climbed down the rocks to the pool. The sun was streaming through the tree-tops. The forest was one vast aviary, and resounded with the notes of countless birds. Dewdrops glistened on every leaf and blade of grass like solitaire diamonds. The hermit watched every motion.

Arranging my rod and reel, I threw a purple fly directly into the centre of the pool. Instantly there sprang above the surface a very leviathan.

Turning a somersault in the air, he disappeared, lashing the clear water into suds with a thrash of his tail. Out ran the line a hundred feet. There was no more left. The little pole bent almost double.

"I shall never land him," I said, in wild excitement.

"Cut the line!" he shouted—"cut the line! It is Old Solomon!"

Just then the monster turned up-stream—the line slackened—and finally ceased to move. This gave me time to reason with the hermit.

"I shall not injure him at all," said I. "By means of this reel I shall tire him out and drown him, as they say. Then I will land him quietly, remove the hook, and place him back in the pool a sadder but a wiser fish; besides, I could not get another such chance to teach you the use and value of the reel in a score of years. On the other hand, if we cut the line, the hook will remain in his gills; the strong silk cord will be dragged after him wherever he goes; it will become entangled, and he will surely perish. Let me land him. He also will learn a lesson, and never rise to a fly again."

"Well, go on," said the patriarch.

Slowly I reeled in the line, and being now fully prepared, I kept a taut but gentle rein upon his troutship. Round and round the pool he went, like a circus horse. Time and time again I almost lost him. More than an hour went by before I drew him gently to the edge and took him out of the water.

Oh, what a beauty he was! with his dark-green back, his pink-and-yellow belly, his bright red gills, and his spotted sides!

I did not remove the hook but laid him gently back into the pool and made the line fast at a short hitch.

"What will that fellow weigh?" said I.

"Eight pounds at least," said my companion.

"What are trout worth a pound?" I inquired.

"One dollar," he answered.

"Do you ever sell any?" I asked.

"I have done so occasionally, when I have gone out to make my purchases," he replied.

"My brother," said I, "the proprietor of the great museum in New York, has just offered two hundred dollars for the largest brook trout brought in for his new aquarium. Such a sum as that would supply all your wants for a long time. Let us box him up in some way and have him removed to that asylum for aged and worthy fishes. I will collect the money for you and remit it to any point most convenient for you. Solomon is well advanced in years. You cannot expect to have him always. He will be well cared for. What do you say?"

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted. "Have you known me all this time, and think me capable of selling my friend! Not for all the money in the world!"

Then pulling the great fish close to the bank, he carefully removed the hook, and patting him gently, he pushed him off into the deep water. He then baited his own hook with worms, and quickly caught a few small beauties, which were carried into the cabin and speedily broiled and devoured.

"Come," said he, "our bargain was that I should guide you out of this wilderness. Where do you wish to be delivered?"

"At the sawmill," I replied.

"Make ready," said he; "we will go at once. It is a long way from here. I do not want your rod and reel. I do not care for that mode of fishing. The worm is good enough for me—it abundantly supplies my want. God forbid that I should ever kill anything except to support life."

"Allow me to recompense you in some manner for your generosity and kindness," said I, drawing my purse.

"Would you offend me now, just as we are parting for ever," said he.

"You are a strange man," I said; "will you accept this sketch?"

"Yes, I will," he replied, "and shall prize it highly."

While I was gathering up my things he fed his fowls and goats, and by nine o'clock we were on our way. I am sure he must have led me by a circuitous route, for it was three o'clock when we reached a stream which he told me to follow up and I would find the mill.

At parting he said, "You will not forget your agreement to keep my secret?"

"No," I replied, pressing his hand in a peculiar manner, which he returned.

"I am not sorry I have met you," said he, "but I shall never return to the world. It has wronged me too deeply. I have never intentionally wronged any human being. It

is not likely that I shall do so in my present style of life. How will you truthfully account to your friends for your absence?"

"I will tell them I was lost and slept in the woods."

"Yes," said he; "that you can do."

"Let me ask you one question," said I. "May I not tell this story some time—after many years, if I shall live myself to be as old as you are now? Perhaps it may point a moral. Twenty years from now you will not care?"

"No," said he, sadly; "I am nearly seventy. Twenty years from now I shall not care what happens here."

A tear rolled down his cheek as we parted—I up the stream, he directly into the forest.

In about an hour I reached the mill. They had been much alarmed at my prolonged absence, but accepted my explanation without question. I staid a few days longer, and then returned to my duties, and from that day to this, whenever I have been crossed by any of the world's disappointments, I have been haunted by a strong desire to go into the woods and live like the singular character I have described.

From 1856 to 1879, are twenty-three years, and I am honorably released from my obligation of secrecy; besides, in looking over the exchanges yesterday, I came upon an item to the effect that a surveying-party in the mountains of Pennsylvania had found a human skeleton of huge proportions in a deserted cabin, upon the wall of which hung a crayon sketch of the surrounding scenery, a prominent feature of which was the figure of a tall hunter with flowing beard; from all of which the writer argued that some artist had been foully dealt with in some lumber camp.

That was my hermit.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

You have been crowding me, Mr. Editor, for my monthly article. My mind has been dry, my imagination has been dead, but if you will accept this on account of my promised article, you may do so.

It is better I should not accompany it with the usual amount of illustrations, for the following reasons: We Bohemians, as you are aware, go everywhere, see everybody, know and hear everything. By a singular coincidence I learned only last week that in the year 1845 a prominent New York merchant was made bankrupt by his partner, who was his brother, and that in consequence of his financial reverses he was deserted by his wife, who also carried off his children. He disappeared, and the papers announced his suicide.

I could reproduce the sketch from memory, for I can shut my eyes and see it all as if it occurred but yesterday, and my own father's face is not more indelibly impressed upon my memory than that of its central figure; but the families of those who wronged him are rich, powerful, and very influential, and it is probably better for both you and me that the missing merchant should not be too closely identified as the Hermit of the Alleghanies.

COMMODORE DECATUR'S BET.

The following anecdote of Commodore Decatur was told at a recent meeting of the Sons of Veterans of 1812.

Decatur, commanding the frigate *United States*, while stationed at Gibraltar before the outbreak of the War of 1812, became acquainted with Captain Carden, of the British frigate *Macedonian*. The air was full of the coming strife, and the two officers often discussed the situation.

"I'll bet you a silk hat," said Carden, one day, "that if we ever come into action together, I'll take your ship."

Decatur took the bet. They did meet not long after war was declared, and after a hard fight the *Macedonian* struck her colors. Carden, much humiliated, presented his sword to the victor in the presence of most of the officers of the vessels.

Decatur, drawing himself up to his full height, said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, "Captain Carden, I do not want your sword—but I'll take that hat."

GAVARNI.

By S. Baring Gould.

It has been well said that were the literature of the middle of the nineteenth century to perish, a good idea of the manners and follies and fancies of the English people of that period might be obtained from the sketches of John Leech. What John Leech has done for the English people, that Gavarni has done for the French—at least for the Parisians—not with so gentle a hand as Leech, but with more of sarcasm than humor. Leech was almost inexhaustible, but he did not come up to Gavarni, who surpassed the indefatigable Gustave Doré in fertility. His sketches fill five hundred thick quarto volumes, and it has been reckoned that he used as many lithographic stones for his caricatures as would build two massive bridges over the Seine. Leech drew on wood, and formed a style of wood engraving; his influence on the art is still felt. Gavarni created a style of lithographic illustration which has not been superseded or diverged from in the French comic journals of the present day. It may be said, without the least exaggeration, that he revolutionized the lithographic art.

Gavarni's real name was Sulpice Paul Chevalier; he was born in 1801, in Paris, of poor parents, and began life as a mechanic. He saw that to make any way in his profession he must be able to draw; accordingly in his spare time in the evenings he went to a drawing-school, where instruction was given gratis to artisans. He devoted his special attention to architectural and mechanical drawing, and worked at land surveying and mapping, without any thought of turning his pencil to other purpose. His highest ambition was satisfied when he obtained a situation in the Government Ordnance Department, which he owed to his neatness in drawing.

He was engaged on some surveys in the Pyrenees in the year 1835, in a subordinate position, and was invited one evening, along with his superior officer, to supper with a family of good position, then spending the Autumn at Saint Sauveur. The party consisted, besides the "director," of the gentleman and lady of the house and their two daughters. One of the latter was turning over the pages of the *Journal of Fashions*, looking at the insipid copperplate pictures of the ladies in the latest Parisian costumes, and gentlemen perfectly dressed.

"I really cannot endure these pictures," said M. Chevalier, "nor can I conceive the reason why the artists who design these absurd figures should make their gentlemen and ladies as expressionless as wax dolls, and as stiff as if set up by a taxidermist on wires."

"It is an easy thing, monsieur, to find fault—not so easy to remedy what is wrong," said the young lady, looking up at the young surveyor.

"Mademoiselle Julie! any one could draw a more lifelike, characteristic fop than this dummy in a blue coat;

GAVARNI'S LAST SKETCH (UNFINISHED)—JANUARY PERSONIFIED.

the dress is absurd, but he need not look ridiculous. These figures have neither souls nor histories. Look at this damsel—how insipid! No thought can pass through such a brain, no emotion stir such a bosom."

"I cannot conceive any lady looking well as dressed in this costume," said the girl, studying the *Journal des Modes*.

"You would look charming in anything, Mademoiselle Julie."

"I do not believe you."

"See!" M. Chevalier took a pencil, a sheet of paper, and made a rapid sketch. The two sisters looked on in silence and amusement, which yielded to surprise when the pencil with a few lines produced a delicate likeness of the younger sister. In another moment the sketch was complete, greeted with approval, and then handed round.

"Now for the companion, the exquisite in blue coat," exclaimed the delighted young lady.

"He must be an ideal—we have no fops here," said the sister.

M. Chevalier said nothing, but began to sketch. Presently he looked up slily at Mlle. Julie, who was coloring.

"Oh," cried the elder sister, "that is Monsieur Alphonse, who went with us to-day to Gavarni——"

"Where I was surveying, and had the pleasure of seeing you, and helping you over the rubble to the foot of the waterfall."

The picture was finished, and shown to the parents.

"Really," said the lady of the house, "you would be conferring a benefit on the subscribers to the *Journal des Modes* if you would send these drawings to the editor."

"I will do it if you like, but decline to put my name to them."

"No need to do that; subscribe it with any fancy name you like."

"What name pleases the young ladies?" said M. Chevalier. "The drawings are theirs, to do what they like."

"We had a pleasant picnic to-day at Gavarni; why not put that below the sketches?"

"You have decided for me, Mlle. Julie."

Then M. Chevalier subscribed the drawings with a bold "*Gavarni*."

Thus originated the world-famed signature.

Do our readers know the cirque of Gavarni? It is one of the most glorious scenes in Europe. The valley of the Gave ends abruptly in a vast semicircle of black precipices, which rise to the eternal snow; above, on ledges like the stages of an amphitheatre, rest glaciers of green ice, which discharge some fifteen cascades, one of which, the largest, falls unbroken 1,266 feet, and is reputed the highest fall in Europe.

By return of post M. Chevalier received a check, and a request that he would continue to draw for the *Journal des Modes*.

His clever drawings attracted attention, and he continued to draw for the magazine which had first engaged him, for other illustrated papers, and to illustrate books. He gave up his place in the Ordnance Office, and devoted himself wholly to his pencil. He was well paid from the beginning. Unlike many another artist, he had no trials

to undergo before success was achieved. Victory was won at once by these two sketches, made without premeditation to amuse a girl, and signed without consideration with the name of the place where he had picnicked with her that day.

As has been already said, Gavarni's pencil was never weary. Chevalier threw off his sketches with rapidity, and apparently without effort. For several years he supplied most of the illustrated periodicals. He was the fashion. A journal could not live without a sketch by Gavarni. The readers expected it, and if it were not given, ceased to *abonner*. Then Chevalier undertook the editorship and management of a magazine, *Les Gens du Monde*, in which he began to issue lithographic drawings. But, as yet, his proper sphere as a satirist was not open.

One afternoon he was in a café sipping his cup of black coffee, looking about him and taking note of all he saw with his keen, lively brown eyes. Whilst he sat thus, Caboche, the editor of *Charivari*, came in, looking about for a place where he could have his coffee at a table by himself, and in so doing stumbled over the leg of M. Chevalier, which was stretched out. Caboche was precipitated upon the artist, who was playing with his cup, and sent the black coffee flying over his light trowsers and waistcoat. At the same time Gavarni's cigar met Caboche's cheek and burnt it. The situation was neither picturesque nor pleasant. The garçon uttered a cry of dismay which drew the attention of the whole room to the accident.

Caboche was a peppery man, his cheek hurt him, and, worst of all, he had made himself, the minister of fun to Paris, ridiculous. It is pleasant to ridicule others, most unpleasant to place oneself in a position that draws down on one the laughter of those around.

Caboche's face blazed red, he gathered himself in a fury, about to fling an insulting expression at the gentleman over whose foot he had fallen, when he recognized him.

"Sir," began he, "I tell you, sir, I tell you, you—you are——" after a pause, "the illustrious Gavarni, the man of men I want."

"And you, sir, you," answered Chevalier, very angry also, looking at his discolored garments; "you, sir, you are"—he at that moment recognized the man—"you are M. François Caboche of the *Charivari*."

"Chance has thrown us into each other's arms," said the editor of *Charivari*. "Here, waiter! bring a couple of *cafés noires*. I will sit at this table by the gentleman I have soused; we have business together. Now, M. Chevalier, I want you to work for me."

Gavarni shook his head. "I am no caricaturist," he said.

"You can draw. If I give you the ideas——"

Gavarni shook his head more decidedly. "I cannot execute the ideas of others."

"Then carry out your own."

"I have never drawn caricatures."

"Draw what you see about you, studies of real Parisian life. The reality is grotesque enough."

Chevalier thought for a few moments, and then said, "I must consider. I do not like embarking on strange seas. If I find I can sketch something, I will send you the sketches. If I find I cannot, you must do without me."

A few days after Caboche received two or three drawings from Chevalier. They satisfied him; he passed them to some of his colleagues, who added the text.

This was the beginning of the famous *Boite aux Lettres* series.

Chevalier was not satisfied with the interpretations given to his drawings. He complained that he had designed one situation, and the colleague who had appended the dialogue had misunderstood the drift.

"Then write your own *légende*," said Caboche.

From that time Gavarni drew his pictures and interpreted them himself. He generally made his sketch, then looked at it for a few moments and thought, "What will they be saying to each other?" and in an instant the words came, and were scribbled below it. Now it was that the real genius of Gavarni manifested itself. He caught the characteristics of the Parisians, and perpetuated them. As Mirécourt cleverly said of his drawings, "C'est l'esprit français au bout d'un crayon!"

He began to illustrate the shady side of Paris life; he took as his field the world of amusement, and those who ministered to it and lived and were wrecked in it. He was not in the best society. He knew nothing of it. He lived in the Bohemian world, and he drew those who

ONE OF GAVARNI'S LAST SKETCHES.

moved around him. Hence came the series, "The Actresses," "The Side Scenes," "The Fashionable," "The Artists," "The Students," "The Masquerade Balls," etc. After a while, when he had worked his way into a superior social bed, he made his studies there, and to this second period belong "Les Enfants Terribles," "Les Parents Terribles," "Women's Tricks," "Dreams," "Social Sports," "Les Nuances du Sentiment," "Impressions de Ménage," etc.

Gavarni was not an artist only; his sketches and their text show that he had in him the ability of a novelist and of a playwright. His drawings are fragments of life, but they are often suggestive of a complete domestic comedy or tragedy. In spite of the phenomenal fertility of his genius, Gavarni was rarely dull and tasteless. His faculty of observation was extraordinarily developed. Expression, movement, trick of manner, were caught and reproduced with fidelity.

He spent the greater part of the day in the street, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the cafés, his eager, observant eyes on all who passed. A little pocket-book contained the hastily traced ideas that came to him from what he saw. He sat on a bench in the Tuileries, or before a café, with a pencil concealed in his hand, and the little book at his side. Something that he saw struck him; in an instant it was reproduced, and those sketched were unaware that they would appear in next week's *Charivari*, exhibited all over Paris, circulated throughout France.

The story is told of a lady who was in altercation with a friend; she dropped her parasol, and the ferrule fell on the paw of a pet poodle, which held up the injured foot and began to howl. The lady looked down, looked round, and saw, to her horror, Gavarni, pencil in hand, on a bench. Instantly, regardless of the favorite, she went to the artist.

"M. Chevalier, promise not to put me into the purgatory of *Charivari*, or I will go down on my knees to you here—before all the world."

"Madame, a lady has only to intimate a wish. I will caricature your rival."

In order to have an insight into the life and manners of the debtors confined in Clichy, he got his tailor to have him arrested and imprisoned. He spent three weeks in prison, and passed the time in sketching. The studies were new, and interested him, and, through him, all Paris. Whilst there, the prisoners complained that Gavarni did not attempt to enlist compassion for their woes. He represented them as light-hearted, careless fellows, who bore their imprisonment without pain.

"Give the other side, put in the shadows," said an old, gray-bearded man. "You are imposed on by the merry of mood, and forget the aches and agonies that lie behind, concealed."

Gavarni acknowledged the truth of this rebuke, and hastened to show the world that tragedy as well as comedy was enacted within the prison-walls. His next sketch represented an artisan, visited in his cell by a young wife, who led a three-year-old child by the hand. She laid a book, a pipe, and some other trifles on the table, and said: "Here, *mon cher*, I bring you your cap, your pipe, and your Montaigne." A few hours after it had been sketched, Gavarni received a note from the editor: "The sketch is delicious, but surely the idea of the child being called Montaigne is too fantastic. Let us say 'Jules.'" It did not strike the editor that there might be among the artisan class men who read Montaigne's "Essays." Or can it be that he had never heard of them?

M. Chevalier spent his evenings at masked balls, behind the side scenes of the theatre, or in the promenade galleries. "This is my library," he said; "men are my books."

One evening, a girl who stood at the refreshment-buffet, a pretty coquette, said to him, "M. Chevalier, I will give you an ice gratis if you will draw me and publish me in the next *Charivari*."

He took her at her word. She was not at all pleased at the *légende* beneath the picture. Next time she saw him, "M. Chevalier," she said, "you are cruel. I will never serve you with another ice, not though you pay me for it."

Gavarni lived in the Rue de la Fontaine Saint George, No. 1, and there he received artists, authors, actors, musicians, twice a week. Once a fortnight he gave a *soirée fantastique*, which was an orgy of indescribable madness.

In the *salon* of Madame Walder he met some blue-stockings, and immortalized them in his sketches. One of his drawings represents a poetess so poor that she is obliged to cook her own dinner. She lays down her feather with a sigh, puts on an apron, and says:

> "Woe! the chants Apollo harpeth
> Sweep recordless through the soul;
> Aphrodite's dove is deviled
> On my lyre o'er glowing coal."

He took off the habits of the students of the University. One is sketched pacing his room, with head down. "What does papa mean by saying that I am an idler? 'Eugene,' he writes, 'you are doing nothing.' Doing nothing! It is not true. I have smoked out five meerschaum pipeheads in one term, thrashed seven gendarmes, and smashed countless window-panes. Is that nothing?"

In 1846 Gavarni married, and had two sons. In order to perpetuate the name under which he had taken the world by storm, and would be remembered as long as France lives, he had both baptized with only one Christian name, and that name 'Gavarni.' His married condition made little or no alteration in his life. He treated his wife kindly, but he was little at home; he left her for weeks and months, whilst he rambled about in all places, through all strata of society, studying life, and that not at its best. His habits had been formed by the exigencies of his art, and he could not or would not alter them. The time spent in his study making his drawings was short, the time spent dawdling about the streets and boulevards observing, seeking subjects, occupied the major part of his day and night.

For more than twenty years Gavarni occupied himself in catching and fixing the evanescent fancies and permanent features of the French character. By degrees, as he grew older, the gravity of life struck him, and from being a light-hearted humorist he developed into a moralist. Some of the series in his second period exhibit this tendency, as "How one dines in Paris," and "Des Partageuses," but the climax was reached in the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque."

The Revolution of 1848 threw Gavarni into the background, and in 1849 he went to England, where he remained some years, and where he made fresh studies of life among the lower classes in London. His sketches of this period exhibit the squalor and degradation of the idle, dissolute and criminal of Seven Dials and the East of London. To this period belong the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque." Vireloque is a man of property, a well-to-do Diogenes, who utters dry, half-serious, half-cynical observations on life.

Take an instance. Vireloque is represented seated on

a stone, eating an artichoke. He says to himself: "Man is Lord of creation. Who has said this? Man himself." That is all. Vireloque is looking at a cow; he takes off his hat to salute her. "Beautiful creature!" he says, "beautiful without the necessity of stays." He sees two boys tormenting a rat. "Don't do that," he exclaims, "you animals devour each other." He discourses to two scholars on the philosophy of history. "The whole secret of history lies in this: Ancient History is the record of the Eaters and the Eaten; Modern History of the Swindlers and the Swindled."

Gavarni spent the last years of his life in his pretty villa, "La Réunion," at Auteuil, near the Bois de Boulogne. In his old age he began to write verses. He conceived the idea that he had missed his vocation, that nature had designed him for a poet, and that the force of circumstances had made of him an artist and humorist. He placed great store on his poetical effusions, and professed profound contempt for his drawings. When Ricourt founded the magazine, *L'Artiste*, he asked Chevalier to send him a contribution. He was greatly disgusted when, instead of a sketch, sparkling with wit, he received a solemn "Ode to the Spring." In the same way it will be remembered that Thackeray thought himself an artist, Weber doubted his musical genius, and Goethe believed his true line lay in copperplate drawing. It is curious that at the same time that Ricourt applied to Garvani for a sketch and received a poem, he made application to Victor Hugo for a copy of verses and received from the poet a drawing in chalks.

"Man," said Madame de Sévigné, "is more proud of the gifts he has not got than of those he possesses."

Shortly before his death Gavarni believed he had solved the problem of the management of balloons. He could think and talk of nothing else. He had made the discovery how a balloon might be guided like a ship against the wind, and made to stand and descend where the driver proposed.

He argued the feasibility of his scheme, demonstrated it by algebra, urged the Government to take up his invention, pressed it on wealthy individuals, felt disposed to risk his whole fortune on the experiment, and was only deterred by his wife's remonstrances.

He died suddenly of a stroke on November 23d, 1866, at the age of sixty-five.

He was the creator of the bold, broad style of lithographic drawing, his hand was firm, his lines strong, but every line had its purpose. He has found countless imitators, but has met with no equal.

In the National Library at Paris his drawings fill fifteen great folios, but the collection is known to be incomplete. His sketches are already much sought after, and are costly; their value will in time become very great. An edition of "Œuvres Choisies," in four volumes, was published in Paris in 1845–48, and "Perles et Parures," in two volumes, in 1850; but these are wood engravings and do not reproduce the spirit of the original lithographs. In 1873 MM. Armelhaut and Bocher issued a "Catalogue Raisonné" of all the works of Garvani, which is fairly complete.

TOUGHENED GLASS.

We learn from a contemporary that since the time when De la Bastie introduced his toughened glass, Mr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, has not ceased to prosecute his investigations in connection with the tempering of glass. That substance is, as is too well known by some, very brittle, although hard; but if it could also be rendered tough, it would be immensely more useful than it is at present. De la Bastie found that by heating the glass to a certain temperature and immersing it in oil he increased its hardness and produced some degree of toughness; but the process was wrong in principle, because the "metal" was put into a state of tension, and a slight scratch often led to the sudden dissolution of the article, which exploded into a thousand fragments. Mr. Siemens heats his glass in a radiation furnace and cools it between metal plates in a press, by which means he enormously increases its strength, and, if desired, can make it so hard that a diamond will not abrase its surface. Only glass of the best quality can be so treated; but another process, called semi-hardening, in which the glass is cooled in the open air while held in an iron casing, yields a product having about three times the strength of the ordinary article. The most important discovery, however, is one which promises to provide a field of usefulness for the enormous heaps of blast-furnace slag which have been accumulating in this country for many years; for Mr. Siemens has succeeded in producing railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, etc., in hard cast-glass, simply by running the molten "metal" into molds which have the same specific heat and conductivity as the glass itself.

It is obvious that if glass can be robbed of its brittleness and rendered tough as well as hard, its freedom from oxidation would make it a very useful material indeed.

ALEXANDER POPE AND HIS HOME AT TWICKENHAM.

Apart from the name of Horace Walpole, there is none that is more closely associated with Twickenham than that of Alexander Pope; and it is mainly owing to the memory of these two men that Twickenham has been so long "the favorite retreat of scholars, poets and statesmen."

Alexander Pope was born in London in the month of May, 1688. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic Church; his father, according to the poet's own account, was "of a noble family"; but according to some of his biographers, he kept a linendraper's shop in the city; others state that he was a mechanic, a hatter, and even a farmer. In a foot-note in his "Moral Essays," it is stated that Mr. Pope's father was of "a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey." His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family. Be this, however, true or not, Pope's father left London during the childhood of his son, and retired first to Kensington, and then to Binfield, on the borders of Windsor Forest, and there, in his twelfth year, the youthful poet joined him. Young as he was, Pope here formed his first plans of study, and in the seclusion of the country set himself vigorously to read, and occasionally to write. He had received the rudiments of his education in Latin and Greek from the family priest, and he was for a short time at a Roman Catholic school at Twyford, and also at a school near Hyde Park Corner, in London. His poetic abilities displayed themselves even at that early age, for

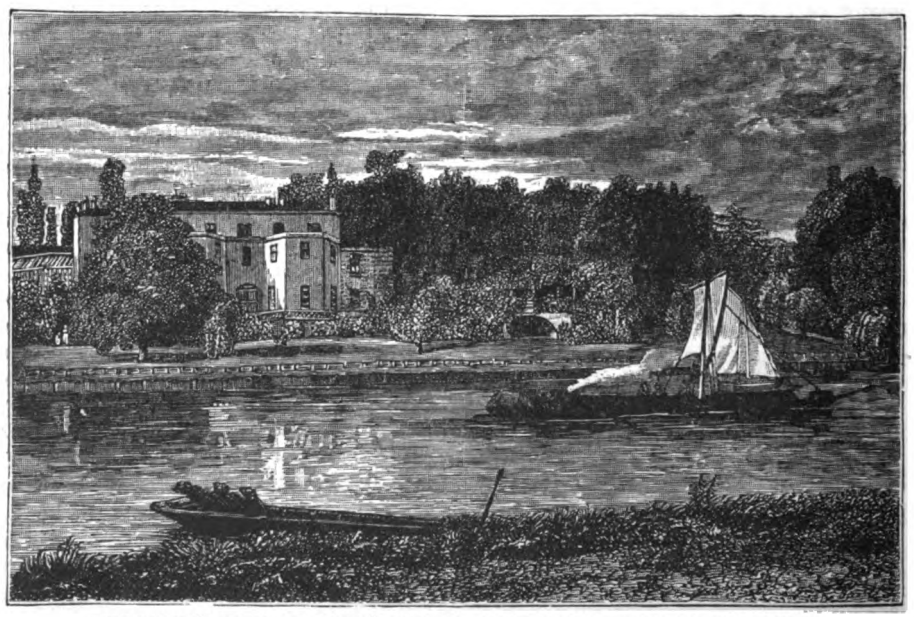
he is credited with having written a play, based on certain events in the "Iliad," and made up of the speeches in Ogilby's translation, which was acted by the elder boys in the school, the part of *Ajax* being sustained by the master's gardener. While he was living at Binfield Dryden became the subject of his greatest admiration; and it was to Wills's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, that Pope, when a mere child, induced his friends to carry him, in order that he might gaze on the great poet whose mantle he was destined in after life so worthily to wear. "Who does not wish," writes Dr. Johnson, "that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?" In later years Pope became a constant frequenter of "Wills's," though not till after the illustrious Dryden's death. "Pope had now," again writes Dr. Johnson, "declared himself a poet, and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent 'Wills's' . . . where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside."

POPE.— FROM A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT.

At the age of twelve Pope wrote his "Ode to Solitude," which was followed soon after by a translation of the first book of the "Thebais" of Statius, and Ovid's "Epistle of Sappho to Phaon." Whilst living at Binfield young Pope formed the acquaintanceship of Sir William Trumbull, by whom he was introduced to Wycherley the dramatist; but his friendship with the latter was but of short duration, owing, it is said, to Pope's somewhat too free strictures on a volume of poems which Wycherley was preparing for publication, and had submitted to Pope for his revision. It was about this time that the intimacy sprang up between Pope and Mr. and the Misses Blount, who were living at Mapledurham, near Reading. Pope was strongly suspected by some of his friends in after life—among others by Lepel, Lady Hervey—of being privately married to his friend and correspondent, Miss Martha Blount, the elder of the two sisters.

"There can be little doubt," observed a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "that one of the most faithful friendships of Pope's life was that with the fair-haired Martha Blount. It was an early friendship, with a dash of sentiment about it, that might, under happier circumstances, have ripened into love. And it was perfectly intelligible friendship. There may be, as Mrs. Oliphant has well said, a love between man and woman which does not point to matrimony, and there seems no ground for the scandal that assailed the life-long intimacy of Martha and the poet. . . In his early days Pope seems to have felt an equal affection for Teresa, the younger sister; but later, from some doubtful cause, there was a complete estrangement between them. Both sisters, by-the-way, were considered beautiful in their youth, but neither of them married. . . . Martha Blount returned Swift's affection and was, as Pope told the dean, 'as constant to old friendship as any man;' and in another letter Swift is told that she speaks of him constantly, and 'is one of the most considerate and mindful of women in the world toward others, the least so in regard to herself.'"

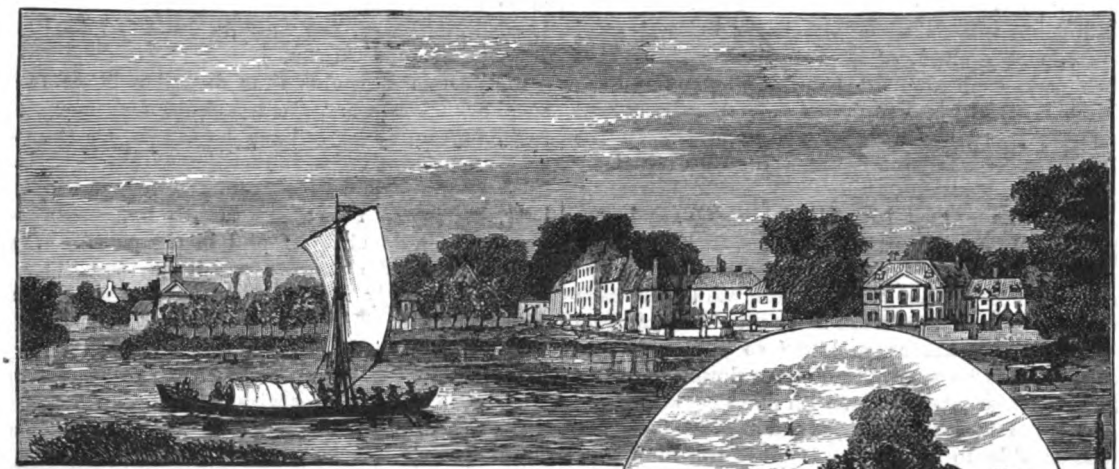
At the age of sixteen Pope composed his "Pastorals," but they were not printed till some five years later (1709), when they appeared in *Tonson's Miscellany*. He next wrote his "Essay on Criticism," which was followed shortly after by "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Temple of Fame"; "Windsor Forest" and "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" were published in 1713. In a letter to Addison, written in this year, Pope speaks of his passion for the art of painting, which he had studied under Jervas, but the pursuit of which he was prevented from following up by the weakness of his eyesight.



LADY HOWE'S VILLA AND POPE'S GROTTO.— FROM A DRAWING BY G. BANET, 1882.

The want of money led Pope about this time to issue proposals for a subscription to a translation of the "Iliad." The whole work was completed between his twenty-fifth and thirtieth

year. Concerning the writing of this work, an amusing story is told by Pope. He writes: "When I had finished the first two or three books of my translation of the 'Iliad,' Lord Halifax desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve and Garth were there at the read. In four or five places his lordship stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure. I'm sure you can give it a little turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's," continued Pope, "with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the doctor that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment, and said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over when I got home. 'All you need do,' says he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him *as altered*. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him *exactly as they were at first*, and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now indeed they are perfectly right; nothing can be better!'"



TWICKENHAM.—FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1749.

EEL-PIE ISLAND.

By the subscription list for his translation of Homer Pope's circumstances were so materially improved that he persuaded his father to remove from Binfield, and take up his residence nearer London; and, accordingly, we soon after find the family settled in Mawson's Buildings, Chiswick. Here Pope continued the "Iliad," and wrote the "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." Pope subsequently took a long lease of a house and five acres of ground at Twickenham, and at once set about the work of improvement, as we shall presently see.

From this time may be dated the most important portion of the poet's career. "He was," writes Mr. Cobbett, in his "Memorials of Twickenham, "one of the few literary men who in his own or any previous time acquired a competence through their dealings with the booksellers." Happily he escaped from the meshes of the Curlls and Stocks of his day. In 1726 Pope published a translation of the "Odyssey," in which he had the assistance of Broome and Fenton. Pope translated twelve books, Broome eight, and Fenton four.

About this time an incident occurred—trifling, perhaps, as it happened, but which might have ended Pope's earthly career. It is recorded by Carruthers in his "Life of Pope," as follows: "The poet had been dining with Bolingbroke at Dawley, and late at night the peer sent his friend home in a stately fashion in a coach and six. A small bridge about a mile from Pope's residence was broken down, and the postilion taking the water, the coach came in contact with the trunk of a tree, and was overturned. Before the coachman could get to Pope's assistance the water had reached the knots of his periwig. The glass was broken, and he was rescued, but not until he had received a severe wound in his right hand, which for some time disqualified him from writing. Voltaire, who was on a visit to Dawley, sent his condolences in an *English* epistle, stating that the water into which Pope fell was 'not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected him.' 'Is it possible,' he added, 'that those fingers which have written the "Rape of the Lock" and the "Criticism," which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an *English coat*, should have been so barbarously treated?'"

The accident here referred to probably occurred either at the north end of the village, near where is a railway-station now, or else in the little River Cran, which sweeps round to the east near the Houndslow powder-mills, and runs parallel with the road from Twickenham to Hanworth. In one place on the road to Hanworth it is dammed up so as to form a broad lake.

In 1727 were published two volumes of "Miscellanies"

by Pope and Swift, to which Gay and Arbuthnot contributed, and in these "Miscellanies" was printed the piece of satire entitled "Martinus Scriblerus"; this was followed up, in 1729, by the publication of the first three books of the "Dunciad," in which he took summary vengeance upon certain exasperating scribblers who were, or thought they were, ridiculed in the "Miscellanies." In 1733 Pope published the "Essay on Man," and in the following year appeared his "Characters of Men; Or, Moral Essays." These were preceded and followed by imitations of Horace; and in 1742 the list of Pope's poems is concluded with an additional book of the "Dunciad." In the next year Pope's health began to decline, and on the 30th of May, 1744, he died here of asthma and decay of nature.

Pope was buried, as he directed, in Twickenham Church, "in a vault in the middle aisle, under the second pew from the east end." A stone inscribed with the letter "P" marks the spot, which is now hidden by the flooring of the seats.

Pope throughout his whole life never enjoyed good health. A sickly child, of mild temper, with a sweet voice which earned him the sobriquet of "the little nightingale," his physical weakness determined the bent of his tastes and the nature of his pursuits. In the churchyard at Twickenham there is a stone raised by Pope himself in "gratitude" to his "faithful servant," Mary Beach, who nursed him in his infancy, and constantly attended him for thirty-eight years. It is worthy of remark that the peculiar make and conformation of Pope rendered a faithful servant of inestimable value. Johnson assures us that "he was so weak as to stand in perpetual need of *female* attendance, and was so extremely sensible of cold, that he wore a kind of fur doublet under a shirt of very coarse warm linen, with fine sleeves. When he rose he was invested in stays made of stiff canvas, being scarce able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. His hair had fallen almost all away, and he used to dine with Lord Oxford privately in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye wig and a little sword. The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinarian. He expected that everything should give way to his ease or humor, as a child, whose loving parents will not hear it cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

> 'C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme
> C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant!'

When he wanted to sleep he nodded in company, and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."

In spite of living so much in the world of fashion and of letters, Pope was, if not averse to society, yet at all events fond of solitude; and this he gained in his garden and grotto at Twickenham. "As much company as I have kept, and much as I like it, I love reading better, and I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation."

Pope became the subject of unnumbered epigrams, odes, references and allusions, amongst the literary circle of which he was the centre. One complimentary epigram will suffice as an example:

"On erecting a monument to Shakespeare, under the direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, etc.:

> "To mark her Shakespeare's worth, and Britain's love,
> Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
> Superfluous care! When distant time shall view
> This tomb grown old, his works shall still be new."

Throughout his life his health was bad, and he perhaps imagined it worse than it was. His faults—if such they may be called—were in a great measure consequent on this fact; he was peevish, capricious and fretful, and demanded incessant attention. His character, indeed, has been very diversely represented by foes and by friends; some, as we have seen, called him "the nightingale," whilst his enemies called him "the wasp" of Twickenham; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went so far as to style him "the wicked asp." But every man, it would seem, has his good points; for Lord Bolingbroke, on the contrary, says that he "never saw a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind." But possibly, Lord Bolingbroke, the "my St. John" of the poet, was not an impartial witness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds thus describes Pope from personal acquaintance: "He was about four feet six inches high, very hump-backed and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of the time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."

Pope's diminutive and misshapen person was a standing joke with his enemies, who caricatured him as a monkey in a library or with books. Macaulay, in his "Essays," speaks of him severely as "the little man of Twickenham"—a softened phrase, which means much in the way of disparagement. The following anecdote which has been told respecting his personal appearance, will bear repeating: "A gentleman and his little child were walking with a friend through Twickenham, when Pope met them. The child was alarmed at his figure, and drew back. The friend told them it was the great Mr. Pope. He wore an old soiled suit of black stained with snuff, cocked hat, and looked poor and mean."

Pope frequently assumed the *nom de plume* of "Martinus Scriblerus" in writing his attacks on those who criticised him adversely. One of his numerous enemies founded on this the title of the "Martiniad," a sort of answer, or counterblast, to his "Dunciad," giving the following portrait of Pope's person, cruelly exposing its deformity:

> "At Twickenham, chronicles remark,
> There dwelt a little parish clerk,
> A peevish wight, full fond of fame,
> And 'Martin Scribbler' was his name:
> Meagre and wan, and steeple-crown'd,
> His visage long and shoulders round;
> His crippled corse two spindle-pegs
> Support, instead of human legs;
> His shriveled skin's of dusky grain,
> A cricket's voice and monkey's brains."

And another lampooner in verse compared the "Dunciad," in terms equally savage and cutting, to the progeny of the fabulous "Pope Joan."

It is stated that Pope seldom or never laughed; that his sole passion was to acquire fame, his most conspicuous weakness "inordinate self-conceit." "He delighted in artifice, and attempted to gain all his ends by indirect

methods. 'He scarcely drank tea without a stratagem.' Lady Bolingbroke said that 'he played the politician about cabbages and turnips.'" He was somewhat too much inclined to indulge his appetite; fond of highly seasoned dishes, conserves and drams. So fond was he of lampreys, that, if we may trust a statement made in the "Life of Nollekens," he would leave off in the midst of writing in order to cook them in a silver saucepan on his own fire.

Like most invalids, even in his own house he was irritable and fussy to a degree, and on account of his temper constantly got into sad trouble with the literary men of his day.

From speaking of the man we will now pass on to an account of the house which he made so famous. When Pope took the lease of the premises here, consisting of a cottage and five acres of ground, he at once set about the work of improvement. The house itself, except by its being freed from contiguity with ten still smaller structures, was not much altered.

The author of "Verses Occasioned by Warburton's New Edition of Pope's Works" (1751) gives us some information on the localities of Pope's Villa:

> "Close to the grotto of the Twickenham bard,
> Too close, adjoins a tanner's yard.
> So verse and prose are to each other tied,
> So Warburton and Pope allied."

The allusion is thus explained by Mr. J. B. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1836: "Pope's Villa in his time was, we believe, in the neighborhood of small mean houses; a tallow-chandler's was close to him, and we here find a tanner's yard joining the grotto. The house itself was old and in bad repair; the grounds included about half the present garden that fronts the Thames."

Mrs. Vernon, from whom the poet held his lease for life, died about a year before Pope. He had then some idea of purchasing the property (valued at about £1,000), if any of his "particular friends" wished to have it as a residence. No such arrangement was made, and after the poet's death, the house, as we shall presently see, was bought by Sir William Stanhope. The name of Mrs. Vernon is immortalized by the poet in his "Imitations of Horace":

> "Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?"

In his "Imitations of Spenser" Pope speaks of the place to which his long residence here had so much attached him as a town "which fairer scenes enrich." And such would seem to have been the case; for these five acres of land, Horace Walpole tells us in one of his letters, Pope twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonized, till they appeared "two or three sweet little lawns opening and showing beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods."

The house, or "villa"—a "villakin" Swift called it—when it was occupied by Pope, consisted of "a small body with a small hall, paved with stone, and two small parlors on each side, the upper story being disposed on the same plan." Pope added somewhat to the building; but his chief delight was in laying out the gardens and grounds, and in the formation of the Grotto which is so familiar to every reader of Pope's life. The grounds were laid on the principle of landscape gardening (for he had ridiculed some years before, in a humorous paper in the *Guardian*, the barbarous practice of cutting trees into fantastic shapes, and designing the walks after the stiff and formal rules imported from the Continent), and in adorning his Grotto, Pope used his utmost ingenuity in producing a variety.

> "To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
> To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
> To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
> In all let Nature never be forgot:
> Still follows sense, of every art the soul,
> Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole."

Pope acted on the principles laid down by him in these lines, and in his little grounds steered clear of the Italian and Dutch styles of gardening. In fact, in laying out his garden, Pope carried out the precepts of his pen:

> "First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
> Are Nature still, but Nature methodized.
> Nature, like Liberty, is but restrained
> By the same laws which first herself ordained."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1801, observes that "the far-famed willow came from Spain, inclosing a present to the late Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II., and was a favorite of the king. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present. He observed that the pieces of sticks appeared as if there were some vegetation in them, and added, 'Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.' Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others.'

The famous willow died in 1801. Cuttings of it had been sent to St. Petersburg, at the request of the Empress of Russia, in 1789. A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* writes, under date of July 8th, 1801: "Last month I went with a friend to Twickenham for the amusement of angling. My first care, however, was to visit the sacred willow planted by the hand of Pope; and to my bitter grief, only two or three feet of the trunk remained, the upper part having been cut away." What was left of the trunk, it is said, was converted into "Popeian relics" by an eminent jeweler, who worked it up into trinkets and ornaments of all kinds, which had an extensive sale.

In order that the view from his own garden might not be hindered or obstructed, three walnut-trees were, at Pope's request, cut down in the garden of his neighbor. The fact is mentioned in one of Pope's poems, where it is stated that they belonged to a "lord." Warton says the peer alluded to was Lord Radnor. The Countess of Hertford, in her correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret, says that the trees belonged to Lady Ferrers, "whom he makes a lord."

No sooner was the poet happily settled in his new abode than, like one of the clients of the Muse, one of that

> "Genus ignavum, somno quod gaudet et umbra,"

he set to work upon the erection of the above-mentioned "Grotto."

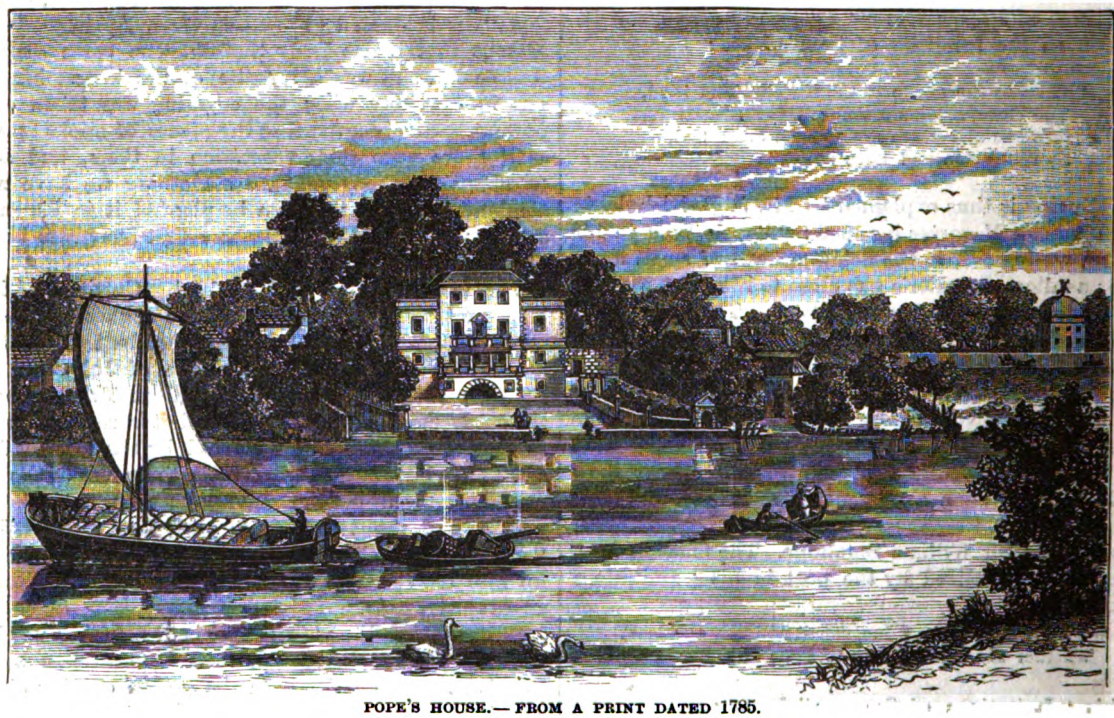
The Grotto was (and is) a subterranean passage constructed under the roadway which separates the two portions of the grounds, which lie on either side of the high road from Twickenham to Strawberry Hill and Teddington. The house stands between this road and the river. The garden beyond the road and the lawn sloping down to the banks of the Thames contain many large trees, under which Pope doubtless used to sit, including some of the finest and earliest planted cedars of Lebanon

in the neighborhood of London. The grotto was formed to obviate the necessity of crossing the high road every time the best part of the gardens had to be reached. On either side of it is a chamber, and these, together with the intervening passage, richly lined with feldspar and Devonshire and Cornish marbles, mostly the gifts of the poet's friends, preserve the grotto to us much as it was a century and a half ago, when he described its beauties in his letters. Among the contributors of natural specimens in the formation of this grotto were Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Borlase, the noted historian of Cornwall.

BOOKBINDING.

THE bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church-books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description.

At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings, gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with their tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; here was also a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold.



POPE'S HOUSE.— FROM A PRINT DATED 1785.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.

THREE or four hours before they are to be bottled, or, if the weather is cool, the night before, remove the hulls from freshly picked berries. As the berries are hulled place them in earthen dishes, adding sugar plentifully, as if preparing them for immediate use on the table. Be careful to add the sugar so that it will be mixed through the berries without having to stir them. Set the dishes away in a cool place. When ready to bottle them, pour off the juice which the sugar will have extracted from the berries; place it in a kettle, adding a little water, in the proportion of one small cupful to four quarts of juice; this will be about the quantity that will evaporate from the juice while boiling. As soon as the juice is boiling, put in enough berries to fill one bottle. Stir them down very gently; let them stay in about two minutes, then lift out with a strainer so as to take no juice with them; fill the bottle two-thirds full, and place it in a pan of hot water to keep it warm. Proceed in the same way until all the berries have been used, taking only enough for one bottle at a time. Then fill each bottle up with the boiling juice, put a teaspoonful of sweet olive-oil in the neck (the secret of the famous Wiesbaden preserved fruits), and seal quickly. Put up in this way, strawberries keep their color and taste.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A little girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her, he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she sweetly replied, "it was to let you in."

"HE MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD ME AS I LAY WATCHING HIM, AND HE WAS THE SAME CHILD WHOSE LOVELY PORTRAIT HUNG ON OUR WALLS DOWN-STAIRS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.

They sat together, a little pair, in an old hull by the sea—
She was a maiden with golden hair, and a brave, bright boy was he.
"I'm the skipper," he cries, "and you're my wife, and over the sea we'll go!"
He cuts the rope with his little knife—and the evening sun is low.

Oh, what shall be their parents' life in their cabins on the shore?
The little skipper and his wife will come to them no more.
Oh, lonely will they wander by, and watch the ebb and flow,
And deem they hear their children's cry, when the crimson sun is low.

Uprose the storm, uproared the tide; the boat was filling fast.
The little wife clung to her skipper's side, and wept at the sea and blast.
He wraps her warm in his little coat; he cries, "Oh, weep not so!"
As swift they drift in the filling boat—and the stormy sun is low.

THE DUCHRAN BAIRN.

A STORY OF ALL-HALLOW EVE.

By Agnes Repplier.

"I must say," pouted Cicely, "that of all the absurdities that ever I heard of, this takes the lead. What are we women, I wonder, expected to do with ourselves in a hole like that?"

"It is not a hole at all, my dear," I mildly suggested, "but quite a spacious mansion. Unless especially favored in the way of servants, I fancy we will find plenty to do in keeping the house in moderate order. From Frank's account, it must be very much out of repair."

"Of course it is," exclaimed my sister-in-law, indignantly. "How like two men to go and rent a moldy old barn, and condemn us to six months' worse exile than Siberia, just that they may have the serene pleasure of firing at a few birds and missing them. Frank never succeeds in shooting anything."

"Oh, Cicely, what a——"

"No, it isn't," she interrupted, laughing through her vexation. "But seriously, Nan, don't you think that your precious brothers have played us a shabby trick? In the first place, what is the good of Frank's having a wife, if he is not going to consult her before taking such a step? I don't blame Harry so much, because he is not married and naturally takes no one's pleasure but his own into consideration. But for Frank to go and rent a huge, tumble-down house in Scotland, and keep us there until Christmas, when he knows how bent I was on getting to Vienna early in the season, and this for the sake of a little shooting! And to call that great hulk of a mansion, only one size less than the Vatican, a shooting-box! It is too absurd!"

"Rather hard lines, I admit, Cicely; but if the shooting really is good, you can ask some people to visit us and manage to have a right gay time even in Scotland."

"As if anybody would be paid to come to such a dismal old place," began Cicely, determined not to be comforted; "or, as if I knew anybody here I wanted to ask! If there is one thing more ridiculous than another, it is for a party of Americans to set up housekeeping in Great Britain, just as if they were to the manner born. I dare say there will be pictures of somebody else's ancestors on the walls, to stare us out of countenance for our presumption in pretending to own them. There is no use in your trying to make the best of it, Nan, for there isn't any best to be found. My one and only comfort is that I have you at least with me. If I were alone I should order my coffin before I set out for my new abode;" and Cicely, laying her pretty curly head in my lap, lifted her slender arms and drew down my face for a sisterly kiss. "I believe you are the best thing my husband brought me after all," she said, "and for your precious sake I am almost ready to forgive him the six months' desolation he has provided for me."

This being a great concession, I wisely closed with it, and turned the conversation into more agreeable channels. To confess the truth, I was by no means enchanted with the prospect.

For the past nine months we had been leading an aimless but most delightful life, wandering wherever the fancy took us, and seeing the world in the laziest fashion imaginable.

There were only four of us—my two brothers, my sister-in-law and myself—"just the right number to fill a carriage," Cicely always said; and now, instead of idling happily around Europe, we were condemned to live for six months in a house as big as a barrack in the loneliest part of Dumbarton.

The boys had fallen in love with the old place, which had been vacant for some years; the shooting around was said to be excellent. They had the natural inclination of all men for a fixed habitation, and, knowing what opposition they were likely to receive, Frank had gone to work in a brilliant but underhand way, and actually rented the house before making known to us his fell design!

The righteous indignation of his wife, when she discovered what had been done, scarcely troubled him at all, so confident was he that, once settled in our new quarters, we would be overpowered with gratitude for the superior wisdom which had lodged us there; and so, on the last day of August, unable to escape our fate, we moved, bag and baggage, into our temporary home.

It was a large—a very large—house, without being in the least imposing. There was a three-story main building, with an irregularly shaped wing straggling out on one side, and a great bulge on the other, which Frank said looked like a castle-tower, but which, to my unromantic eyes, was far more suggestive of a Boston swell front. The place was evidently of great age, and it was said to be over eighty years since any of its owners had chosen to live permanently within its walls.

At that remote date the property had passed from the direct line, then extinct, to a distant branch of the family, who, not relishing its gloomy isolation, had very wisely preferred to live in France, and let the old house when they could to just such idiots as ourselves.

A broad and really noble flight of steps led to the ponderous door, which opened into a hall big enough for a dancing-party, if anybody could be found bold enough to dance there.

The rooms in the main building were larger than those in the wing, and better lit and ventilated, while from the upper windows we had a partial view of Arnot Castle and the Lomond Hills, at whose feet lie the straggling churchyard and the tiny chapel, moldy with decay.

Cicely made an anxious calculation, and then informed us we could each have six bedrooms apiece, and that she hoped we would consent to crowd ourselves into so limited a number.

The servants were to occupy the extreme end of the wing, but all the rest of the house was at our disposal.

I chose for myself a room in what Frank persisted in calling the tower, and I made the selection I did for two reasons: One was, a huge chest of drawers, which stood in the darkest corner, and promised a comfortable rest-

ing-place for my clothes; the other, a broad, oval window, whose latticed panes reached nearly to the floor, and beneath which lay a square terrace paved with different colored stones.

The furniture here and throughout the house was l y, sombre, and occasionally, I must confess, shabby. But it is an idiosyncrasy of Americans that the shabbiness which would desolate their hearts, if at home, is accepted as quite the correct and proper thing when abroad.

On the whole, our experiment seemed to promise a little better than we had expected, and the unbounded delight of the two men went far toward inspiring us with resignation for our lot.

To Frank and Harry everything about the place was perfect, and they were even prepared to admire the family portraits which ornamented the hall and dining-room, and which Cicely and I considered to be miracles of ugliness.

All the Duchran men appeared to have been short, square and red-headed, and all the women tall, thin and weak-eyed. But perhaps the painters did but scant justice to their subjects; and there was one picture, at least, which was lovely enough to make us forget the shortcomings of the rest.

This was a fair-haired boy, about ten years old, who looked out from his canvas with clear blue eyes and a half-smile which softly parted the curved lips.

He wore a tunic of violet cloth, with a heavy fall of lace at the wrists, and his blonde hair fell over his shoulders and was brought low on the forehead, till it nearly touched the fringed eyelids beneath.

The bright boyish beauty of the face had an ever-increasing fascination for Cicely, who never seemed to weary of admiring it.

"Such a lovely little fellow, Nan!" she would say. "How did he ever manage to be so pretty in such a gloomy old place, and with such miserably ugly relations? Do you suppose that skinny object alongside of him, with half-shut eyes and the feather tumbling out of her hair, could possibly have been his mother? Or that sandy-haired individual, who looks as if he had the toothache, his father?"

"Perhaps he himself is the sandy-haired individual grown to manhood," I suggested, wickedly.

"Perish the unworthy thought!" cried Cicely, horror-struck; and then she added, more softly: "Do you know, Nan, I don't believe the darling ever grew up at all."

Very soon after our arrival I began to make the acquaintance of the few poor people who lived around us. They were, as a rule, in great poverty, but sturdy, hard-working and singularly uncomplaining. If their needs were many their petitions were few, and I often wondered how some of them contrived to keep body and soul together on their meagre and unsustaining food.

In a tiny cottage, just beyond the lawn, lived the gardener, a taciturn but industrious man, with a delicate wife, four small children and a bed-ridden grandmother, to whose comforts he devoted no small portion of his wages.

Such a weird-looking old woman as she was, with her few gray hairs pushed back from her wrinkled forehead, and her keen gray eyes, undimmed by sickness or age, fixed with close scrutiny on my face, when I told her we had come to live in the Duchran Close.

"And what brought you here?" she asked, in pure English, and without the slightest Scotch accent. "Have you no home of your own, no country or friends, that you should come for shelter to the Duchran walls?"

"A sensible old lady," whispered Cicely, who was with me. "How I do wish Frank were here to listen to her!"

"And you did not seek to come there?" said old Margaret, turning her piercing eyes on my sister-in-law's pretty face. All the children had been busy admiring her ever since we entered. "And how long are you going to bide?"

"Maybe till Christmas, maybe till Spring," answered Cicely, with a sigh.

"No, no," was the positive answer; "you will never bide that long. Do not fear it, Pretty."

"But I have a husband, and he says I must," said Cicely, laughing.

"Husbands can be mistaken like the rest of the world," said the old woman, contemptuously. "If yours is wiser than the main, he will take you all the sooner from the Duchran Close."

Then, as if fearful she had said too much, she called one of her great-grandchildren, a shock-headed boy of three, who, climbing on her bed and staring at us with his solemn, blue eyes, was at once made much of by Cicely, and effectually changed the conversation.

After this, to go and see old Margaret, and take her some little delicacy from our table, became one of my daily tasks, and well did it repay me.

Originally from Devonshire, and priding herself greatly on her English birth and tongue, she had yet passed all her long life since childhood in the same spot where she lived now. There she had married, had brought up her children, only to see them die one by one before her; and now, nearly ninety years old, was still bright in mind, though helplessly infirm in body.

With a strong memory and a quick tongue, many were the old tales she told me as our intimacy progressed, but on the subject of the Duchran family she either knew or would say nothing. The last direct heir had died when she was still a little girl, and since then different members of the French branch had from time to time visited the old place, but never made their home there.

She appeared deeply interested in us all, though more especially in Cicely, and one day asked me in which rooms we slept, saying she knew every inch of the house by heart. When I told her of my choice, a strange expression came into the keen old face.

"I would not sleep there, indeed, Miss Morton," she said, earnestly. "That room was always an unlucky one, and no good can come of using it."

"Nonsense," I answered, lightly. "I would not desert my chest of drawers, too heavy to be moved, or my beautiful oval window, for all the impending ill luck in Scotland."

"The chest of drawers! The oval window! She repeated, with a look of absolute terror in her troubled eyes. "Are you mad, child, or—what!"

I stared at her in amazement, and my wonder seemed to bring her to her senses.

"There are many things, my dear," she said, slowly, and with evident unwillingness, "that may not be lightly talked about. But you are a kind-hearted young lady as ever lived, and your sister is a rarely pretty one, and I warn you both to have nothing to do with that corner room."

She seemed so dreadfully in earnest that a vague terror crept into my heart, and for a minute I had half-decided to follow her advice. Then, the folly of fearing I didn't know what, and the certainty of being laughed at by the boys if I confided to them my weakness, determined me to pocket my uneasy convictions and remain sensibly where I was.

September passed quietly and even pleasantly away, and we grew daily more satisfied with our new life. On the second evening in October Frank came into the drawing-room where his wife and I were ruining our eyes trying to read in the fast-deepening twilight.

"Cicely," he said, "who was the little boy that I saw in the hall just now as I came in?"

"Little boy!" repeated Cicely, opening her blue eyes to their very widest extent. "There has not been any little boy, or girl, either, in the house, to my knowledge, since we took possession of it. You must have been asleep and dreaming."

"I was in a very active somnambulistic state then, my dear," he returned; "for when I came in the door I noticed a little boy standing on the lowest stair. It was too dark for me to see him distinctly, and he slipped by me into the dining-room. I called him, but as he did not answer, I supposed he must have been a small nephew or cousin of one of the servants, who was amusing himself in a lonely fashion on the stairs. He looked like a pretty little fellow, too."

"Pretty or not, he was no guest of ours," said Cicely, shutting her book and ringing for the lights.

Dinner being then announced, the matter was forgotten for the time. But two evenings later, Harry, who had not heard this scrap of conversation, asked us who was the little boy he had just met in the upper hall—a little light-haired boy, he said, and he was going in the direction of my room. Where had we picked him up?

"The strange child again," said Cicely, looking surprised, "and up-stairs, too! I must make inquiries about him, for, whatever may be the custom of domestics on this side of the ocean, I have an American prejudice in favor of knowing whom I am harboring in my house. How old a child do you think he was, Harry?"

"About ten or eleven, I guess," was the careless answer. "He had his back turned toward me, and I did not notice him very carefully, though I must say he did not look like a common child."

"A very uncommon one, I should say, to go rambling about the house in that fashion, as if he owned the premises," said Frank. "Cicely, do ask at once who he is."

Cicely did ask that night, but, strange to say, received the same answer from all the servants.

None of them had any relative or friend visiting them, and none of them had ever seen a little boy, or knew of his being in the house. It was very singular for one of the poor children around to stay in and make himself so much at home. And yet, who else could he be?

The boys were much amused at the mystery, but Cicely seemed annoyed, and I—shall I confess it?—felt a vague alarm creep over me, at which I laughed in the daytime and shivered at night, after the manner of womankind all the world over.

TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAPPIE? INDIGESTION?"
"INDIGESTION, INDEED! I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ TO LADY GORGONZOLA GRIMSHAW. THE MUSIC HAS ACTUALLY BEGUN — AND — I'VE LOST THE SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY SHIRT-FRONT!"

In a week, however, the strange little boy had been pretty well forgotten, when Cicely came running into my room one morning with some fresh-pulled flowers still in her apron.

"Well," she said, laughing, as she peered curiously into every corner, "where have you contrived to hide him already?"

"Hide who? Cicely, what are you talking about?" I asked.

"Why, the little boy, of course," she answered. "I saw him come in here this minute, so you may as well produce him and own up."

"You saw a little boy come into my room!" I repeated, in astonishment. "Cicely, I assure you no one has entered that door for the last hour, and I have been sitting facing it all the time."

The bright color died away from her face, leaving a cold gray pallor; her soft eyes looked into mine with the pitiful, bewildered look of a frightened child. She shivered, and her lip trembled a little as she whispered, slowly:

"Now, what can it mean? I saw a little boy, with fair hair, standing at your door this minute, as I came along

the corridor, and I thought"—she paused for an instant—"I thought, dear, I saw him go in. If I did not, where can he be?"

"In one of the other rooms, of course," I said, "and we will hunt him up this very minute."

"There is only one more door after yours, you know," she said, "and that is locked inside. Now I do not believe he is a real child! Oh, I wish I had seen him! I wish I had never come to the dreadful, dreadful place!" and she clung desperately to me, while two great tear-drops rolled her pretty brown cheeks.

I kissed them away and comforted her, vowing inwardly that she should not stay to be frightened for all the brothers and all the shooting in Great Britain.

Even if the child turned out to be some ordinary little boy, after all, she was getting nervous in this gloomy old house, and it was cruel to keep her here.

But when I told Frank all this in the evening, he laughed at us both, and Cicely, bright and courageous

"He cuts the rope with his little knife—and the evening sun is low."

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

enough in her husband's company, laughed with him, and acknowledged herself to be a little goose.

I was thoroughly in carnest, however, and pushed the subject with such rigor, that my brother at last promised us both that if the child appeared to any of us again, and we did not succeed in laying hold of him and proving him to be flesh and blood, he would consent to our packing up our traps, and setting off the very next day. Several times I thought of telling all this to Margaret Dawse, but the poor old woman had been suffering so much of late, and seemed so strangely nervous and ill at ease, that I could not bear to trouble her further, unless obliged to speak.

The rest of the month, however, went slowly by without any fresh disturbance, although Cicely's lurking terror was something pitiful to see, bravely as she tried to keep it down; and the servants, having caught the infection, their half hysterical and wholly foolish fears were neither inspiring nor comfortable.

But the weather had by this time grown so clear and lovely, that, living out of doors as we did in the fresh, bracing atmosphere, our morbid fancies dropped from

"He wraps her warm in his little coat; he cries, 'Oh, weep not so!'"

"And deem they hear their children's cry when the crimson sun is low."

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.

us one by one, and we became more like our old light-hearted selves. It was the lull before a storm, but we enjoyed it with unthinking zest.

All-Hallow Eve had been spent gayly enough, and I was never in brighter spirits than when I bade good-night to the others, and went to my lonely room. The full moon shining in the oval window lit up every corner, and long after I was in bed, I amused myself in a drowsy fashion by watching the moonbeams quivering on the opposite wall, as the great tree-branches outside waved slowly to and fro. I dropped asleep finally, and slept perhaps an hour, perhaps two or three.

When I awoke, it was with a strange consciousness of some unknown presence in the room, and raising my head, I saw standing at the foot of my bed a little boy, with his back turned to me and the moonlight shining on his long fair hair, and on the lace that encircled his slender wrists and throat.

He moved slowly toward me as I lay watching him, and I saw that he was the same child whose lovely portrait hung on our walls down-stairs, the same, and yet oh, heavens, not the same! For, from the fair, childish face all light of reason had fled, and the blue eyes, no longer brave and clear, gazed into mine with the vacant, unmeaning stare of an idiot. My blood curdled in my veins, and I endeavored to rise from the bed, when my eyes fell upon another figure in the room, a man who stood in the dimmed corner, leaning against the heavy chest of drawers.

Was ever Duchran yet who resembled him? Tall, dark and strongly built, he watched the boy with a face on which was stamped an agony too deep for words, a pain which shone from the worn eyes, as if self-torture had swept bare all power of suffering from the wrecked soul, and stamped itself on every haggard feature.

Sick with fright, I could neither speak nor move. Suddenly the child's meaningless glance fell upon the dark shadow in the corner, and an expression of mad terror shot into the wide-open blue eyes. With averted head he fled toward the window, a desperate fear showing itself in every line of the lovely, senseless face.

I saw the man's look of pain unbearable, and then, oh, horror! the boy had reached the oval window, whose latticed panes swung open in the moonlit air. His foot was already on the low sill, when, with a shriek for help I sprang from the bed.

It was too late! The child had disappeared, and, shivering with terror, I looked down upon the terrace beneath. The moon shone clearly, and I could distinguish the pattern of the different colored flags that paved it, but of the crushed little body I feared to see there was no sign whatever. Gasping, I turned.

Frank and Cicely, aroused by my cries, were at my side, but by the chest of drawers there stood no longer the dark-faced man; nothing was left of the awful picture I had seen.

Cicely's sobs brought me quickly to my senses. Trembling with cold and fright, the poor child looked ready to faint, and I determined instantly that she should hear nothing to alarm her further. Confused and wretched, I said something about a nightmare and my own folly in screaming so, and assured her there was no cause for fear. She seemed but half reassured, insisted on calling one of the maids to stay with me for the rest of the night, and looked at me with such a world of questioning doubt in her troubled face, that I was glad to kiss her for the last time, and push her gently out of the door.

The next morning my mind was made up, and right after breakfast I went over to old Margaret's cottage. She had been decidedly worse, her daughter-in-law told me, and very restless and worried for the past two nights, but wished to see me if I came.

When I entered the room, I was shocked to find how worn and haggard she looked as, with glittering eyes, she peered anxiously into my face.

What she saw there must have confirmed her fears, for she sank back in her bed with a faint moan, and a glance at me that was half pleading, half reproachful.

Convinced that she knew far more than I did, I told her in a few plain words, first, how the child had been seen by the others, and then my vision of the night before.

She listened in silence, and when I had finished there came a deep sob, that seemed to rend the poor old frame, and, covering her face with her wrinkled hands, I saw the great tear-drops ooze between her fingers.

"You may go or stay, as you like, now!" she said, at length, "for you have seen the last of the poor Duchran bairn until another year is over. The helpless little laddie that a father's blow drove mad!"

Her grief was pitiful to see; but, with a desperate effort, she subdued it, and lay white and quiet on her pillows.

"Eighty years dead and buried," she moaned, "and to have found no rest at last! My darling—my darling!"

Then, turning resolutely toward me, and raising her keen eyes to mine, she told me, in broken sentences, the story of the curse that hung over the Duchran walls.

An ancient and much-respected family, they had lived soberly and frugally for generations in the old house, marrying discreetly and keeping together the large but barren property, until Ronald Duchran, the only son of a widowed mother, and a scapegrace from his birth, finding the solitude of his home rather irksome, left it to wander for many years abroad.

In Rome he married an Italian wife, and his boy, brought up among his mother's people, never visited Scotland until after the father's death, when he came to take possession of the estate.

A wonderful contrast to his honest and ugly ancestors was this last Duchran, with his hot blood and his southern eyes and skin. He hated everything Scotch, and lived but little at home until after the death of his wife, an English girl of a good family in Somersetshire. He had been married but two years when she died, leaving him a baby boy, with whom he returned, a few years later, to Scotland, bringing with him an English nurse and her little girl, who was the young heir's only playmate.

For years he lived a solitary and morbid life, wrapped in profound grief for the loss of his young wife, and giving but little thought or affection to his child, who grew up fair-haired and blue-eyed, and in all things like the mother who was dead.

From the beginning his father was to him simply the embodiment of authority, a being to be feared and obeyed, but scarcely to be loved. He clung, in preference, to his nurse and to her little daughter, Margaret, with whom he played all day in the lonely house, and who, bolder and brighter of the two, assumed the lead in all their childish sports. To her Norman confided the awe he felt for his father, and with her it became a daily task to shield him from all blame.

The boy slept in the tower chamber, which I had occupied, and here the little girl witnessed unperceived the first act of the tragedy that cursed the ancient walls. Running through the corridor, she heard voices within

the room, and, alarmed for her playmate, she stole to the door in time to see the father, angry at some childish act, strike his son, who stumbled under the blow.

As he fell his head struck sharply against the edge of the chest of drawers, and, stunned with the shock, he lay unconscious, the blood streaming from the cut.

Horrified and fiercely indignant, the little Margaret stole away before the frightened father had lifted up his boy and sent hurriedly for nurse and doctor. Crouched in a corner of the corridor, she lay waiting for the verdict from the sick-room, and here her mother found her, and drew from her the story of all that she had seen.

A woman of strong mind and devoted to the interests of the house she served, she pledged her little daughter to profound secrecy, declaring that only under these conditions would she be ever permitted to see her playfellow.

The promise was given and faithfully kept. Norman had fallen, it was said; and, after hanging two weeks in a critical condition, he was pronounced to be out of danger, but a hopeless idiot.

The sorrow and despair of the father on hearing of the doom of his only son was something appalling to witness.

No one except little Margaret and her mother knew the truth, and they alone held the key of a mystery insoluble to all others—the idiot child's terror in his father's presence. With all else he was gentle, manageable and even in his foolish way happy, but his father he feared with the pitiful, blind fear of madness; and what fierce pain this shrinking horror must have carried into that remorseful heart, none of us can fathom. In vain every effort was made to soothe the boy's troubled mind and bring the two together. It was hopeless, and this terrible cloud of retribution hung over the Duchran House for four heavy months after Norman's illness.

Then came the end. On the last day of October there was heard in the gloaming an awful cry of horror from the tower room, and those who rushed to learn the cause saw Maurice Duchran standing by the oval window with a face more ghastly than a corpse, more distorted than a demon, and beneath on the flagged terrace lay the body of little Norman, still and cold in the clasp of death.

What had happened none ever knew, save that the child had fallen from the window on to the cruel stones below, and that the miserable father saw the accident too late to save his son. But the two who shared his terrible secret felt in their hidden souls that it was in mad flight from the object of his deadly fear that the poor crazy boy had leaped to his death before his father's eyes.

They laid the last Duchran bairn to sleep with his moldy ancestors, and many were the tears shed over the sad little ruined life; but he who had wrought the evil went forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. And when the next November came around, the post from Paris announced the fact that Maurice Duchran lay dead at his hotel, having breathed his last in the gloaming on All Hallow Eve.

Distant relations took possession of the estate. Margaret's mother died, and she grew up, married, and spent her whole life within a stone's throw of the scenes she had witnessed as a child. Her race was nearly run, and I bade her a last good-by as I left the cottage; for, that day we went from the Duchran Close, never to enter it again.

She had carried her lifelong secret well, but she had borne her childish love still more bravely to the end; for she showed me, worn on her withered breast, a curl of yellow hair, and a bit of decaying lace with a dull-red stain upon it, that had been around the white throat of her playfellow, the ill-fated child, Norman Duchran.

A NEW METHOD OF HEATING.

The use of acetate of soda for heating cars has proved so successful that it is likely to be extended. A large iron pipe containing the compound passes under each seat of the car; through the centre of the pipe runs a smaller pipe, through which steam is passed when it is desired to heat the compound. When heat is applied to the pipes from a steam-boiler in the station, the crystals in the acetate of soda used are liquefied, and remain so until the temperature begins to fall perceptibly. Then the crystals begin to form, and the liquid throws out an increased heat. A thermometer taking the temperature of a pipe of the heated compound shows that during the first hour or two there is a slight fall of temperature, then a sharp rise while crystallization takes place, and then a gradual fall. A record of the temperature of one car kept during twenty days showed that after each run of sixteen miles the temperature in the car was upon an average less than one degree lower when the car returned to the station than when it started out. The cost of heating cars by this system is said by the company which controls the patents to be no more than for stoves, while the heat is pleasanter, and the atmosphere is free from gas and smoke. The compound in the pipes will last for an indefinite number of years, for all that is known to the contrary, being hermetically sealed. This company now proposes to introduce the same system as an improvement on heating by ordinary steam radiation. Steam coils often heat too violently in small rooms, and either give too little or too much heat. By using the steam to heat a reservoir of the compound liquid, the steam can be turned off when the room is sufficiently warm, and the reservoir will continue to throw out a constant amount of warmth for several hours. A small pipe, full of the compound, three feet long and four inches in diameter, is made for heating private carriages.

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE.

Perfumes may be obtained from sweet-scented plants by any of the following three methods:

First, Distillation.—As this method requires the employment of a still, which would be out of the reach of many, I will merely remark that the essential oil, or otto of the plant acted on, rises with the steam, is condensed, and afterward separated from the water, on which it floats, by decanting. Distillation is used only for strong perfumes, such as orange and lemon-peel, geranium-leaves, etc., and is useless for fine ones from flowers, such as violets, jasmine, etc. A handy amateur ought to be able to make a small still for himself.

Second, Enfleurage.—The delicate odors of flowers such as are mentioned above, or others, are best obtained by this method. Make a number of boxes or frames about 20 inches square by 3 inches deep, but without top or bottom. Such as would wish to try on a small scale may be satisfied with 10 inches square by 3 inches deep. Previous to screwing the four sides together, plow a groove in the centre of the boards, into which insert a sheet of thick glass. You have now a frame with a sheet of glass 1½ inches from either edge. These are called by the French *châssis*. Spread about ¼ inch thick of clarified lard, beef suet, or other pure fat, on each side of the glass. The *châssis*, or frames, are now placed one on top of another with the flowers between, which are allowed to remain two or three days, when they are replaced by fresh ones as long as they can be procured—say for one

or two months. It will be observed that the space between two *châssis*, when placed one on the other, will be 3 inches, as the edge of each is 1½ inch from the glass. When the flowers are being changed the grease should be scored with a knife, which causes the odor to be absorbed more readily. After the fat is thoroughly saturated with the perfume it may be scraped off, strained, and put into tins ready for the next operation. Moleskin, a thick, cotton fabric, saturated with pure olive oil, is sometimes used instead of fat. The oil, after acquiring the perfume, must, however, be extracted by a hydraulic press.

Third, Maceration.—In this process the flowers and grease are placed in a *bain marie*, and kept heated over a quick fire. The boiling point is raised by adding salt to the water between the two vessels. The *bain marie* is made on the same principle as a gluepot, is used in culinary operations, and may be procured from most ironmongers. A handy person may, however, be able to adapt two vessels to this purpose on the principle just mentioned. Now we have the perfume in the grease, how is it to be separated? you will ask. Simply by cutting up in small pieces and infusing the grease in strong alcohol for about a month, then strain. The spirit now becomes the preserver and distributor of the odor, and the combination of the two is the perfume of commerce. The operation of the whole process is simply this: The fragrant essential *oil* of the flowers or plants combines with the *fat*, for which it has an affinity. The *odorous essence* has an affinity for the *alcohol* and combines with *that*, leaving the *oil* remaining with the *fat*. The fat that remains is odorless, and may be converted into soap. This, or any odorless soap, may be scented as follows: Slice it up *cold*, add sufficient perfume and beat the whole up in a mortar with a heavy pestle, or it may be dissolved in the *bain marie*, adding the perfume, of course. The *bain marie* may also be utilized for clarifying the fat. The above separate or simple perfumes may be combined to form bouquets or nosegays, as for example, lavender-water, which is made as follows: English oil of lavender, 2 ounces; essence of ambergris, 1 ounce; eau de Cologne, 1 pint; rectified spirit, 1 quart; mix.

Perfumes are also obtained from animals, as civet and musk, and from gum-resins, as camphor, myrrh, etc. Such readers as have gardens might utilize the above information, and all could avail of the many exquisitely scented wild-flowers and plants obtainable in most localities of the country, and thus have a sweet memorial of their favorites after they had passed away.

THE PROTECTIVE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

By Alfred Russel Wallace, F.L.S.

To the ordinary observer, the colors of the various kinds of molluscs, insects, reptiles, birds and mammals, appear to have no use, and to be distributed pretty much at random. There is a general notion that in the tropics everything—insects, birds, and flowers especially—is much more brilliantly colored than with us; but the idea that we should ever be able to give a satisfactory reason why one creature is white and another black, why this caterpillar is green and that one brown, and a third adorned with stripes and spots of the most gaudy colors, would seem to most persons both presumptuous and absurd. We propose to show, however, that in a large number of cases the colors of animals are of the greatest importance to them, and that sometimes even their very existence depends upon their peculiar tints.

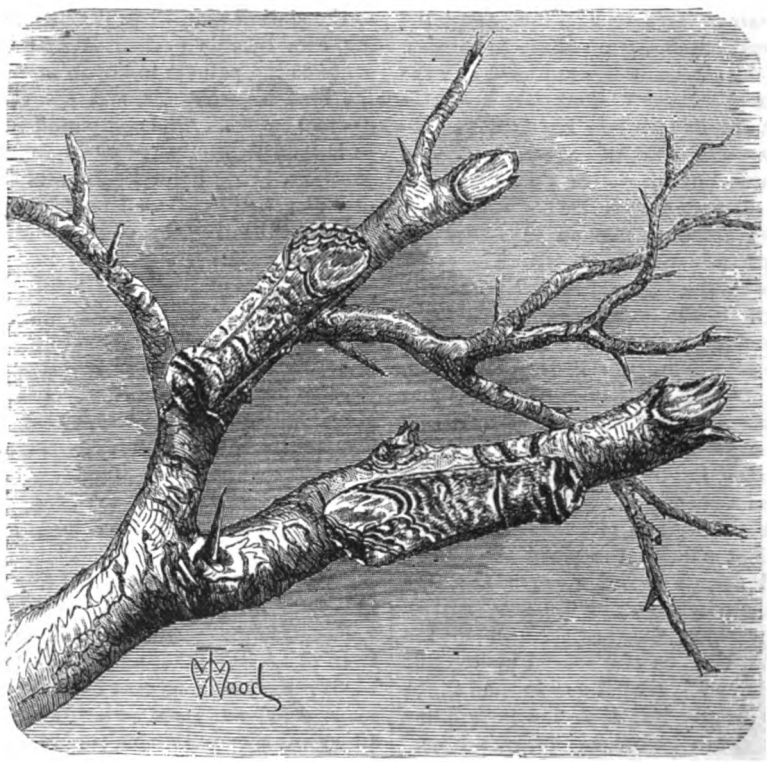


FIG. 1.—THE BUFF-TIP MOTH.

It is an almost universal rule that each animal either has enemies which seek to feed upon it, or that it seeks itself to feed upon other animals. In the first case, it has to escape its enemies or it cannot long continue to live. This it does either by its swiftness of flight, by its watchfulness, or by hiding itself from view. Some species come abroad only at night, some burrow under ground, many hide themselves among leaves, or bark, or stones, and thus escape destruction. Their enemies, however, are as swift and as watchful as they are themselves, and they can in most cases only escape them by avoiding observation. To do this, they must not be too conspicuous; and thus any kind of coloring that renders them scarcely visible while seeking their food or attending to their young, actually tends to preserve their lives, and often alone enables them to secure the safety of their offspring. But the enemy who is in pursuit of them is in just the same predicament. He, too, must be concealed by his color, or he will be seen afar off and his prey will seek a secure concealment. In that case he will simply starve to death, and his race will cease to exist. It thus appears that almost every kind of animal requires con-

cealment; and it might therefore be thought that color must always be injurious, and ought never to exist. And as color not only exists, but abounds among the various classes of animals, it may be thought that we have here a *reductio ad absurdum*, and that protective coloring cannot be of much importance. Further examination, however, shows us that even gay colors are very often protective, because the earth and the sky, the leaves and the flowers, themselves glow with pure and vivid hues. In other cases conspicuous coloring is useful to an animal, as when it is protected by the possession of a deadly sting or a nauseous taste, and the bright or unusual color warns its would-be enemies to avoid it. There are also a great number of animals who appear to be sufficiently able to take care of themselves without resorting to concealment, and with these the tendency to the production of color, which seems to be inherent in organic beings, exhibits itself unchecked. Taking all these facts into consideration, we find that there is an ample field for the development of bright and conspicuous color on the one hand, and for the display of an infinite variety of protective tints on the other, dependent on the structure, the habits, and the instincts of the different kinds of animals.

FIG. 2.—THE LAPPET MOTH.

Let us now consider a few familiar examples of protective coloring. Owing to the mildness of the Winter of 1877, and the dampness of the following Spring, my garden was overrun with slugs, and I had to wage continual war against them. On every damp evening I would go round the borders, examining the choicest plants, and, taking the slugs off with a knife, deposit them in a jar of strong brine. While doing this, many of them, on being touched, would contract and drop to the ground, and though they fell close under my eyes, I often had some trouble to find them again, owing to their close resemblance to the small pebbles with which the soil abounded. They varied in color from nearly white, to brown, yellow, and nearly black, and when contracted into an oval lump, they were exactly like the variously colored wet pebbles. One black slug with an olive-yellow under-surface, when contracted was wonderfully like a blackish flint pebble broken in two, showing the yellowish inside so common in such stones. It may be said that this was only an accidental resemblance, and at first it did not strike me as being anything else; but when, time after time, I lost sight of a slug beneath my very eyes, and had often no other means of finding it again but by touching the various small stones with my knife till I found a soft one, the conviction forced itself upon me that here was a case of true protection, and that what deceived me would also probably sometimes deceive the birds and other animals that feed upon slugs. In the tropical forests I had often in the same way to resort to the sense of touch to supplement that of sight, in distinguishing between the phasmidæ or "stick insects" and real pieces of stick; and as in this case it is universally admitted that the resemblance is a protection to the insects, since it saves them from

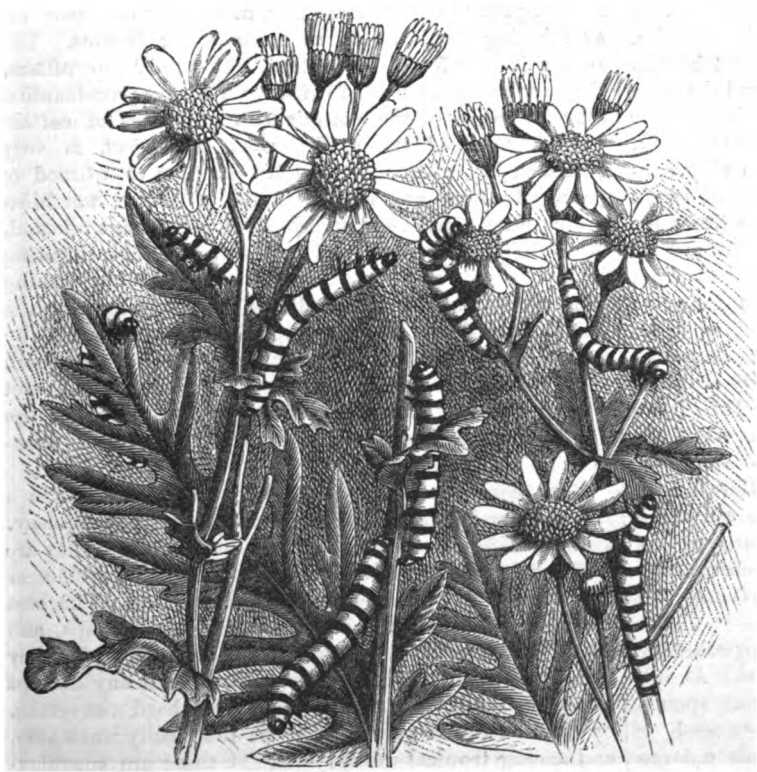


FIG. 3.—JACOBEÆ CATERPILLARS.

the attacks of the numerous tropical insectivorous birds, we may well believe that our familiar slugs are similarly protected from the thrushes and other birds which feed upon them.

We will now consider some other cases of protection by color among animals of our own country, before proceeding to those more wonderful developments which occur chiefly in tropical lands. Every collector of beetles must have observed how many of our *Curculionidæ* or weevils are brown or speckled, and also that they have the habit, on being touched or alarmed, of falling down on the ground, drawing in their legs and antennæ, and there becoming undistinguishable from small lumps of earth or stones. Others, however, which are found constantly on nettles and herbage, are beautifully green, and these usually run or fly away when alarmed. A curious little beetle, *Onthophilus sulcatus*, is brown and furrowed, so as exactly to resemble the seed of some umbelliferous plant. The beautiful Musk-beetle, which usually rests upon the leaves of willows, is green; while the Saperdas and Rhagiums, which frequent timber or posts, are invariably brown or yellowish. It is, however, among our moths, which are at once more conspicuous and more defenseless, that the best examples of protective coloring in this country are to be found. The beautiful green *Agriopis aprilina* and the dusky *Acronycta psi* rest during the day on the trunks of trees, and are often completely concealed by their resemblance to the green and gray lichens which surround them. The Lappet-moth (*Gastropacha querci*), when at rest, so disposes its rich brown wings as to resemble, both in shape and color, a dead leaf (Fig. 2); while the Buff-tip moth (*Pygæra bucephala*) so contracts its wings that it looks exactly like a thick piece of broken stick, the yellow patch at the extremity of the wings giving the appearance of the freshly-broken end (Fig. 1). This is a case which well illustrates how impossible it is to decide from the appearance of a specimen in a cabinet whether the colors of an animal are or are not protective; for no one would imagine that this handsome and conspicuously colored moth could ever deceptively resemble a bit of dead stick, and so obtain protection from its enemies. It is a very common thing in the tropics to find beetles and moths which resemble bird's droppings, and the same occurs in this country; for Mr. A. Sidgwick, in a paper read before the Rugby School Natural History Society, says: "I have myself more than once mistaken *Cilix compressa*, a little white-and-gray moth, for a piece of bird's dung dropped upon a leaf, and, *vice versâ*, the dung for the moth. Two other moths, *Bryophila glandifer* and *B. perla*, are the very image of the mortar walls on which they rest; and in Switzerland I amused myself for some time in watching a moth, probably *Larentia tripunctaria*, fluttering about close to me, and then alighting on a wall of the stone of the district, which it so exactly matched as to be quite invisible a couple of yards off." It has also been noticed that the general tints of the moths which are on the wing in Autumn and Winter correspond to the prevailing hues of nature at those seasons. The Rev. Joseph Greene states that the great majority of the autumnal moths are of various shades of yellow and brown, like those of the autumnal foliage; while the Winter moths of the genera *Cheimatobia* and *Hybernia* are of gray and silvery tints.

It is among the caterpillars, however, that protective coloring is the most general and conspicuous. An immense number of these creatures are green, corresponding with the tints of the leaves on which they feed, or brown when they rest on bark or twigs; while a large number of the larvæ of the Geometridæ or Loopers have the habit of sticking themselves out rigidly like sticks, which they exactly resemble in shape as well as in color. Every one knows, however, that there are a number of very brightly colored caterpillars, and it may be asked how these are protected, or why the others need protection if these can do without it. The answer to this question is most instructive, and affords the most conclusive proof that various examples of protective tints in nature really have the effect we impute to them. It has been found by repeated observation and experiment that every green and brown caterpillar, without exception, is greedily eaten by birds, and even by frogs, lizards and spiders, and that they endeavor to conceal themselves from these numerous enemies by feeding usually at night, while during the day they remain motionless upon leaves, twigs or bark, of the same color as themselves. The brightly colored caterpillars, on the other hand, were found to be universally rejected by birds when offered to them, and even by lizards, frogs and spiders. None of these would touch the common spotted caterpillar of the magpie moth (*Abraxas grossulariata*), nor those of the *Cuccullia verbasci*, *Callimorpha jacobæ* (Fig. 3), or the *Anthrocera filipendulæ*. Sometimes the caterpillars were seized in the mouth, but always dropped again, as if in disgust at their taste. The same rule was found to apply to all the hairy or spiny caterpillars; and, what is very interesting, the habits of these creatures are correspondingly different from those of the green and brown eatable species. They all feed during the day; they do not conceal themselves, but feed openly, as if courting observation, and secure in the knowledge of their safety from all enemies.

This connection of gay colors and bold habits with non-edibility, throws light on many other cases of bright coloring which might otherwise be adduced as opposed to the theory of protection. Thus, among our beetles we have such conspicuous creatures as the lady-birds (*Coccinellidæ*) and the "soldiers and sailors" among the Malacoderms, which are all conspicuous and defenseless insects, never hiding themselves, or seeking concealment, or feigning death, as do so many other beetles. The reason is now found to be that, like gaudy caterpillars, they are generally unfit for food. The same explanation may be given of the conspicuous whiteness of certain moths. One of these, *Spilosoma menthrasti*, is very common, but when given by Mr. Stainton to a brood of young turkeys among hundreds of other worthless moths after a night's "sugaring," it was always rejected, each bird in succession picking it up and then throwing it down again, as if too nasty to eat. The same thing has been observed with the showy butterflies forming the family *Danaidæ*. Insect-eating birds were observed by Mr. Belt in South America, catching butterflies which they brought to their nest to feed their young; yet during half an hour they never brought one of the *Danaidæ*, which were flying lazily about in great numbers.

But there are other modes of protection, besides a nauseous taste, which renders concealment unnecessary. Either weapons or armor have the same effect, if they are sufficiently perfect of their kind to render it useless or dangerous for their enemies to attack them. The best example of armed insects are the bees and wasps, and among these conspicuous colors are the rule, while they usually fly about and seek their food without any attempt at concealment. Other insects have so hard a covering, or such awkward spines, as to be practically uneatable, and among tropical insects many of these are conspicuously or gaudily colored. One of the few examples we

have of this group are the Ruby-tail wasp (*Chrysis*) which have no stings, but have the power of rolling themselves up into a ball, which is very hard; and they are so gorgeously colored as to appear like some curious jewels. Others, again, obtain protection by extreme rapidity of flight, and by concealing themselves in holes or among flowers when at rest, and these are often brilliantly colored, as in the case of the common Bosechafer. These few examples are merely intended to show that it is no argument against the use of protective colors in some animals, that many others have brilliant and clearly non-protective hues. In those cases, the creatures have certainly some substitute which enables them to live and continue their race. What this substitute is we can in some cases find out, but in many others we are too ignorant of the habits and surroundings of the species to determine whether its peculiar colors are or are not protective, or, if they are not, to determine what are the peculiar conditions which enable it to dispense with this particular kind of safeguard. An excellent example of a brilliantly-colored insect, which yet obtains protection by its colors, is afforded by the caterpillar of the Emperor moth (*Saturnia pavoniaminor*). The green body adorned with pink spots is pre-eminently beautiful, and in most situations conspicuous; but it feeds on the common heather, and its colors then so completely harmonize with the young green shoots and small pink flowers, that it is with difficulty detected.

Leaving now these familiar examples, to be found everywhere around us, let us cast a glance over a wider field, and see how the general conditions of existence, affecting many different groups of animals at once, influence their coloration for protective purposes. And first let us transport ourselves to the great deserts of the earth, and inquire what kind of animal life we find there. Canon Tristram has traveled much in the Sahara, and he thus describes the characteristic colors of its animal life: "In the desert, where neither trees, brushwood, nor even undulations of the surface, afford the slightest protection against its foes, a modification of color which shall assimilate an animal to that of the surrounding country is absolutely necessary. Hence, without exception, the upper plumageof every bird, whether lark, chat, sylvian, or sand-grouse, and also the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of all the snakes and lizards, is of one uniform isabelline or sand-color." This is not a characteristic of one desert, but of all. In a recent account of the Steppe of Erivan in Asia Minor, it is said that "a remarkable feature of the animal inhabitants of the Steppe, insects and reptiles, and especially of the lizards, is the most perfect coincidence of their coloring with the coloring of the Steppe." More prominent examples of this prevalent tint are such animals as the camel and the lion, which are exactly of the usual tints of sand and sandy rock.

Let us go now to the arctic regions, and we find these reddish-yellow tints entirely wanting, and instead of them, pure white, or in a few cases dark-brown or black, where conspicuousness seems of more importance than concealment. All the bears of the globe are brown or black, except the polar bear, which is white. The polar hare, the snow-bunting, the snowy-owl and the jer-falcon, are also white or nearly so; while the arctic fox, the ermine, and the Alpine hare, change white in Winter, as does our own Highland ptarmigan. This last bird is a fine example of protective coloring, for its Summer plumage so exactly harmonises with the lichen-covered stones among which it delights to sit, that a person may walk through a flock of them without seeing a single bird; and when it changes to white in Winter, it is equally protected amid the snow which covers the mountains. A striking exception to the usual white covering of arctic animals is the musk-sheep, or musk-ox as it is often erroneously called. This animal is of a dark-brown color, easily seen among the snow and the ice, but the reason of this is not difficult to explain. The musk-sheep is gregarious, and derives its protection from this habit. A solitary strayed animal would soon become the prey of the polar bears or even of the arctic foxes; it is therefore of more importance that it should see its comrades at a distance, and so be able to rejoin them, than that it should be concealed from its few enemies. Another case is that of the sable, which retains its rich brown fur throughout the severity of a Siberian Winter, but at that season it frequents trees, feeding on fruits and berries, and is so active that it catches birds among the branches. Again, the common raven is found in the extreme arctic regions, but is always black; and this is probably because it has no enemies, while, as it feeds on carrion, it does not need to be concealed from its prey. These three cases are exceedingly valuable from a theoretical point of view, for they prove the incorrectness of a common notion that animals may change to white in the arctic regions, either from the direct effect of cold, or from some influence of the white reflections from the snow; and they teach us that only those animals become white to whom that color is useful, while those which either do not require protection or to whom dark colors are actually beneficial, remain totally unaffected. The cause of change must therefore be sought, not in the direct action of external conditions, but in the same general laws of variation and selection which have modified all the other characters of animals in the way most beneficial to them.

Nocturnal animals offer equally good examples of protective coloring. Mice, rats, bats and moles, are all of dusky or blackish hues, and are therefore very difficult to be seen at night, when alone they move about; while during the day they conceal themselves in holes or under ground. When concealment by day as well as by night is required, as in the case of owls and goatsuckers, we find dusky mottled tints, assimilating with bark or earth during the day, and not very conspicuous at night. In some few cases nocturnal animals are conspicuous, a striking example of which is the North American skunk, which has much white about it and a large white tail which it carries erect in the most conspicuous manner possible. But the horrible odor emitted by this animal makes it universally dreaded, and its conspicuous tail is thus a signal-flag to all carnivorous animals not to attack it—a parallel case, in fact, to the white moth, which we have already seen was rejected by birds which eat so many other moths.

Equally striking as a proof that color is largely protective is the fact, that nowhere but among the evergreen forests of the tropical and sub-tropical zones do we meet with birds the ground-color of whose plumage is green. Parrots, which are confined to such countries, are generally green, with small patches of vivid colors. In the Eastern tropical islands many pigeons are as green as parrots, and there are numbers of other groups which are of the same color. Such are the barbets, a family of fruit-eating birds, especially abundant in tropical Asia; the green bulbuls (*Phyllornithidæ*); the Bee-eaters; the Turacos of tropical Africa; the little White-eyes (*Zosterops*) of the eastern tropics; and many other groups. These all frequent thick foliage, with which their colors so harmonize that it is most difficult to detect them.

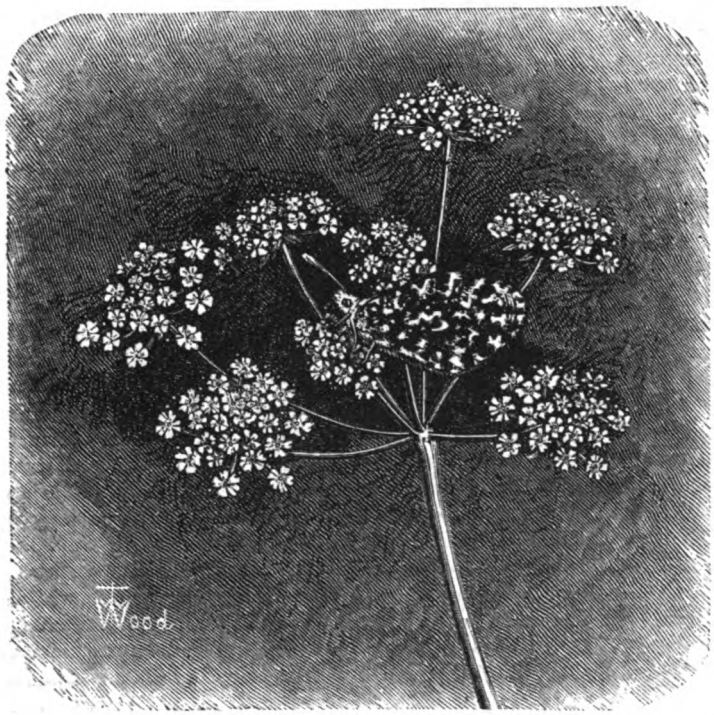


FIG. 4.—THE ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY.

Contrast these with the ordinary coloring of the birds of the region of deciduous trees, of which our own country is a fair example. Here anything approaching a pure green is unknown, while brown or olive is the almost universal body-color of the plumage. This is the tint which is least conspicuous among the leafless trees and bushes, which prevail for so large a part of the year, and when the need of protection is greatest.

Among reptiles these protective tints are very apparent. Our lizards and snakes are all more or less brown or olive-tinged, while in the tropics alone they are often of a vivid green, exactly corresponding with the vegetation they dwell among. The curious geckos—flat lizards with dilated toes, which cling to the trunks of trees or to rocks—are often finely marbled with green and gray, so as exactly to resemble the lichen-covered surface on which they cling. Some arboreal snakes of the genus *Dipsas* are, however, nocturnal; and these, like all other nocturnal animals which require to be concealed, are of dusky colors, being of various shades of black, brown, and olive.

Many fishes even, present clear examples of protective coloring. Such as rest on the bottom, like the flounder, skate, sole, or Miller's Thumb, are invariably of the color of the bottom, and often singularly speckled, so as to resemble sand or gravel. Such as swim near the surface of the water are almost always dark-bluish or greenish above, and white beneath; colors which evidently tend to their concealment from enemies in the air above them or in the water below. The brilliantly colored fishes from warm seas are many of them well concealed when surrounded by the brilliant seaweeds, corals, sea-anemones, and other marine animals, which make the sea-bottom sometimes resemble a fantastic flower-garden. The pipe-fish and sea-horses (*Hippocampus*) are excellent examples of this style of coloring. Some of them are greenish, resembling floating seaweed; but in Australia there is a large species which is covered with curious leafy appendages, and all of a brilliant red color, and this lives among red seaweed, and is then perfectly concealed.

It is, however, among tropical insects that the most perfect and wonderful cases of protection by color and marking are to be found, and a very few examples of these must now be given. The best known and most celebrated are the leaf-insects of the genus *Phyllium* — curious large insects, whose wings and wing-covers are broad and flat, shaped and veined exactly like leaves, while their legs, head, and thorax have all flat dilatations, like the stipules of many plants; and the whole being of the exact green tint of the foliage of the plant they live on, it is actually impossible to detect them when they are not in motion. The walking-stick insects, or spectres, are equally curious. These are long, cylindrical insects, often nearly a foot long, and of the exact color of pieces of greenish or brown sticks. If they have wings, these fold up closely, and are concealed under wing-covers of the same stick-like appearance; while the head and legs are so shaped and jointed as either to fit closely on to the stick-like body, or to appear like branched twigs. They hang about shrubs in the forests, and can seldom be distinguished from small branches which have fallen from the trees overhead. They remain quite motionless during the day, and feed at night, and they hang anyhow across the foliage, holding on by two or three of their legs only, while the others are closely fitted to the body, and they thus give themselves that unsymmetrical appearance which belongs to accidentally broken twigs. A few of the species are still further protected by curious green leafy excrescences all over the body, so as to look exactly like a piece of dead twig overgrown with a delicate moss. Such a one was brought to the present writer in Borneo by a Dyak, who assured him that moss had grown over the insect while alive, and it was only by very close examination that it could be discovered that the supposed moss was really part of the integument of the insect.

Even among butterflies, whose gay colors seem only adapted to render them conspicuous, there are equally wonderful examples of protective marking. It was first pointed out by Mr. T. W. Wood (to whose skillful pencil we are indebted for the illustrations to this paper) that our beautiful little Orange-tip butterfly (*Anthrocharis cardamines*, Fig. 4), although so conspicuous when on the wing, is perfectly concealed when resting in the evening in its favorite position among the flower-heads of the wood-parsley (*Anthriscus sylvestris*). Its under surface is beautifully mottled with white and green, which strikingly assimilate with the white and green flower-heads of this plant. Much more wonderful, however, and perhaps the most wonderful of all imitative insects, is the leaf-butterfly of India (*Kallima inachis*, Fig. 5). This is a rather large and handsome butterfly, of a deep bluish color, with a broad orange band across the wings. It is thus sufficiently conspicuous; but it flies very quickly, and in a zigzag manner, so as to be caught with great difficulty. It is when at rest that it requires protection, and this it obtains by its color and markings on the under surface, and by its peculiar habits. The upper wings have an acute lengthened apex, which is exactly the shape of the tip of the leaf of many tropical trees and

shrubs; while the hind wings are produced into a short narrow tail, which well represents the stalk of a leaf. Between these points runs a dark curved line, representing the mid-rib, and from this radiate a few oblique markings for the veins of the leaf. The color of the under side of the wings closely imitates that of dead leaves, but it varies almost infinitely through shades of bright yellow, reddish, ochre, brown and ashy, just as leaves vary in their different stages of drying and decay. Even more remarkable is the manner in which the diseases and decay of leaves are represented by powdered dots and blotches, often gathered into little groups, so as to imitate in a most marvelous way the various fungi which attack decaying leaves. But to render the disguise effective, it is necessary that the insect should assume the position of a leaf, and this it does most perfectly. It always settles on an upright twig or branch, holding on by its fore legs, while its body (concealed between the lower margins of the wings) rests against the stem which the extremity of the tail, representing the stalk, just touches. The head and antennæ are concealed between the front margins of the wings, and thus nothing is seen at a little distance but what appears to be a dead leaf still attached to the branch. Yet further, the creature seems to have an instinct which leads it to prefer to rest among dead or decaying leaves, which are often very persistent on bushes in the tropical forests; and this combination of form, color, marking, habit and instinct, produces a degree of concealment which is perfectly startling. You see this gay butterfly careering along a forest path, and suddenly rest upon a shrub not three yards from you. Approaching carefully, you look for it in vain, and you may often have to touch the branches before it will dart out from under your very eyes. Again you follow it, and mark the very branches on which it has seemed to rest; but in vain you creep forward, and scan minutely every twig and leaf. You see nothing but foliage—some green, some brown and decaying—till the insect again starts forth, and you find that you have been actually gazing upon it without being able to see any difference between it and the surrounding leaves. After repeated experiences of this kind, and knowing exactly what to look for, you are able sometimes to detect it in repose, and are then more than ever amazed at the completeness of the deception, and at the same time profoundly impressed with the protection that must be afforded by this wonderful disguise—a protection whose effect is seen in the wide range and extreme abundance of the species. In this case, and in that of the moss-covered stick-insect, we see the extreme perfection of imitative coloring; and we can only understand how this has been produced, by always keeping in mind the very much more numerous cases of slight or partial protection by color or marking. We can only now briefly indicate some of the steps by which such protection is brought about.

None of the characters of animals are more variable than their colors, though this may appear doubtful when we look at the constant tints and markings of so many animals in a state of nature. There is, however, good reason to believe that even, in cases, these variations are constantly occurring; but, owing to the fact that the tint of each animal is useful to the species, all important deviations from it soon die out. Certain it is that almost every domesticated animal varies in color, and these varieties, not being hurtful as in a state of nature, are increased and multiplied without end. Now, if we suppose an animal to suffer from being too conspicuous, any variation of color or marking tending to make it less conspicuous will give it a better chance of life; and as offspring tend to be like their parents, these less conspicuous varieties will often leave successors similarly endowed; but these again varying, some among them will be still more protected; and thus the protective tints will tend to become more and more perfect in each succeeding generation, till their enemies, finding the pursuit too difficult, will confine their attention chiefly to other species. Then there will be no more change till some new enemy appears, when a further advance may take place till the protection becomes sufficiently perfect to place our supposed animal in a slightly better position than its neighbors.

It has been a difficulty to many persons to understand how such variations could explain the curious cases of the Alpine hare, the ptarmigan, and many other animals which become white in Winter only, when the ground is covered with snow and that color serves as a protection. It has, however, been observed, that a slight seasonal change takes place in many animals. Thus, in Siberia, the wolf, the horse, the cow, the roe, elk, reindeer, and two kinds of antelope, all become paler in color during Winter. Now, if either of these species migrated northward, till it came to inhabit a country where the Winter snow remained on the ground for half the year, varieties in which the seasonal change was more and more pronounced, would have an advantage, and thus, in the

FIG. 5.—LEAF BUTTERFLY OF INDIA.

course of many generations, an animal might be produced which changed color as completely as do the arctic fox or the ptarmigan.

We must now conclude this very brief outline of one of the most curious chapters in natural history. We have shown how varied and how widespread are protective colors among animals; and, if we add to these the cases in which conspicuous colors are useful, sometimes to warn enemies from such as are distasteful or are possessed of dangerous weapons, at other times to aid wandering species to recognize their companions or to find their mates, we shall become satisfied that we have a clew to much of the varied coloration and singular markings throughout the animal kingdom, which at first sight seem to have no purpose but variety and beauty.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A COMPENDIUM of information as to the sugar-bearing plants of the world is contained in the last report of the Botanic Gardens at Kingston, Jamaica, supplemented by the United States Department of Agriculture's analysis of a large collection of canes sent to the New Orleans Exposition. Nearly a hundred varieties of sugar-cane are known, dispersed throughout the equatorial regions. The gigantic "elephant" cane, the "salangore" and the "tiboo," are East Indian. Mauritius gives three varieties, highly esteemed, Queensland five, and the Pacific Islands (probably the home of the sugar-cane) four. The "lahaina" and "pua-ole" are the most valuable in the Sandwich Islands. The former has yielded as much as an average of six tons of sugar per acre, on areas as extensive as 100 acres, and 7½ tons per acre on an average over areas of 20 acres. At great elevations the pua-ole or tasselless cane replaces it, yielding a juice of high specific gravity. Figi has a kind peculiar to itself. The success of each variety depends on its being adapted to the soil, degree of wetness or aridity, and elevation above the sea, exactly suited to it. The bulk of West Indian sugars are made from the "Otaheite," "transparent," "Mont Blanc" and "Bourbon," but others are being tried. As the sugar-cane has now lost the power (through excessive interference by artificial selection) of producing seed from which new plants would grow, it is now everywhere propagated by shoots or pieces of the stem containing one of the nodes, whence new growth arises.

THE very full representation of machinery for the manufacture of textile fabrics, which is to be seen at the London Inventions Exhibition, is especially noted in the making of woolen and worsted goods. Looms can now make almost double the quantity they did fifty years ago, and do better work. Cloth can now be made in power-looms which formerly could only be managed by hand-looms. In carding-machines, iron has been substituted for wood, and steel wire for iron wire. Automatic card-feeders, improved condensers and self-acting mules have greatly advanced this manufacture. In carpet-weaving, too, the power-loom now does work equal to the hand-loom; its speed is also increased 60 or 70 per cent., and it produces pieces four yards wide. Flannels, blankets and rugs have shared the general advance. The shoddy and mungo industry, reaching 120,000,000 pounds in England alone, anually, is greatly aided by mechanical and chemical improvements. In hosiery, for shaped articles like stockings, the rotary frame, adopted in 1864, increases the speed 50 per cent., requiring less power; knitted goods are cheapened, while the average wages of the working people are doubled.

A RECENT article in the *Spectator*, of London, drew a curious contrast between the comparative execution of the rifle and the bow, as evinced by the number of persons killed in ancient, as compared with modern, battles. It tells us that after the Battle of Crecy the French dead, officially counted, were reported as exceeding 30,000, which, according to Froissart, was mainly the work of 5,200 archers. On the other hand, in the Battle of Batoche, in the Canadian Northwest, 19,000 rounds were fired from breechloading rifles, yet only 30 men were killed. "One reason for this discrepancy between the effective work of the soldier of the past and the present is, that the archer was not confused by smoke or noise; he drew near to his foe, and was compelled to take some kind of an aim, as he had to draw his arrow to his ear. The user of the rifle, on the other hand, fires through a cloud of smoke, generally without any definite aim, and as a result, wastes his ammunition."

A NEW explosive, called *forcite*, is putting forth its claims. Like explosive gelatine, it is a pasty, gelatinized nitro-glycerine compound, and is composed of cellulose, nitre and nitro-glycerine. Since it is five times less sensitive to shock than dynamite, and therefore is so much safer in handling, its semi-solid state permits its use under varied circumstances, and its imperviousness to water adapts it to submarine purposes. It is claimed to be from a quarter to one-half stronger than dynamite, while no more expensive. Experiments made by the corps of engineers, United States Army, seem to substantiate these assertions, and its use is recommended to the Government for torpedoes.

THE NECESSITY OF BATHING.—The fact that so few persons take regular baths seems to be due largely to a lack of the proper knowledge of the structure and function of the skin. The skin is the largest single excretory organ of the body, and the health of the individual largely depends upon the proper performance of its functions. It is only necessary to examine the skin over the end of one of the fingers with a good pocket lens to become convinced that it must have some great function to fulfill. If, now, a section be made perpendicular to the surface, and examined under a high power of the microscope, this structure will be resolved into many different elements. One of the first things noticed is the great number of minute tubes, about one-four-hundredth of an inch in diameter, twisted into coils in the deeper parts, extending through the entire thickness of the skin, and opening on the surface, as seen in Fig. 1. On some parts of the body there are as many as 2,700 in each square inch; and it has been estimated that the total number of sweat glands in the human body amounts to 2,500,000. If all these coiled tubes could be unraveled, their entire length would measure about two and a half miles. Physiologists state that when the skin acts in a healthy manner, there are over two pounds, or pints, of fluid given off by these glands every 24 hours. It is now more readily understood how we can so easily "catch cold" from chilling this vast excreting surface, and throwing all this excretion back into the body. The importance of keeping the openings of these glands on the surface clear and free, therefore, cannot be overestimated. *Proper bathing and friction are positively necessary* that the channels for this vast amount of fluid may not be clogged, for "a perfectly active skin means a great deal toward a perfectly active general system." Besides these, there are other glands, which are of especial importance, as some of the most annoying diseases of the skin have their seat in them. We refer to the glands found in connection with the hair-follicles. The secretion from these glands is of an oily nature, and if the skin be healthy this secretion is perfectly fluid at the temperature of the body. If, however, the openings of these glands become clogged, from neglected bathing, their work is thrown on other organs of the body, the skin becomes dry and hard, and slow disease follows. From this very brief account it is clearly shown that a neglected skin means endangered health, while an active, healthy skin means a great deal toward an active, healthy general system. While it is true that every house cannot afford its expensive bath-room, and while the simple sponge bath is far from satisfactory, yet now that efficient portable baths, both light and compact, are advertised for sale, there is no excuse for neglect of this important law of nature. Every house, surely every home, should have its bath, in health invaluable and in sickness indispensable.

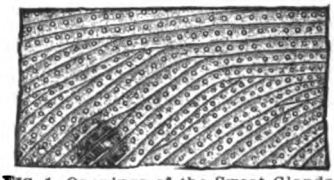


FIG. 1. Openings of the Sweat Glands, as Seen with a Pocket Lens.

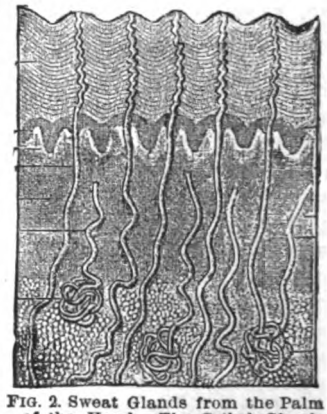


FIG. 2. Sweat Glands from the Palm of the Hand. The Coiled Glands in the Deeper Parts are not Shown.

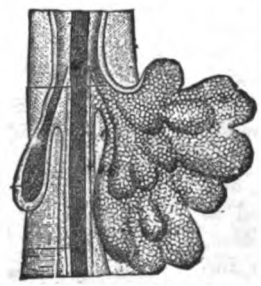


FIG. 3. Portion of a Hair in its Follicle, with a large Sebaceous Gland on one Side, and a Smaller Gland on the other, Opening into the Hair Sac.

C. H. STOWELL.

THE completion of the great iron and steel bridge of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad over the Ohio River, at Henderson, Kentucky—one of the most important engineering works of the day—was celebrated on August 5th by ceremonies attended by several thousand people. This structure has a total length of no less than 3,686 feet, and is approached on the Indiana side by a trestle more than three miles in length. There are sixteen spans, resting on massive stone piers; and the channel span, which is of steel, is 525 feet in length, the longest truss span in the world. To the genius of Mr. F. M. Vaugh, the engineer-in-chief, and his principal assistants, the glory of planning and executing this great triumph of engineering skill is due.

THE hydraulic engineer of the Cape Colony, South Africa, thus replies to the reiterated assertion that South Africa is drying up: "Investigation of old records and books of travel," he says, "shows that certainly many streams and springs are not so constant as they used to be, but this, apparently, is not due to deficient rainfall so much as to difficulty in the rain reaching such sub-

strata as feed the springs. The longest record—that at the Cape Town Observatory—reaches back forty-five years, and shows no decrease in rain-fall; and that any considerable change in climate has occurred within a century is not to be believed. But I have no hesitation in saying that the reckless cutting down of bush and trees, both by natives and by white men, as well as the burning of brush and grass so extensively practiced, has prevented the rainwater from sinking in to feed the springs. I have seen numbers of places that used to be 'riet vleys' in the memory of man, and were in that condition suitable for feeding springs, which are now bare 'vloors,' intersected by deep gullies. Off these the rainwater flows without sinking in. Over-stocking leads to the same result. The only remedies are fencing and planting on an extensive scale, and, where practicable, the making of artificial lakes."

CLEARING OF WATER MAINS BY CHEMICALS.—At Leipsic, last year, the pipes experimented upon were those conveying water from the pumping-station to the town-reservoir. This main is about 15½ inches in diameter, and 2 miles 1,444 yards long; and the incrustation was from 1½ to 1 inch thick, and in some places still thicker. The operations lasted more than nine weeks, and during that period, at intervals, the pipe was filled with dilute hydrochloric acid eight times, with soda solution three times, and with a solution of chloride of lime once (being washed out thoroughly with water between the successive applications). It is stated that the incrustation was entirely removed, the practical effect of the cleaning being indicated by pressure gauge—a decrease of from 1-8 to 2 atmospheres' pressure at the pumps.

THE difficulty of setting the Thames on fire has passed into a proverb, but that such a feat may be within the limits of possibility has been proved by the fact that recently the River Clyde was actually in flames. This curious phenomenon is caused by certain mineral gases which rise from the rocks in the bed of the stream, and which can be lighted on the surface of the water by an ordinary match. Thousands of people have been visiting the neighborhood of Bothwell Bridge to see this singular freak of nature.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A GENTLEMAN having a large six-shooter in his hand was asked: "Pray, sir, is that a *horse* pistol?" "No, sir," he replied, "it's only a *Colt's*."

THE late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

"MY dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London!" "No; I don't want to read it; it's enough to have a plague in your own house."

ROUSSEAU used to say "that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

WHEN Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I'm no judge of color," said Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

"MY son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young like you I was smitten with a beautiful creature and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."

A FRIEND once sent the Rev. Sidney Smith a note, requesting him to sit for a portrait to Landseer, the great animal-painter. Smith wrote back, "Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?"

SOMEBODY told Lady Morgan that a certain bishop was so lax in church observance, that "he would eat a horse on Ash Wednesday." "Of course he would," said the lady, "*if it was a fast horse!*"

ARISTIPPUS was asked what difference there was between a well-informed and an ignorant man; he replied: "Send them both among men who are not acquainted with them, and thou wilt discover."

HORNE TOOKE, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction how much treason an Englishman might venture to write without being hanged, replied that "he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying."

MR. SAMPLESON is a very irascible man, and is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long since he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast. "Pa, no trousers can last any time the way you hit!" replied the boy, reproachfully.

HE FORGOT HIS OWN PRESCRIPTION.—The following story is told of the celebrated Oppolzer. Shortly after his arrival in Vienna he was consulted by an invalid, whom he advised, after a somewhat hasty examination, to go to Pistyan, in Hungary, and take the waters. After several months, the man, whom the professor had forgotten, again presented himself with an aggravation of all the symptoms, and said he had just returned from a course of the Pistyan waters. The professor examined him, this time rather more carefully, and then with some wrath asked him what confounded ass had advised him to go there, as it was the worst thing he could possibly have done.

"YES," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."

IN Ireland there are men of *Cork*; in Scotland there are men of *Ayr*; but on the Thames there are *Lighter*-men.

A PERSON meeting an old man with silver hair and very black whiskers asked him how it happened that his beard was not as gray as the hair of his head. "Because," said the old gentleman, "it is twenty years younger."

"WHEN I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a tall, fine-looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man, and enjoy more of his company."

HENRY returns in triumph from the junior examination. "How did you get along, my son?" his doting parent inquires. "First rate," answered Henry; "I answered all the questions." "Good, How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."

"NO WOMAN is educated," says a recent writer, "who is not equal to the successful management of a family." When you see a man leave his club at 9 P.M. and run all the way home, you can make up your mind that his wife is highly educated.

IN Whately's time the great circulating library of Dublin was Morrow's, and the most popular preacher was a Mr. Day. "How inconsistent," said the archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here! They go to Day for a sermon and to Morrow for a novel."

DURING a certain action an officer was bowing, and before he resumed his erect posture a cannon-ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those who stood near him, "that a man never loses by politeness."

A QUEER-LOOKING customer inserted his head into an auction store, and, looking gravely at the "knight of the hammer," inquired: "Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good-night!"

HOSTESS: "Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?" *Jones* (who is dying to give an exhibition of his ability): "Well—er—yes, I think I can lay claim to some knowledge of music." *Hostess:* "I am delighted to know it. My daughter is about to play, and I should be very glad if you would kindly turn the music for her."

COURT (to prosecutor): "Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" *Prosecutor:* "Yes, your honor." *Court:* "And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." *Prosecutor:* "Very likely, your honor; I had two stolen."

"WHEN a man dies suddenly, without having been attended by a doctor," says a popular guide to the law, "the coroner has to be called in and an inquest held, to ascertain the cause of death. But," adds the writer, "when he dies, after having been attended by a doctor, then everybody knows why he died, and an inquest is not necessary."

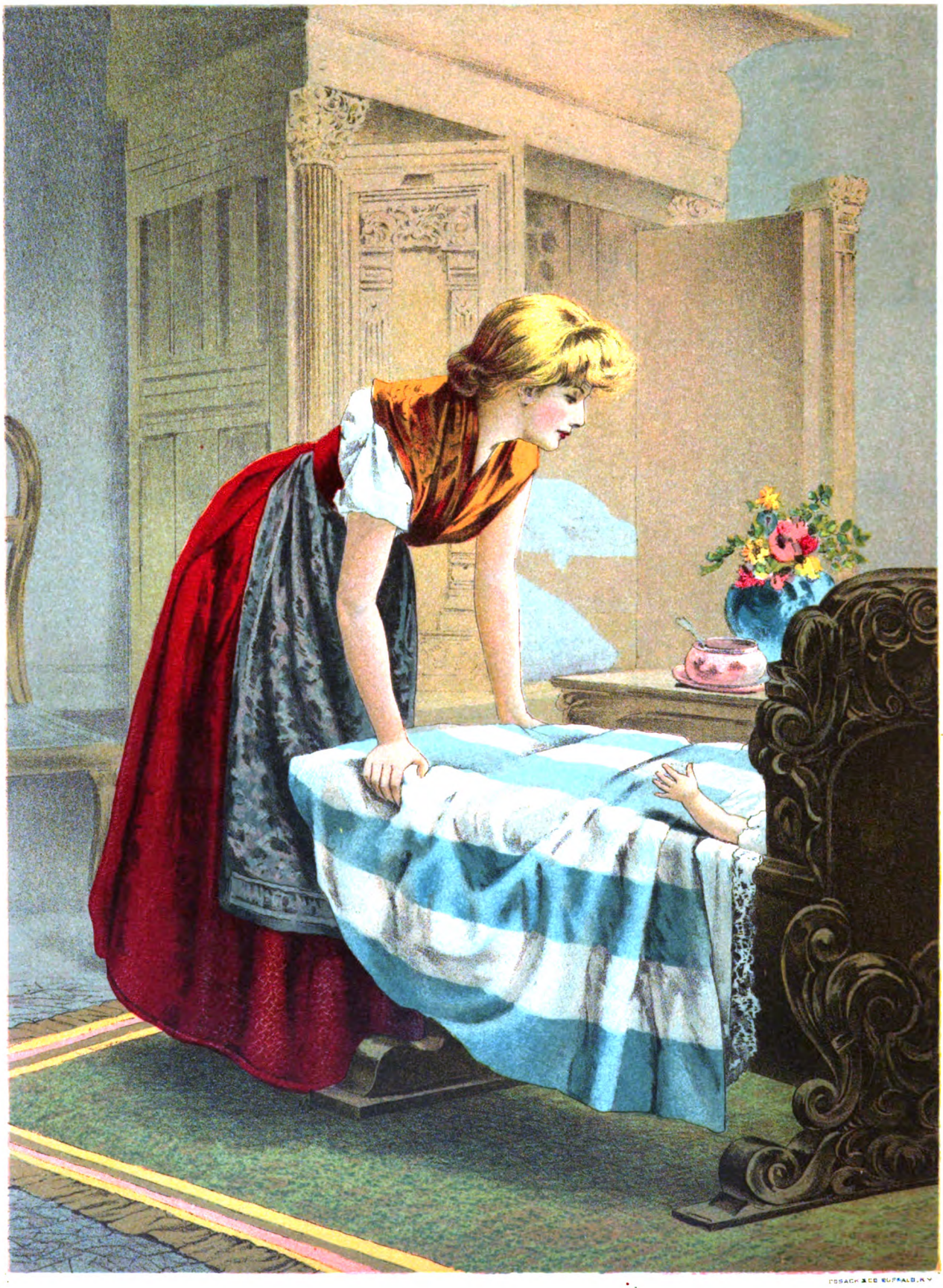
A SERVANT who had been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washin' up" the best tea-things, was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of wiping the sugar-basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should catch it."

A COUNTRY carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man and said: "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied: "I'm very sorry; for if I had known it was *for your lordship* it should have been done immediately."

DANNEL'S CHOICE.—Daniel Webster was out one Summer day near Marshfield, busily shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August, and the farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes. He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green Harbor River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over, and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment to question his passenger. "This is Dannel Webster, I believe?" "That is my name," replied the sportsman. "Well, now," said the farmer, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get five or six dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston, I would not be a-wadin' over these marshes this hot weather, shootin' little birds!"

ONE of the neatest retorts ever made was a brief response given by a young lady to a young fellow who offered her, with some hesitation, his seat in the street-car. She got in with an older companion; the car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him—disguising it, however, in German—why he did not give his place to the young lady. He answered, in the same language, "Because she is not pretty enough." But after a little reflection he rose and surrendered his seat. The lady took it, and thanked him—in German. Never was an extinguisher more effectively dropped upon an impertinent youth. A word of sarcasm would have been unladylike; but of course it was her duty to thank him, and what course more unimpeachable than to thank him in the language in which he and his friend had been speaking, and which was presumably their own?

"SILVER AND GOLD."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR HUGHES, IN THE POSSESSION OF T. H. TRIST, ESQ.



"YOU DARLING"

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ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.

BY OSCANYAN.

ALEXANDER PRINCE OF BULGARIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL BACKOFEN.

ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.

By Oscanyan.

Once more the war clouds are gathering on the political horizon. This time it is not in the region of Afghanistan, as might be supposed, but nearer home, in a section of a country known as Roumelia.

Roumelia is that territory in European Turkey which stretches from Adrianople to the confines of Dalmatia, and from the Balkan Mountains to the Ægean Sea, as shown in our map. It comprises a population of mixed races and creeds: Greeks, Albanians, Croats, Bosniaks, Herzegovinians and Bulgars or Bulgarians. The first two are of Hellenic race, and the remainder are Slavs—the Bulgarians forming the majority of the population.

The history of Bulgaria is quite interesting, and is replete with complex incidents and vicissitudes.

The Bulgarians appear first in history as a Finnic tribe living on the western banks of the River Volga. Naturally warlike in disposition, restless in temperament, and adventurous in character, abandoning this region, they migrated to the Don and first settled there. From thence they gradually drifted toward the Danube, where we find them in the latter part of the fifth century. Here, through their characteristic turbulence, they began to harass continually the people of the Byzantine Empire, repeatedly pitching their tents before the city of the Constantines; and finally became so troublesome and formidable that the Emperor Anastasius deemed it prudent to get rid of them by diplomacy, which was done partly by persuasion, and partly by bribery. With the view, however, of protecting the city from future assaults of these marauders, he had that famous wall, known to history as the "long wall of Constantinople," built in 507. But, notwithstanding this barrier, frequent incursions were still made, and the Byzantines were kept in constant terror. At last the Bulgarians were subdued by the Avars, but soon regained their independence. Their Khan, or chief, who was named Khurvat, having made an alliance with the Emperor Heraclius, was by him created a patrician.

This Khurvat Khan had five sons. On his death one established himself on the banks of the Don, another in Moldavia, a third in Panonia, the present Croatia, a fourth went to Dalmatia, and a fifth, named Asparukh, crossed the Danube, and, about the year 680, settled in the country between that river and the Balkan, the ancient Mount Hæmus. This territory was known to the ancients as Mœsia-inferior, but at present bears the name of Bulgaria, and its inhabitants are called Bulgars or Bulgarians.

Various have been the vicissitudes of this people. Justinian II. attempted to destroy the Khanate, but was compelled to acknowledge the independence of the successors of Asparukh. Constantine Copronymus invaded and ravaged Bulgaria, but without being able to reduce it to subjection. Continual struggles between the Bulgarians and the Byzantines prevailed. After a long series of successes and reverses the Bulgarians were forced to submit, about 1018, to the Emperor Bazil II. In 1389, however, the Turkish armies under Amurat I. invaded their country and vanquished them at Kosovo. Since that time the Bulgarians have been subject to the Turks, who have ruled them with the iron rod of despotism and unrelenting bigotry.

About 860, during the reign of Bogoris, who had become the King of Bulgaria, Christianity was introduced into Bulgaria. The Turks, who are Mohammedans in faith—had, and always have, one rule of action in their conquests—offered to the vanquished the choice of either becoming one of them by embracing Islamism, or of remaining abject slaves to the will and power of the conquerors. The Bulgarians, who were strongly attached to their religion, chose to remain true to their faith and bear the consequences. Their sufferings were in consequence very great. Many, however, submitted to the decrees of inevitable fate and apostatized, in order to evade persecution and save their estates. These were named "Pomaks," and as the saying is, that acidulated wine makes the strongest vinegar, so these Pomaks became more insufferable and relentless zealots than the Mussulmans themselves. Atrocities and spoliations, murders and devastations became the order of the day, until a culmination was reached in the outrageous massacre at Batak, the account of which is already familiar to the world, and too sickening to be repeated.

Foreign interference became a necessity, for civilization could stand it no longer. So the representatives of the Great Powers assembled at Berlin to confer. It was there and then decided to make Bulgaria independent, by what is known as the "Berlin Treaty," which was signed on July 13th, 1878. This treaty gave the Bulgarians the right to govern themselves under a Prince of their own choice, to be elected by the people, and confirmed by the Sultan, with the approval of the signitory powers; the title of the Prince being hereditary, and the state tributary to Turkey. The choice of the Bulgarians fell, by advice, on Alexander of Battenberg, who was immediately installed, and has ruled Bulgaria ever since.

The independence of Bulgaria ought to have included also Roumelia, or the southern section of the Balkans, because it was as much Bulgar in character as the northern side of the Balkans. This separation or division of the Bulgars was a political error, inasmuch as it was a gross injustice to that section.

But British jealousy of Russian interest and the personal ambition of a demagogue intervening, laid the seeds of future discord, and led to the present embarrassment. Lord Beaconsfield, with the view of gaining popularity at home, and political prestige abroad, and at the same time to spare his friend, "the unspeakable Turk," too great a humiliation, proposed, as a compromise, that Roumelia, or the southern section of Bulgaria, should be made an autonomous principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, to be governed, however, by a Christian Governor-general appointed by the Porte and approved by the Powers, whose rule of action was to be "Organic Statutes," and the principality to pay an annual tribute of $1,000,000, to be devoted toward paying the interest on the Turkish bonds!

This proposition was made under the plea that Roumelia was essential to the existence of Turkey, and the existence of Turkey was a necessity for the peace of Europe.

The "iron chancellor," although he foresaw the inevitable, yet considering it as a question of time, with the view to postpone it for a more favorable occasion, consented to the proposition, and the rest followed his example.

A distinct territory was assigned to the new principality, extending from twenty-five miles of Adrianople, as far as Albania to the west, and Macedonia on the south, as

is shown in our map, under the appellation of "Eastern Roumelia."

The first Governor-general appointed to the post was Aleko Pasha Voghorides. His selection was due to the belief that, being a Bulgarian by descent, he would prove a fit candidate, and be acceptable to the people. But, unfortunately, apart from this circumstance, he had no qualification to recommend him. Reared as he was in the Greek quarter of the city, called Fanar, that hotbed of political *intrigants*, and brought up under the cunning tutelage of his brother, Stefanaky Bey, who was once famed in Turkish politics, Aleko grew up a pothouse politician and nothing more; destitute of what is called education, and ignorant of even the rudiments of political science or economy. As a consequence, he soon made himself obnoxious to the people whom he was sent to govern, through his want of appreciation of the spirit that elevated him to the position, or the duties of his functions.

Aleko is of middle stature, with eyes ever restless, and a temperament quite nervous. He affects mildness of manners, but at times his temper betrays him into paroxysms of passion. Inordinately vain, the fortuitous circumstance which procured him his elevation has made him more conceited of his own abilities and importance; so that, instead of studying his surroundings, he followed the even tenor of his course until he rendered himself disliked by all.

He invited ridicule at the start; for, on his arrival at Philippopolis, in the gorgeous uniform of a Pasha, he extracted, while at the station, from his portmanteau a kalpak—a headgear worn by Bulgarian peasants, made mostly of sheepskin—and donned it, with the idea of making himself popular.

Imagine the effect that this singular travesty would produce by bringing to one's mind's eye a person robed in the long and flowing garment of a patriarchal Turk of ancient times whose head was crowned with a stovepipe hat! It was too ludicrous not to be appreciated, and the people took it at its just value and measured the man by that act.

Ambitious in the extreme, not content with the title of "His Excellency," which was due to his rank, he cast it off as he did his headgear, and assumed the appellative of "Le Prince Gouverneur de Roumelie," in imitation of Alexander Battenberg, the Prince of Bulgaria; and those who had an ax to grind chose to flatter him by addressing him as "Son Altess."

Thus, inordinate vanity, and overbearing deportment toward all those who were entitled to consideration at his hands, and a total indifference to the wants and prayers of the people, soon made him unpopular and much disliked. Indeed, he was detested by all classes, who wished to get rid of him but did not know how. Fortunately, his term having expired in 1884, he was superseded by Gabriel Pasha Christovitch, another Bulgarian.

Things did not ameliorate much under the administration of the new Governor. Gabriel did not only prove himself as great an imbecile as his predecessor, but a pliant instrument in the hands of the Turkish Government, and, through a desire of subserviency, harassed the people the more to please the Porte.

The people already smarting under political grievances, for being separated from their brethren on the other side of the Balkan, and still kept under the yoke of the detested Turk, with the pretense of being "autonomous" and under "organic statutes," especially as they saw that those under Prince Alexander were prospering rapidly and enjoying happiness, they grew restless and angry; so much so, that even Gabriel could not shut his eyes to the fact. But, instead of profiting by the lessons of history, this man of small pretensions only thought of his personal safety, and, being a natural coward, and apprehending danger from assassination, shut himself up in the Konak, or State House, and began to issue his mandates, in imitation of his master, the Sultan.

Finally, a crisis was reached, and the people not being able to endure any longer the state of affairs, secret conclaves were formed to devise plans for their own deliverance, and communications entered into with their brethren in Bulgaria. This was done in such a complete and masterly manner, that it was suspected by none, nor even was it thought possible that anything of a serious nature could be contemplated in the face of the famous "Berlin Treaty." But events have proved otherwise: for, on Friday, the 18th of September of the present year, Gabriel Pasha, the Governor-general, was seized at his Konak, at Philippopolis, the capital of Roumelia, and safely and quietly conveyed to a farmhouse on the outskirts of the city, and there lodged as a state prisoner.

A Provisional Government was formed, and its management intrusted to M. Strausko. The Prince of Bulgaria was invited to assume the control of the country and annex the same to his own. Thus, a sudden thunderbolt was launched at the political world, taking all by surprise.

A few days later, Prince Alexander, accompanied by his staff, meets the Bulgarian cavalry on the outskirts of the city, and, placing himself at the head of the column, proceeds to Philippopolis. On his way the Bulgarian flag is displayed everywhere, and the people flock to see him, and cheer him with enthusiasm. Arriving at Philippopolis, he is received by the Provisional Government and the people, who pay him due homage. The local militia hasten and swear fealty to the Prince, and M. Strausko is not only confirmed by him, but is made his special commissioner.

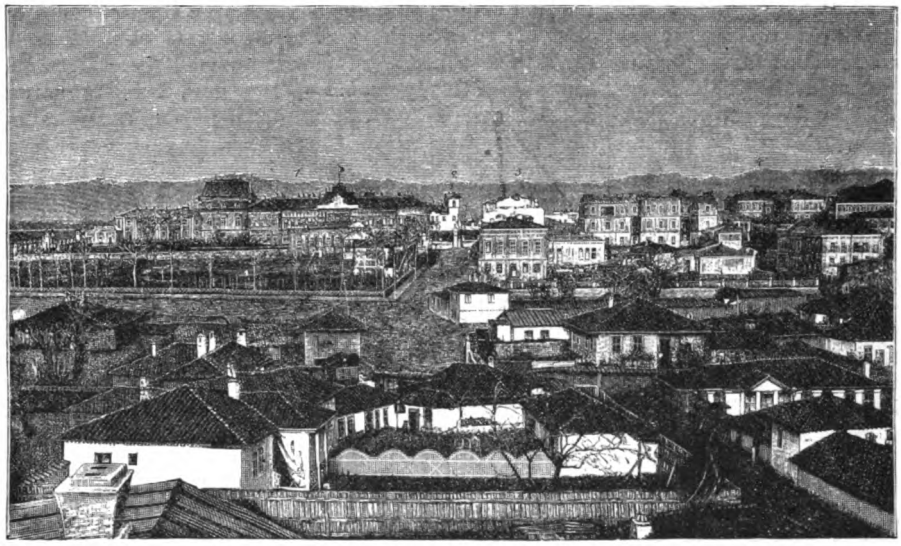
The Prince's popularity is not to be wondered at; although a scion of a petty German principality, a brother of Prince Henry, the husband of Princess Beatrice, he has shown himself to be a very clever man, and a ruler of no small ability. With tact and astuteness, he has successfully checked the restless spirits who would have produced anarchy in the country, counseled wisely the leading men, gathered about him the truly patriotic, and heartily sympathized with the people, whose welfare he made his especial study and care; thereby gaining universal respect and general confidence. So that when the National Assembly learned of his doings, it not only approved and ratified the Prince's actions, but forthwith proclaimed a union of the two Bulgarias, and voted $25,000,000 for the purpose of carrying out the programme of the union.

In detailing these circumstances and facts, it is intended to show that all this could not have taken place without an inspiration and preconcerted arrangement.

It is evident that the meeting of the Emperors at Kremsier was not without a significance.

Napoleon III., at a New Year's *levée*, proclaimed that "the Empire was for Peace"! With equal significance, the Czar, in making concessions to England, in the Afghan difficulties, made the world to understand that "Russia was for peace." As the one was followed by the Crimean War, so this also may portend war of equal magnitude, commencing in Eastern Roumelia.

There is no doubt that the Berlin Treaty was a political

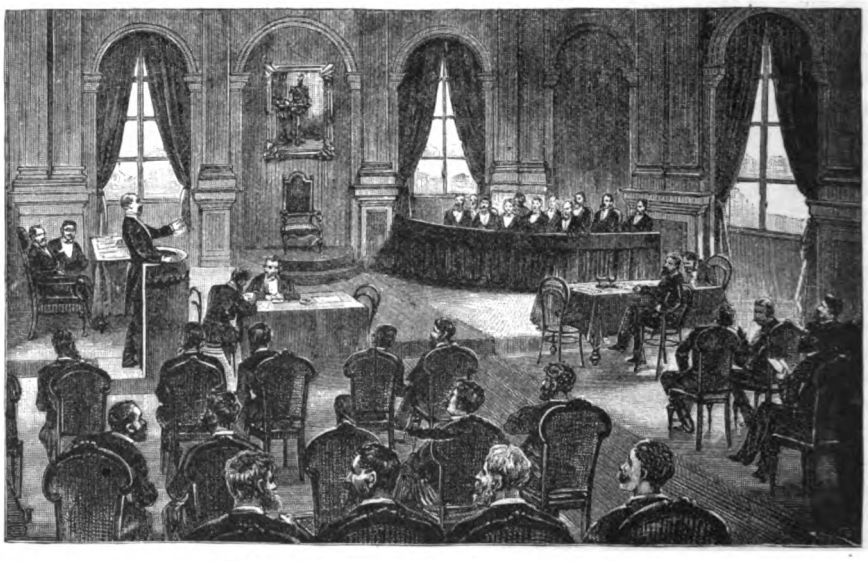


1. Palace. 2. Vienna Club. 3. Ministerial Residence. 4. Russian Consulate.

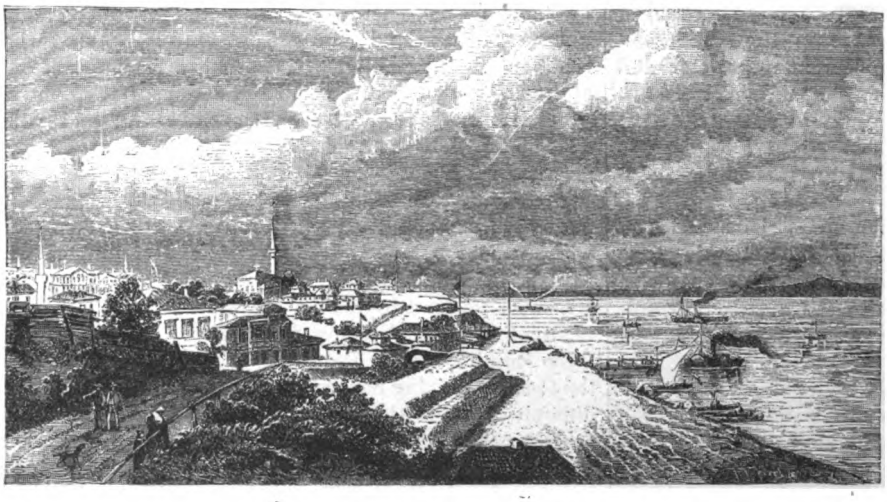
VIEW OF THE PALACE AND PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS AT SOFIA.

blunder. Is this blunder going to be repeated? It was gotten up by Beaconsfield for the benefit of his *protégé*, the Turk, and his own self-glorification. But as there is no longer a Beaconsfield in the field, the question of the day will doubtless be viewed from a new standpoint, and treated differently.

The union of the two Bulgarias is an *accomplished fact*, and must be treated accordingly. Already Russia has sounded the keynote to that effect. Recent telegraphic dispatches announced that "Russia has proposed an immediate meeting at Constantinople of the Ambassadors of the Powers, to settle the Roumelian difficulty *on the basis of accepting the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia as an accomplished fact.*" The Ambassadors have met, but their deliberations are not yet made public. But, if acting on Russia's plan, matters will be complicated, and a general row the consequence; for, other sections of European Turkey, such as Albania and Macedonia, having equal claims to independence, are ready to revolt. Then again, there are also, in the immediate neighborhood, those who are ambitious of territorial aggrandisement. For instance, Servia is anxious to drift toward the Ægean, and Greece to absorb Albania and the Island of Crete. Servia's aspirations being in direct conflict with those of Austria, will naturally create animosity and opposition on the part of that Power, who will strive to get there first.



HALL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT SOFIA.



THE FORTIFIED CITY OF RUSTCHUK.

There is also long-suffering Armenia, in whose behalf Art. 61 was provided in the Berlin Treaty, calling upon the Turkish Government to redress her wrongs, which remain to this hour not only unfulfilled, but greatly aggravated.

Nothing will please Russia more than a general

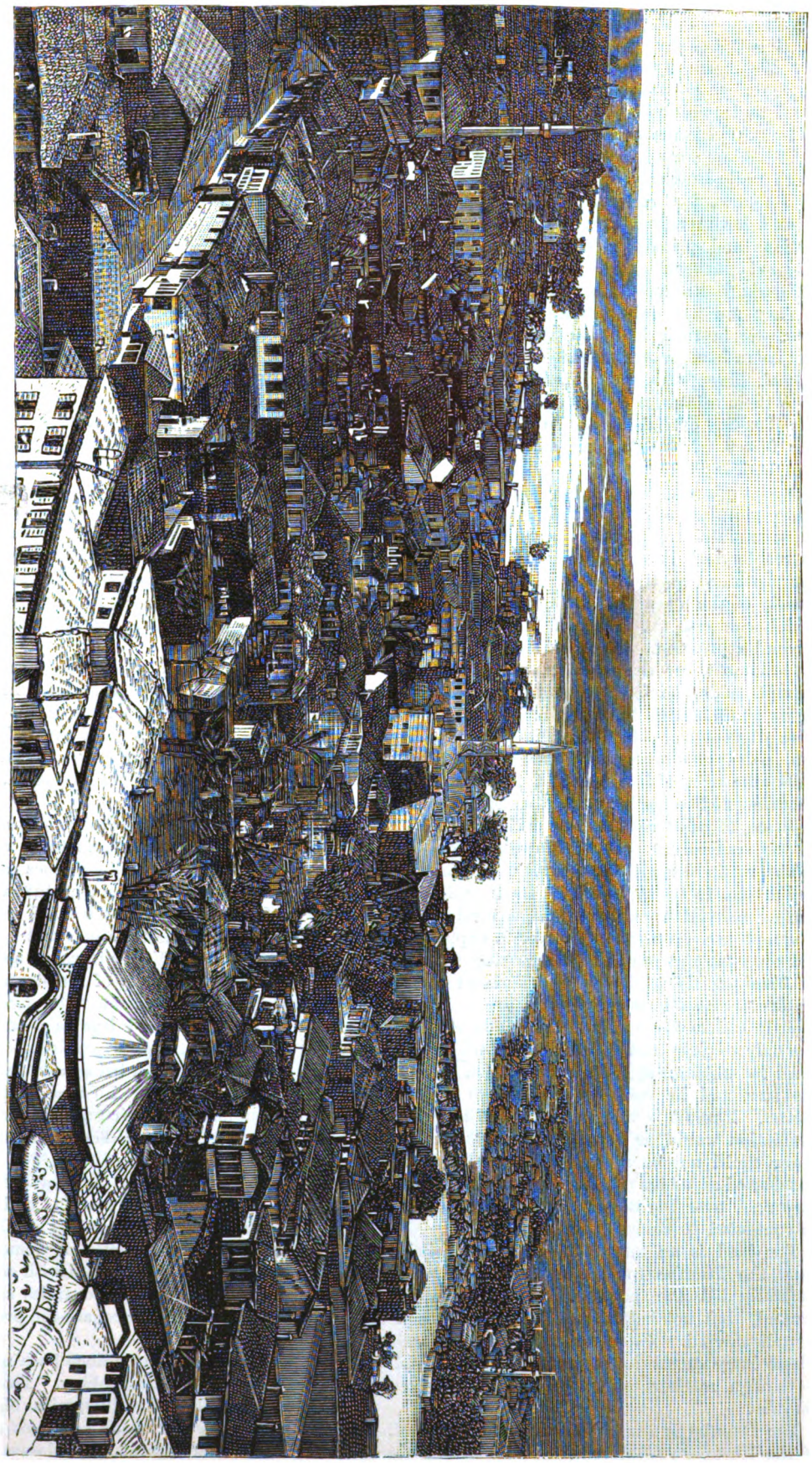
mêlée, for that will afford her an opportunity to pounce upon long-coveted Constantinople.

The Turkish Government being in its last stage of decrepitude, is helpless in the matter; and as it has no *raison d'être*, its estates will naturally go into chancery. The map of Turkey will, accordingly, be revised, and a new order of things will soon be proclaimed and established. As the occasion will bring the Bulgarians to the foreground in the exciting political drama about to be enacted, a survey of the Bulgarian people, who will be the leading *dramatis personæ*, may not prove devoid of interest.

The Bulgarians, as a nation, are a very interesting people, and evince a great proclivity to civilization.

Contact and intermixture with the aborigines of the countries to which they have emigrated has made them lose their Finnic origin, and to become thoroughly identified with the Slav race.

Since they attained their independence they have made great progress socially and politically. Long-suffering, and cowed by the tyranny of the Turks, they have learned to appreciate the blessings of peace and freedom. Although a turbulent and warlike race, they have become peaceful citizens, and are devoted to



VIEW OF PHILIPPOPOLIS (SOUTH SIDE), SHOWING THE MARITZA RIVER.

peaceful pursuits. Their first care has been the education of the people. This is not to be wondered at, for all the leading men of the country have received their education at Robert College, a literary institution established on the Bosphorus by the munificence and philanthropy of an American merchant whose name it bears. It was devised and conducted efficiently by Dr. Hamlin, but its present head is the well-known and accomplished scholar, Dr. Washburn, son-in-law of his predecessor, and a thorough philo-Bulgarian, and, we may say, the regenerator of Bulgaria, for under him more than 600 Bulgarian youths have received instruction and imbibed American notions and principles, which have since served them to good purpose. Even the actual Prime Minister of Bulgaria, M. Karavelov, is a graduate of that institution.

They are not only intelligent, but industrious and domestic in their habits—frugal and easily contented. Yet some have proved refractory, especially those of the Pomak class, who, notwithstanding their apostasy to save their estates, were so oppressed and harassed by the Turkish officials, as to be obliged to find safety in the forests of the Balkans, and there became banditti and highway robbers.

Nothing in nature can be more imposingly majestic, or more picturesquely beautiful than the appearance of these mountains. They are as grand as the Rockies, and as resplendent in colors, especially toward the close of the Autumn, as the woods of the "Far West." The variety of the hues that distinguish the shrubs and trees which compose the forest of Mount Hæmus, is lovely beyond expression. On either side, as if for the purpose of ornament, an eminence, rising gradually from the torrent-bed, and extending toward the heavens, is clothed to its summit with the most magnificent shrubs, tinted with all shades of color: light-gold, russet-brown, silver-ash, pale-green, scarlet-red, orange, and the incomparable blue of the iris. Amidst these shrubs, the convolvulus and other flowering creepers, suspend their festoons of bells, rivaling the delicate white of the lily, or the transparent pink of the wild rose.

The roads through these lovely mountains are not by any means to be supposed to be turnpikes. They are simply marked tracks over the natural rock, made by frequent use. No care whatever is expended on them, not even for the purpose of removing the loose stones, or breaking down the more prominent masses. These break-neck tracks are traversed either on horseback or on foot, in Indian file, and in a zigzag course. The assassin has only to place himself behind the trunk of a tree, wait until the wayfarer appears in view, then deliberately take his aim, and he can scarcely fail to bring down his victim. Pursuit is altogether out of the question, and retaliation would be equally impracticable, as the murderer could not be seen. All these may, however, be considered as things of the past; for there is now a military road over the Balkans, and no more cause for the discontented to resort to nefarious deeds.

The land is an undulating plateau, rising gradually from the Danube to the mountains. Its fertility has naturally led the people to become "tillers of the ground," but not "drawers of water," for their territory is well-watered. There are vast fields of arable lands, where large quantities of grain are raised and shipped to foreign markets, either by the way of Varna or the Danube.

The Danube is a noble stream, and is the Mississippi of the European Continent. On its placid bosom float up and down the products of human industries. In many parts there are picturesque scenes; but in one locality in particular there is a wonder of nature, which rivals that of Niagara in grandeur and sublimity. It is what is called "The Iron Gate." It consists of a cañon cleft through the Carpathian Mountains, when the waters of the Danube had forced their way through in ages gone by. It has a channel of about 100 feet in width, with perpendicular walls of syenite several hundred feet in height, and with a course so twisted as to give the impression that you are suddenly inclosed in an *impasse*, not knowing how you got there, nor how you are to get out, until a sudden and sharp turn reveals to you an exit, only to be again locked in another basin. This zigzag navigation continues for three miles before you emerge into the broad expanse of the stream. On the right of the channel there is a pathway, chiseled out of the rocks, in the form of a corridor, and a little over the height of a man. This is said to be the work of the Romans, and the credit thereof is attributed to the Emperor Trajan.

Rich pasture-grounds abounding everywhere, have induced many to devote their energies to the raising of cattle and sheep, and to dairy-farming. Their beef is not "prime," but their mutton, especially that of Dobroodjah and Karnabat, is so tender and delicate in flavor as to compare favorably with that of Southdowns, England. The milk derived from the cattle, especially from the ewes, being rich, a kind of cheese resembling Gruyère, is made, called "Balkan Peynirry," which is highly prized in Constantinople. Horses are also raised in numbers, which find a ready market in Austria and in the capital of the Sultan.

The vine is also extensively cultivated, and good wine produced therefrom, and a kind of white brandy, called *racky*, distilled from the grape *cheese*.

On the south side of the Balkan there are to be seen extensive fields of roses, from which the celebrated "Otto of Roses" is extracted, and sent all over the world.

In industries the Bulgarians are as yet very backward. Their principal manufactures consist of smelting ores, firearms, cutlery, horseshoes and agricultural implements, woolen and linen stuff and embroideries.

In the mountains around Samakov, magnetic iron abounds in the form of small grains. These are washed down by the Winter torrents, and the grains of iron deposited in the beds of the streams. Artificial basins are made, into which the water is conducted by aqueducts, and the deposited iron is then collected, smelted, and converted into gun-barrels.

Wool and linen being abundant, they are made use of in various ways. A coarse cloth, called *abah*, is made, which answers their purpose for clothing, and a peculiar carpeting, called *Killim*, without any nap, is solely produced in Bulgaria.

The wool and the flax set the pristine distaff and the spinning-wheel in motion, and the thread therefrom keeps the shuttles rattling in the looms. The cloth is converted into articles of domestic use, some of which are elaborately decorated with coarse embroidery. Those embroidered scarfs and tidies so much in vogue among the ladies of America, are the productions of their sisters in Bulgaria.

In personal appearance both men and women are well-formed and good looking. Their complexions are generally of the olive hue, with black eyes and hair, there being, however, some fair ones among them.

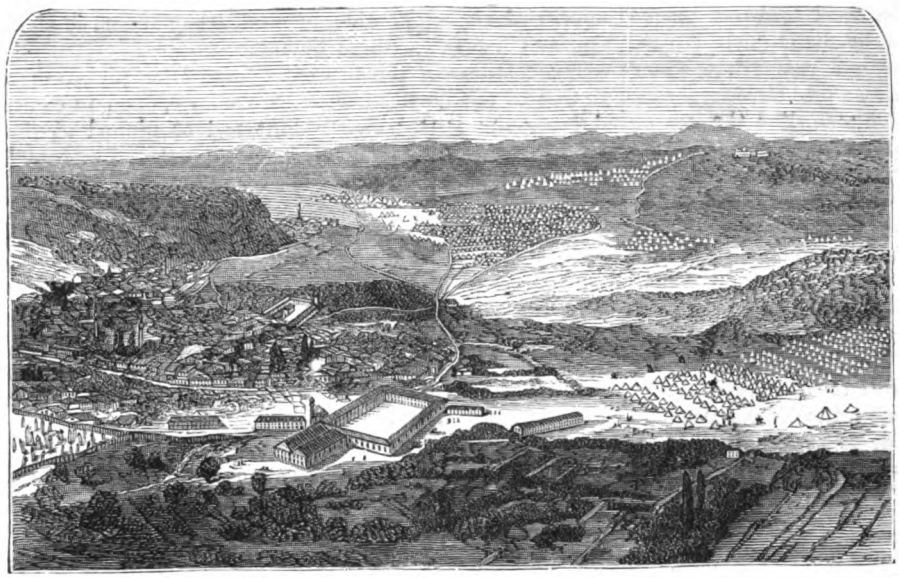
The men of the higher classes are dressed in European costume, but the *boyniks*, or peasants, are habited in a peculiar costume. It consists of a sheepskin cap called

kalpak, with shaggy wool outside, dyed brown or black, the Pomaks wearing a turban to be distinguished from the Christians. An open vest over a coarse homespun shirt with wide sleeves, the ends embroidered, trousers buckled at the knees, and a woolen sash, like the rest of home manufacture, encircles their waist. These girdles are so ample in their folds as to accommodate firearms. ammunition, tobacco-pouch, as well as handkerchief, or any other article that may need stowing away. Their legs are wrapped round with folds of flannel ; their feet are shod with primitive sandals made of rawhide, which are called *Tcharruks*, and are fastened with leather thongs, and over all a sleeveless garment, reaching below the knees, covers their person. In Winter their habiliments are made of sheepskin, with the fur inside.

Many of the *boyniks*, while under the Turks, used to be drafted every Spring to repair to Constantinople to tend the stables of the Sultan during the pasture season.

They were, during that season, to be seen in their picturesque costume, on the various pasture grounds, either tending the horses, or enjoying themselves, as well as affording amusement to others by playing on their bagpipes, which is with them, as with the Scotch, a national instrument; whilst their companions, taking hold of each other's belts, dance, with steps as though treading on hot stones, occasionally striking the ground with their *kalpaks*, their national dance. At the close these same *kalpaks* serve there, as well as in other parts of the world, the purpose of collecting the backsheesh from the spectator, with the world-wide success. They are an inoffensive and happy set, these boyniks.

The costume of the peasant women is as picturesque as that of the men. They wear a bodice, open in front, showing the shirt, which is buttoned or pinned at the throat ; a jacket of home-made cloth, and embroidered, with short, or without any, sleeves, displaying the loose folds of the skirt that cover their arms, the ends of which, as well as their fronts, are richly embroidered ; a short skirt, scarcely reaching the ankles, rich in colors and highly decorated, adorns their persons ; a girdle or a sash encircles their waist, and their head is either crowned with a high, stiff cap, or covered with a painted handkerchief ; their hair is either plaited or allowed to fall in loose tresses over their shoulders. The girls wear no headdress at all, and their hair flies about in elegant confusion. Their feet are covered with roughly made shoes, or incased in Turkish boots. They are very fond of ornaments. Those who can afford it wear necklaces of silver, or sometimes gold coins, and the poor use base coins and glass beads, strung upon threads, and suspended around the neck and breast. The number of them is indefinite, and they frequently reach quite to the girdle. Similar ornaments (especially by the maidens), are worn in their ears, connected by beads of coral. Children, during the Summer, wear only a long shirt, reaching to the ankle, and there is no distinction of dress between the boys and girls, but when they have reached their sixth or seventh year, they dress like men and women. Altogether, their general appearance reminds



SHUMLA.

one of the stairs of the Capitoline of Rome, at the foot of which the Italian peasants pose in gorgeous array for the choice of artists.

The ladies of the upper class, like the gentlemen of their ilk, appear in European dress, and are as great devotees to fashion as their Parisian sisters; so that Parisian civilization is found side by side with pristine simplicity.

In habits, from long association, they have imbibed many of the peculiarities and customs of the Turks. They assemble around a low wooden tray, in a squatting position, and eat with their fingers out of a common dish. They sleep on beds spread on the floor, and wash themselves at a common fountain.

Their houses are "thatched cottages," made of rude walls, sometimes built of wood, with scarcely any furniture. They do their cooking in a primitive style by "keeping the pot boiling" over a fire, suspended by a chain in a chimney at one side of the hut, around which they assemble to chat *en famille*. When under the Turkish yoke, even the well-to-do were afraid to live in a better style for fear of inviting the cupidity of the officials. But now, things having altered, some fine residences, and even carriages, are to be seen. Poverty and squalor fast disappearing from the land has rendered their brethren in Roumelia the more discontented with their sad lot, and has precipitated the union.

BULGARIAN PEASANTS AT HOME.

EVENING MEAL AT A BULGARIAN INN.

By faith, the Bulgarians are Christians, belonging to the Greek Church, by virtue of which they were formerly under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, who alone appointed their clergy. The rapacity and cupidity of the Greek bishops proving more onerous even than the tyranny of the Turkish official, they endeavored to separate themselves from the

Greek Church, and to establish one of their own. Moreover, as the services were performed in the Greek language, which the Bulgarians did not understand, they wished to have the ritual converted into the Bulgarian vernacular. Their demands were, of course, opposed by the Patriarch and the Greeks in general, who regarded them as innovations, and a sacrilege not to be tolerated.

A long strife ensued between them, which led to an irrepressible conflict, and which accounts much for the existing animosities between the Greeks and the Bulgarians. The Porte would not lend an ear to their prayers, for political reasons, until Russia, who has assumed a protectorate over the Christians of the East, interfered, and obtained for the Bulgarians the desired independence; so that the Bulgarian is now an independent Church, with a Pontiff of her own, under the cognomen of "Exarch."

ROUMELIAN WOMEN.

But the inhabitants of Bulgaria are not all Christians.

Mussulmans, Jews, and that nondescript race known as the gypsies, are intermixed.

The gypsies, as is well known, are all over the world; but they abound most in Bulgaria, numbering about 40,000 souls. They lead there, as elsewhere, a vagabond life, which defies all the powers of civilization. They seem to consider the world as common property, and consequently are migratory in disposition; they pitch their tents wherever fancy may lead, or necessity require. The southern valleys of the Balkan are the favorite resorts of this mystic race, who occupy them without any fear of disturbance or molestation, for they are inoffensive. They are easily and readily distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants by their characteristic type and pursuits. Their browned ruby cheeks, the black and brilliant eyes, the swelling bosom of the women, and their "devil-may-care" mode of life, are sufficient indices. How these people, who neither spin, nor weave, nor cultivate the ground, can clothe themselves and procure edibles, with which they seem to be provided, is a matter of as great a mystery as their origin. They, however, like their rivals in America, the "clairvoyants," derive benefit from the ignorant mass, upon whose credulity they play, by pretending to reveal to them the mysteries of the future, for a consideration.

THE STORY OF HELENE GILLET.

By S. Baring Gould.

One day in October, 1624, a soldier who was walking on the outskirts of Bourg-en-Bresse, a little town between Macon and Geneva, was attracted by the strange conduct of a crow, which hovered about an old stone wall, perched on it, disappeared in a cavity, then reappeared drawing after it something white. The soldier examined the spot, and found in a cavity of the old wall the body of an infant wrapped in a linen shift marked "H. G."

The wall belonged to the garden of the Sieur Gillet, royal châtelain of Bourg, the first magistrate in the place.

The soldier at once communicated with the authorities, and Hélène Gillet, the daughter of the châtelain, a young lady of twenty-one, was arrested on the charge of infanticide.

She denied her guilt, but various circumstances were produced at the trial which proved almost incontestably that the charge was well founded, and on February 6th, 1625, sentence was passed upon her, that she was to be executed by decapitation. As she belonged to a noble family, she might not be hung. The cord dishonored, the sword did not; and cases were not rare in which gentlemen, desiring to prove their nobility in order to establish their qualification for offices to which only the well-born were eligible, produced sentences of execution by the sword passed on their ancestors as patents of gentility. The old poet, Le Brun, made an epigram on a young coxcomb whom he heard boasting of his family because his father had been decapitated, which may be thus rendered in English:

"'My father fell beneath the blade;
Your father's end was bad.
My father's gentle blood was poured;
The gallows stamps a cad.'
"'Faith!' said the other, 'what's the odds?
Whether by rope or sword,
The thread of life is cut alike
By head'sman's ax or cord.'"

But to return to Hélène Gillet.

She appealed against the sentence to the Parliament of Dijon. Her relations forsook her, with the exception of her mother, who followed her to Dijon, where she was confined in the Conciergerie. Madame Gillet went at once to the convent of the Bernardines at Dijon, to recommend her daughter to the prayers of the community, especially to those of the abbess, Madame Courcelle de Pourlans, a lady who was associated with the Port Royalists, and whose name and some details concerning her are given in the "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Port Royal." (Utrecht, 1742.)

Here also we may mention that one source of information for what follows is the life of this lady, published at Lyons in 1699. For all the legal proceedings we are indebted to "L'Histoire d'Hélène Gillet," published at Dijon in 1829, which contains full verbatim extracts from the *procès* and all records of the court in the Dijon magisterial archives. The story, though very curious, never found its way into any of the collections of "Causes Célèbres," either of Pitaval, Estienne, Desessarts, or their successors. It is found in the "Mercure Français," of the date 1625.

The abbess of the Bernardines, on hearing Madame Gillet's petition, called to her Sister Françoise (Madame de Longueval, who died in 1633), a devout lady, who had retired into the convent on being left a widow, and desired her to make the case of Hélène Gillet one of special prayer.

Some days after this the abbess asked her whether she had done so, and whether she had received any reply from Heaven to her prayers.

"My mother," answered Sister Françoise, "the petitions of the servants of God have been heard; be not discouraged by events; whatever happens, Hélène Gillet will not die by the hand of the executioner, but will die a natural and edifying death."

On May 11th the Parliament of Dijon heard the appeal; the case was carefully gone into, and the avocat, Jacob, appeared for the accused. The sentence was deferred till the morrow. On Monday, May 12th, which was the last session of the parliament before the Whitsuntide recess, the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg was confirmed, with the additional order that the criminal was to be led to execution with a rope round her neck—an order very unusual, and intended as an additional mark of indignity.

Now let us return to the convent. We will quote textually from the "Vie de Madame de Pourlans." "The abbess, who had kept the prediction of Sister Françoise to herself, now announced to the community the confirmation of the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg, and regretted the fate of the unfortunate young lady. However, in spite of all, Sister Françoise spoke out repeatedly before the whole community, and declared that she would not die. Between three and four o'clock of the same day (Monday, May 12th) Madame de Pourlans was informed that the condemned Hélène was about to be led forth to execution. She instantly called the entire convent together and bade them pray. Sister Françoise was then in the kitchen, where she was engaged cooking. She at once left her work and knelt down on the kitchen floor in prayer. At that moment they heard the trumpets, and then the roar of voices, as the mob rushed past the convent, attending Hélène Gillet with the executioner and the town guard. A nun was in the kitchen at the same time as Françoise, and she was unable to resist the temptation of saying to her, 'There! do you hear, sister?' 'Yes,' answered Françoise, 'I hear her pass, but, for all that, I know she will not die. Go to the mother, and tell her so from me.'"

For what follows we are indebted to the contemporary *Mercure de France*, confirmed in every particular by the records in the Palais de Justice at Dijon. Outside Dijon is the place of public execution; it goes by the name of Morimont (Mortis-mons), the "hill of death."

It is as well here to give some idea of what the places of execution were in old France. When executions were tolerably frequent, and the bodies were left suspended in chains till they fell to pieces, a small range of gallows did not suffice. Monsieur Viollet le Duc, in his "Dictionary of French Architecture," devotes an article to the *Fourches Patibulaires*, and gives several engravings of that of Montfaucon restored. The place of the gallows formed a quadrangular platform about forty-four feet square. This platform was raised about six feet above the level of the soil, and was built over a vault to contain the bones as they fell from the gallows. Sometimes in addition to this vault it contained a chapel. On three sides of the platform were piers rising to the height of thirty feet, united by beams of solid oak at the top and in two heights below, so as to form three ranges or stories of gallows. Of these stone piers there were six on each side. One side of the quadrangle was left free for the stairs, and for the block for executions with the sword. Thus, on the Montfaucon *Fourches*, forty-five men could hang simultaneously—or rather, ninety, as each opening was made to accommodate two persons. In the middle of the area was a stone with an iron ring in it, which could be raised to allow of the bones being pushed through the hole into the vault below. Access to this vault was also obtainable through a door at the bottom. This description has been rendered necessary to explain what follows.

Hélène Gillet was conveyed to Morimont in a cart, the executioner, a man named Simon Grandjean, and his wife attending her, he holding the rope that was attached to her neck. There was also in the cart a friar to give her spiritual comfort; about it were the town guard, two Jesuit fathers, and another Capuchin friar. On horseback rode the Deputy-procureur général of the King. On reaching Morimont, Hélène Gillet was taken out of the cart and conducted up the flight of stone stairs to the platform. All Dijon was present. The youth and beauty of the criminal had attracted general sympathy. She was dressed in black, her face was deadly pale, with deep rings about her sunken eyes, which were red with tears.

As soon as she had reached the platform, with the deputy-procureur, the executioner and his wife, and the four clergy, the guard drew up across the entrance to the steps to prevent the people from ascending. The *fourches* were inaccessible from other sides.

The poor girl, assisted by Madame Grandjean, fastened up her hair tightly on her head, and removed a kerchief that had covered her neck and was pinned across her bosom, and knelt down at the block, whilst one of the Jesuit fathers prayed with her.

Then the executioner took his sword, which in the Acts is called a *coutelas*, but which was almost certainly a two-handed sword, double-edged, the blade about four feet long, counterbalanced by a knob of iron at the end of the handle.

Grandjean had been suffering for three months from a fever and ague, and whether it was that the youth of the girl unnerved him, or that an accession of his ague came over him, cannot be told; but as the procureur gave the sign to strike, his hand and the blade trembled, and instead of bringing the sword down on the girl's neck, he struck her on the left shoulder, inflicting a terrible gash. Hélène fell from her position on the right of the block, the executioner threw down his sword and covered his eyes. Hélène put up her hands to the bandage over her face, and tried to pull it off, but the wife of the executioner ran to her, restrained her, picked her up, and made her stand. Then the poor creature knelt again, and replaced her neck on the block.

In the meantime the excitement among the people had become extreme; they hooted and roared their curses against the executioner, who became more agitated and unnerved. Stones began to fly and to strike Grandjean, the procureur and the priests indiscriminately. One or two even hit poor Hélène as she stood up and staggered to the block. Madame Grandjean picked up the sword and handed it to her husband, and exhorted him to be a man and finish what he had begun. He set his teeth, raised the sword again, and instantly the noise ceased. In the midst of a perfect stillness he smote. The sword struck the knot of hair at the back of Hélène's head, glanced from it and cut into her neck a finger-breadth in depth.

Then the rage of the people knew no bounds. The whole concourse swayed like a rolling sea, and the guard had to use their pikes to prevent them from bursting through and rushing to the platform. Stones fell like hail about the *fourches*, and the Jesuits and Capuchins fled for their lives through the little door into the vault beneath. The executioner flung away his sword and followed their example. The deputy-procureur in vain shouted and addressed the people; he was struck by the stones and obliged to retreat. The only one who maintained her composure was Madame Grandjean; and now follows the most horrible incident of the whole case.

This wretched woman seems to have thought that the only way in which the people could be satisfied was to complete the work her husband had failed in. She looked about for the sword, intending to strike off Hélène's head herself, but she could not find it. The reason was that the poor girl, on feeling herself wounded the second time, had stood up and staggered about till struck again by the stones, when she fell *over the sword*. In the alarm and excitement, Madame Grandjean either did not observe this, or thought it best to destroy her elsewhere, for she seized the cord and dragged Hélène by it down the stone steps, kicking her in the chest and on the body, and when she got her on the stairs, where she was partly screened from the rain of stones, she knelt on her and dragged at the cord, trying to strangle her, and when this did not prove effectual, or speedy enough, she got her great scissors, and with them stabbed her and tried to cut her throat.

She was interrupted in her horrible work by the mob, which, frantic with rage, broke its way through the line of guards, rushed up the steps, caught the woman Grandjean, and tore her to pieces. Then they broke through the wooden door which the procureur and the priests held within, driving it off its hinges, and fell upon and trampled the executioner to death. Some butchers and masons tore down the door and were the first to enter and kill Grandjean. Then a great shout went up from the crowd behind, "Save the patient!" (*Sauve la patiente!*) The Capuchins and Jesuits, crucifix in hand, came forth from the vault, and surrounded Hélène. Some of the people raised her in their arms. She asked for water, and some was brought her; then the bandage that had been about her eyes was tied round her neck to stanch the bleeding from the wound in it. "I knew God would come to my aid," she said, and fainted.

The mob got a hurdle or gate, placed her on it and

ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.— BULGARIAN TYPES.— SEE PAGE 642.

carried her off to the nearest surgeon, a man named Jacquin, who, however, was afraid to meddle in the matter, till he had obtained permission from the Procureur du Roi to attend to her wounds. On examination it proved that, in addition to the two sword blows, she had received six wounds from the scissors of Madame Grandjean, one of which had passed between her windpipe and the jugular vein; another had cut through her lower lip and had entered the palate of her mouth; she was stabbed in the bosom, the scissors having passed between two of her ribs, and the rest of the wounds were in her head, some of them very deep. She was also fearfully bruised with the kicks she had received from the executioner's wife, and from the stones that had hit her.

Whilst she was having her wounds dressed the girl kept asking, "whether anything more was going to be done to her?" She was encouraged by those who stood by, who assured her that her very judges would intercede for her; that the Whitsun holidays had begun and would last a fortnight, which would afford time for an appeal in her favor to the King.

This was not the first instance of the people taking the punishment of an executioner into their hands. In 1516, a little over a hundred years before the execution of Hélène Gillet, Bazart, the Paris *bourreau*, having missed when engaged in striking off the head of a gentleman, was assailed with stones. He also took refuge in the vault under the scaffold. The mob lit a great fire at the entrance, and the man was suffocated in it. Two of those engaged in this lynching were punished for it: one was hung, and the other whipped. No one was made to suffer at Lyons for the murder of Grandjean and his wife.

On the morrow, the magistrates of Dijon met to consider what had been done, and to order the arrest of those who had been implicated in the murder; but there the matter ended, no one was arrested, and no one was

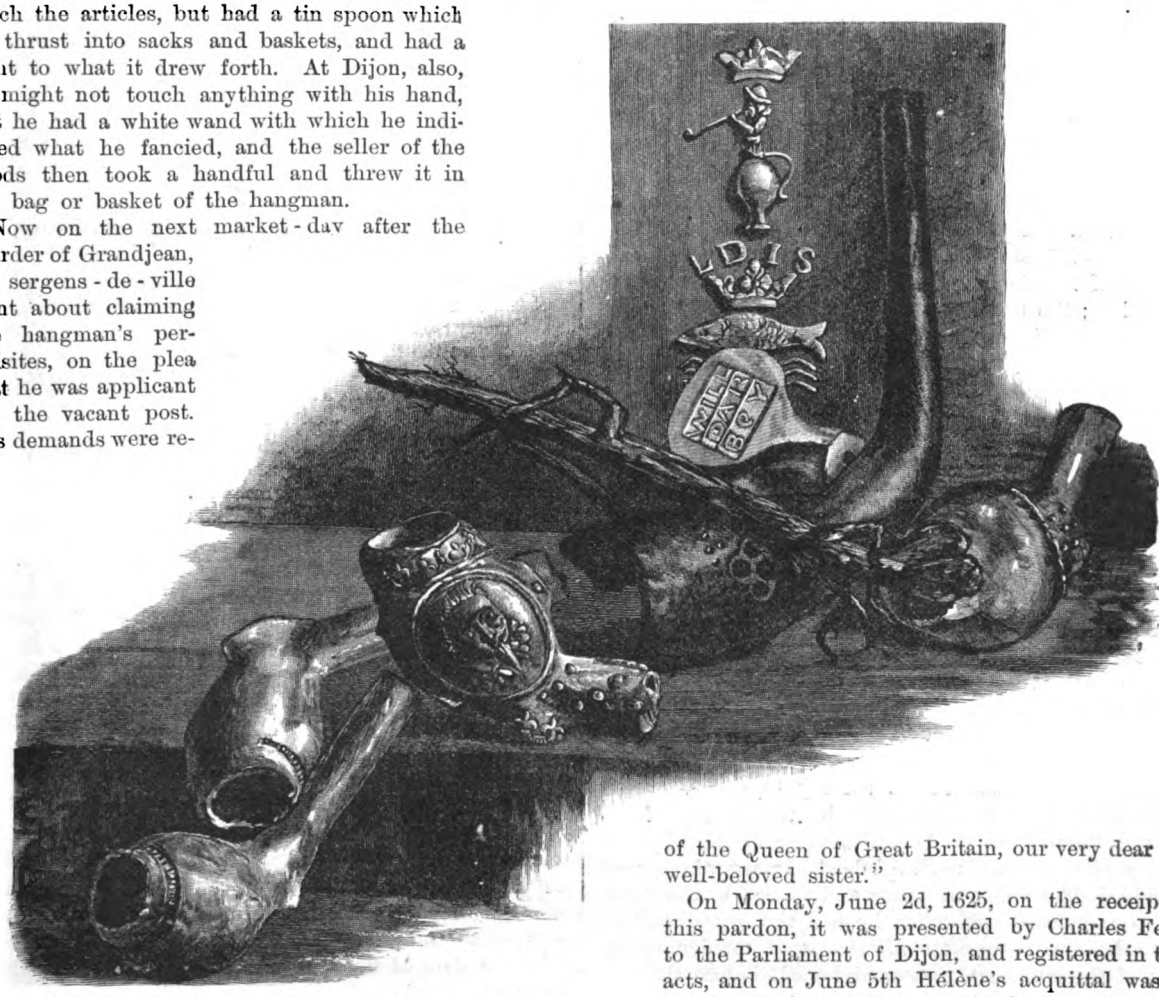
BULGARIAN BRIDEGROOM'S PRESENTS GOING TO THE BRIDE.

punished. It is curious that among the magistrates engaged in this affair occurs the name of Bénigne Bossuet, the father of the illustrious Bishop of Meaux. The great bishop was his fifth son. Bénigne Bousset became Deputy-procureur du Roi at Dijon in 1631, and Dean of the Parliament at Metz in 1633.

The documents in the Palais de Justice at Dijon give us another subsidiary incident, connected with the affair of Hélène Gillet, which is perhaps worth quotation.

In France, the executioner received no fixed payment for his duties, but he had the privilege of taking a handful of corn, peas, hay, or whatever is exposed for sale in the market. In Paris he was not allowed to touch the articles, but had a tin spoon which he thrust into sacks and baskets, and had a right to what it drew forth. At Dijon, also, he might not touch anything with his hand, but he had a white wand with which he indicated what he fancied, and the seller of the goods then took a handful and threw it in the bag or basket of the hangman.

Now on the next market-day after the murder of Grandjean, a sergens-de-ville went about claiming the hangman's perquisites, on the plea that he was applicant for the vacant post. His demands were refused, and the case was brought before the town magistrates, who reprimanded and fined the man.



FAIRY PIPES AND FAIRY SMOKERS.— EARLY ENGLISH PIPES. SEE NEXT PAGE.

To return to the unfortunate Hélène Gillet, who, although she had escaped immediate death, was not without fear. She remained in the house of Monsieur Jacquin, who showed her every attention. Her wounds began to heal, but in the fever that attended the healing she became restless, and asked incessantly: "Will they still kill me? Is it not over yet?"

Hélène Gillet was still under sentence of capital death, a sentence which could only be put aside by a royal pardon. Unless that could be obtained, the magistrates of Dijon would be obliged to carry out the sentence of the Parliament of Burgundy.

However, her case had excited such general commiseration that some of the principal people of Dijon and the neighborhood drew up an appeal in her behalf to the King, Louis XIII., who in this case certainly deserves the title of "the Just," which was accorded him. The King, moreover, was in high good humor. Charles I., King of Great Britain, had just married Henrietta Maria by proxy, on May 11th, the very day on which poor Hélène had been tried at Dijon. Charles succeeded to the throne on May 27th, and Buckingham was preparing to conduct the French King's sister to England.

Louis drew up and signed a full and free pardon to Hélène Gillet: "At the recommendation of some of our beloved and respected servants, and because we are well-disposed to be gracious through the happy marriage of the Queen of Great Britain, our very dear and well-beloved sister."

On Monday, June 2d, 1625, on the receipt of this pardon, it was presented by Charles Ferret to the Parliament of Dijon, and registered in their acts, and on June 5th Hélène's acquittal was decreed. Hélène Gillet remained some time after this under the care of the surgeon, until she was completely restored. She had time to consider what course to take for the rest of her life. Her mother was now continually with her, and her father, an old man, much broken by the events of the past eight months, paid her occasional visits.

Was she guilty? or—to what extent was she guilty? That question has never been answered. She steadily denied that she had murdered the infant, though she admitted whose the infant was. She seemed to be screening some one else; and it is probable that, in this matter, she was sinned against, rather than a chief sinner.

Her mind was deeply impressed with the almost miraculous delivery from death she had undergone, and, considering that she would always be known and pointed at, if she remained in the world, she formed the probably wise resolution of retiring into a convent. Within one of the Bresse religious houses she disappeared from the

world, and lived to an advanced age, and died there with great tokens of piety; "Thus," as the author of the "Life of Madame de Pourplans" says, "fulfilling the words of Sister Françoise to the letter."

We may add, in conclusion, that the only point in this very curious story which is not substantiated by independent testimonies is that one of the prophecy of Sister Françoise; but then it is just one which, in the nature of the case, could not be so substantiated. The book which contains this singular incident was not published till forty-four years after the events, and it is quite possible that the imaginations of the nuns may have played with very simple facts and invested them with a halo of the marvelous. Still, it is remarkable that where the narrative in Madame de Pourplans's Life can be checked with facts—down to such a matter as the hour of the day when the procession passed the convent—it is in full accord with them. We must leave this episode to the judgment of the reader.

In conclusion we may add that in the Middle Ages there were two chances of life at the last moment accorded to a malefactor condemned to death, besides a free pardon from the sovereign. One of these was the accidental meeting of a cardinal with the procession to execution; the other was the offer of a maiden to marry the condemned man, or, in the case of a woman sentenced to death, the offer of a man to make her his wife.

The claim of the cardinals was a curious one. They pretended to have inherited the privileges with which the vestal virgins of old Rome were invested. In 1309 a man was condemned to be hung in Paris for some offense. As he was being led to execution down the street of Aubry-le-Boucher, he met the Cardinal of Saint Eusebius, named Rochette, who was going up the street. The cardinal immediately took oath that the meeting was accidental, and demanded the release of the criminal.

In 1376, Charles V. was appealed to in a case of a man who was about to be hung, when a young girl in the crowd cried out that she would take him as her husband. Charles decreed that the man was to be given up to her.

In 1382, a similar case came before Charles VI., which we shall quote verbatim from the royal pardon. "Henrequin Dontart was condemned by the judges of our court in Peronne to be drawn to execution on a hurdle, and then hung by the neck till dead. In accordance with the which decree he was drawn and carried by the hangman to the gibbet, and when he had the rope round his neck, then one Jeannette Mourchon, a maiden of the town of Hamaincourt, presented herself before the provost and his lieutenant and supplicated and required of the aforesaid provost and his lieutenant to deliver over to her the said Dontart, to be her husband. Wherefore the execution was interrupted, and he was led back to prison . . . and, by the tenor of these letters, it is our will that the said Dontart shall be pardoned and released."

Another instance we quote from the diary of a Parisian citizen of the year 1430. He wrote: "On January 10th, 1430, eleven men were taken to the Hallès to be executed, and the heads of ten were cut off. The eleventh was a handsome young man of twenty-four; he was having his eyes bandaged, when a young girl, born at the Halles, came boldly forward and asked for him. And she stood to her point, and maintained her right so resolutely, that he was taken back to prison in the Châtelet, where they were married, and then he was discharged."

This custom has so stamped itself on the traditions of the peasantry, that all over France it is the subject of popular tales and anecdotes; with one of the latter we will conclude:

In Normandy a man was at the foot of the gibbet, the rope round his neck, when a sharp-featured woman came up and demanded him. The criminal looked hard at her, and turning to the hangman, said:

"'A pointed nose, a bitter tongue!
Proceed, I'd rather far be hung.'"

SI TU SAVAIS.

By Stephen Temple.

Si tu savais comme je t'aime—My own,
I sang this song to you but yesterday;
And then I deemed you surely must have known
My love, my life, before your feet were thrown;
Yestreen I thought it wasted breath to say,
Si tu savais!

Si tu savais—Could love like mine lie hid,
Nor aught the secret of my soul betray?
No sudden glance beneath a quivering lid,
Nor broken speech when hated prudence chid
Words from my lips that still would thither stray,
Si tu savais?

Si tu savais—You did not know, my dear,
You deemed my love the fancy of a day,
A merry toy the empty hours to cheer;
So, when the time for parting came a-near,
You thought I too was weary of the play.
Si tu savais!

Si tu savais—E'en now, at this the last,
Could aught the knowledge to your soul convey,
Would not you come, forgetting all the past,
Around my neck repentant arms to cast?
Would you, sweetheart, still choose afar to stay,
Si tu savais?

Si tu savais—Within the after years,
When life is drear, and youth has passed away,
And death draws nigh to end both hopes and fears,
A glimpse may reach you through regretful tears
Of all the love that might be yours to-day.
Si tu savais.

FAIRY PIPES AND EARLY SMOKERS.

By E. A. Barber.

When Captain Thomas Price and his companions first smoked or "drank" tobacco in London, nearly three hundred years ago, the people were attracted from all quarters to witness the novel spectacle. This was subsequent to the year 1586, which is generally conceded to be the date of the arrival of the "Virginian weed" in England. Its introduction has commonly been ascribed to Governor Ralph Lane, but to Sir Walter Raleigh properly belongs the "savage custom" fashionable amongst his countrymen. The wealthier smoker of the sixteenth century luxuriated in the possession of a silver pipe, whilst his poorer neighbor was contented with a walnut shell and a straw. Clay pipes were so rare in those days that three or four men often enjoyed a single one at the same time, passing it from hand to hand around the table. In a few years, however, smoking became so general and the demand for cheap pipes increased so rapidly that a large number of manufacturers sprang up in various parts of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding the royal attack made against the growing custom in 1603 by that

"Gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches,"

the seventeenth century was the golden age of the

"divine weed" in Great Britain. It was then customary for ladies and beaux to puff the fragrant incense at the theatre and in the drawing-room, and it has been stated by a writer of the time that the children, when they started to school, were provided by their mothers with little pipes of tobacco, which might serve to allay the cravings of hunger until they should return; "the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

When Queen Elizabeth occupied the throne, pipes were first made by British potters. The capacity of the oldest examples was scarcely that of a small thimble; for the luxury of inhaling the fumes from the burning leaves of a narcotic plant was a novelty amongst civilized nations, and a small quantity of the smoking material was sufficient for a single indulgence. The Elizabethan pipe was characterized by a peculiarly graceful curving of the oblique bowl, which was provided with a broad, flat heel, upon which it could be played in an upright position.

In the seventeenth century the marks, initials or entire names of the makers were frequently stamped on the bases. Some of the great English potters of that era were Jones, Mats, James, Darbey, Ranpeck and Charles Riggs. The Legg family were well-known Broseley pipe-makers, the names of Richard, Thomas, John and Ben Legg occurring on numerous specimens which were produced between the years 1687 and 1703. Occasionally the date of fabrication was impressed in the bowl, furnishing data to the antiquary for determining the ages of other examples. In rare instances pipes bore the names of the places where they were made, as in some of the manufactures of Taunton, where pipes were made at an early period.

Ben Jonson asserted that the best wares made in his day came from Winchester, and in one of his plays he very aptly compared the pipe then in vogue, when inverted, to a woodcock's head; for as the style changed with popular fancy the pointed spur superseded the flat heel. Bath, Newcastle and Macclesfield were justly celebrated at one time for their terra-cotta pipes, and the first pieces of the famous Derby china were fired in an old tobacco-pipe oven.

Amongst the numerous difficulties with which the earlier pipe-makers had to contend in the plying of their trade was witchcraft; for the story goes that in the year 1654 Edward Trible was bewitched by one Diana Crosse, an alleged witch, who went to his house for fire, after which visit he was unable to make pipes to his satisfaction for the space of an entire month. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the scarcity of a small copper currency was so embarrassing to merchants that many of them issued private tokens, on which they stamped their names and advertised their business.

Amongst those circulated by tobacconists and pipe-makers was one on which occurred the inscription, "Sam Endon in Macklesfeild, his half-penny," and on the reverse the distich, "Welcom yov be to trade wth me," and also the representation of a man smoking a pipe between a roll of tobacco and a pair of scales. Another with the date 1666 was coined by Daniell Fossey, of Dunstable, on the obverse of which is pictured a fox running away with a goose, between two pipes and a tobacco-roll. A third bears the name of "William Smallshawe, of Bovlton, in Lancasheir."

Ever since the time when Sir Walter Raleigh, sitting in his summer-house enjoying a private pipe, was surprised by his servant, who dashed a tankard of ale into his face, supposing he was being consumed by an internal fire, celebrities of every generation have patronized the custom. Some of the most prominent notabilities of the Church and the Bench have whiffed and sniffed the "weed." Sir Isaac Newton, Addison, Steele, Charles Lamb, Campbell, Moore and Byron were addicted to its use. Pope and Swift used it in the form of snuff, and Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle were at one time great smokers. Kings were not proof against the charms of the soothing practice, for it is said that George IV. indulged in an occasional pipe.

Tobacco-chewing was practiced to a limited extent about the time of James I., and the "fashionable swell" of the day sometimes carried about with him in his hand a small silver basin which served as a receptacle for the liquid.

Large numbers of early pipes have been found at various localities in the British Islands. They have been dredged up from the bottom of the Thames and the Severn, where they were dropped by passing boatmen; they have been brought up by the oyster-fishers off the eastern coast; found in old churchyards, and turned up in removing the foundations of ancient buildings. In the suburbs of London, where the victims of the great plagues of 1644 and 1665 are supposed to have been buried, quantities of antique pipes have been disinterred. It is known that tobacco was extensively used as a disinfectant during those terrible years, and that the physicians recommended the free use of the "soveraine weed," believing that the families of tobacconists and others who consumed it were singularly exempt from disease. Many of the nurses and the drivers of the dead-carts smoked continuously, and the quaint old Pepys bears evidence to the supposed medicinal qualities of the plant in his curious diary, where it is recorded, under date of June 7th, 1665, that he noticed in Drury Lane "two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there, which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me in an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco, to smell to and chaw, which took away my apprehension."

The popular belief in the high antiquity of "fairy pipes" is shown in the names given to them by the superstitious peasantry. The Irish country people have a legend which attributes these curious little objects to the Danes, and also to the *cluricaunes*, or little greenmen, who are believed to have smoked them on festive occasions; and in the north of England a superstition prevails that the fairy Queen Mab provided elfin pipes in profusion for the use of her subjects.

In Holland also, whither the art was carried from England, smoking-pipes were made at an early date. Ancient specimens have been taken from the earth, where they have lain for centuries, and some of them have been forced apart by the roots of trees which have grown into them. An interesting trumpet-shaped example, made of black clay and stamped with the characteristic "lily" mark—a device used by many generations of Gouda potters—was recently discovered in Switzerland. It bears a striking resemblance to a certain class of ancient aboriginal productions from Canada, Mexico and the State of New York, which doubtless formed the models for some of the first European designs.

Amongst the various articles imported by the early English, Dutch and French traders for barter with the Indians in the United States were thousands of clay tobacco-pipes. Many of these, which had been smoked during the lives of their savage owners, were placed with

NATIVE INDIAN PIPES AND BEADS.

the latter in their graves after death, where they have been found of late years in association with objects of native workmanship. Some of the smaller of these nicotian relics are identical with the "fairy" or "elfin pipes" of the seventeenth century, and a few of them bear the private marks of British manufacturers. One of these in particular, from the State of New York, is marked with the letters W S, which there is reason for supposing was made by William Smallshawe, of Bolton. In several parts of Pennsylvania pipes have been found stamped on the right sides of the bowls with the name of R. Tippet. Two of these were taken from an Indian grave in the county of Chester, and a third, a medal of George II., was picked up in a field near the City of Wilkesbarre. Other specimens which have been brought to light are believed to be French fabrications, designed especially for the American trade. A few examples of the latter have been found on the sites of old Indian villages or plowed up in fields, these supposed French pipes still retaining traces of the red paint with which they had at one time been decorated.

In the State of Missouri a curious pipe was found some years ago, buried six feet below the surface of the soil. It is carved from a dark-colored wood in the form of a duck, the wings being of copper fastened by rivets. The bowl consists of the upper portion of a British clay pipe of the last century, sunk into the back of the bird, and was doubtless obtained in trade from the Atlantic coast. This specimen being of the platform or "mound" type, was complete in itself and was not smoked through an additional stem. The idea was borrowed from the most ancient style of tobacco-pipe of which we have any knowledge, which has only been found in a few of the oldest mounds of the upper and central portions of the Mississippi Valley.

European pipes were probably first introduced to the United States by the Puritans, for it is said that the famed Miles Standish brought over with him in the *May Flower* "a little *iron* affair of about the size and shape of a common clay pipe," which he smoked to the day of his death, and which was, in all probability, of Dutch origin.

As the capacity of the tobacco-pipe increased in England, and attention was turned to the more elaborate ornamentation of the bowls, many of the best-known potters of the last century, including the famous Josiah Wedgwood, lavished their ceramic skill on porcelain pipes of great beauty and value. The factories at Etruria published a number of patterns decorated with classical figures and historical scenes, and some of the Staffordshire potteries produced a large variety of fanciful and grotesque pipe designs caricaturing illustrious personages, and representing an endless number of objects both natural and monstrous. From Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Brompton, Swansea, Worcester and Chelsea came enameled earthenware molded in imitation of old women, serpents, dragons, monkeys and crocodiles. Numbers of examples were fashioned with convolute stems, some of them provided with manifold bowls—one for each day in the week—and painted with the most brilliant colors.

A few of these old productions are still to be met with in some of the Staffordshire villages, where they have been carefully handed down from father to son for generations. It was during the reign of Queen Anne that smoking reached its greatest height in the British Island.

PIPE BELONGING TO MILES STANDISH.

From America the custom has spread to the furthest corners of the earth, and it is probable that the original models for the "fairy pipe" were taken into England by the Indians who accompanied Raleigh's expedition on the homeward voyage in 1586, as King James I., in his renowned "Counterblaste to Tobacco," asserted that the practice of smoking "was neither brought in by king,

MAKERS' STAMPS ON OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO PIPES.

great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physick. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with this savage custom."

THROUGH THE STORM.—"THE GIRL CLOSED THE DOOR, PUSHING THE LONE CREATURE, IN SPITE OF A FAINT PROTEST HE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE, BACK INTO THE NIGHT AND STORM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO A THRUSH.

How I do envy thee, thou small brown bird,
That sittest on the slowly budding spray
Of yonder tree, and all the pale Spring day
Pourest thy song abroad, till swift upstirred
The other birds sing forth their merry song.
Singing unheeding or of pain or wrong,

I hear thee trilling through the sweet moist air!
How free thy music; how it, welling out,
Makes the world vocal: what hast thou with doubt?
What knowest thou of all we mortals bear?
Ah, little dost thou reck of sin or pain;
Nor dost thou know that frost must come again!

Oh, I am weighted with a world of care;
I cannot sing like thee, mute am I sure!
I feel all that thou say'st, but must endure
In silence, for I may not take my share
In that vast stream of praise that is outpoured
When sweet Spring rises up to greet her Lord.

Teach me thy secret, happy bird; I wait
Expectantly to listen for the charm,
That keeps thee ignorant of sin and harm,
And those fierce joys that make the sufferer great,
That crown him in the presence of the earth,
That hail him conqueror o'er the ills of birth.

What, wilt thou not confide in me to-night?
See how the wan moon creeps above the firs,
While in the topmost boughs a sad song stirs,
Too sad, too sweet, to greet her beauty bright.
Then art thou silent as the Night glides by,
Drawing her garments o'er the saffron sky.

I cannot sing, for oh! my heart is sore;
Thou hast no heart, dear bird, so thou can'st sing,
Thou hast no past, no future that may bring
Some deadly dart to pierce thee to the core;
Thou livest in the present's fair blue sky,
That is thy secret shared by none, save I.

THROUGH THE STORM.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

Pretty Nelly Gregory was to be married on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, according to good old New England custom. A family gathering was to be held at her father's farmhouse, in Northern Vermont, and her handsome young lover, Frank Douglas, whom she had met at Burlington the Summer previous, and who was in business there, was expected by the midday train. There was to be the grand family dinner, at which Frank would be present, and then in the evening the marriage would take place in the presence of kinsfolk and friends.

When Nelly first arose in the morning, she found the air keenly cold; and, looking out of the window, she saw the snow lying like an unsullied sheet over the whole landscape—the first heavy snow of the season, and the flakes were still thickly falling.

"This is splendid!" she exclaimed to her younger sister; "Frank shall take me sleighing this afternoon!"

The young maiden, brought up to the active life of a New England farmhouse, bustled about all the morning, making preparations for the guests and the expected event. The grand Thanksgiving baking had been completed the day before, and pantry-shelves groaned with their burden of mince, apple and pumpkin-pies, huge platters of doughnuts, and generous loaves of bread and cake. The wedding-cake was resplendent in icing which rivaled that of nature in its dazzling whiteness. The house, too, had been brought to the last degree of order. The haircloth chairs had been ranged with extra primness against the parlor walls, and decorated with gay tidies, kept sacred in drawers on all but festive occasions. The bridal finery was spread out ready for use in the spare chamber. But there were fires to light over the whole house, the huge turkey to prepare for roasting, the pudding to make and the table to set.

Punctually to the hour the family set off to the little "meeting-house" at the "centre," to attend meeting; for a New England Thanksgiving would be incomplete without its church service. Nelly was excused, since it was necessary that some one should remain at home to oversee the domestic arrangements, and since she was also reluctant to make a public appearance on that day, knowing that she would be the target for all eyes. The snow was still falling, and the sleighs were brought out, and the family and such guests as had already arrived were tucked in and made comfortable by numerous buffalo-robes, and the bells jingled merrily until their sound was finally lost in the distance. Frank would arrive on the train in time to return home with the family and guests from church.

Never did Nelly take such pains with her table-setting. Every plate was arranged and rearranged. She blushed a little all by herself as she placed Frank's plate beside her own, and under it deftly hid a spray of geranium-leaves and a tiny rosebud, designed for a buttonhole-bouquet. It was the maiden's last shy gift to her young lover, who, in her eyes, was the handsomest and bravest man in all the world.

The turkey was doing beautifully, and the side-table was loaded with good things for which there was no room on the main board. It was approaching the hour for the return of the family, and Nelly hurried to make her toilet in which to receive her lover. She put on a dark-blue dress, which brought out her clear complexion wonderfully well, adjusted a lace collar about her throat, pinned with a brooch—*his* gift, arranged in orderly disorder the ringlets upon her forehead, and then waited and listened for the sleigh-bells. To pass away the time, she picked up caressingly, one by one, the wedding-garments—the linen dainty with embroidery, and the heavy white cashmere with its satin trimming—all the work of loving fingers for a thrifty New England household is in itself quite equal to the duties of a seamstress. How pretty the dress was, and how suited to just such a day as this! The snow itself was not more white.

The great snowflakes were still falling, steadily and unabating. The snow had sensibly deepened since morning, but numerous sleighs had kept the road open. The hour was past, and the family not yet returned.

A little tremor of apprehension filled Nelly's heart. What was the matter? Probably the train was late, and, of course, they would wait for Frank. Two hours elapsed before the distant sound of sleigh-bells announced their approach.

They came, a goodly company of sleighs, bringing not only the immediate family and guests who had accompanied them in the morning, but uncles, aunts and cousins, who were to participate in the day's rejoicings. The horses made their way slowly through the drifts,

and it seemed an age to the impatient Nelly before they reached the house.

Flinging open the door, her first cry was one of disappointment: "Where is Frank?"

"Dunno!" was her father's reply, as he clambered out of the sleigh, and proceeded to stamp the snow from his boots, and shake it from coat and hat. "Guess he's snowed up somewheres between here and Burlington. Train ain't in. We waited nigh onto two hours. Don't worry, gal!" he hastened to add, as he saw the look of dismay which spread over Nelly's features. "Plenty of time between now and night. Train will probably be in some time this afternoon, and Frank ain't neither sugar nor salt, so he won't melt if he is caught in a snowstorm. I'll go back bimeby and look 'im up."

Disappointed and only half-reconciled to waiting, the young girl went back into the house. At the appointed hour the dinner was served, and all save the one absent guest sat down. The little shadow which was felt at the beginning of the repast was quickly dispelled. Who could fail to enjoy such viands as were set before them? Nelly alone could not eat, and sent constant and anxious glances toward the window, outside of which the snow was still falling from a leaden sky.

The short afternoon soon came to a close, daylight being shut quickly out by the snow-charged clouds. It had grown colder and colder, and the snow, which at first had fallen sullenly down, was now blown hither and thither by the gale, and lay piled in large drifts here and there.

At dusk, farmer Gregory set out to seek tidings of the missing bridegroom.

"I wouldn't go out in no such storm as this," he said to his now almost frantic daughter, "for anybody but you. But if Frank is to be found, I'll bring him back. Don't you worry."

As he drove away, Nelly pressed her forehead to the cold window-pane and watched the horse wearily plodding through the snow, and the old man buffeted by the storm until he was fain to turn his head away from the blast. He was soon lost to sight and sound, and Nelly reluctantly left the window, to pass as best she might the hour of apprehension which must elapse before his return. She crept away from them all, and tried to hide herself from the merry guests, whose pity even she could not bear to meet.

It was quite dark when her father returned. No train had reached the town. It was snowed-up ten miles distant, and would not attempt to come through before morning.

He tried to cheer his daughter by telling her what a jolly wedding they would have next day, when they would laugh at their present troubles. But the girl was prostrated with disappointment and apprehension. Striving vainly to appear at ease among her guests, her soul turned sick at their well-meant expressions of sympathy. At last she could bear it no longer, but stole away where she could be alone. The room which was to have been her chamber—their chamber—that night, was filled with her wedding finery. She wandered aimlessly in, gave one glance at the bouquet of smilax and snowy chrysanthemums—the latter rescued just in season from the grasp of Winter—which she was to have worn. They seemed to mock her. She could not stay there. So she crept down into the deserted kitchen, and sat there with hands folded in her lap, and eyes fixed on vacancy, trying vainly to convince herself that there was no real cause for trouble.

"Let her be," said farmer Gregory, when the guests, out of the kindness of their hearts, would have gone to her to cheer her; "let her be; it's nateral she should fret a bit. She don't want none on ye round. She'll get over it better all by herself."

So she was left alone in the secluded kitchen, save as the kindly maid-of-all-work, passing in and out, now and then cast a sympathizing glance upon her.

* * * * * *

The missing train on the morning of Thanksgiving Day floundered into the little town some ten miles distant from the scene of our story, about two hours behind time, and both engineer and conductor declared it was impossible to proceed further. The passenger-car was filled with disappointed people. There was a young mother, anxious to reach home and family, and to whom twenty-four hours' delay was torture; there was a young girl, of slender purse, who, with agitation, counted her scant money to see if it would meet the increased demands upon it; there were business men who stamped and swore, and threatened to sue the company for the loss occasioned them by delay; there was an invalid, who lay her head wearily on the back of the seat and closed her eyes, vainly striving to keep back the fast-welling tears; there were, perhaps, half a score whose most serious concern was the loss of their Thanksgiving dinner.

One young man seemed especially impatient of the delay. Having satisfied himself of the hopelessness of further progress by the train, he inquired where he might find a horse to proceed on his journey. There was no regular livery-stable in the place, but being directed to a man who sometimes accommodated travelers in this way, he seized his valise, and, plunging vigorously through the drifts, presently knocked energetically at the indicated door. Having made known his want to the farmer, the latter shook his head, doubtfully, as he looked out upon the weather.

"'Tain't no use," he said. "Never could get through the drifts. 'Tain't so much what there is now, as what there's going to be before we git there. Wait till mornin' and as soon as the road is broke, I'll take you through and be glad of the job."

With a gesture of impatience, the young man explained the absolute necessity of reaching his destination that night.

"Then I guess you'll have to take shanks's mare," returned the old farmer.

"Shanks's mare it is, then," the young man replied. "Tell me the most direct route. If I can't ride I can certainly walk."

"You don't mean to say you'll ventur' ten miles through this storm!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had been a listener to the conversation. "Wall, I never did!"

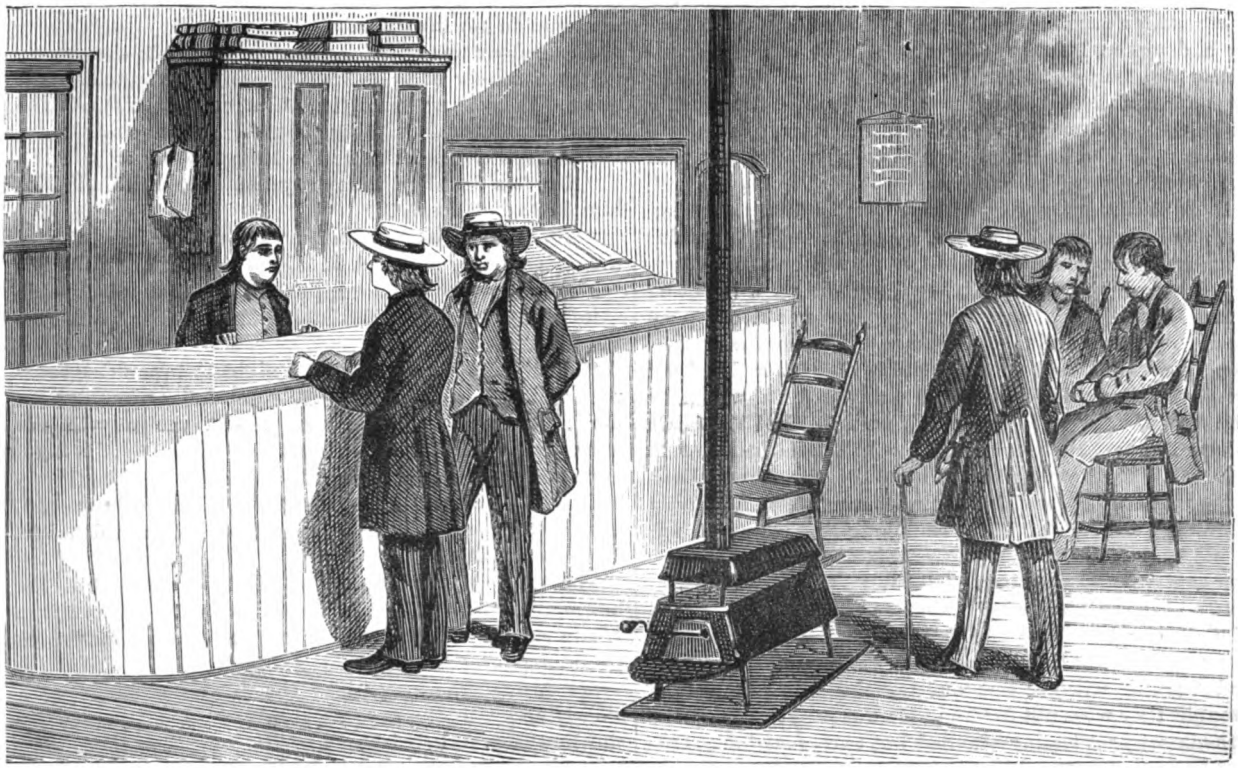
"Sho! 'twon't kill him!" retorted her husband. "I wouldn't ha' thought nothin' on it when I was a young man." Then, turning to our traveler, he added: "If you are wise you'll stay where you be till to-morrow. This snow ain't a circumstance to what you'll see afore night."

"Show me the most direct road," was the only rejoinder.

"Wall, you'd best stick to the railroad track; that will take you as straight as these hills will let it."

Our traveler was off almost before the words were finished. Buttoning his overcoat closely about him, and putting on warm, fur-lined gloves, he was soon striding along the track at a pace which sent the blood tingling through his body, and made him laugh defiance at the

THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—ENJOYING A SLEIGH-RIDE.—SEE PAGE 663.



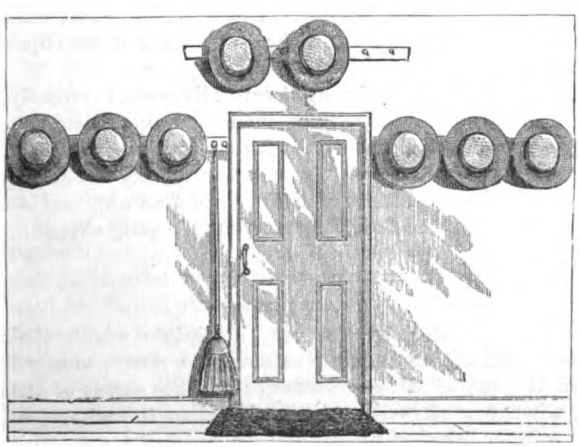
THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.— BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE SHAKERS.— SEE PAGE 663.

storm. But he soon found it necessary to modify his speed, for deep snow is not rapidly walked through. But he pushed his way with resolution and a light heart, What were ten miles to him with the goal he had before him! In less than half an hour he had passed the first mile-post. To be sure, a four or five hours' walk on such an afternoon was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but better than inaction.

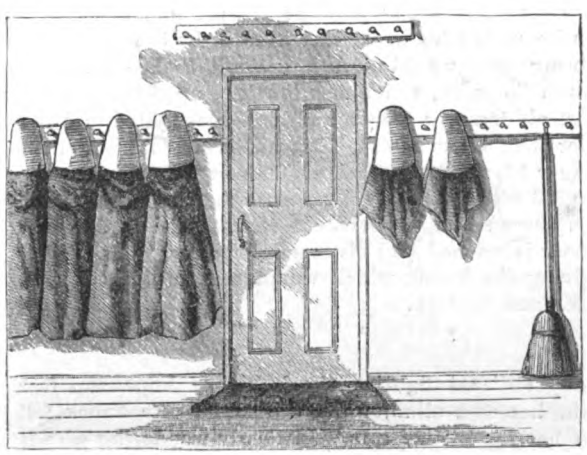
The wind was rising. Little eddies of snow began to whirl around him, and sometimes beat him sharply in the face. Drifts began to form themselves across his path, and it was tedious work wallowing through them. Besides, his portmanteau encumbered him—a weight to be laughed at in a clear path on a fair day, it was a burden now which sensibly hindered him. It was more than half an hour before he reached the second mile-post. This would never do, so he put forth fresh energy, only to find that there were added obstacles to encounter. Coming to occasional bridges across the stream whose course the road followed, he had found it necessary to cross them slowly and painfully on hands and knees, for the treacherous ice made the footing insecure, or the equally treacherous snow hid the trestlework.

Thus the afternoon wore away, and the shadows of evening began to turn the white snow to a ghastly gray. Still the flakes fell, whirling around him, and stinging him with a hundred lashes. He was weary and discouraged. It seemed impossible to face any longer the fierce northern blast. He had left the mile-posts behind slowly and more slowly still, and night was finding him yet far from his destination. With the energy of despair he put forth renewed effort, only to stumble and flounder in a heavy drift which in the waning light he had not seen. He was horrified to find himself almost too benumbed with cold to rise; but he staggered to his feet, and groped his way through the deepening twilight and blinding sleet.

He was cold to his very marrow, He never remembered to have been so cold before. It did not seem as



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER MEN'S ROOMS.



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER WOMEN'S ROOMS.

though he could ever become warm again. The idea of a warmth-giving fire was like a mocking delusion created by a disordered fancy. Should he stop at some farmhouse and beg a shelter for the night? No; the purpose for which he had ventured so much still remained unaltered. He would reach his destination. He *would not* die. And so he staggered and crept on, fighting with the elements for his very life.

Still the hours wore away, and our solitary traveler, with body and mind numbed, still held doggedly to his purpose. The place he sought could not be so far away. Oh, how cold he was! and how deep the snow! Sometimes he fell, and, unable to rise, he would creep on hands and knees along his course. His portmanteau—he did not know what had become of that, and did not care—it was probably in some snowbank in which he had fallen. He could not get on with it. Let it remain where it was. He scarcely realized that he had lost it.

Save for the howling of the blast the stillness of death lay on the earth, which seemed wrapped in a ghastly winding sheet. The sleighs had long since ceased their jingle of bells. Not a creature was abroad; not even a dog sent up a chance bay. The Winter waste was trackless, and the ruthless wind obliterated his footsteps behind him as our traveler pressed laboriously on. Here and there lights twinkled in farmhouse-windows, telling of life and warmth within; but our traveler felt rather than thought they were not for him. He was past thinking—he was almost past feeling—he had but two sensations. One that he was cold, so cold; the other, which had been originally a thought and a purpose, but had now resolved itself into a sort of instinct, that he must reach his destination before he paused. Often and often he fell, and once he lay inert and unwilling to make further effort. He was not so cold as he was. Perhaps the drift sheltered him. And then he was so sleepy. He might as well rest a little before he proceeded on his journey; but then the instinct pressed him forward, and without realizing his danger, he doggedly forced himself to rise, when the scorpion stings of the blast aroused him to fuller consciousness and renewed effort.

He did not know how many hours had passed. If he had thought of his watch, his hands were too benumbed to hold it, and the night too dark to see it. At last—at last—thank God! there is hope for him. Every window of a distant farmhouse is streaming with light, as if set purposely for a beacon for him as he buffeted his way through the storm. They are waiting for him, and they shall not be disappointed. How glad he is he had courage to press on. Will his strength hold out? It must! it shall! He dare not pause for rest lest the fatal lethargy steal over his brain, so slowly and with staggering footsteps he makes his weary way toward the beacon lights. A strong man would find it difficult to break a path through the snow, which now lay deep upon the ground, almost obliterating fences, and sometimes piled in drifts higher than a man's head. But will, which is sometimes stronger than muscle, and which sometimes holds out when all other faculties have deserted the poor, feeble body, nerved him to persistent effort. At last the nearest door is reached, and his remaining strength exhausted in giving the knock which would secure him welcome, shelter and warmth.

* * * * * *

Nelly still sat fighting the battle of hope and fear within her own mind, when the sound of a knock fell upon her inattentive ears. Listlessly wondering who it could be who had braved the elements on such a night, she bade the servant-girl open the door, not once turning her eyes in its direction.

As the door was opened, a man, wrapped to the eyes in garments whose color and shape were obliterated by the snow which clung heavily to them, reeled half into the room, mumbling something about being "so cold."

The frightened girl turned to Nelly, saying:

"Here's a drunken tramp says he is cold. Shall I let him in to get warm?"

"No, no," exclaimed Nelly, with a shudder. "Shut the door quickly and lock it. How cold the wind is."

The girl closed the door, pushing the lone creature, in spite of a faint protest he attempted to make, back into the night and storm.

"Really, Miss Nelly, it isn't a night to turn a dog out," remonstrated the girl, who had quickly recovered from her first shock. "Shall I show him the way to the barn, where he can find shelter?"

"How can you worry me about such a thing!" exclaimed Nelly, petulantly. "Haven't I trouble enough of my own now? Let him go. We don't want drunken men about the premises."

The wind whistled more fiercely than ever about the house, and the girl settled herself anew to her musing. If any creature was exposed to such a blast, its sufferings would be brief.

All through the long night the flakes descended, constantly and silently, save as they were accompanied by the howlings and shriekings of the wind. If there were aught out in that storm, which was unsightly, nature resolutely undertook the task of hiding it from sight.

When the cold gray morning dawned the storm had ceased. The air was icy, but the flakes no longer fell, and the wind had died away. The snow stretched an unbroken sheet over all the landscape—a pall, perhaps, for something besides the earth.

Nelly's heart, which the evening before had been tortured by fears as cold and pitiless as the snow, now took on a little flutter of hope. Surely Frank would come to-day. How foolish she had been to have such forebodings yesterday. The track would be cleared, the cars would arrive as usual, and—all's well that ends well. What was the delay of a day after all?

Hark, what is that? The men are shoveling paths and the dog is making a disturbance over something in the yard. Impelled by curiosity, she hurries down to see what it is. He is scratching away the snow, fancying there is something beneath. It is no dog's fancy, and presently the brute seizes something in his teeth and tries to drag it from beneath its frozen cover. The men hasten to his assistance, and the lifeless body of a man is brought to the light of day. Death has been at their very door, and a nameless horror settles down upon them all.

The frozen corpse is brought carefully, even reverently, into the house. The body of even a drunken tramp becomes sacred when the soul with all its sins has left it. The snow is brushed away, and as the closely drawn cap drops off, the brightness of Nelly's life goes out, and she falls fainting to the floor, uttering one piercing shriek:

"Frank!"

SOONER or later, by the very discipline which their errors, with the consequent sufferings, enforce, men will learn the art of self-government; and the secret of that art, when earned, will be little else than the wiser head and warmer heart and more helpful hand of a developed manhood.

MUSICAL INTERLOPERS.

When stationed at ———, in India, I was asked to preside at the little church harmonium, and for several years I filled that pleasant post. The first instrument we had was decidedly peculiar, and it required a good deal of physical exertion and no little art to bring forth any sound. As long as the dry weather lasted, we got on pretty well; but as soon as the rains fell and damp affected its mechanism, the result was terrible to sensitive nerves.

On coming into church one day and beginning the voluntary, I discovered that more than half the notes would not come up after being struck. The result, of course, conveyed to the congregation was that I was permanently holding down several octaves of a chromatic scale! My husband was fortunately near me; and with his energetic help—picking up each note as I played it—we got through the service as best we could. Before the next Sunday, it had been repaired a little; but there was always a rather painful uncertainty that a note might not suddenly shriek out unbidden. One day I discovered, to my surprise, that the harmonium was inhabited by a mouse. It is possible that his establishment within, and the effects of his appetite on the felts and linings, may in some measure account for the surprising vagaries of the instrument. I had left my high seat and moved to a more comfortable one during the sermon, when I saw a little head with a pair of beady black eyes peeping out from under the pedals. After looking round and finding all was quiet, he sallied out, took a constitutional in the neighborhood, and before the end of the sermon had returned to his home. After this we used to see him nearly every Sunday.

One day, just after we had got to church, in came one of our dogs! She had been tied up when we left our house, which was about a quarter of a mile off; but guessing, probably from the sound of the bell, where we had gone, she followed us directly she was let go. The harmonium was fortunately near the door, so that she saw me the moment she came in, and being a thoroughly well-trained dog, lay perfectly still beside my chair. Of course, I was terribly anxious lest the poor mouse should appear, for Bessie, being a splendid ratter, would without a doubt have given chase, and caused a scene. However, the little inmate of the harmonium was either "out," or displayed a marvelous discretion. Not so a squirrel. During the sermon, one of these pretty creatures, so common in India, came in through a gap at the top of the "chick"—a semi-transparent curtain hung in the outer doorway of all Indian houses, to keep out glare and flying insects—and proceeded to run up and down it within a few feet of us! Of course, Bessie had seen it at once; and there she sat with ears erect and straining eyes, shivering with excitement, watching its every movement. After we had endured several minutes of suspense, the unconscious object of our attention, with a whisk of the tail, jumped out through a hole in the chick, and we breathed freely once more.

About this time the Bishop of Calcutta came up to consecrate a piece of ground to be added to the cemetery, a very old one, where rest the bones of heroes who fell hard by, fighting under General Lake, at the commencement of this century. The harmonium had been taken over in a hand-cart, that I might accompany the hymns and chants. During the ceremony, the mouse stole out as usual, unconscious of the solemnity of the occasion. How he managed to get in again so as to be carried back to the church I do not know; but there he was the following Sunday. Some months later, the new American organ arrived, and the old one, with its inmate no doubt, was sold, and we lost sight of it.

This was a harmless tenant. I heard of another a l very dangerous one. A little boy we knew used to amuse himself by playing on an old harmonium. He found one day that the pedals had become very stiff, and he experienced great difficulty in working them. Soon after, a piano-tuner who twice a year makes the round of all stations where he can find employment, happened to come to ———; and on taking the child's instrument to pieces to examine it, found a large cobra coiled up inside—dead! It is impossible to tell what induced it to seek such a strange and, at times, noisy abode. The explanation may possibly be found in the well-known love of serpents for music.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less and less in love with precocity, which is often mere manifestation of disease, the disease of a very fine but weak, nervous organization. Your young Rosciuses, and all your wonders of that kind, generally end in the feeblest of commonplace. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raphael, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written "Comus" at twenty-eight, but he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

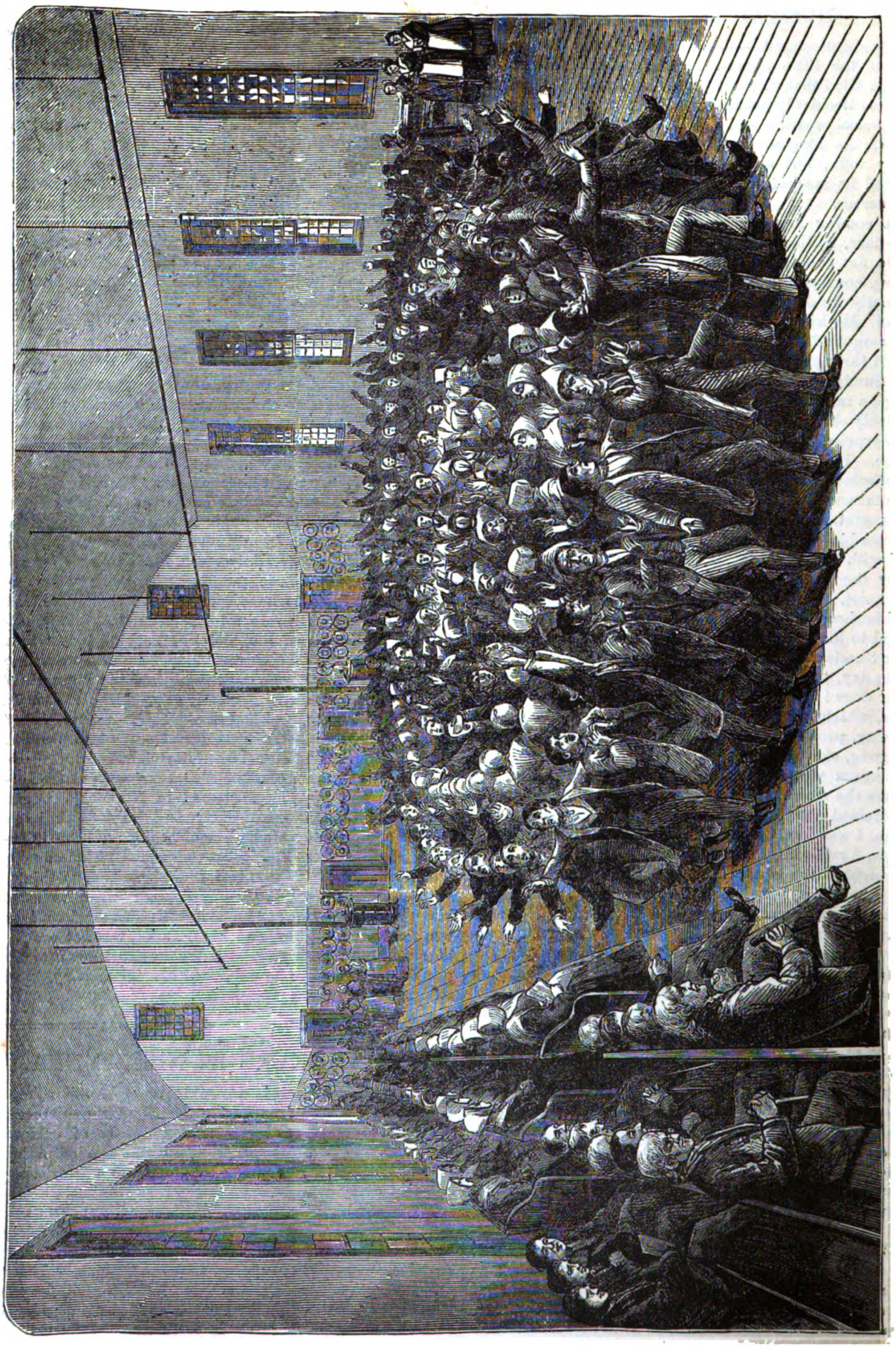
THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.

Troy and Schenectady are seven or eight miles from Niskayuna. As you approach the Shaker settlement, every intersecting road pours in a stream of curious pleasure-seekers from other cities and the adjoining towns. Like a Derby or "Donnybrook Fair" day, they come in every conceivable vehicle.

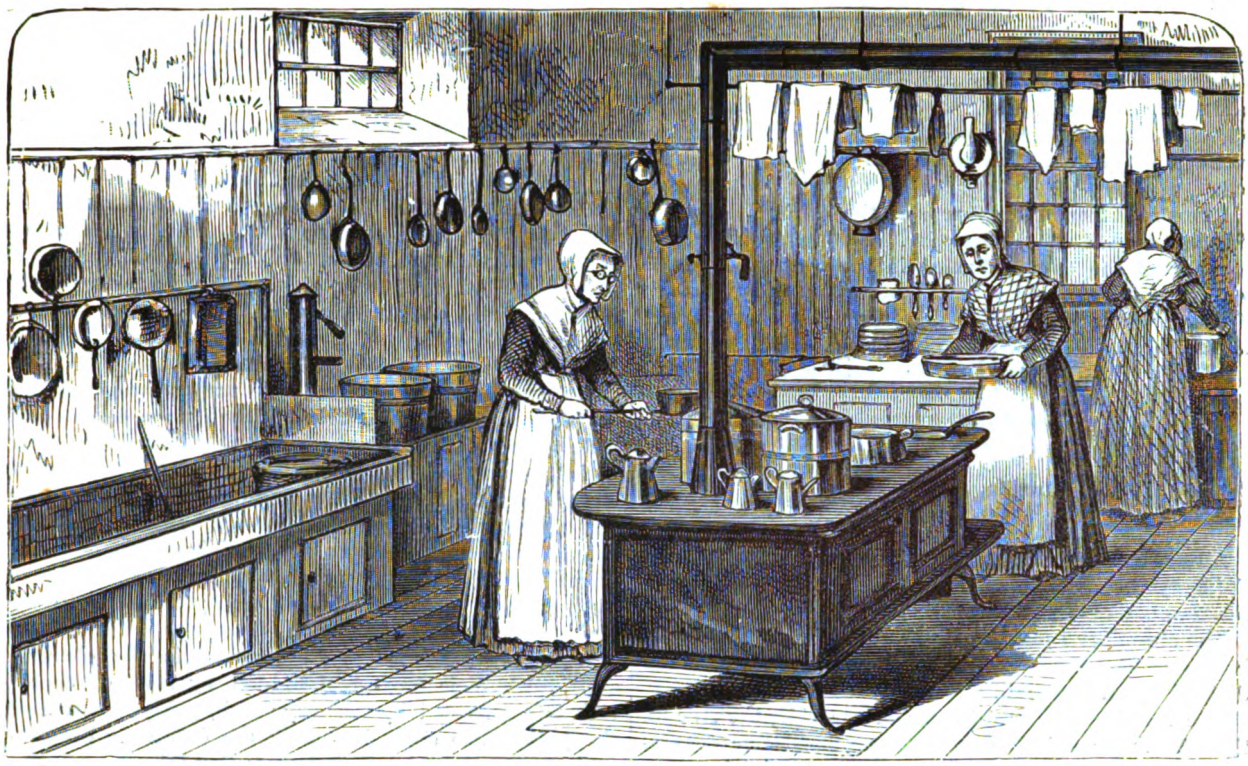
There are high-steppers and landaus, village carts and farmers' wagons, natty avenue omnibuses, and rudely improvised 'buses and old diligences, with flapping black curtains, suggestive of funereal arks and "Black Marias."

It becomes a race as the *cortége* nears the goal, for the meeting-house will not hold one-half of those who have come. Early arrivals are at a premium.

Going to Shaker meeting is a holiday excursion and



THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.



THE KITCHEN OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.

picnic to the great mass. As you drive through the splendid avenue of approach, cut through a quarter of a mile of beautiful forest, horses are seen picketed, omnibuses drawn in line, hampers brought forth, kegs of liquid rolled in place and on tap.

The sturdy Germans have come, with wives and pretzels, beer and babies, to see the Shaker show, and take their outing in the green wood, regardless of the prohibition, "No trespassing on these grounds." Possession being nine-tenths of the law, and the chief dogma of the non-resistant owners being "Peace, goodwill toward men," the usurpers remain unmolested and enjoy themselves.

Four villages comprise the Shaker settlement. They

A MENDER OF CLOTHING OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.

CUTTING BREAD.

are: North, South, West and Church, the last being named for the church which is located here, and hither the people from the other villages—a short distance away—come to worship. Church Village consists of a few plain houses built around an open court; it lies on the shore of a small lake, whose waters are hid by a luxurious growth of pond-lily leaves and shaded by beautiful oaks.

A few rods from the church, up the hill to the west, is the cemetery of the community. Mother Ann Lee, the founder of the sect, is buried in the centre. A plain, white marble slab, larger, but otherwise uniform with the rest, marks her burial-place. Upon the severe tablet is inscribed:

MOTHER,
ANN LEE,
BORN IN MANCHESTER
ENGLAND,
FEB. 29TH, 1736.
DIED IN WATERVLIET.
SEPT. 8TH, 1784.

All the other stones bear but the name, with the letter D (died), the date opposite, and the letter A (age) with the number of years.

The church is a plain white structure, with two doors in the front. Four steps lead up to them, which are divided by an iron rail.

The female outer world enter on one side, the men on the other. An elderly man of grave, handsome countenance, wearing well-fitting garments, and rejoicing in a diamond or Rhine stone in his trim, clerical collar, officiated as usher or sexton to the crowd that besieged and pressed forward for admission.

He was gracious, but set his face like a flint against the commingling of the sexes. In the faith it is a reprehensible and carnal thing to sit beside wife or sweetheart.

He will have no undue worldly familiarity within the sacred edifice.

One-half of the church is given to raised, graduated audience-seats, the remainder being clear, save a line of green-cushioned benches that run around the wall, and two long benches that stand midway on the beautiful smooth floor, which is kept with scrupulous neatness.

At the appointed hour—10 A.M.—the men entered from a small waiting-room on the left side; a miscellaneous dozen of assorted ages, with a light sprinkling of youngish men. Their habiliments were without uniformity, but all wore their front hair banged and hanging long behind, which gave them an unpleasantly "daft" appearance. A few audacious ones had a carnal worldly part in their bangs.

The women entered from a waiting-room on the right side, where, upon pegs against the wall, were hung their puritanical capes and bonnets. There may have been twenty. They floated in like fresh-plumed birds, in their gowns of transparent white lawn and delicate gray twilled silk. The skirts were full, and laid in large plaits, pressed to retain their folds and running to the bottom of the skirt, which set out in a robust way that gave a suspicion of crinoline.

In the old reign of that ugliness one of the Sisterhood had made query of a woman of the world as to its relative merits above many starched petticoats. Said the meek spokeswoman, eying the *bouffant* voluminousness of her worldly sister, half enviously:

"It seems a large and convenient thing, to be sure. Yea, but it hath an abominable name. Hoop? I like it not."

"Give it a trial, and you will never do without it."

Thus enjoined, the gentle recluse made confession:

"Yea, but we have conscientiously considered and held argument as to the propriety of adopting it."

If so be it had once become a part of their wardrobe, it is more than likely it had been perpetuated.

Around the shoulders of each woman was folded primly, yet gracefully, a kerchief of sheer white muslin, or soft white silk. Above it stood a well-starched clerical collar—from the same box as the Brothers'—this little digression proving that collars, at least, are genderless. A cap of white bobbinet covered each head save those of the young girls, whose hair was drawn into one braid and turned up the back of the head and fastened. Over the entire hair and ears was drawn a black net.

Among the young women were pretty faces with an expression of sweetness and patience upon them, and with their soft hair brushed smoothly back from their white foreheads, they looked more intelligent than other banged and frizzled young women. The contour was delicate and refined, and though their raiment was simple, even rigid, it was exceedingly becoming, and seemed in harmony with youth and purity, and in keeping with age and plainness—Timothy Titcomb to the contrary.

Looking upon the rows of women in the elevated seats, with their faces half hidden by mats of curled hair, and aureoled by the coquettish, giddy bonnets of the period, one could but mark the difference between their careworn, rough-complexioned physiognomies and these fair, unlined, tranquil faces.

When the families of the North, the South, and the West Villages arrived, the services began by all rising and standing in lines, a male and female platoon drawn up and facing each other, some six feet apart. An Elder opened with remarks upon the beauty of the day, which he said worshiped the Eternal Father and Mother God. His remarks were a prelude.

Then followed the lines of a hymn almost intoned by the leader of the singers. "Forgiving Love" was the theme; its tender sentiment was sung with fervor:

"Oh, forgive thy brother,
As forgiven thou art;
Pour the oil of healing
In the contrite heart!
Charity's fair mantle,
Beautiful and white,
Hides the little frailties
Of erring life from sight."

A direct and earnest prayer followed, and again they sang. Then seating themselves upon the benches, the Elder before-mentioned gave a short discourse—doubtless those of the faith knew what it was all about.

When it was ended, six men and eight women formed two lines down the centre of the floor—the women opposite each other, the men as well—and sang a "Jubilate," whilst fourteen virgins circled around them, one after the other, stepping lightly to the time. Outside of this circle of youth, the remaining members formed an outer ring, stepping in pairs to the music in the various meters best suited to their ligaments.

The aged bent their heads and bodies, as if swayed by the melody, and in a slow "hip-a-te-hop," somewhat out of tune, moved hurriedly around.

One comely negress, whose exultant heel struck a livelier measure than her sisters', was noticeable for her thorough enjoyment of the healthy, exciting worship.

Three pauses occurred in the dancing. At the last interval, a Sister in the line of singers was constrained

to speak and give testimony. Her voice and her intonation were musical; her expression was sincere and earnest. With folded hands and partly lifted eyes, she began evenly, distinctly, and without excitement:

"Our Father and Mother God—

"The beauty and the perfection of the day give worship to Thee.

"The Spirit moves me to give testimony to Thy care and forgiving love that bestows the bounties of health, strength and peace.

"Teach me how to serve Thee best: How I may better do Thy will in grateful love.

"O Christ, I would be more zealous, more faithful.

"I implore that Thou wilt give me a more humble spirit, a brighter faith."

"So do I!" "So do I!" "So do I!" responded the elder women.

In conclusion, they sang a beautiful hymn called "Sweet Purity," and the meeting was dismissed. The lightly moving Sisterhood vanished, like a morning mist, through one door; the halting, aged Brotherhood through another; while the world's people hurried out to buy pond-lilies of a backslider. To witness the Shaker worship is to desire to know something of the faith, lives and pursuits of these simple people.

They term themselves "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing." They hold a belief in the duality of the Deity—of an eternal Father and Mother God; of a dual Christ whose second advent was the Divine Spirit incarnating the earthly form of their mother and founder, Ann Lee.

She personated the female Christ. She was a woman whose rare worldly wisdom led on and raised the band that had followed her from England to America to comfortable independence, and into well-organized and prosperous families.

The Shakers hold to four cycles of spiritual progression, and as a natural sequence, three probationary hells, with the final hell omitted. Abstinence, chastity, celibacy and charity are the foundation-stones of their faith. They believe all functions of the body should be given in grateful worship. They dance, sing and wave their hands, taking the divine command from the inspired Psalms: "O clap your hands, all ye people: sing unto the Lord with the voice of melody"; "Sing unto the Lord a new song"; "Sing His praise in the congregation of the saints"; "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King: let them praise His name in the dance."

They believe that the spirits of the late departed are permitted to minister to and support the dying in their last conflict and bear their souls in pomp and glory from triumphal deathbeds to their eternal rest.

At the funerals of the members, the coffin, of extreme plainness, stands apart, that the disembodied may have room to come and stand guard about the earthly tabernacle, while the living Brothers and Sisters of exceeding purity of soul are gifted with clear vision to discern and recognize these heavenly visitants.

The members receive guests cordially, and are pleased to know of the great outer world, though they are chary of giving information concerning their government and Church discipline.

It is a law of their faith to guard speech and refrain from answering questions. A little monthly, called the *Shaker Manifesto*, published by the United Societies of Shakers, at Shakers, N. Y., throws some light on their Church organization.

Its government is vested in three Orders: Ministers, Elder and Trustees—

Each consisting of two members, male and female, and each sex holding authority over those belonging to it. The Elderesses, as well as the Elders, are appointed and elevated to their position by the will of the majority. Experience, fidelity and discretion are requisite for the office. They retain the enviable position during their lives, and are honored in death by burial at the side of Mother Ann Lee—the Elderesses at the left, and the Elders at the right.

Shakers are non-resistants, taking no part in elections or politics, whether local, State or national, and holding to community of property.

The Church family possesses a tract of nearly seven hundred acres of fertile, well-tilled land. The other villages have nearly as many acres; in the aggregate three thousand.

They are a community of farmers, raising, canning and drying vegetables and fruits and herbs. They have, too, frequently shown themselves clever at invention. The first buzz-saw, and metallic pens of gold, and brads, were invented and made by the Shakers.

The nucleus of the first Society was formed upon this spot in the year 1776. It numbered ten souls. About this time a similar interest had awakened at New Lebanon, in Columbia County, and the people came to the new settlement to be advised and directed by the wisdom of that holy woman, Ann Lee, who later traveled through New England, establishing colonies, and encouraging the faithful by her presence, and the promise that in time they should flourish as "the green bay tree."

History and tradition record her a woman of great penetration and clearness of judgment, and possessed of fervid eloquence and force of expression.

The requirements to enter the ranks of the Society are: Voluntary renunciation of whatever property the applicant may possess to the common fund; free confession of all past sins before three members of the Community; assurance of full belief in the faith, and the steadfast resolution to live in chastity and celibacy.

Widows and widowers are taken on condition that they "won't do so any more."

Entire families are received; the children receive a decent education, and are afterward taught some trade. To the young this isolated life is irksome. The maidens are kept under surveillance, and not allowed conversation with the young men beyond the greeting of "Good-day." All personal contact, such as shaking hands or "locked arms," is forbidden. Sometimes, surely, the meek maidens must permit a gentle pressure of their toil-marked hands for one blissful moment; then nervously and lingeringly wrench away the happy member, to go back to the routine of humble duties, with a sweet smile of joy upon their innocent lips, incomprehensible to the barren lives about them.

There have been many that have flitted in the gloaming to lead a freer life as happy husbands and wives.

The wife of a farmer, whose land lay contiguous to the Societies, and who evidently was not fascinated by their celibate lives, when questioned concerning them, said:

"They are falling off, between old age, elopement and drowning. Only last year a young man committed suicide by throwing himself into the lake, and some young girls have stepped out of their Shaker gowns in that way. They are going, but as long as two remain they will hold their good inheritance of productive land, the best about here. Oh, it is a stupid life!" and she hugged her great, rosy baby, in a gush of matronly affection, and rejoiced in her anti-celibate condition.

THE DINING-ROOM OF THE NORTH FAMILY.

A pleasing and well-looking Elderess, one Samanthe Bowie, upon being asked, "Where do you obtain new members?" replied, naïvely: "The Lord will provide, to be sure."

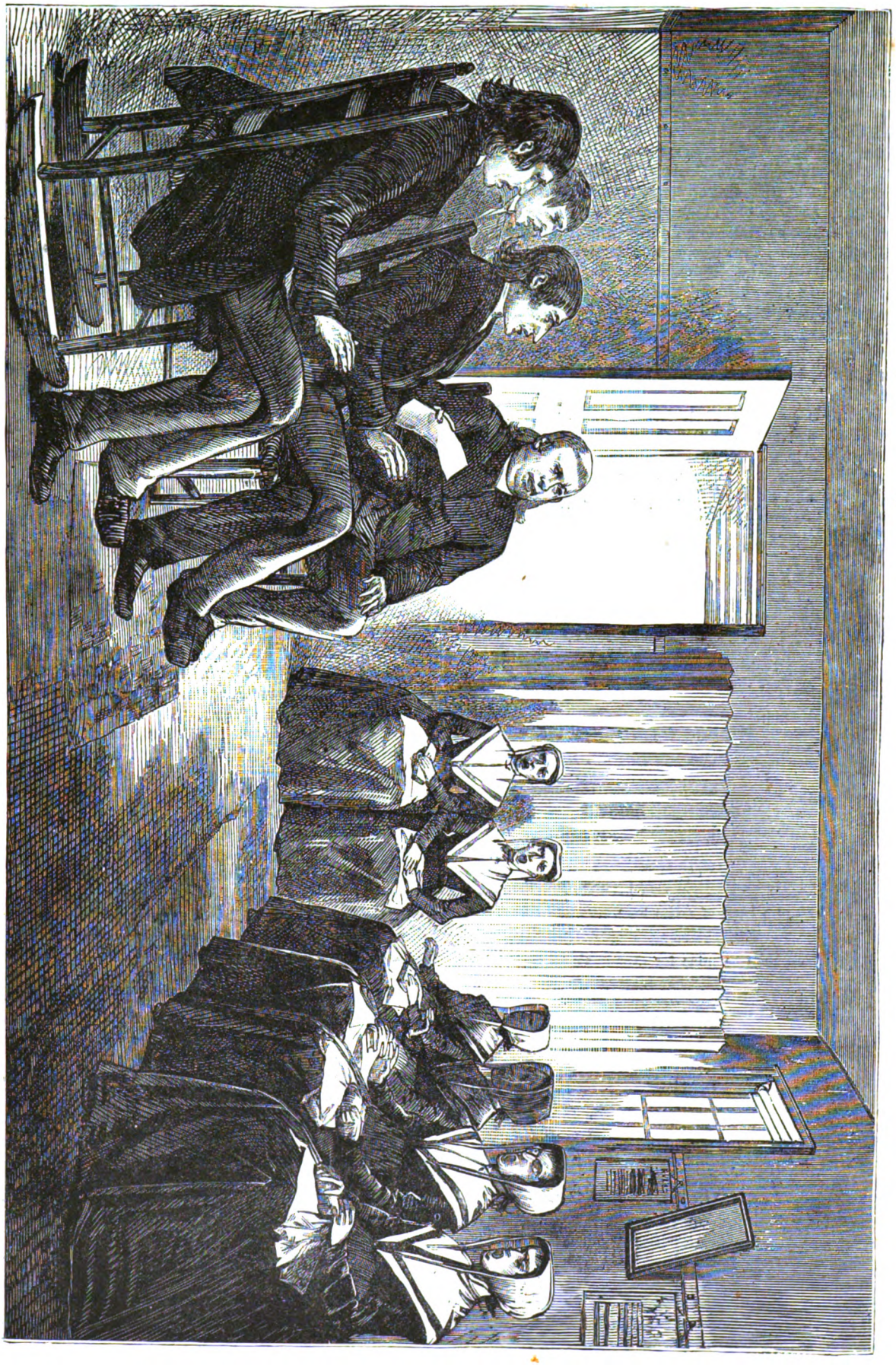
There is a charm in the care-free, safe seclusion of the life, that often entices back those whom the world has allured for a time; and as charity is one of the soundest planks in their platform, the backslider is welcomed home again with sweet forgiveness, and for a time lives in more rigid retirement than the unwavering believers. The aggregate congregation of the combined villages is 150; two-thirds are females.

The duties of their lives are not onerous, and being continually changed, are not irksome. A bell upon one of the building rings hem up at half-past four in the Summer, and at five o'clock in the Winter. It also peals out the cheerful summons to breakfast at six, dinner at twelve, supper at six. Their food is wholesomely prepared, and of the best and most excellent quality. They abstain from pork, distilled spirits, and tobacco.

Visitors are shown through the living-house, where everything is arranged with scrupulous exactness and neatness. The dining-room is like the refectory of a monastic Order, bare and unfurnished. Even the men sit at a table on one side, the women at another, at the opposite side, a dozen feet away. One can but wonder if nature can be so suppressed and trampled down out of sight, that these young girls will not raise their pretty eyes to glance slyly from under their down-dropped lids to meet some unregenerate Brother's bold look of admiration. Perhaps all the young and comely men sit with their backs to the damsels.

THE GIRLS' CLOTHES-ROOM IN THE CHURCH FAMILY.

Above the dining-room is the chapel used in cold weather. Its floor, wainscoting and ceiling are of handsome dark wood in plain "dovetailed" stripes. Its ceiling is low, and being entirely of wood, the room has the appearance of a



THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—THE SINGING MEETING.

carnal cigar-box, only relieved by the red maroon that covers the benches that run about the wall.

The sleeping-rooms of the Sisters are comfortably furnished, with bits of vivid color in small articles of womanly ornamentation that the most austere lives will unconsciously add to their surroundings. In the laundry and bake-house are all modern improvements. All ingenious devices to lighten labor have been brought in use.

In the office of the Society, presided over by three kindly, placid Sisters, you enter a wide, deep hall, where a lonely, century-old clock stands waiting patiently for Sypher's bid, as it ticks off the peaceful moments. The office is at the right, a reception-room at the left, where all the little illuminating vanities of the world have crept in to corrupt the old-fashioned quaintness. A canary, in a worldly, æsthetic yellow cage, trills in the window.

The shopman's gift of fans and chromos decorate the wall, as well as embroidered mottoes, in harmonious expression of their sentiments: "God is Love," "Live and let Live."

Woman's permeating passion — patchwork — has encroached upon the simplicity of the delightful old Shaker chairs of polished wood, and covered them with an iridescence of mosaic, that must have provoked argument and mild contention among the Brethren before they were allowed to vivify their stiffness.

GRANDMA'S BOX.

By Mary D. Brine.

Grandmother's box!—and here's a ring;
A little, flashing, old-time thing!
If it could speak, what fun 'twould be,
To hear the tales 'twould tell to me.

My grandmamma—so people say—
In auld lang syne was bright and gay
As any maiden of my size;
And fair her hair and blue her eyes.

I'm thinking, yes—I wonder whether,
When she and grandpa met together,
'Twas then, while both were fain to linger,
He placed this ring upon her finger!

Poor little silent circlet! how
Forlorn and useless you are now;
Amid a heap of relics here,
You've lain neglected many a year.

You shall be mine for grandma's sake,
And to a modern age awake;
But, oh! if you've no romance true.
I would not give a fig for you.

"OLD SQUIRE."

By J. H. Walworth.

"Squire's took down ag'in. Spec' he'll peg out dis time, shuah, less'n the white folks gwine do some'in' for him. He's rale bad, Dinah say."

I was bending over a freshly raked bed of earth in a freshly fenced garden spot on a freshly opened place of ours, one freshly bright Spring morning, when that dolorous speculation was flung at me over the roughly riven pickets of the garden fence.

"Squire! Squire who?" I asked, straightening my back and shoving back my sun-bonnet as I faced toward the voice, with a handful of okra seed ready in my outstretched hand for scattering in the open drills at my feet.

"Squire! Why, de ole squire—old Squire Thorn! Him as lives t'other place j'inin' us. Dinah say he's rale bad off—done took down suddint sorter in de nite-time."

The speaker was very old and very black, and very ugly and very lame, and with a general appearance of having been passed repeatedly through the rollers of a crimping-machine.

But she was a priceless treasure for all that. In a howling wilderness of culinary ignorance a No. 1 cook will always rank among the peerless, if there is enough of her anatomy left to enable her to handle the implements of her trade. And she was *my* cook, which enhanced her value.

I would not have given her just cause of offense for millions—a fact which Aunt Lucy was prompt to discover and not slow to avail herself of.

"What can I do for him, Aunt Lucy?" I asked, looking at her resentfully.

She stood on tiptoe to fasten her beady black eyes on me over the fence, clutching the rough pickets with black, bony hands scarcely softer than themselves, while her feet were planted in a cross rail of the fence with a firm grip, that indicated her resolution to stay there until she had accomplished the object which had brought her there as plainly as volumes or words could have done.

I rather resented this sudden call upon my neighborly kindness, for two reasons. The morning was simply delicious; the locust-trees were in full bloom, their creamy clusters filling the air with intoxicating sweetness; the pale green tassels of the pecans swung gracefully overhead in promising plenteousness; the atmosphere teemed with the sounds and scents of early Spring.

The earth itself looked fresh and sweet as the shining plow-blades cast it over in rich dark flakes into whose crumbling crevices a myriad birds swarmed, eagerly searching for earthworms. My hens, with crimsoned combs, sang and clucked and fussed about with an air of resuming business.

The delicate sprays of white plum blossoms dropped like belated snow-flakes upon the brown bare earth, as the mocking-birds swayed in the branches that had borne them, loudly proclaiming the return of Spring.

I had early pronounced the day too delicious to be wasted over the sewing-machine or dedicated to books, however much I might be in need of mental exercise, so had resolved to spend it in my garden in a sort of luxurious compromise between laziness and industry.

And here I was suddenly and rather peremptorily called upon to leave all these sweet smells and cheerful sounds, and busy, happy murmuring to immure myself in the sick-room of an old man who, to my certain knowledge, had never done anything but scornfully reject every neighborly advance we had made to him, which latter fact embodied my second cause of resentment.

"What kin you do?"

Aunt Lucy repeated my words with scornful emphasis.

"Yes! He has never been near us. They say he hates the very name of Rayburn. Mr. Rayburn is not here to go with me. Your old squire has other and older neighbors than we. I am no doctor. Why don't he send for a doctor and hire a nurse?"

"Too stingy!"

"But if his people were to send for a doctor he would just have to see him. He couldn't insult him."

"Couldn't? You don't know ole squire."

"Nor do I wish to. Let them send for his other neighbors."

"Feared to."

"Afraid of what?"

"He done fell out wid 'em all. He'd 'sult em' sho!"

"But, Aunt Lucy, he would insult me, too, if I went there."

"No, he wouldn't. 'Tain't you and 'tain't Mars Ralf he hate—it's old marse. Old marse help his wife t' git away."

"Helped his wife to get away! He is divorced, then?"

"Not 'zackly. She jus' quit 'm."

"And he never tried to get her back?"

"Tworn't no use. What fur? Jus' t' cat n' dog over agin?"

"Well then, Aunt Lucy," I say, decidedly, "I don't think it makes much difference whether such a man lives or dies!"

"Dat don' soun' jus' 'zactly like Scripter teachin' t' me. But I ain't nuthin' but a poo', ign'ant niggar, an' thought as how d' Lord said we mus' do good onto de jus' an' de unjus', and dem what spitefully use us. But I reckin ef white folks can't afford to stan' up to dere own color in sickness an' in helf, niggers kin! I'se gwine t' see ole squire, I is. He ain't got nuthin' but a passel of fool niggers 'bout 'im what's feared of 'im an' feared of de medicine and feared to call dere souls dere own."

Saying which, in a high, indignant treble, Aunt Lucy slowly got down off her perch and hobbled away in a huff—her brilliant bandanna turban pointing to "stormy."

Aunt Lucy's turban was what Ralph Rayburn (my husband, dear reader), used to call the signal-service flag. It was capable of expressing its owner's barometrical condition with all the accuracy of an Old Probabilities report. And the cabalistic letters r. b. f. t. or r. t. f. b. were as readily decipherable by our practiced eyes as were the actual plaids in the actual bandanna.,

The danger signal was flung to the breeze now, as Aunt Lucy turned her back on me and limped away with that pyramidal headlight pointing sou-by-souwest, with a slightly undulatory motion caused by the force of scarcely suppressed volcanic action.

Now, as far as Squire Thorn was concerned, he might have gone where the wicked cease from troubling without a sigh of regret on my part, but Aunt Lucy's wrath was not a thing to be lightly provoked, inasmuch as instead of expending itself in harmless, frothy words, it was sure to find expression in muddy coffee and leaden muffins. Her attacks were always directed to the vital organs.

"Wait! Aunt Lucy!" I shriek after the limping philanthropist. "You are always in such a dreadful hurry—to get mad," I add, for no one in possession of good judgment could ever accuse my cook of over hastiness in any other particular. "I didn't say I wouldn't go to see that old curmudgeon, did I, now?"

"Sounded monsous like it," says my tyrant, only half-mollified at the prospect of victory.

"I am going. For I suppose it is my duty, as a Christian woman in a Christian land. But I sha'n't be in the least surprised if he crawls out of his sick-bed to slam the door in my face. In fact, I go fully prepared for every description of insult."

"No you don't, nuther," says my tyrant, altogether serene as she saw me relinquish my pleasant programme for the day and prepare to do her autocratic bidding. "Jus' let anybody try t' treat my chile rough, and dey'll soon fin' out dat ole Lucy ain't so ole an' no 'count yit, but wot she kin give sass to dem wot desarves sass."

As her "chile" was vividly aware of the truth of this assertion, and, indeed, not infrequently herself ranked among "wot desarves sass," I felt comforted by the conviction that she would be as good as her promise if occasion called for it, so I prepared for my involuntary visit of charity by ordering "Knock-kneed Jinney," to be put into the shafts of the buggy, while I put up a basket of such things as might prove acceptable to an invalid.

"Knock-kneed Jinney" was a mule contemporaneous with, and strongly resembling, Aunt Lucy in many respects.

She, too, was very old and very black, and very ugly and very lame, with a general appearance of having been passed repeatedly through the roller of a crimping-machine; she, too, asserted her ability occasionally to "give sass to dem wot desarves sass," differing from Aunt Lucy's "sass" only as the positive must ever differ from the negative; Aunt Lucy's being to go and to do at her own gait; Jinney's being neither to go nor to do at any gait; the only difference between my two treasures lying in the fact that I was afraid of Aunt Lucy and I wasn't one bit afraid of Knock-need Jinney.

"He do read de funeral sarvice rale sweet over his niggers when dey dies. 'Twould be a rale pity ef he had t' go hisself."

Thus Aunt Lucy, as she scrambled into her place by my side in the buggy, took the basket I had prepared for "old squire" on her lap.

A short drive along the lake bank, where the blue waters were softly and lazily lapping the shelving sandy banks; where the white gulls skimmed gracefully over its surface, ever lower and lower until, with a scream and an arrow-like dart, they pierced its shining surface, to return almost immediately with a quivering, shining victim in their cruel beaks; where the turtles sunned themselves like Italian lazzaroni; where the button willow dipped its pretty clusters of fringed buttons up and down, down and up, in unison with the water's splish, splash, splash, splish; where lame Jack sat in the stern of his leaky skiff, as he had sat for ten hours out of the twenty-four ever since I could recollect, patiently fishing for "Gyar fish to make soop outen, misses! Thankee, ma'am!" brought us to a very tumble-down picket fence, in startling contrast with the brand-new, highly ornamental gate, beyond which the violent contrasts of Squire Thorn's homestead were further set forth by the noble native oaks, and pecans and magnolias that clustered close about an unpainted, rambling, shambling, rickety old frame house, as though they would gladly shield it from critical observation.

Stepping softly into the gallery, that creaked violently and spitefully at the slightest footfall, as if resenting any intrusion from the outer world, I knocked, apologetically, at the open door, saying, in an awe-stricken undertone, to Aunt Lucy, "What does he do with his carriage up here in the gallery?"

"Put it dar to keep her from ridin' in it when he was sick oncet."

"How long since she left him?" Knock.

"Twenty year."

"Any children?" Knock, knock!

"One gal."

"What became of her?" Knock, knock, knock!

"Went wid de midder."

Knock, knock, knock, knock!

"Suppose you go in, Aunt Lucy! You know the house. Maybe he's dead; maybe everybody's dead!" I nervously suggested.

Aunt Lucy's eyes dilated with horror.

"Come wid me, honey, dat's a sweet young missus!" so we entered together.

Excepting that the premises were so dingy and dusty and shabby and evil-smelling, that it would be shocking

THE SHAKERS OF NISKAYUNA.—A SHAKER SCHOOLROOM.—SEE PAGE 663.

SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE SHAKER MEN.

"OLD SQUIRE."—"I TOOK OUT OF THE BASKET A LOAF OF TEA-RUSK, AND LAID IT IN A NAPKIN UPON THE DUSTY TABLE BY THE BEDSIDE."— SEE PAGE 670.

to associate the name of enchantment with them, we might have been in an enchanted palace for the dead stillness, the total absence of human activity, the solemn hush that brooded over everything—even the chickens drooped their feathers, as if not daring to venture on the faintest little "cluck."

Picking our way the length of the gloomy hall with the cautious circumspection of two frightened children, we came suddenly upon an open door, and just within the open door, sound asleep in a chair, was Dinah, the worn-out nurse, and just behind the door was a bedstead, a handsome four-post, richly carved rosewood bedstead, upon whose unsheeted mattress lay stretched the owner of the mansion, propped up with a myriad of pillows, his gray hair bristling all over his head, and hanging in elf locks about his haggard face, his knotted, wrinkled, hard hands clutching the soiled coverlet viciously, as he stared at us with his hard, stony gray eyes wide open.

"Good-morning, Mr. Thorn!" I say, courageously, advancing toward the bed as brave as Julius Cæsar. "I knocked, but——"

"I heard you, mum!" defiantly.

"You did! I knocked repeatedly, but——"

"Blamed fool yonder, sound asleep!" viciously glaring at the half-awakened Dinah.

"I am sorry to hear you have been so ill, and——"

"You are!" scornfully and incredulously.

"My husband is away from home, or he would——"

"He would!" sarcastically.

I was committed to a charitable visit, and there was just pugnacity enough about me to prevent my allowing myself to be vanquished at this stage of the proceedings by the wretched old Ishmaelite before me.

"I came to see if I could do anything for you, Mr. Thorn?"

"You did!"

"I expect, from what I have heard, you need a physician."

"Oh, you do!"

"One cannot afford to neglect slight attacks in such a climate as this!"

"They can't."

"And I have ventured to bring you a few delicacies that I thought you might relish."

"Oh, you have!"

I proceeded to take off the dainty-fringed napkin that concealed from the cynical eyes of the invalid the delicacies which I fancied might appeal more strongly to the physical man than my conciliatory remarks had appealed to the moral man.

"Dinah! here, you lumberin' blockhead!"

Dinah, evincing no resentment whatever at the complimentary terms of her master's address, here came to the front.

I took out a loaf of tea-rush, and laid it in a napkin upon the dusty table by the bedside, upon which tumblers and vials, and empty coffee-cups, and pill-boxes, and plugs of tobacco, and dirty teaspoons, seemed to have been accumulating for centuries, so entirely and dustily at home together did they all appear to be.

"I thought," I began, apologetically, "that maybe your cook was not quite up to the mark in the particular of tea-rusk. I always make mine myself."

"Oh, you do! Dinah, that's bread! Mr. Rayburn's wife thought we didn't know how to make bread!"

"No more kin we like that!" says Dinah, coming over to the enemy.

I was aware that forbearance was rapidly ceasing to be a virtue, but determined to act the farce of neighborly kindness out according to my own programme, and not according to his.

"And a bowl of mutton broth!"

I resolutely dump the broth down by the bread.

"Oh, mutton broth! Dinah, Mr. Rayburn's wife didn't know we had nigh on to two hundred sheep belonging to us!"

Dinah simply emitted a sort of noncommital grunt, which left her position in the controversy open to future developments.

"And a jar of marmalade," I add, stubbornly.

"Marmalade or parpalade! we're, all the same, very much obliged to Mr. Rayburn's wife, ain't we, Dinah?"

"Seems like we ought to be!" Dinah ventured.

"Seems like! seems like! seems like! You lumberin' old blockhead! Am I starving, that I should take food at the hands of a Rayburn! Am I in my dotage, that I should allow a Rayburn to come here and pity me in my own house! Am I an imbecile, that I don't fling the charity of a Rayburn into the face of a Rayburn!"

"Aunt Lucy," I say, turning to her, as she stood trembling with wrath behind my chair, "I only blame myself for allowing you to persuade me into this disgraceful mission!" And with what quietness I could assume, I turned from the wretched old man with more disgust than pity gleaming from my eyes.

"Stop, squire!" I heard my champion say, defiantly; "'tis my fault Miss Mamie comed yere this morning. I begged her to come an' see you, because you was sick an' sufferin', and lonely. But seems like you ain't been brought low 'nough yit to kiss de chas'nin' rod, so we'll quit an' won' pester you no mo'!"

Whether or no I was the "chas'nin' rod" that Squire Thorn had not been brought low enough to kiss was left to conjecture, but as I did not find it difficult to console myself for his remissness in that respect, I did not pursue the subject. I could not help, however, saying to Aunt Lucy, as we retraced our steps, sadder and wiser women: "I told you so, Aunt Lucy."

She was so crestfallen, I let her off with that.

"'Deed you did, honey! An' you knowed 'im better'n me, ef yer didn' never set eyes on 'im afore."

* * * * * *

That Squire Thorn did not "peg out" that time was made manifest in a week's time by seeing him, as we often did, trudging about his fields with an ax over his shoulder with which he smote wrathfully every obtrusive shrub that ventured to spring up in his neatly kept cotton and cornfields; a ragged, gray shawl doing duty for overcoat; rusty, stringless shoes covering his shambling feet; and a napless felt hat, slouched low over his hard, vicious gray eyes, that were scarcely ever raised high enough to look a fellow-creature squarely in the face.

* * * * * *

I had long since forgiven him his discourtesy to myself. He was too much an object of pity to be wrathfully dealt with, so I simply let him alone, rejoicing in the fact that this world of ours is so roomy, that it is easy work strutting our little span upon it without jostling against any obnoxious parties, if we so choose.

The Spring had ripened into Summer, and Summer had mellowed into Autumn, and I was bending in child-like glee over the leaf-strewn ground searching for pecans, when a strange apparition presented itself bodily before me.

A young woman of mild and gentle aspect, plainly, even poorly, clad, holding by the hand a pretty child of about ten years old, spoke to me in a slow, sad, even voice—a patient voice, as if its owner had trodden the

paths of disappointment until she had almost ceased to look for any favorable turn of affairs—had oftener heard "No" than "Yes" in answer to her petitions.

"You could not give me a night's lodging, could you, madam?"

"Who are you?" I asked, in surprise, suspending my answer to her inquiry.

"My name is Haywood," she answered, looking at me with eyes that were as sad and patient and hopeless as her voice. "I am a respectable woman, but a very unfortunate one. If you refuse me shelter, I shall have to walk six miles through those darkening woods to get to the river. I would not mind it for myself, but it would be hard on her"—laying her thin hand on the little child's head. "I could get shelter in a negro cabin, but I would not. I'd sleep under the trees rather."

There was a certain self-respecting, quiet assertion about her that inspired me with belief in her, and I told her she could stay.

Her thanks were expressed with scarcely any effusion or elation.

She appeared to me to have outlived all her emotions.

I did not press her for any confidences, though it was utterly out of the question for me not to feel some curiosity as to how she came there and what she wanted there, and where she was going after the night's entertainment, which was all she had asked for, should have terminated and made it incumbent on her to move on.

Such was the isolation of my plantation life that I was not sorry to have a white woman to talk to, albeit her conversation was neither the most brilliant nor the best posted as to current topics of general interest.

So when tea was over, and Mr. Rayburn was holding his nightly conference with his foreman of the plow, I went to the room I had assigned to her and the pretty little child, and knocked gently for admission.

She opened the door promptly and asked me in; but I was almost sorry I had come.

The child was sound asleep, but it was evident the mother had been crying in that slow, patient, hopeless way, that seemed to belong to everything she did.

"I thought I would come in and keep you company for a little while. Mr. Rayburn is talking to his foreman," I say, bursting in with a clumsy pretense of not having seen any signs of distress.

"Thank you, ma'am," and she seated herself, as I had found her, before the small fire that the chill of Autumn made imperative.

"I don't know why I should try to make a mystery of myself," she said, presently, with a directness as if she were answering my thoughts. "And I won't.

"I am Squire Thorn's daughter—his only child. Mother took me away with her when she found it impossible to live with him any longer. She is dead. I married before she died. *He* is dead, too, now. That's all that's left to me (pointing to the sleeping child). We are very poor. My health is failing. I'll go next. I came here to try to soften his heart. He has none (with a short, scornful laugh). I wanted him to let me live with him and take care of him in his old age. I wanted him to take care of her in her young age. He would not even give me a night's lodging. He would not look at her."

"He is a monster!" I broke in, indignantly.

"He is a hard-hearted old man," she said, more quietly. "I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her. I sha'n't live very much longer. I feel it here. I'll go in suddenly. I know it. I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her."

And she laid her thin hand on her heart.

"Do you mean you have heart-disease?" I asked, in awe, for to me, with my own bounding, perfect health, such a suspicion seemed frightful.

"Yes, so the doctors tell me. I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her."

That was the refrain of all her thoughts, all her words, and all her actions. Nothing for herself—all for her pretty, brown-eyed child.

I did not sit with her long. We had so few topics of conversation in common, and I felt that possibly she might find it more comfortable to be alone with her thoughts, sad and disappointing though they were, than to have to exert herself to talk to a stranger.

We never knew how it happened, whether the fatigue of her journey on foot had been too much for her, whether, after I left her, she had yielded to the agitation caused by her disappointment, to a fatal extent, or whether the arrow that had been pointed so long sped straight to the mark because the great archer had timed it so before—but she was dead the next morning—dead by the side of her sleeping child, with her thin hands lying folded on the bed-covering in that sad, patient, hopeless way that seemed to belong to everything she did.

Squire Thorn's grandchild was left at the mercy of the Rayburns.

Of course, our first act was to notify our neighbor that his cruelly used daughter lay dead in a stranger's house, and that her helpless child was left at the mercy of the enemy of his house.

His answer was a roll of bank-bills to defray the expenses of the funeral, and a verbal demand that his granddaughter should be delivered up to the messenger.

I ventured to disobey to the extent of keeping the forlorn little orphan with me until the last sad rites had been performed over her mother's remains.

Then once more I bearded the lion in his den. I went to place the little one in his harsh keeping myself.

He was stumping around his yard in hatless rage when we drove up, and it was some time before I could get a hearing.

The blamed niggers were swindling his eyes out of his head; killing his hogs in broad daylight; riding his mules to death every night; turning his cows and calves together for pure devilment; selling his seed-cotton by the bagful to the blasted flatboatmen; breaking open his sweet-potato dump under his very nose; poisoning his dogs because they were the only things that stood by him; burning the rails of his fences till they weren't left high enough to keep even a hog from jumping over—committing, in short, if his ravings were to be credited, every sin of omission and commission that the unregenerate sons of Ham could conceive of.

But Ishmael's troubles did not arouse my sympathies to any appreciable extent. I had simply come there in kindness to the little, clinging, terror-stricken child, who shrank in horror from being handed over to the legal guardianship of this raging lion.

"I have come to bring you your grandchild, Mr. Thorn," I say, advancing boldly upon him, and almost yelling in his ears to attract his attention.

"Oh, you have, have you?"

He stopped short to look at the pretty little thing by my side very much as he might have looked at a young toad suddenly presented to his view.

"She is a good child, and——"

"Oh, she is, is she?"

"And I have grown quite fond of her," I continued.

"We're very much obliged to Mr. Rayburn's wife—ain't we, girl? What's your name, anyhow?"

"Lettie Haywood," murmured my charge, clinging closer than ever to my hands.

"Oh, it is, is it? It wouldn't a-done, I s'pose, to give you a short, decent name, that could a-been spoke at one mouthful! Oh, no,! That wouldn't a-been a bit like Grandma Thorn, as I recollect her."

"Grandma Thorn was good, and I loved her, and everybody loved her, and I don't want anybody to speak bad about Grandma Thorn. I'll hate you if you do."

She had plucked her little hand from mine with sudden and unlooked-for courage, and now faced her grandfather with flashing eyes and glowing cheek.

I trembled for her. But Aunt Lucy, who had come with us in the threefold capacity of companion, champion and "sass-server," chuckled with delight as she patted her on the back.

"Dat's right, little un.' Stime somebody was a-telling him de troof. I glories in yer spunk. Dar, squire, I feels better 'bout dat chile now. I was sorter skeered to see her pass into yo's keepin' but please de Lam', she'll hol' her own agin' you. I raly do b'lieve you's foun' your match at las', squire."

"Hold your jaw, you old gorilla," growled the master; but I really do believe the squire suspected as much himself, though he could not forbear saying: "I'll break you in, young one—I'll break you in! I'll teach you how to stand up for Grandma Thorn in my presence!" and he turned to take the child into the house, forcibly making me think of the spider and the fly.

GRANDMA'S BOX.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 670.

"I hope you will let Lettie come to see me often, Mr. Thorn," I said, loosening the little clinging arms from about my neck, and giving her one more kiss.

"Oh, you do, do you? Girl, Mr. Rayburn's wife wants you to come to see her, do you hear? Tell her you belong to your Grandfather Thorn now—not that he's a bit thankful to have you left on his hands—and tell her your Grandfather Thorn hates the name of Rayburn worse than he hates the name of the Evil One, and that, if he has his way, this will be the last time you and she ever sets eyes on each other."

"I'll tell her no such thing. I'll tell her that I love her, and that I am coming to see her whenever I can, if I have to run away to do it. And Grandfather Thorn will have to lock me up very tight to keep me from doing it."

With which declaration of independence Lettie consented to be led into her new home.

I suppose that Grandfather Thorn did lock her up very tight, for Lettie never succeeded in getting back to us, and from the servants we heard stories of her mode of life that caused me many a pang of regret, for I believed that there were very fine possibilities locked away in the untutored soul of little Lettie Haywood.

Rumor told us that at the end of her first year's residence with him the old squire was in complete subjugation to his pretty granddaughter; that she had absolute control of the whole premises, much to their improvement; that she could ride the wildest horse or mule on the place, milk the most untamed heifer, was perfectly familiar with the machinery of the gin, and could handle an oar with the best oarsmen in the place—all of which, while it summed up female perfection in the eyes of her coarse old grandfather, filled me with sorrowful surprise. But I was absolutely powerless to mend matters.

Of her skill in the last-named accomplishment I had exciting ocular demonstration when Lettie was about fifteen years of age.

Mr. Rayburn and I went out on horseback—had been to spend the day with a neighbor living just beyond Squire Thorn's—and were returning home at the close of a lovely May evening, when our attention was attracted by a crowd gathered on the lake-bank just in front of the Thorn place.

Every negro on the place seemed to have crowded down to the water's edge, while the master, pale with terror, or rage, or both, stormed backward and forward in uncontrollable wrath, which found vent in an unintelligible flow of curses and pleas and threats and promises.

Out on the lake, whose bosom was like stained glass, dyed a deep red by a rosy sunset sky above, sat Lettie Haywood in a skiff, which she was rocking leisurely to and fro as she coolly examined the contents of a large black tin box open on the seat of the boat just in front of her.

Her oars were carelessly crossed in her lap; her hat was flung in the bottom of the skiff; her curly head was

bent low over her task, and her soft pink cheeks were flushed with the excitement of the situation, or from some other unexplained cause.

She looked simply lovely.

"Letitia, if you'll bring them papers back safe, and come back right off yourself, I'll give you the gold watch and chain you asked for yesterday," Squire Thorn was yelling, as we stopped our horses to inquire into the cause of the excitement.

"I don't want the gold watch and chain now," the girl called back, saucily. "I would not give up reading these for all you're worth. I can make you do just what I want now," shaking a bundle of papers at him. "I can go to see Mrs. Rayburn; I can go to school tomorrow, if I choose; I can even marry."

A little nervous, rippling laugh concluded her sentence.

"Girl!" he yelled, "if you read another line of them papers I'll——"

"You will what?" she called back, mockingly.

"Tarnation! Can't anybody find a skiff to go after that little demon?" yelled the master.

"Yonner's Mister John a-rowing this side from t'other side of the lake," said a negro, pointing toward an advancing skiff.

STATUE OF JOSEPHINE, BY DUBRAY, ERECTED IN PARIS IN APRIL, 1867.— SEE PAGE 678.

Then Squire Thorn, by yells and signs and words, made Mr. John understand that Lettie had possessed herself of the only available skiff on our side of the lake, and that her grandfather would be very much obliged to him, Mr. John, if he would run the young privateer down, and tow her into port.

As soon as Lettie saw that the young man understood, and was prepared to enter into the conspiracy against her, she quickly deposited the papers in the box, closed the lid, tied her little straw hat under her chin, gathered her oars together, and with one or two skillful strokes of the right oar, turned her boat's head straight toward the advancing skiff, and shot past her pursuer with a scoffing merry laugh that was echoed by a perfect yell of applause from the shore.

This manœuvre, compelling Mr. John, as it did, to tack suddenly about, gave the girl a tremendous advantage, and she plied her oars with a will, while we on shore watched the chase with eager interest.

On she sped, now flinging her straw hat impatiently away, as an impediment to her vision; now flinging a roguish glance of defiance to her pursuer; now turning half around to get her bearings, then bending to her oars with a wild grace perfectly bewitching.

"Heavens! there's a snag just before her and she don't see it!"

It was my husband who spoke, and then galloped at full speed to wave a warning to the reckless girl or her pursuer, if possible, before it was too late.

But it was too late!

We saw the little boat skim rapidly toward the black projection, then shiver in all its slight timbers; the girl's oars flew into mid-air, a shriek, an upturned boat, and her pursuer was left in possession of the watery field.

All this while the chase had tended toward our own plantation; so, after Mr. John had fished the luckless little privateer out of the water, it was to our house he bore her, dripping and senseless. And that was the way Lettie Haywood came back to me.

"Were you not frightened?" I asked the girl, after she had come to her senses, and was sitting in a suit of my clothes awaiting for her own to be made wearable again.

"Oh, no! I knew John would save me!" she said,

with her brown eyes fixed fearlessly on me as she uttered her simple declaration of trust in John.

"You know him, then?" I asked, in some surprise, for "John" was considered one of the catches in our neighborhood—a younger planter of means, well educated and a good-looking, manly fellow.

"Yes, and I love him!" She blushed and laughed as she went on. "We love each other. He told grandfather he would like to marry me, and grandfather was only too glad to give his consent; but I don't want John to be ashamed of me, and I asked gran'pa to send me to school for two or three years, but he refused; then I asked him to let me come down here and get you to tell me what to read so I could help myself along, but he refused again. Then I remembered that black box that he seemed to watch so closely and care more for than he did for anything on earth, so I thought I would take it out in the skiff and frighten him into believing that I was going to throw it into the water, just to make him come to terms, you know; and now," she said, looking white and frightened, "it's gone, sure enough. I wonder what gran'pa will say?"

But gran'pa said nothing; at least, not for a long time to come.

They told us that when he saw the skiff collide with the snag, and his granddaughter thrown in the water, when, as yet, her pursuer was at so great a distance as to make her rescue very doubtful, he had fallen to the ground, foaming at the mouth and livid with the mortal anguish of his soul, uttering one wild exclamation, "I have killed them all! I have killed them all!"

The knowledge of his granddaughter's safety diverted his grief to the loss of the mysterious black box. It was never recovered, nor did he ever recover the loss of it. His indomitable spirit seemed broken; his cruel harshness subsided into peevish querulousness; his bitter hatred, into feeble dislike; his scornful independence, into surly acceptance.

From that day forth Lettie had it all her own way.

She did just as she chose; nor did she choose to do anything very unwisely or unwell.

She chose to provide the old squire with persons capable and trustworthy to take care of him and of his property. Then she chose to go away for two long years to a good school, where, as she wrote me, she was "studying in hours, and off hours, and all the time," for she "did not want John to be ashamed of her."

Then she chose to come back after a while and fulfilled her promise to John. "Out of gratitude, she said, "for his having saved her life."

Then she chose to settle down on her grandfather's place, instead of John's, for two reasons, she said:

"'Twould be hard on the old man to uproot him and transplant him for the short remnant of his days," and then she "wanted to be near dear Mrs. Rayburn."

And as John chose to think that everything Lettie willed and proposed was just the very best thing that could be willed and proposed, everybody was satisfied all round.

And ever since their marriage they have both chosen to be the very best sort of neighbors to "dear Mrs. Rayburn."

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S DIVORCE FROM THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By Noel Ruthven.

The drama in real life performed on the great stage of France during the last years of the past and the earlier years of the present century, in which Napoleon Bonaparte played the principal *rôle*, is one of the most sensational the world ever beheld, and from the rising to the fall of the curtain the spectator who now witnesses it through the pages of history sits fascinated, inthralled, and almost breathless.

The heroine, so to speak, in this wondrous melodrama, is Josephine, *née* La Pagerie, a girl destined to wear the diadem of an Empress, and likewise destined to have it removed from her beauteous brow by "exigencies of state." With the inner history of this most memorable divorce this article has to deal, and, in order to lead up to it, I give a brief sketch of the character and career of the fascinating "daughter of destiny," who for many a long year held the greatest man of his age in the hollow of her shapely and dimpled hand.

The Marquis de Beauharnais, father of the general, who was the first husband of Madame Bonaparte, having been employed in a military capacity at Martinique, became attached to an aunt of Mme. Bonaparte's, with whom he returned to France, and whom he married in his old age.

This aunt brought her niece, Josephine de la Pagerie, to France. She conducted the girl's education and made use of her ascendency over her aged husband to marry the niece, at the age of fifteen, to young Beauharnais, her stepson. Although he married her against his inclination, there is no doubt that at one time he was very much attached to his wife. Of this marriage were born Eugène and Hortense. When the Revolution began, Beauharnais's love for his wife cooled. At the commencement of the Reign of Terror, M. de Beauharnais was still commanding in the French armies, and ceased to have relations with his wife.

It is not accurately known under what circumstances Josephine became acquainted with certain deputies of the Convention, but she had some influence with them; and as she was kind-hearted and obliging, she used it to do as much good to as many people as possible. From that time her reputation became sadly smirched, but her kindness, her grace, and the sweetness of her manner, proved omnipotent.

In those evil days, when every one was forced to seek a place of safety from the persecutions by which all classes of society were beset, Mme. de Beauharnais was lost sight of. Her husband, being suspected by the Jacobins, had been thrown into prison in Paris, and condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Josephine was also imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine, scandal averring, through the influence of her personal charms. Being a friend of the beautiful Mme. Tallien, she was introduced into the society of the Directory, and was especially favored by Barras. Mme. de Beauharnais had very little fortune, and her taste for dress and luxury rendered her dependent on those who could help her to indulge it. Without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate; her expression was sweet; her mouth was very small,

and concealed her bad teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white, skillfully applied, she remedied that defect; her figure was absolutely perfect; her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were very easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her:

"Et la grâce, plus belle encore que la beauté."

She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and with these advantages, and the constant care bestowed upon her attire, she contrived to avoid being eclipsed by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded. To all this she added extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper and great readiness to forget any wrong that had been done to her.

Josephine was not a person of remarkable intellect. A creole, and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected; but she recognized her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say. Her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position. Unhappily, she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty rather than the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded woman. She might have taught him some useful lessons; but she feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.

She was changeable, easy to move and easy to appease; incapable of prolonged emotion, of sustained attention, of serious reflection; and although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. The bent of her character led her to console the unhappy; but she could only dwell on the troubles of individuals—she did not think of the woes of France. The genius of Bonaparte overawed her. She only criticised him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called "the force of his destiny." He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which both he and she practiced with no little skill and effect.

It is said that she was the prize of his command of the Army of Italy. She has often stated that at that time Bonaparte was really in love with her. She hesitated between him, General Hoche, and M. de Caulaincourt, who loved her. Bonaparte prevailed, and the fashionable world of Paris was surprised at learning that the widow of M. de Beauharnais was about to marry a man so little known as Bonaparte.

When questioned, in later years, as to what Bonaparte was like in his youth, she stated that he was then dreamy, silent and awkward in the society of women, but passionate and fascinating, although an odd person in every way. She charged the campaign of Egypt with having changed his temper, and developed that petty despotism from which she afterward suffered so keenly.

Letters written by Napoleon to Mme. Bonaparte at the time of the first Italian campaign are very singular. She accompanied him to Italy, but he sometimes left her with the rear-guard of the army until a victory had secured the safety of the road. The writing in these epistles is almost illegible; they are ill-spelled; the style is strange and confused. But there is in them such a tone of passionate feeling; their expressions are so animated, and, at the same time, so practical; they breathe a love so different from mere "amours," that there is no woman who would not have prized such letters. They formed a striking contrast with the graceful, elegant and measured style of M. de Beauharnais. How strange it must have been for a woman to find herself one of the moving powers of the triumphant march of an army at a time when politics alone governed the actions of men! On the eve of one of his greatest battles, Bonaparte wrote: "I am far from you. It seems to me that I am surrounded by the blackest night. I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl upon our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has thrown me. Josephine! you wept when I parted from you—you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But calm yourself! Würmser shall pay dearly for tears I have seen you shed!" And on the morrow Würmser was beaten.

The enthusiasm with which General Bonaparte was received in beautiful Italy, the magnificence of the *fêtes*, the fame of his victories, and the wealth which every officer might acquire there, the unbounded luxury in which she lived, accustomed Mme. Bonaparte from that time forth to all the pomp with which she was afterward surrounded; and she acknowledged that nothing in her life ever equaled the emotions of that time, when love came (or seemed to come) daily to lay at her feet a new conquest over a people enraptured with their Emperor. It is, however, plain from these letters that Mme. Bonaparte, in the midst of this life of triumph, of victory, and of license, gave some cause for uneasiness to her husband. His letters, sometimes sullen and sometimes menacing, reveal the torments of jealousy; and they abound in melancholy reflections, which betray his weariness of the fleeting delusions of life. It may have been that these misunderstandings—which outraged the first very keen feelings Bonaparte ever experienced—had a bad effect upon him, and hardened him by degrees. Perhaps he would have been a better man if he had been more or better loved.

When, on his return from this brilliant campaign, the conquering general was obliged to exile himself to Egypt, to escape from the growing suspicion of the Directory, Mme. Bonaparte's position became both precarious and difficult. Her husband entertained serious doubts of her, and these were prompted by his brothers Joseph and Lucien, who dreaded the powerful influence that she might exercise through her son, who had accompanied Bonaparte. Her extravagant tastes led her into reckless expense, and she was continually harassed by debts and duns.

Before leaving France, Bonaparte had directed her to purchase an estate; and as she wished to live in the neighborhood of Saint-Germain, where her daughter was being educated, she selected Malmaison. "There," says Mme. de Rémusat, whose Memoirs as Lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine are most fascinating reading, "we met her again when we were residing for some months at the château of one of our friends, at a short distance from Malmaison. Mme. Bonaparte, who was naturally unreserved, and even indiscreet, had no sooner met my mother again, than she talked to her very freely about her absent husband, about her brothers-in-law—in fact, about a host of people who were utter strangers to us. Bonaparte was supposed to be almost lost to France, and his wife was neglected. My mother took pity on her; we showed her some attention, which she never forgot. At that time I was seventeen years of age, and I had been married one

NAPOLEON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE.

year. It was at Malmaison that Mme. Bonaparte showed us an immense quantity of pearls, diamonds and cameos, which at that time constituted the contents of her jewel-case. Even at that time, it might have figured in a story of the 'Arabian Nights,' and it was destined to receive an immense accession." Invaded and grateful Italy had contributed to these riches, and the Pope also, as a mark of his appreciation of the respect with which the conqueror treated him by denying himself the pleasure of planting his flag upon the walls of Rome. The reception-rooms at Malmaison were sumptuously decorated with pictures, statues and mosaics, the spoils of Italy, and each of the generals who figured in the Italian campaign exhibited booty of the same kind.

Although she was surrounded with all these treasures, Mme. Bonaparte was often without money to meet her everyday expenses; and to get out of this difficulty, she trafficked in her influence with the people in power at the time, and compromised herself by entering into imprudent relations. Dreadfully embarrassed, on worse terms than ever with her brothers-in-law, supplying too much reason for their accusations against her, and no longer counting on the return of her husband, she was strongly tempted to give her daughter in marriage to the son of Rewbell, a member of the Directory; but Mlle. de Beauharnais would not consent, and her opposition put an end to a project whose execution would doubtless have been highly displeasing to Bonaparte.

Presently a rumor of Bonaparte's arrival at Fréjus arose. He came back with his mind full of the evil reports that Lucien had repeated to him in his letters. His wife, on hearing of his disembarkation, set out to join him. She missed him, and had to retrace her steps, and returned to her home in the Rue Chantereine some hours after his arrival there. She descended from her carriage in haste, followed by her son and daughter, and ran up the stairs leading to his room; but her surprise equaled her chagrin upon finding the door locked. She called to Bonaparte, and implored of him to open it. He replied through the door that it should never again be opened for her. Then she wept, fell on her knees, implored for her sake and that of her two children; but all was profound silence around her, and several hours of the night passed over her in this dreadful suspense. At last, however, moved by her sobs and her perseverance, Bonaparte opened the door at about four o'clock in the morning, "and appeared," says Mme. de Rémusat, "as Mme. Bonaparte herself told me, with a stern countenance, which, however, betrayed that he too had been weeping." He bitterly reproached her with her conduct, her forgetfulness of him—all the real or imaginary sins of which Lucien had accused her—and concluded by announcing an eternal separation. Then, turning to Eugène de Beauharnais, who was at that time about twenty years old, "As for you," he said "*you* shall not bear the burden of your mother's faults. You shall be always my son. I will keep you with me."

"No! no! general," replied Eugène; "I must share the ill-fortune of my mother, and from this moment I say farewell to you."

These words shook Bonaparte's resolution. He opened his arms to Eugène, weeping. His

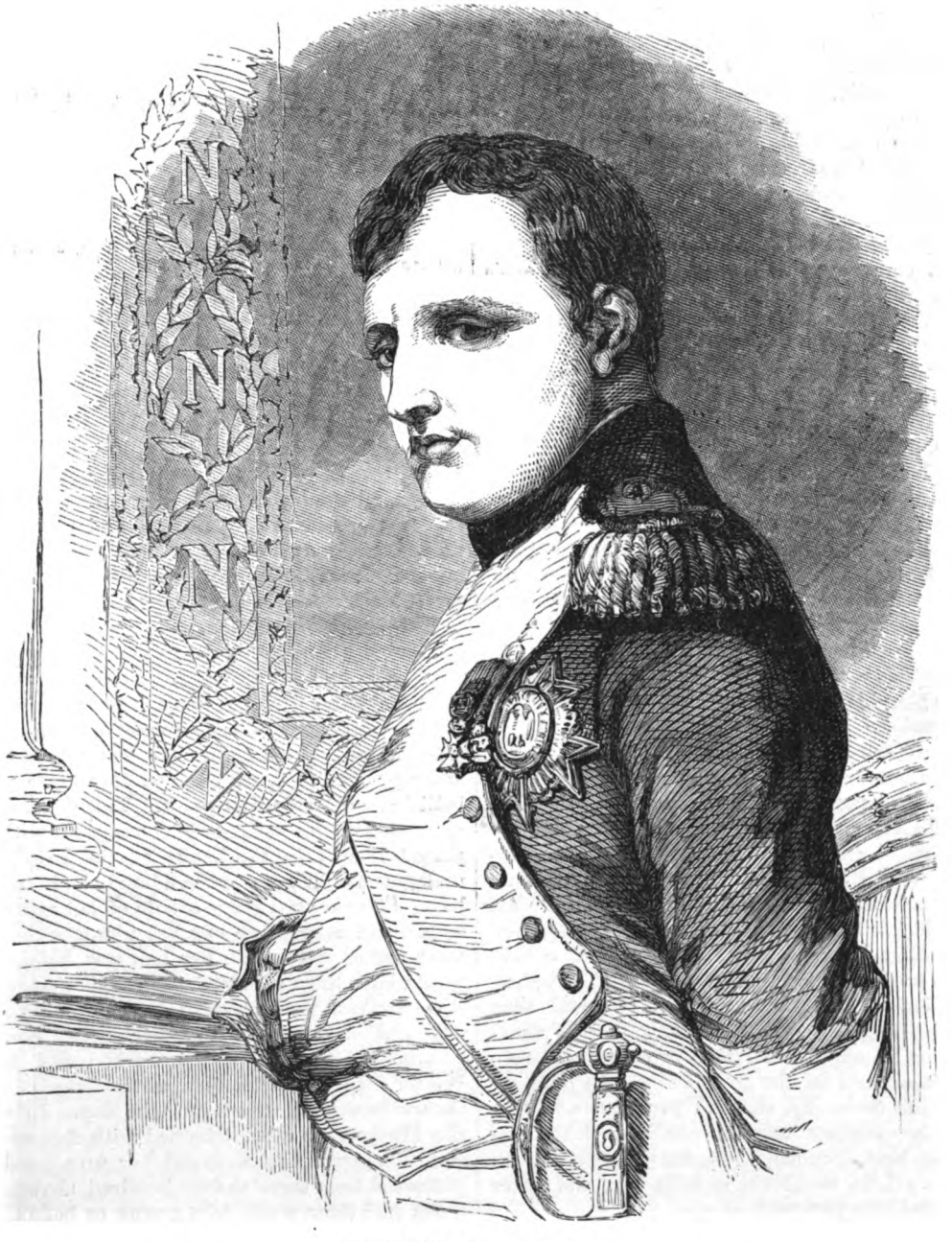
THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

wife and Hortense knelt at his feet and embraced his knees, and in a few moments *all* was forgiven. In the explanation that ensued Mme. Bonaparte succeeded in clearing herself from the accusations of her brother-in-law, and Bonaparte, then burning to avenge her, sent for Lucien at seven o'clock in the morning, and had him, without any forewarning, ushered into the room where the husband and wife, entirely reconciled, occupied the same bed.

From that time Bonaparte desired his wife to break with Mme. Tallien and all the society of the Directory. The 18th Brumaire completely severed her connection with these individuals.

When he became Consul, the gentle and gracious qualities of his wife, which attracted many persons to his court whom his natural rudeness would have otherwise kept away, were of great service to him. To Josephine he intrusted the measures to be taken for the return of the *émigrés*. She was the first link that united the French nobility to the Consular Government.

In the year 1804 Bonaparte entertained serious thoughts of divorce. Josephine, having to complain of his continued infidelities, was for ever having "scenes," not only with her husband, but with ladies whom he honored with his favors, and until her liege lord, in his imperiousness, nearly frightened her to death by allusions to separation for reasons of state. After a pitched battle on account of his *liaison* with a Mme. N——, although Napoleon became reconciled to his wife, he startled her by exclaiming: "I have not the courage to come to a final decision, and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only—I feel that I shall have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you



NAPOLEON WHEN EMPEROR.

should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of a painful separation."

"The Empress told me," says Mme. de Rémusat, that he wept bitterly while uttering the terrible words."

Josephine now resolved upon playing a part. She wanted to be crowned Empress of the French. Assuming the attitude of a resigned and submissive victim, she excited the jealous anger of all the Bonapartes by her gentle demeanor; yielding, sad, considerate of everybody, entirely obedient, but also skillful in availing herself of her ascendency over her husband, she reduced him to a condition of agitation and indecision from which he could not escape.

At length, one memorable evening, after long hesitation, during which the Empress suffered mental anguish and suspense, the Emperor told her that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris; that he would crown them both, and that she had better at once begin to prepare for the great ceremony. It is easy to picture to one's fancy the joy with which such a termination to all her misery filled the heart of the Empress, and also the discomfiture of the Bonapartes; for the Emperor had not failed to acquaint his wife, according to his usual custom, with the attempts that had been made to induce him to decide on a divorce. On this occasion the Empress confided to Mme. de Rémusat the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony. She said that she had sometimes spoken of this to the Emperor, and although he had not evinced any repugnance, he had objected that, even if a priest were brought into the palace to perform the religious rite, it could not be done with sufficient secrecy to conceal the fact that, until then, they had not been married, according to the Church. Either that was his real reason, or he wanted to hold this means of breaking his marriage in reserve for future use, should he consider it really advisable to do so. At any rate, he had rejected his wife's pleadings, firmly, but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that His Holiness would espouse her interest on such a point.

Two days before the coronation the Grand Chamberlain and Keeper of the Wardrobe submitted to the Empress the superb diadem which had just been made for her. He found her in a state of delight and satisfaction which she could scarcely conceal from general notice. Presently she took him aside, and confided to him that, on the morning of the same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's Cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte in the presence of two *aides-de-camp*. After the ceremony, she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it.

When violent quarrels arose on the subject of the divorce, and the Empress went so far as to threaten her husband with the publication of the certificate in her possession, Cardinal Fesch was consulted upon the point. He repeatedly affirmed that the document was in good form, and that his conscience obliged him to declare the marriage so validly solemnized that it could not be broken otherwise than by an act of arbitrary authority. After the divorce, the Emperor wanted to get possession of the document in question, but the cardinal advised the Empress not to part with it.

On the 2d of December the coronation took place, The Empress looked superb—she was in her forty-first year, having been born at Martinique on the 23d of June, 1763—and her head was fairly incrusted with diamonds. She wore her hair in countless curls, *à la* Louis XIV. She was attired in a white satin gown, and a court mantle of the same material, both profusely embroidered in mingled gold-and-silver. Her ornaments consisted of a diadem, a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of diamonds of immense value; all this gorgeousness was worn with her customary ease and grace.

The ceremony was grand and impressive. A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment the Empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced to the altar! She knelt down with such simple elegance that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented. "When she had to walk from the altar to the throne," observes Mme. de Rémusat, "there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with so ill a grace, and kept so tight a hold on it, that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp, short words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason."

Notwithstanding her husband's injunctions, the Empress could never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any shop, but on this point he was forced to yield. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it upon any one whomsoever—relatives, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, pearls, shawls, stuffs and finery of every kind, were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and, for the most part, forgetting what she had purchased.

From the beginning she gave her Lady of Honor and her Mistress of the Robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress. She arranged everything with her dressers. There were six or eight of these. She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hairdresser. Her undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore any but new stockings. If ladies went to her door while her hair was being dressed, she would have them admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in, containing gowns, bonnets and shawls. In Summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in Winter they were of woolen materials or of velvet. She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns or bedquilts, or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning, and wore it with a grace never seen equaled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much, and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, whatever their price. She has been known to give eight, ten or twelve thousand francs for a Cashmere shawl. This was, in fact, one of the extravagances of the Court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl that had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for those worn by the Court ladies were subjects of boasting.

The manner in which Mme. Bonaparte passed her life scarcely ever varied. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull, She did not care for theatres; the Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exercise only when at Malmaison—a residence on which she had spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this, Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before. In the end Bonaparte had to pay.

Her evening toilet was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed, in the evening, with flowers, pearls or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire, the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. She wore lace trimmings worth forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs.

It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. At Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning-gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same color.

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The November of 1809 beheld a very constellation of crowned heads in Paris. The King of Wurtemburg, the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Holland, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the reigning Princes of the Rhine Confederation, all had assembled in glittering Lutetia to pay their respects at the Court of the Sovereign of Sovereigns. The concourse of monarchs was so great that the Count de Ségur, the noble who was destined to write the best and most reliable work on the fatal expedition to Russia in 1812—Grand Master of Ceremonies—was compelled one morning to excuse himself for being late in his attendance upon the Emperor by pleading "an embarrassment of sovereigns."

It was in this crush of Princes that the cruel operation, or sacrifice, rather, of the divorce was to be consummated, and, as if by a very mockery of destiny, the Imperial Court was never more brilliant than at the hour when its Empress was about to be compelled to leave its glittering glories for ever.

The restraint and *gaucherie* of the Emperor, when he found himself face to face with his resigned and unhappy wife, increased in proportion with the disquietude and vague preoccupation of Josephine, who was silently engaged in calling upon all her nerve-forces to support the impending and inevitable catastrophe. On his side, Napoleon, so prompt, so quick in decision that every second seemed a century, until even his most daring resolutions were carried into effect, still hesitated on the question of breaking with a woman who, for fourteen years, had been linked with his destinies, and who at once recalled the most brilliant days of his youth, of his passion, and of his glories.

The method, the right moment to select at which to inform Josephine of the fatal truth, the words, the medium, all seemed to render his embarrassment unendurable. This man, so accustomed to brave perils, to face obstacles, for the first time recoiled and became weak, timid and vacillating. A week had already elapsed since he had demanded the hand of the sister of the Czar of Russia, and yet he had not the pluck to utter to Josephine the painful declaration, which he postponed from day to day in the feeble hope that it might be forestalled by her voluntary devotion, for which he counted upon Prince Eugène, in addition to the latter's sympathy and devotion to the Empress in her hideous tribulation. The moment for breaking so tender and generous and loving a heart confronted him, and Napoleon cowered before the hand on the dial. The charm of the past came to him like a delicious perfume. He called up to his imagination the most delicious dreams of love and passion; of charming traits in her character, and he, who without an additional heart-beat, without the movement of a muscle, or the "passing tribute of a sigh," had seen many thousands perish on the battlefield, quailed before the thought of causing tears in the eyes of—a woman—only a woman! His love, which he had imagined extinct, revived at this the eleventh hour, and he was fain to apply to himself the line of Virgil:

"Dulciaque agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ."

Josephine was still very seductive—what Englishmen are pleased to term "awfully fetching!"—and her melancholy but served to add an additional and more potent charm. M. de Bausset, who assisted at this pathetic divorce-drama, thus depicts her: "The Empress at this crisis was forty-six years of age. It is impossible to conceive greater grace of manner, or elegance of mien. Her eyes were perfectly enchanting, as, indeed, was every feature. Her smile was an absolute charm, coquettish yet bewitching; her face, as her voice, was soft and appealing; her figure was as noble as it was *svelte* and lissome, and perfect in every detail. The most exquisite taste characterized her attire, and it was so deftly chosen as to cause her to look ten years younger than she really was. But all these wondrous attractions were flung into the shade by the goodness of her heart. Her mind was overflowing with the very honey of amiability, and though witty and full of repartee, she never yet was known to hurt the susceptibilities of a human being, never having anything but what was agreeable to say. Her temper was equable, and ever sweet and sympapathetic. Devoted to Napoleon, she impregnated him, without his being aware of it, with her sweetness and benevolence. Nature had endowed her with truth, and with an inner life of pure and noble sentiments. Very few women have possessed in the same degree the fascinating faculty of self-forgetfulness in their desire to aid and encourage others."

It was upon the 30th day of November, 1809, that Napoleon resolved upon breaking to Josephine the blighting intelligence of the divorce.

"What a scene for a tragedy!" said the Emperor, in subsequently speaking of what passed on that black day in the Palace of the Tuileries. M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace from November 27th, narrates the memorable scene of which he was one of the spectators, and even one of the actors: "The Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," he says, "cut furrows into the face of the Empress, while a constrained silence hung upon Napoleon. If, during dinner, he broke the silence, it was to put a few short questions to me. To the replies he paid little

attention, and vouchsafed no response. During these days the dinner only lasted ten minutes. The thunderstorm burst on Thursday, the 30th."

Napoleon and Josephine dined together on the first *étage*, in a room adjoining the Emperor's private chamber. Josephine wore a large white hat, the flowing ribbons

HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS.

tied in so big a knot under her chin as to cover a portion of her face. Napoleon kept his eyes lowered, scarcely ever raising them. One only heard the noise of the plates and cutlery being removed or replaced by the officials on service. The two hosts did not even touch the dainties placed before them. The Emperor only broke the silence by asking of M. de Bausset the commonplace question, "What sort of weather is it?" Then he passed with the Empress into the large apartment, designated by the name "Salon de l'Empereur," and which was situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. The two most notable personages were alone, and face to face. Napoleon resolved upon speaking. He said that the safety of the Empire exacted a supreme resolution—a supreme sacrifice—and that he relied upon the devotion and the courage of Josephine to consent to a divorce, to which he, after a most fearful mental struggle, had at last brought himself to consent. The Empress made no reply. She burst into a flood of tears, and fell back in a swoon.

Napoleon then called M. de Bausset, who was close to the door, and who heard the one doleful cry of the Empress.

"Come in, Bausset," called the Emperor, "and shut the door."

The Prefect of the Palace entered the *salon* and discovered Josephine prostrate on the floor, and now uttering the most piercing screams.

"No," she cried; "no. I shall not survive this."

Then the Emperor said to M. de Bausset:

"Are you strong enough to lift the Empress, and carry her to her apartments by the interior staircase that communicates with these, in order to afford her all the care and relief that her condition exacts?"

The Prefect of the Palace then took Josephine in his arms, while the Emperor opened the door of the *salon*, and passed in advance into the dark passage which led to the little staircase.

This staircase was so straight, that it was scarcely possible for a man laden with a bundle to descend without risking his neck. M. de Bausset having hinted this to Napoleon, the latter summoned the keeper of the door, who was posted at the top of the staircase. This functionary descended first, preceding the Emperor and M. de Bausset, one holding the legs and the other supporting the head of the Empress, and who, after having accomplished the descent without accident, but not without considerable trouble, arrived at the bedchamber of the unfortunate sovereign, where they gently placed her upon the bed.

Napoleon furiously rang the bell, and the Ladies of the Bedchamber having rushed in in hot haste, he retired, his eyes full of tears, and passed into the neighboring apartment, a visible prey to the most poignant emotion. In the paroxysm of his grief he so far thawed in his nature as to inform M. de Bausset of the cause of his anguish, and of the agonizing scene just witnessed, while uttering the half-pronounced words, choked with emotion: "The interest of France and of my dynasty has done outrage to my heart . . . divorce has become a supreme duty for me. . . . I am the more afflicted at the scene that Josephine has made, since, for three days, she has been aware through Hortense, of the horrible complication which has condemned me to separation from her. . . . I deplore it with all my soul. I thought she had more strength of character, and I was not prepared for these outbursts of grief."

Between each sentence he placed a long interval, and

EUGÈNE BEAUHARNAIS.

stopped short as if to catch his breath. Then he sent officials of the palace in search of Corvisart, Queen Hortense, Fouché, Cambacérès, and before returning to his own apartments he personally assured himself of Josephine's condition, whom he found more calm, more resigned, and whom he confided to the care of Dr. Corvisart.

He received Fouché and Cambacérès at the head of the staircase. Then he closeted himself with the Queen of Holland, and his interview with her was but a scene of renewed emotion.

At first, in speaking with the young Queen, Napoleon affected a certain hardness, as if to fortify himself against his actual tenderness.

"My decision is taken," he cried; "tears, screams, shall change nothing in a resolve that has become inevitable — a resolve absolutely essential to the safety of the Empire."

"Tears! cries!" responded Queen Hortense. "Sire, you shall not hear them. The Empress will not fail to submit to your wishes, and to descend from a throne as she ascended it, by virtue of your will. Her children, satisfied to resign grandeurs which did not bring happiness, will willingly devote their lives to the loving task of consoling the most tender and the best of mothers."

Napoleon, deeply moved, cried:

"This may not be. It would give rise to a rumor that there was secret discontent, you with me, or I with you, or against your mother and her family."

"In our exile," retorted Hortense, "we shall never forget what we owe to the Emperor."

Napoleon commenced to weep.

"What!" he sobbed. "*You* abandon me—you to whom I have been a father! No, you shall not do it. You will remain with me; the future of your children imposes this condition upon you.* However great the sacrifice on both sides, it must be accomplished with the dignity that the circumstances impose."

Napoleon then proceeded to explain all that he wished to do for Josephine, so as to make the situation, consequent upon the divorce, as rosy as possible. Palaces, châteaus, enormous revenues; the first rank next to that of reigning Empress, Josephine was to possess all these. Queen Hortense left Napoleon and repaired to her mother with a view to consoling her.

It was cruelly sad for Napoleon, as well as for Josephine, that night of November 30th merging into the 1st of December.

THE VEGETABLE-IVORY PLANT.— SEE PAGE 687.

* One of these children was destined to ascend the French throne as Napoleon III.—"The man of Sédan."

"The Emperor did not sleep a wink," Constant, his valet, informed M. de Bausset. He rose several times to ascertain for himself how the Empress really was. During all that night he never uttered a word, and his valet declared he had never beheld such mental grief.

In the morning, when the window-shutters were opened, Josephine called Mlle. Avrillon and said to her:

"My dear girl, approach my bed! I have a number of things to say to you; but first of all ascertain that the doors are all close shut!"

Then she related what had passed on the previous night. Her words were broken with sobbings. On beholding Mlle. Avrillon's consternation, Josephine excused the Emperor.

"He is desolated at having to separate from me. He has given me proofs of it. He wept like a child, crying, 'It is the greatest sacrifice I could make for France.' Yes, I *feel* that he requires an heir to his glory, a child to consolidate his Empire. He has told Hortense that he will be always the same to her and to Eugène, and that he will very often come to visit me in my retreat. He has sworn that he will never exact that I shall leave France. He will permit me to occupy Malmaison. He desires that I shall be treated with the highest consideration, and that I shall have an enormous revenue at my disposal."

The good Empress did not allow a single word against the Emperor to escape her. She was, in fact, much more desirous of pitying than of accusing him.

The sovereign then arose as usual, but the few people in the secret surrounding her were discreet. They spread the report that the Empress had been ill; they did not say that she knew that she was about to be repudiated.

Friday, the 15th of December, was the day chosen by the Emperor for the dissolution of his civil marriage. At nine o'clock in the evening Napoleon, Josephine, King Louis, King Jerome, King Murat; the Queens of Spain, Holland, Naples and Westphalia; the Princes Pauline Borghese and Prince Eugène; Prince Cambacérès; the Duke de Parma, Arch-chancellor of the Empire; and the Count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, Minister of State and Secretary of State to the Imperial family, found themselves gathered together in the Palace of the Tuileries, in the apartment known as the Grand Cabinet of the Emperor's Salon, situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. Napoleon, deeply agitated, read the following, in a voice deep, hoarse and faltering: "My cousin Prince Arch-chancellor, I sent you this morning an autograph letter, dated to-day, ordering you to attend here, with the view of acquainting you of a resolve taken by myself and my dear wife, the Empress. I am exceedingly pleased that the kings, queens, and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, stepdaughter, and my stepson become my son by adoption, also my mother, are here present to hear what I have to communicate to you. The policy of my monarchy, the interest and requirements of my people, which have ever guided my actions, demand, that in succession to me I shall leave children, heirs of my love for the people of this throne whereon Providence has placed me. For, now many years, I have lost hope of having children of my marriage with my well-beloved spouse the Empress Josephine. It is this unhappy condition of affairs which impels me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, and to hearken to naught save the welfare of the state, and to design—if not to desire—the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may safely nurse the hope of living long enough to rear, after my own mode of education, such children as it may please Providence to send me. God only knows what such a resolve has cost my heart! But there is no sacrifice, however great, beyond my courage, when such a sacrifice is conducive to the interests and well-being of France." From the commencement of the reading of this document Josephine had betrayed the most acute nervousness. She was pale and trembling, and kept clutching at her dress as though she would pluck pieces out of it. When Napoleon came to read the following a paleness of death overspread her handsome features, while her lips became almost blue, and the ladies surrounding her prepared for a faint, if not death itself. "I wish to add," said the Emperor, in a quivering voice, "that far from having any fault, I have nothing but admiration and praise for my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, the souvenirs of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand. I wish that she shall retain the rank and title of Empress, and above all, that she shall never doubt my affection for her, and that she will always consider me as her best, dearest and truest friend."

It was now Josephine's turn to speak. She made several frantic efforts. She failed absolutely. Her blue lips crackled, but came forth never a sound. Turning her burning eyes, blinded with tears, upon the paper which she held in her hand, she endeavored to read it, but her sight failed her, sobs strangled her choking voice, and in despair at being unable to conquer her emotion, she tremblingly passed the paper to Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who then proceeded to read on her part the following touching document: "By the permission of my august and dearly loved spouse, I wish to declare that since all hope of having children has died out—children that would satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interest of France—it rejoices me to give to him the greatest proof of earthly attachment and devotion. I owe everything to him. It was his hand that crowned me, and, on the height of the throne, I have received nothing but testimonials of love and affection from the French people. I hope to recognize all these sympathies, all these sentiments, by the dissolution of a marriage that presents an obstacle to the well-being of France, and which deprives her of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, so evidently created by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible Revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage shall change nothing in the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor shall ever find in me his best friend. I am aware of how this act—the outcome of a political necessity, and in the necessity of great interests—has torn his heart; but both of us glory in the sacrifice that we offer for the good of the country."

The reading of this speech ended, Napoleon embraced Josephine, and reconducted her to her apartments, where she remained half-dead in the arms of her attendants.

The night was equally dolorous for her as for him. Constant, Napoleon's valet, has related how Napoleon, at the moment he was preparing to retire, was astounded by the arrival of the unhappy Josephine, who yearned to pass a few hours with him who was about to cease to be her husband. She entwined her arms around his neck, and he, rising from where he was seated, pressed her closely to his heart, exclaiming, his eyes full of tears:

"Come! come! my dear, good Josephine; be more reasonable. Come! come! Courage! I shall always be your friend."

On the morrow, Saturday, December the 16th, 1809, the woman who had been the Empress of the French and Queen of Italy was destined to take leave of the Tuileries for ever. From early morning, after a night of agony, she made feverish preparations for her departure. Her children were around her. Eugène was compelled to leave her at eleven o'clock in the morning to repair to the Senate, where a Senatus Consultum was about to declare the annulment of the Imperial marriage.

While the last echoes of official adulation were dying beneath the dome of the Senate, Josephine departed from the Tuileries. It had been arranged that during the day she should set out for Malmaison, her favorite dwelling, while the Emperor would repair to Trianon. It was Napoleon who first set out at four o'clock in the afternoon. Less insensible than his enemies suppose, he had suffered horribly. Napoleon had wept; the heart of the man had throbbed beneath the robe of the sovereign. He mused in deep melancholy over the fact that the sweet voice of Josephine would never again be heard in the Tuileries, a voice that now seemed sweeter to him than all the harmonies combined, and the ancient palace of the sovereigns of France appeared to him so sad, so gloomy, that he sought distraction by leaving it, if not oblivion. In burying himself at Trianon he evoked the souvenirs of a woman more unhappy still than Josephine—the memory of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

When the palace official announced to him that the carriage was in readiness in the court of the Tuileries, he quickly seized upon his hat, and cried to his secretary Ménéval: "Come with me!" The latter followed the Emperor by the small stairway that led to the entrance to the apartments of the Empress. Josephine was alone and plunged in the saddest of reverie. On beholding the Emperor and Ménéval she leaped to her feet, and rushing forward, flung herself on Napoleon's neck, where she clung sobbing as if her heart would break. The Emperor, clasping her close, embraced her after the most impassioned fashion. Then she swooned, and as M. de Ménéval hastened to ring for help, Napoleon, being desirous of cutting short the melancholy situation, placed the unhappy Josephine in the arms of his secretary the moment he perceived that she was coming to, and having ordered M. de Ménéval not to leave her, he quickly retired, leaped into his carriage, and started for Trianon.

The disappearance of the Emperor redoubled the sobbings of the unfortunate Empress. Her ladies, who entered the chamber, laid her on the bed, rendering her the uttermost attention. In the paroxysm of her misery she seized the hands of M. de Ménéval, crying, "Say to the Emperor that he is not to forget me. Assure him of a love that will survive any event. Promise to let me have news of him the moment you reach the Trianon, and see that he writes to me!" She would scarcely permit Napoleon's secretary to leave, as if his departure would snap the last link which still bound her to the Emperor.

The fatal hour was sounded. Josephine in her turn departs. The vestibule is filled with the residents of the palace, who are desirous of saluting her in passing. Everybody regrets her. Tears are in many eyes. And how could it be otherwise? She had always been so good. When they had any favor to ask, any wrong to be righted, any kindness to be rendered, it was always to her that they repaired. Every servant of Napoleon, every follower, important or menial, regarded her as their good angel.

What a difference, what a contrast, between that 19th day of February, 1800, when she entered the Tuileries, and the day of the 16th of December, 1809, when she quitted them!

The history of Josephine ends here. Of the condition of her mind consequent upon the divorce, the following extract from a letter of Madame de Rémusat gives direct evidence. The letter is dated Malmaison, December, 1809:

"I was received here with real affection. All is very sad, as you may suppose. The Empress, who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. Her children are full of courage. The Viceroy is come—he keeps her up as much as possible; they are both of the greatest use to her.

* * * * * * *

The Empress has passed a wretched morning. She receives visitors, who renew her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the Grand Marshal or the Prince de Neuchâtel, to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair, and seems to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad and affectionate; in fact, it is heart-rending. By affecting her so deeply the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her tears. At the end of an hour, I acknowledge that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was almost as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague consciousness that I am no longer living.'"

VEGETABLE IVORY—THE PLANT AND THE NUT.

THIS plant is at last ranged among the Palms, a family that gives man a greater variety of articles for his use than any other; house, roof, food, wine, hats and clothing, fans, paper, brooms, mats, ropes.

The *Phytelephas macrocarpa* has a stem about twenty feet long and a foot thick. At the top of the trunk is a tuft of leaves each twenty feet long, and divided so as to seem a series of leaves. The blossoms have a pungent odor; the male and female blossoms are on different trees. The fruit, which starts from the trunk, contains

THE NUT.

six or seven clusters in a globular case, and weighs twenty-five or thirty pounds. Sometimes as many as eight of these will be seen hanging from a section of the trunk not more than a foot long. The interior of the nut is the vegetable-ivory, hard, almost bony.

This curious plant is a native of South America, and is

found between eight and nine degrees south of the equator. It grows in moist valleys, on the banks of rivers and other places of great moisture; but is sometimes found at an altitude of three thousand feet. It is met with in Colombia, on the banks of the Magdalena, and grows in clusters.

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said that parsons are preaching for them; that lawyers are pleading for them; that physicians are prescribing for them; that authors are writing for them; that soldiers are fighting for them; but that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.

BREASTING THE STORM.

THE GHOST'S THANKSGIVING.—"FIVE MINUTES LATER SHE HAD HER CLOAK ON, A LANTERN CONCEALED BENEATH IT, AND WAS ON HER WAY TO WYMINGTON HALL. . . . . SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES. SHE REACHED DOWN INTO THE HIDDEN PLACE. SHE DREW OUT A PAPER. SHE UNFOLDED IT. IT WAS THE MISSING WILL!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GHOST'S THANKGSGIVING.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

I.

It was March when old Gerard Wymington died; and never was night darker or storm fiercer than when he lay, white and wan, fighting out the last feeble fight he would ever wage—fighting hopelessly against death—he who had been so quick and merciless, and so sure to succeed in every wicked wish and whim of his long, harsh life.

It was past midnight. The rain fell in torrents. The wind beat against the windows like a giant's hand, or wailed in the huge chimneys of Wymington Hall like a soul in torment.

The face on the pillow looked whiter and yet more wan. The watchful doctor stooped nearer. The nurse on the other side of the bed came nearer, too. They were well paid, these two, for the work they were doing; they had, besides, a professional pride in doing *all*—all until there should be nothing left to do. And there was in their hearts the natural sympathy for suffering which is common to all humanity. But no dryer eyes ever looked on a bed of death, no steadier hands ever did their swift and silent duty than those that watched and waited on Gerald Wymington's dying hours.

The doctor stooped nearer; the nurse stooped nearer, too. The white eyelids slowly and tremulously unclosed, letting the fierce black fires beneath the brows of the stricken man blaze up to them.

"Water," moaned the sufferer.

The nurse silently held the desired draught to his lips.

"I—I—I'll be better in the morning, won't I, doctor?" he said, in a pleading whisper, so low that the man addressed scarcely caught the words.

This was the first time he had asked regarding his condition during the weeks of his lingering illness. The doctor turned aside his head, and made no answer. What could he say?

The question was repeated—repeated in a stronger voice, and a little petulantly:

"I'll be better in the morning, won't I, doctor?"

"I—well—God knows I hope so," said the doctor, without looking at him.

There was silence in the room for a minute. It lasted so long that the doctor looked at his patient at last. The deep black eyes met his firmly.

"Do you mean, doctor, that—that I must—must——"

He closed his eyes without finishing his question, and seemed to sink deeper among the pillows than he had been before.

"Come, doctor," he said, after a little, without opening his eyes, "tell me the truth. I've had my own way all my life, and I will have it now. Will I die?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "you will die. I have done my best for you. I can do no more."

Silence again—silence in the room, unbroken by the faintest sound; but *not* silence when one gave his mind to the mad night outside; silence for so long that the doctor half doubted whether the eyes or lips of the man before him would ever open to the world again. But suddenly the quiet question came:

"How long shall I live?"

"Possibly until morning. Not later."

Gerald Wymington sat suddenly bolt upright in bed, manifesting an energy that no one would have thought was possible. His face bore a look of horror.

"I can't die so soon. I will not, I say. I cannot and I will not," he cried.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Wymington," said the doctor, kindly; "but I have told you the simple truth. You are lessening the time you will last, by thus exhausting yourself."

"Send for Case," said Wymington, briefly.

"For Case?" replied the doctor, slowly. "I fear it is too late for that. Besides, it is a terrible night for one to be out."

"The night never was that was too bad for the need I have," whispered Wymington, "and it's my money that pays the servants—*my* money until morning, possibly. And I made Case's fortune for him, too; surely he cannot refuse to come."

"I think not," said the doctor, half doubtingly.

"Think not!" moaned the dying man through his clinched teeth; "think not! If he fails me now, may the curse of a dying man, cheated of the chance to right a wrong, abide with him for ever. Send for him, anyway, and at once. I command it."

Command! With his cheek whiter than the pillow against which it rested, and his brow more than a match for the snowy hair above it! Command! With his strength gone; with his eyelids drooping over his failing vision; with his feeble, faltering breath. Command!

Yes, despite it all! The doctor sent the nurse to give the order. Command! Yes, thank God! Lips may grow cold and white, and the light may beat vainly on sightless eyeballs. But the force and vigor of personality live, down to the very brink of the dark river. What then? Shall we deny the wind because the windmill burns, or the river, because the water-wheel rots away? He is mad who dares doubt the immortality of the soul.

The minutes dragged slowly on. An hour passed. There had been no word or look or motion from the waiting sufferer after the hoof-beats of the messenger's horse had died in the distance; he was evidently saving himself for some task which lay before him.

"Keep me alive—and—and—and rational—until he comes," had been his pleading cry as he heard the horse dash away down the drive. As no one living had ever seen a suspicion of tears in his eyes before, it was evident that he felt deeply the need of his lawyer.

It is undoubtedly a fact that enthusiasm is contagious, whether those exposed to its influence understand the occasion for it or not. The doctor found himself listening for the return of the messenger who had gone for the lawyer, with as much interest and earnestness and impatience as was shown in the lines of the suffering face before him. He found himself using the strongest stimulants too, and with a freedom which startled him when he thought from time to time how closely it bordered on recklessness.

There came a distant sound, after a time, which might have been only the echo of the thunder of the storm. The ears of the patient were keener than those of the doctor.

"They—he—some one is coming," he said, in a tone which was half-question and half-assertion.

The doctor paused a little, and then answered:

"Yes, they are coming. I hear the horses."

"One, or two?" demanded the doomed man.

The doctor listened again, with more care and longer this time.

"Two; there are two horses," he said.

"Thank God!" muttered Wymington.

A little later Case entered the room. Some one stood just outside the door after he went in, and motioned the doctor to step outside.

"Who is it?" asked Wymington.

"Only Elsie, uncle," said a girlish voice, and a slender little woman stepped just into the room, and paused near the door. She was beautiful, beautiful even then; and one who could submit to the test of the circumstances under which she presented herself, and claim a second thought from an observer for her blue eyes or blonde hair, must have been a remarkable young person at ordinary times. She was as wet as though she had recently been the heroine of a drowning sensation; she was plentifully furnished with samples of the rich soil of the country road from Wymington Hall to town; there was a look of genuine terror and distress in her lovely eyes.

"Elsie—girl—was it you who went for him?" asked the old man.

"Yes, uncle," she said.

"But why was that? There are servants, and——"

"Yes," she interrupted him; "but Prince is the swiftest horse in the stables, and you know no one but myself can ride him. Besides, I feared a message carried by a servant would not be heeded."

The old man smiled strangely, and a tear or two rolled down over his wasted cheeks.

"You're a good girl, Elsie," he said, faintly; "I love you! Never forget that your uncle loved you. Now go!"

She left the room. Wymington turned to Case.

"I told her the truth," he said, bitterly; "how terrible to be obliged to strangle one's affections to satisfy one's conscience!"

The lawyer bowed.

"I—I sometimes think George wasn't so much to blame after all."

"I always thought George was good at heart," said the lawyer, "and you will remember I always said so."

"Well," very faintly and slowly; more faintly and slowly than one would have looked for even in a dying man; "well, I've thought I must make amends for what was possibly my harshness and lack of tact with the boy. He must have the money and the Hall after all."

The lawyer frowned and shook his head.

"Eh? You heard me, didn't you?" persisted Wymington. "I tell you I'll have my own way. Dead or alive I'll have my own way! Draw up a will giving it to him. It is right. God help poor Elsie! If my boy wasn't a fool I'd hope that——"

"A will isn't necessary," interrupted Case, "for the boy is your heir if there is no will. There was a will, you remember?"

"Yes—yes," eagerly assented Wymington; "I drew it up, if you recollect?"

"Yes."

"It gave everything to your niece, Elsie?"

"Well, all you have to do is to destroy that. Tell me where to find it, and I will bring it to you."

The sick man lay thinking for a few seconds. Then he started up with a mad terror in his eyes.

"I—I—I hid the will—somewhere—and I cannot tell where. It cannot be found; it cannot be found. And I must die, leaving it behind me. I love Elsie better than my own son, wild and wicked and wayward as he has been, but I cannot rest in my grave unless he has his own."

And Wymington burst into a passion of tears. The doctor was with him in an instant, and he took a terrible risk in what he administered next.

"Do what he wants, and do it in a hurry," he said to the lawyer, "or it will be too late!"

"A new will will make the old one void," suggested the lawyer.

"Draw it up, then," commanded the doctor, his finger on his patient's wrist.

"What shall I write?"

"A month's wages to the servants; all the rest to George," growled Wymington.

A half-minute of silence. Then the tenderness of the man found its way forward again.

"He went away years ago," he said; "years ago, and I've never seen him since. But she—she has loved and cared for me all these years. There is enough for them both. Give each one half."

The sound of the storm was dying away in the distance. The early light of a rainy dawn was creeping slowly into the room. There was no sound, for a long time, except the lawyer's pen as it hurried over the paper.

"It is finished," said Mr. Case, at last.

"Call Elsie," said Gerald Wymington.

They sent for her.

"Lift me up," he said, "and show me where to sign."

They were holding him up in bed when she entered the room. He held the pen in his hand. He looked lovingly at her as she came toward him.

"I've done right at last," he said, "and have shown my gratitude and my love, too. There is enough for both."

He dipped the pen in the ink.

"If—if it should seem well to bring it all together again, when George comes home and learns to know you, I shall be glad if I know it in the world to which I am going."

There was a sudden opening of the front door; there were hurried steps on the stairs. A smile of tenderness transfigured the face which had been stern for more years than any of those present had known it, and it seemed almost young again.

"It is George," he gasped, with the hurrying footsteps half-way up the stairs; "George has come home to me again, and——"

That was all! There was a frenzied dash at the paper.

The pen fell from the nerveless fingers, and rolled to the floor. The smile faded into a look of baffled effort. It was the face of an old man that looked up at them from the pillow where the doctor had reverently laid him down, the face of a very old man.

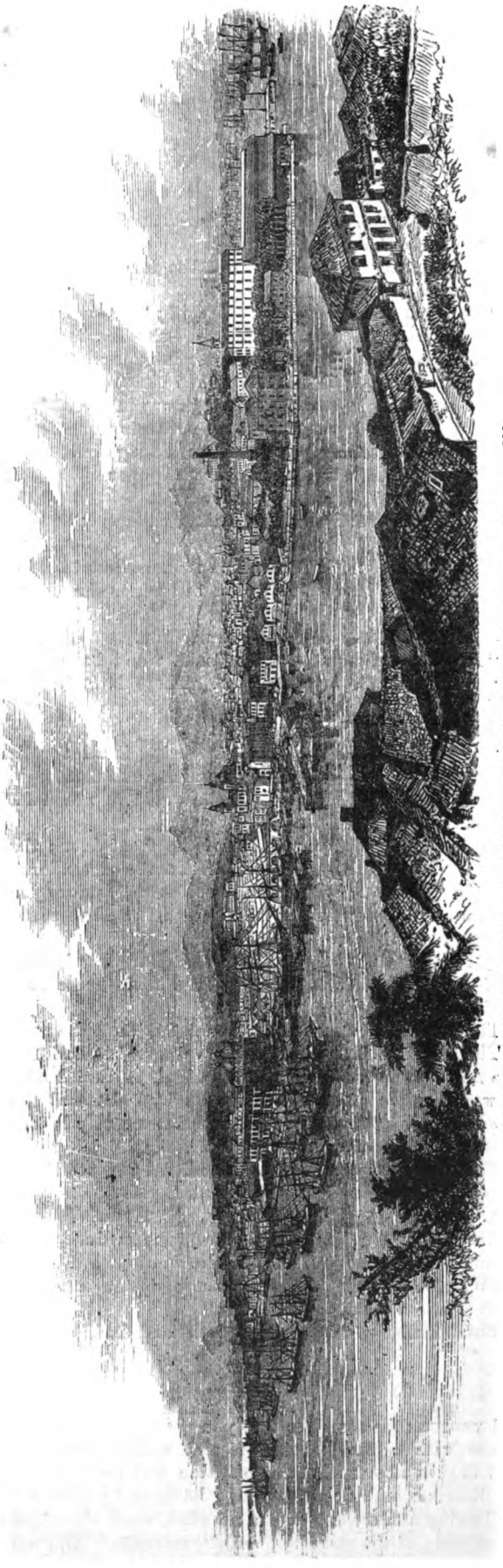
The door opened; but no one turned to greet the one who came too late—just later than Death!

A sunbeam crept into the room, and lay in a long line across the eyes which would never see again. A bird swung on the tree just outside the window, and sang as loudly and sweetly as though there was no one lying with deafened ears so near him.

But he sang of the morning! Thank God for that!

II.

I VENTURE the assertion that you never knew a haunted house with a well-kept lawn and well-trimmed trees and shrubs about it, nor one which was itself guiltless of disorder and decay. Blinds hanging by one hinge will swing and creak, wind or no wind, when the night is moonless and the stars half vailed by clouds. You never heard of ghostly midnight lights shining out of windows,



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.— RIO DE JANEIRO, FROM ILHAS DAS COBRAS.— SEE PAGE 698.

unless there was a screen of cobwebs for them to filter through, with little else to shut the cold of Winter or the heat of Summer out. You never heard of a ghost who had a comfortable home or cheerful surroundings. Paint precludes phantoms. Whole roofs and windows never shelter restless ghosts.

But, before the Summer had fairly come, nearly every one in the village of Wymington knew that Wymington Hall was haunted. Little had been heard, it is true, and less seen; but no reasonable person could possibly require a weary ghost to be always busy. From midnight to dawn were his hours for making night horrible with his antics, and no one ever went near Wymington Hall at those hours, of course, unless through necessity or forgetfulness.

George Wymington was a very self-willed young gentleman. His cousin, Miss Elsie, was an equally self-willed young lady. If old Gerald Wymington had been granted the half of some one of the wasted minutes of his long and idle life, just at its close, each one would have had half of the great fortune that the old man left, and it would not have been strange if they had compromised on the open question as to which should take the Hall, *by both taking it!* For Elsie was as good as she was beautiful, and George was a manly fellow, with a stout form and clear gray eyes, through which an honest soul looked out. His years of absence had done him good and made him better, albeit Case's verdict that he had never been very bad, was true. It was no wonder that so stubborn and self-willed a man as Gerald Wymington had been should have driven from home one so much like himself.

Neither said much regarding the fortune. Even good Mr. Case could get only short answers from either. The unsigned will was of no legal force, of course. There *had been* another will, giving all the property, except a few hundred a year, which went to George, to Elsie Wymington. Case had drawn it. The dying man had admitted its existence in the presence of the doctor and the nurse. It was most likely in existence yet, so George refused to enter the old Hall after the funeral, or to touch a penny of the property.

The missing will might have been destroyed, in which case George was the heir to it all; in fact, in its absence he was the legal heir, and might have taken undisputed possession of the estate. So Elsie took the few things which were her own, and moved to a humble boarding-house in the village the day after they shut the sad face of Gerald Wymington, stamped with its weary look of baffled effort, away from the light of the sun for ever.

Good Mr. Case was very much annoyed, In all his legal experience he had never known such difficulties as the utter inactivity of his two young friends threw in his way.

"The fortune is mine, mine alone. I will give nothing from it to another," that would have been the usual, and, to Case's experience, the natural thing for them to say under the circumstances. If either or both had said this; if he could have coaxed or threatened, frightened or cajoled them into doing that, he would have felt that he had beneath his feet the sure ground of precedent. But neither said anything like it, and, while such a thing would be new to *his* legal lore, he sometimes doubted if they even thought it. "Touch a penny, not I, if it's to be proven hers afterward," said George, over and over again, with a scowl on his face that reminded Case of old Gerald. "Do you think I'd touch his money, or run the risk of it? Never," that was always Elsie's answer. Neither would consent to take half. Case sometimes

suspected that either would be ready to make generous concessions to the other, from the heroic altitude of undoubted right and power; though neither ever hinted that. Love of power had always been the corner-stone of the Wymington pride, not love of gold; and George and Elsie were true Wymingtons.

The villagers wondered, decorously and under their breaths, of course, how Gerald Wymington could rest easy in his grave while the rank grass grew on the lawn in a riotous rivalry of the rank weeds in the garden. They wondered how he could rest while the windows fell under the hands of the reckless boys of the neighborhood; while storms dashed in to wreck and ruin; while bats and foul birds of night made it their shelter; while spiders hung their webs across the sunny windows—and in the damp, dark corners as well. And *he had said he couldn't!*

There were strange sounds about the old house; hurrying feet along the walks, feet of viewless wanderers — an open question between cats and ghosts, possibly; with the popular voice giving heavy odds against the cats. When April's rain fell slowly, a passer-by heard the sound of weeping in the deserted house, one night; the old man had wept there, only one little month ago. Beyond the fireflies, dancing to soundless music over the lawn, there were flashes of light at the windows of the Hall, later in the season—in June, I think; the house was getting uncomfortable enough for a ghost of not too severe tastes, and the villagers knew that the old master had moved in again. One shivering wretch had the proud distinction of outdoing all others, one night in August, and making it unlikely that nightfall would ever find one near the Hall again; he stumbled into the tavern, one evening, when the air was like a furnace, shaking as though he had an ague fit and would never be warm again. He had passed the Hall a little time before, and had seen the dead man hiding something white in the room in which he had died. How the trembling wretch pleaded for brandy! But the law was very rigid regarding the sale of liquor to men who already had too much, and was very strictly enforced; so he reeled home, cold with fear, without it.

George and Elsie could not live in so small a place as the little village and not be together more or less. There was no little gathering, quiet and sedate, at which each was not present. There was no meeting for purposes of charity from which either was ever absent. George always met her with studied politeness; she always greeted him with stately reserve. Sometimes he walked by her side as they came home from church, but their talk was as commonplace as one could well imagine. They were not enemies; they could not well be strangers; but their relations to each other stopped far on the wrong side of friendship. They were as far away, in sorry truth, as though they had lived a century apart, with little chance of ever getting nearer each other. Alas and alas! If Gerald Wymington could only have lived to write his name at the bottom of what had been the will of his heart, whatever doubts as to its validity human conceptions of legality might throw upon it!

Every one liked both George and Elsie. So there were many to look sad and shake their heads. No restless ghost, up at the deserted Hall, wandering at all unholy hours of the night through Spring and Summer and

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.— THE GAVIA AND LAGOA DE FREITAS.— SEE PAGE 698.

Autumn, could lay claim to a monopoly of dissatisfaction.

"I wish you'd marry George," said Mr. Case to Elsie one October evening.

Her look was unpleasant and discouraging.

"He wished you to ask me?" she inquired, coldly.

"Bless me, no! He never even hinted at such a thing in my presence. But it would be such an excellent way to settle the property."

"I am very glad he has never hinted such a thing to you. I should feel it an insult, or almost one. I shall never gain a share of my uncle's estate in that way."

"But I've searched everywhere, high and low, and I cannot find the will," blundered the well-meaning man.

"Have I ever offered the slightest objection to Mr. Wymington taking possession?" she asked.

After that she wouldn't talk, answering him only in monosyllables. So that he went away very early, a very dejected and exceedingly puzzled lawyer. "Fools!" he said, vigorously, taking things in general, from the stars to the stone wall, into his confidence; "fools! H'm! Three of them, including Case!" And he went home in a very reflective mood.

Then he tried George, a day or two later.

"Say, young man, this fine property is going to waste, and every one is talking all sorts of nonsense about ghosts. Why not put an end to it?"

"Yes!" growled George, in a tone that sent the other's hopes far below zero; "I'd be pleased to know how?"

"Marry——" began the lawyer, who got no further than the first word.

"Great Heaven!" cried George, "does this man take me for a fortune-hunter?"

And he turned and walked away.

November was a cold month that year, a very cold month. It was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. A merry party gathered on the pond to skate. There were shouts and laughter and pleasant jokes; there were races and falls; among the younger ones, boys and girls, there was laughter and frolic; among the older, there was love and flirtation. All was pleasant and——

Suddenly there was a shriek of terror. There was a hole in the ice, with cracks extending in every direction. Some one—a woman—a young woman—was struggling for life in the black water.

"That settles the Wymington fortune!" said a thoughtless fellow on the bank, and the next instant he was picking himself up out of the snow, a little stunned and dazed, and looking after George Wymington, who was dashing down the hill toward the pond, throwing off his coat as he ran. The careless speaker stood directly in George's way, but he wondered then, and he wonders yet, whether his sudden overthrow and the huge lump on his forehead which prevented his wearing a hat for a week, were purely the result of accident.

Perhaps the danger was not very great. Possibly in George's absence another would have done as well as he. At any rate, he saved her, and took an intense pleasure in seeing her thoroughly wrapped up and in assuming all sorts of authority regarding getting her home. Poor Elsie resented it, in her heart, but was too frightened and cold to rebel. Oh, the Wymington pride! and alas, the Wymington pride!

"Thank you," said Elsie, when she had been duly deposited close to a huge open fire at her boarding place.

George bowed. Then he paused, awkwardly, and said, hurriedly, as though he were afraid he should break down if he took time to think:

"I—I have never said much, in fact, not anything about—about the—the—about my father's death. But, you see—that is, you've heard—at least I suppose you have—what they say about the ghost at the Hall. Ought we not to unite in some vigorous denial of the whole matter?"

Elsie turned so pale that he thought for a moment she would faint.

"I—I cannot," she said, brokenly, "for I believe it is true. Please go now."

I don't suppose George Wymington would have knowingly and purposely done an impolite thing, least of all toward his cousin. Let us attribute his action to astonishment, or "reflex action," or "unconscious cerebration," or some other mysterious thing, and say that it wasn't George Wymington's deliberate self which drew a chair up to the fire and coolly sat down.

"You believe it?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said. "I—I have seen him twice myself."

"Yes?" doubtingly, and as though waiting for more.

"Yes. In the night——"

"Dreams," interrupted George, "only dreams."

She shook her head.

"I wish I could think so," she said, sadly; "but I cannot. I was as wide awake as I am now. You know he said he couldn't rest unless—unless——"

"Well!" said George. very impatiently.

"And there *is* a will, and——"

George rose to his feet without a word. His face wa very stern and white; but he put out his hand in token of farewell. She did not take it. If he had looked closely at her he would have seen the blinding tears in her eyes, which prevented her seeing his friendly gesture.

He left the room and the house, and went slowly down the steps. He said something very like what Case had said. "Fool," he muttered, the Wymington pride never stronger and never giving him greater pain than it did just then—"fool." And one would have guessed that, unlike Case, he meant only one—a clear case of "first person, singular."

* * * * * *

George Wymington sat by his fire at the hotel that evening, out of sorts with himself and the world.

"Thanksgiving," he muttered, "thanksgiving to-morrow, and I've very little to be thankful for. I little thought, when I resolved on staying here, what a fix I was getting myself into, or I'd have run away from it all. And yet, I suppose it's better for a man to suffer as I have than to miss knowing his capacity for suffering."

He rose and walked wearily the length of his room.

"Thank Heaven I have means enough to take me away from it all. Let me see, I've five—eight—a thousand dollars. That will take me to Europe and keep me a few months. It makes little difference what comes to me then, and she'll have the fortune when I'm dead and gone, and some lucky fellow will enjoy it with her. Well, I wish her all happiness, only—I wonder if she'll ever guess, or care." He took out his watch. "Eleven forty-five," he said, "and I must try to get a little sleep before Thanksgiving Day—Thanksgiving Day, indeed," he repeated, bitterly.

He went to the window, raised the curtain, and looked out. Three miles away the huge bulk of Wymington Hall stood out gaunt and black against the sky. The trees were bare, and scarcely interfered with his view of the distant home, the home where he was born; the home where the mother he could but dimly remember had died; the home of his sometimes wild and reckless, but oftener

crushed and thwarted, boyhood; the home where his father had lived and suffered; the home where that father had died with the sound of his tardy footsteps in his ears, forgiving and thoughtful and loving at the last. He could see the huge tomb where Gerald Wymington had been laid, and there were tender tears in his eyes as he looked. Perhaps it was the shadow of the happy morrow that laid its spell upon his heart. In some way, by some power, the Wymington pride was running low that night.

"She said she believed he had come to her," he said to himself, in a whisper; "perhaps she is right. She is pure enough and good enough to see the spirits of the dead if any one deserves such privilege. There is only one way—one way—and still that will stands between me and what I crave. I cannot be a fortune-hunter—I will not be. But I shall love little Elsie all—— Good heavens!" he gasped, "*what was that?*"

A light shone out of the distant Hall. Not a bright and steady one, but a feeble and flickering gleam that would disappear for so long a time that he fancied it was gone for ever, but which would flash out again and again. No illusion, no freak of a deceitful sense; there was a light in the room where Gerald Wymington had died!

* * * * * *

"Thanksgiving Day to-morrow! What have I to be thankful for?"

Elsie Wymington sat in her room and asked herself that question. "Life?" Yes, she guessed she was thankful for life; it had been very terrible when she thought she had got to give it up that day, before her cousin reached her. But if she had died the fortune would have been his; the Wymington pride would no longer have stood between him and the old home. How strong his arms were; how tightly he had held her; she wondered if he was very sorry he had been in season. They had never been quite so near before as they had that day; they had never talked of her uncle before; and yet—she seemed to have lost something out of her life since morning; some hope, perhaps, which left the world very desolate. She pictured her future—a lonely and dreary one; would any one care when she died? Would she live to be very old—very old?

The logs in the fireplace dropped nearer together; there was no other sound than that. The room was warm and close; she wondered vaguely if she would lose consciousness and pain in sleep, a little later. The clock struck ten, such a distant, dreamy, drowsy clock. And then——

The door opened slowly.

"I love you, Elsie!" It was the voice of Gerald Wymington!"

"Yes, uncle!" She could scarcely say whether she spoke the words, or only thought them. Perhaps the dead would know her thoughts.

He stepped into the room. His face was white, but it was not stern; it was the look he had worn when he had tried to sign his will, that rested upon his countenance now.

"Third floor; third room; third window." he said.

Then, as though he had melted into viewless air, he was gone.

The door swung slowly and softly to its place; but, just before it closed, a distant muffled voice spoke again: "I trust you too," it said.

The logs fell closer together again in the fireplace. As though the sound had broken some spell which had been placed upon her, she started to her feet. Her clock struck eleven, clear and distinct and shrill.

"Third floor; third room; third window!" This was the third time she had seen and heard the same thing. She would have told her cousin of the two visits she had had before, if he would only have listened to her.

"Third floor; third room; third window!" What did it mean? Did it mean anything? Why should she not determine? She was no coward; was she not a Wymington? Perhaps it was possible that she could have Thanksgiving in very truth, after all. If she could find the missing will she was sure of it. Five minutes later she had her cloak on, a lantern concealed beneath it, and was on her way to Wymington Hall.

It was very dark and desolate in the grounds; the trees cast fantastic shadows on the snow; she crept by the huge tomb where the Wymingtons, dead and gone, had been laid away to wait the end of all things. Perhaps she trembled a little; but, after all, her stern old uncle loved and trusted her; she felt in her soul that she deserved it; so what had she to fear?

She could have cried to see the ruin which had been wrought in the dear old home in a few short months, but she kept back all emotion with resolution. She would doubtless need all her strength before the night was done. It lacked a quarter of twelve when she lighted her lantern just inside the front hall. Then she visited for a few moments the room where Gerald Wymington had died. She sat down and resolutely composed herself. Then she climbed up the stairs. On the first landing some bird flew close to her face, and dashed through a ruined window, with a loud, harsh cry, away into the cold night. She shrank into a corner of the staircase, half-fainting at the sudden shock. A coward? Not at all. She went on; would you have done it?

She reached the third floor. She counted out the third door from the staircase, on the left. It was locked. She went to the basement for something to aid her in opening it. She came back with a small bar of iron. She spent a quarter of an hour in opening the door. She spent another quarter of an hour in search about the third window. Her search was a failure. She found nothing. She tried the opposite door, also the third from the staircase. It took her even longer, partly because she was getting nervous, thinking she could hear some one moving in the rooms below.

At last the door gave way. She entered the room.

What was that she heard? It sounded like a footstep on the stairs.

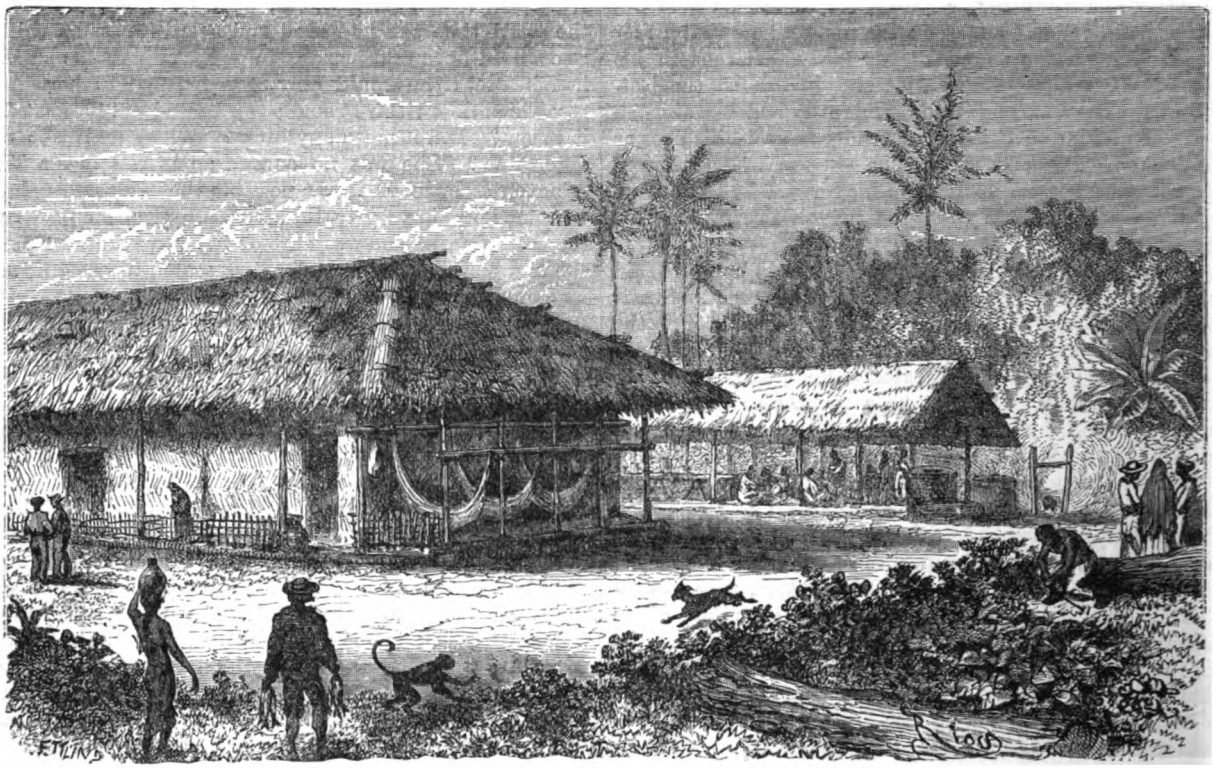
She put down her lantern in the room, and went out into the passage. All was dark and silent below her. Suppose it had not been? Did not the love and trust of her uncle surround her like a talisman against all danger?

She went to the third window. She laid her hand upon the window-ledge. It was loose! It moved! There was a crevice under it!

She fell upon her knees. She reached down into the hidden place. She drew out a paper. She unfolded it. It was the missing will!

She seemed to hear a step at the door. She was full of the belief in some one—or *something*—near her. She fancied she felt a breath fall on her cheek. She could not turn her head. Her blood seemed turning to ice. The room grew dark before her. She was in an agony of terror. She kept her senses with a terrible effort. She had much to do. She had a right to do it. Do it she would. Intruder or not, she would do it! Be he dead or alive, she would do it! Had not the Wymingtons always had their way, as long as they lived—and longer?

She must make no mistakes. She read the document



INDIAN HUT, SOUTHERN BRAZIL.— SEE PAGE 698.

slowly through, aloud. She kissed the rugged signature of Gerald Wymington at the end. Was he at her elbow now? Or was the place behind her empty and vacant? It mattered not to her. Her ancestors had been doing as they pleased for twenty generations. She felt the might of all their past in her hand and heart. She kissed the name again.

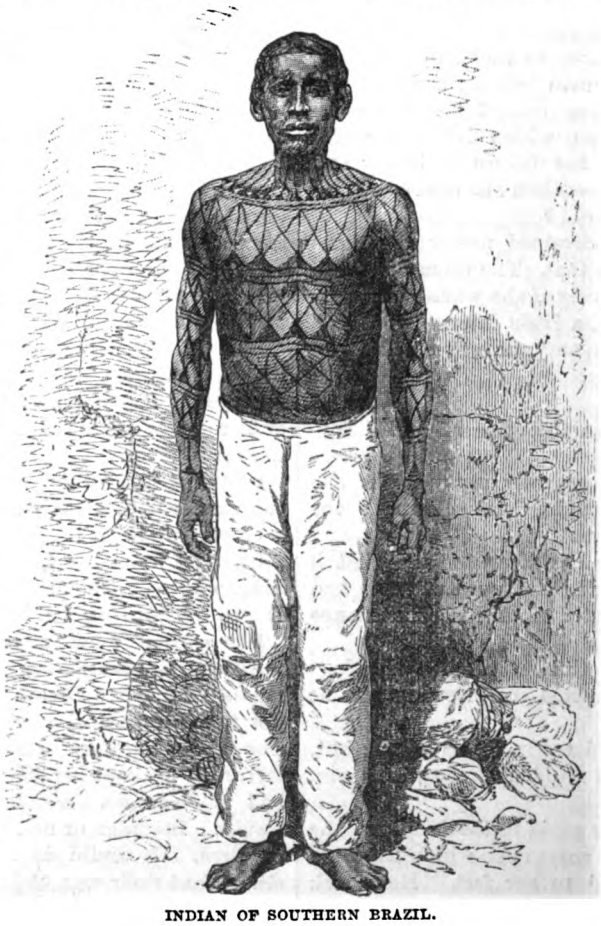
"Partly because you love and trust me," she murmured; "partly because I have always deserved it; most of all--*because I love your son!*"

Then she opened the lantern, and touched the paper to the flame!

A strong arm was quickly stretched over her shoulder toward the will. She sprang to her feet, eluding the grasp, and fled. Around the room, once, twice, thrice, the footsteps behind, surely those of no ghost, until there were only ashes left of the document which had made her wealthy for a few short minutes. Then she turned, as she shook the last feathery ashes from her fingers, and found herself face to face with—George Wymington!

She did not faint. She did not cry. She looked him squarely in the eyes, saying: "There, sir, the fortune is yours! You cannot help yourself!"

"I know it. But, Miss Wymington, cousin Elsie, will you not take half?"



INDIAN OF SOUTHERN BRAZIL.

"Never," she began. But there was something in his face which stopped her.

A moment later she was crying on his shoulder; his strong arms were about her, and he was inconsistently smothering her speech with kisses, although "Yes" was what she was trying to say.

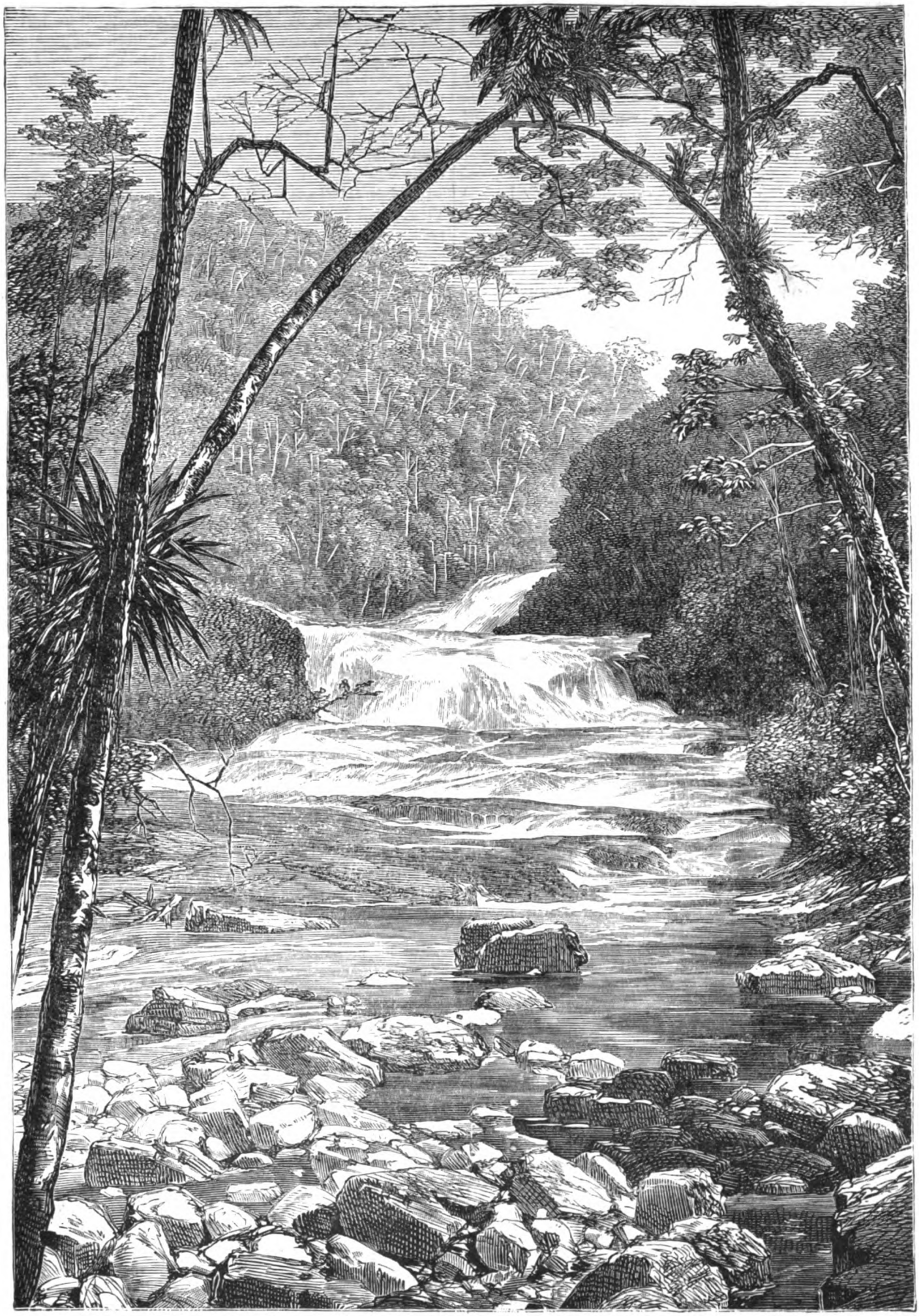
"Do you know what day it is?" she asked, shyly, a little later.

"Thank God, yes," he cried, and then proceeded to prevent her speaking again, just as he had before, for an indefinitely long time.

* * *

Wymington Hall has been a happy home for many long years. If Gerald Wymington, living and loving somewhere, because life and love are immortal, knows it, it must add to his happiness.

The Hall stood several months after that Thanksgiving Day before it was repaired and occupied. But no one ever saw an unusual



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.— FALLS OF TIJUCA.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

sight or heard an unusual sound there after George went home in the early day-dawn with his promised wife.

I offer no opinion regarding the general belief; but, unless you desire to be very unpopular, don't go down to the village of Wymington and express any doubts regarding the Thanksgiving Gerald Wymington enjoyed *the Autumn after he died!*

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.

By Walter S. Baillie.

The fates were surely favorable on that lovely morning, early in May, 1882, when my wife and I started on the Lamport & Holt steamer *Calderon* from Rio de Janeiro, south.

Excellent accommodations, the best of commanders, pleasant fellow-passengers, a clear month's release from the dust and turmoil of the capital, unimpaired capacities for the appreciation of anything and everything of a novel or interesting character, and but little baggage. What more could we desire?

We got under way only two hours behind schedule time, which, in this land of "paciencia" and "amanha," was not particularly bad, and we were soon greedily absorbing all the wondrous sights of Rio Harbor passing in rapid panoramic succession before our bewildered eyes.

On our right the glancing city, with its florid architecture, its prominent cathedral and numerous churches of peculiar Hispano-Moorish features; the quaint red-tiled houses, creeping far up into the many hills; the giant Corcovado, a mass of tropical verdure clear to its summit of some 2,000 feet; the strong fort of Villegaignon; the lovely Praia do Flamengo, followed by that gem of Rio, Botafogo Bay, encircled by exquisite Summer residences, framed by stately royal palms, graceful tamarinds, umbrageous mangoes and quivering flamboyants, and its entrance guarded by that ever-wonderful Sugar-loaf Mountain.

On our left glitters in the sunlight the provincial capital, the antiquated town of Nictheroy, with churches, forts, ample bays, and a background of green hills, followed in rapid succession by the obsolete but highly decorative Fort of Boa Viagem; the altogether beautiful Bay of Icarahy, Nictheroy's most attractive suburban retreat, much frequented in Summer for its splendid surf-bathing; the sequestered Bay of Jurujubá, till finally we pass close under the embrasures of Santa Cruz, the most formidable fortress protecting the capital, situated at the left entrance of the harbor. Having duly saluted the powers that be on this fort, and hurled a broadside of gibberish at them, in response to their unintelligible challenge, we are allowed to proceed on our voyage unmolested.

Coastwise steamers of light draught being enabled to cut off corners, we pass quite close to our old friends and favorites, the Copacabana, the Rodrigo de Freitas and the Gavia Beaches, with the Tres Irmaos, the Gavia and the Tijuca Mountains frowning on us for our temerity. The Tijuca Valley, with its banana slopes, its joyous cascades, its Parrot's Beak and Tijuca Peak Mountains, looks particularly alluring and homelike, for in that happy valley we have spent several delightful years. The Gavia, with its solid 2,500 feet of granite precipice and square summit, provides an unmistakable landmark for sailors for fifty miles' distance in clear weather. The rugged giant always reminds one of the typical John Bull of the comic papers; heavy, solid, frowning, its conformation, at one and the same time recalling a stout, stanch, farmer-looking man, and a strong Gibraltar-like fortification, eminently respectable and mirth-forbidding, not to say awe-inspiring. By-the-way, this mountain has a most lifelike portrait of Darwin engraved on its side by the elements, a fitting tribute of nature to one of her greatest students. But we must leave the description of Tijuca, with all its wonderful attractions of forest, mountain, waterfalls, verdure, fairy-like views—its delicious "floresta," with all its enchantments of "Paul and Virginia's Grotto," its "Ladies' Mile," its "Admiral's View," and its other thousand-and-one beauties—to the poet and artist, who alone could give faint ideas of its tropical splendors and charms. We would like to proclaim the fact, however, that Tijuca is one of the most favored spots on the earth's surface, uniquely combining, as it does, tropical mountain scenery that impresses by its grandeur, with rural scenes of babbling brooks, bosky dells and shady lanes, that remind one of home, from their lovableness and simplicity, and ocean vistas that are an unending delight, and blessed all the year round with an almost celestial atmosphere and climate. But, enough; our lovely vision is quickly out of sight, and we soon pass Ilha Grande, notorious years gone by for the running of slave cargoes, and by night we are approaching San Sebastiao Island, which attained even a worse name during the slave traffic than the former. Captain James promises to take us between this island and the mainland on our return trip, which will be by daylight, the channel being too narrow and navigation too intricate to attempt by night. All along the South Brazil coast, from Rio to Santa Catharina, stretch, in full view, the bold outline of the Serra do Mar range of mountains, averaging from 2,000 to 4,000 feet in height, relieved by occasional giants, like Itatiaya in Sao Paulo, of about 8,000 feet, the highest point in Brazil.

Early next morning we pass the Alcatrazes, two barren rocks, named after the seagulls that are continually swooping around here, and important to the navigator for the taking of bearings on approaching or leaving the port of Santos. This town has been, from time immemorial, maligned by many foreign visitors and residents, as the "meanest place in the world," the "jumping-off place," etc. These malcontents assert that Santos has no society, there being only "the coffee trade" with which to interest oneself, in the intervals of combating yellow fever, or chills and fever, or of having a rollicking time out in the rain, which does come down here in bucketfuls.

But let us give Santos its due, like the dusky personage who is sometimes painted in rather sable colors, and we will discover that it does not always rain here, and that it is certainly free from "Glascae's" pastime, during its respites from rain, that of "snawing"; that the climate, although trying, by reason of the quick successions of extreme heat or excessive rain, is rather better than that of Rio; that the Santonians have their lovely "Barra" or seabeach, where every one able to afford it lives in pretty villas with modern comforts.

The sail up the Rio de Santos or Cubatao River is very pleasant, past the queer little fort of Santo Amaro on our right, at its mouth, from whence it narrows rapidly and winds perpetually. Land on both sides is swampy and innocent of cultivation, a few wretched but picturesque fishermen's huts occasionally lending animation to the scene. It may be well to confess at once that Santos itself is only reclaimed from the mangrove swamps, which constitute a greater part of the basin, hemmed in by this wonderful amphitheatre of hills, the Serra do

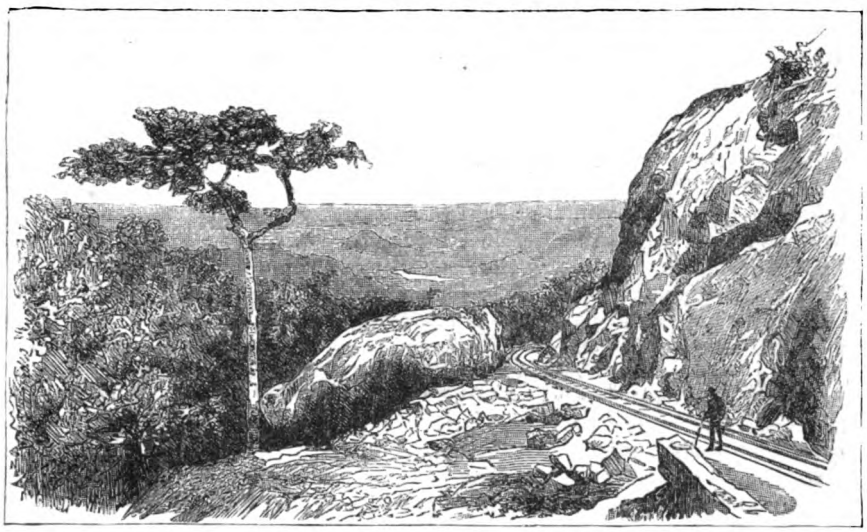
Mar, which here form in horse-shoe fashion, and collect moisture from every passing cloud, to hurl their contents on the devoted heads of the long-suffering inhabitants of Santos. After about half an hour's steaming we anchor off the town, and are rowed ashore in small boats. Landing, we quickly make our way to the horse-cars, which, as at Rio, are open, and of two-mule power. But a few minutes elapse ere we leave the uninteresting, dusty, sleepy little town, emerging into something resembling open fields, Montserrat on our right, with its chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Montserrat, being the only conspicuous object nearer than the distant and glorious Serra. The road presently dives into the swamp, and cuts through it in a straight line for several miles, until we reach the celebrated "Barra," facing the South Atlantic, but protected by promontories and islands. Here we were met by some kind German friends, who, aware of our coming, had improvised a picnic party in our honor, and we were soon driving off, closely packed, in two open buggies of primitive type, drawn by mules, along the hard, dark sands to the "Island," some two miles distant. This so-called island is really, at low-water, a peninsula, and a favorite of the people of Santos and the neighboring village of Sao Vicente. Projecting out into the ocean about a quarter of a mile, clothed with dense forest, studded with piled-up boulders here and there, in picturesque confusion, the entire island quite hilly, bounded on all but the land side with frowning, jagged rocks, lashed ceaselessly by the ocean; full of silent, shady nooks, peeping out timidly through the graceful tracery of giant tree-ferns and cable-like lianas upon the white-capped ocean, booming at our feet; this little island gem will always remain in our recollections as an idyllic dream of Southern tropical magnificence and ocean grandeur. Sauntering leisurely through the woods, up and down hill, we found myriads of ferns, unknown to colder latitudes, among which several specimens of Adiantums and Osmundas, growing to a greater height than we had ever seen elsewhere. Gorgeous Bromeliaceæ of all tints and sizes abound, gaining a foothold on clefts of rocks, on branches of trees, or out in the open, growing on the sand, exposed to the broiling sun. They relieve with their brilliant scarlet and white, white and yellow, or tender blue and pink flowers, the otherwise rather sombre woods. These plants, which are a species of pineapple, but not fruit-bearing, and are a striking feature of all Brazilian scenery, grow wherever they can get sufficient heat. They collect water, rain or dew, and retain it for long periods, thirsty travelers hailing their presence with delight and absorbing their pure, cool treasure by means of bamboos or reeds. The true Traveler's-tree, the *Urania speciosa*, is cultivated in Brazil, but is indigenous to Madagascar and the East only.

Wild, luxuriant Arums, tree-climbing species, speckled and streaked Calladiums, bright Anthuriums, and velvety clumps of Amaranthuses, gladden the eye at every turn, whilst formidable Agaves or flowering Aloes brave the noonday sun out on the rocks, with their bustling leaf-bayonets bidding defiance to close acquaintanceship.

Arriving at the highest point of the island, the apex of an enormous boulder, and intensely hot, we remained only time enough to enjoy the grand view stretched around us on all sides. Out to sea the dazzlingly blue ocean is only rivaled in beauty and intensity by the cloudless expanse of South American sky; to right and left of us extends this exquisite bay, bounded far off by hills and islands, and shoreward the "Barra," stretching some six or seven miles, lined at intervals by the châlets and villas of prosperous Santosdom, embowered in shade trees and crowned by royal palms; beyond the dreary swamp then glints in the sun Montserrat, its crude-looking church, in blue and white, gaining immensely by distance, and the town of Santos persistently baking in the sun, lined with quite an array of masts from the river; and a fitting frame to the picture is formed by the serrated peaks of the distant blue mountains.

Returning, we descend the other side of the island, quite as lovely as the one we had ascended, and finally reach a sheltered, cool spot, with a spring of clear, cold water. Here our friends' colored boy had already brought luncheon, which was so different from anything European or North American, that we must, with apologies to our kind Teutonic hostess, describe it a little. The *pièce de résistance* was a Brazilian "empada" or pâté, the crust very rich, crumbling and full of butter—contents, palmito, olives and prawns, which however incongruous a compound, makes a most delicious whole; cold fried fish, garnished with onions, capers and more prawns, was not to be despised; cold chicken and ham followed; claret and lager-beer, cooled in the brook, were our beverages; then "goiabada" or guava-paste, native cheese, bananas and oranges, formed dessert, all washed down with black coffee, made by ourselves, and for the men, a "chasse" of Benedictino, gratefully winding up the banquet with a large "Villar y Villar"! The lovely scene around us, the unexpected pleasure-party, the grateful rest and shade after our rambles and scrambles up and down hill, our rural banquet, the refreshing breeze and soothing lullaby of the waves breaking on the rocks—all tended to invite pleasant meditation. We became oblivious of the carking cares of the cold, unsympathetic world; a heavenly beatitude and feeling of peace, too deep for words, steals over us, and we are gently falling into a thrice-blessed dream of eternal peace, when, suddenly, the ladies, who would not appear to have been lulled to the same blissful state of repose as the men, astonished, just a little alarmed, and thoroughly aroused us, by their little shrill cries of half fear and curiosity at some object which they were examining, advancing and retreating therefrom, and making over it the usual kind of feminine commotion, giving one, by their exclamations, no clew to what it might be. "Isn't it queer?" "Oh, good gracious!" "Isn't it horrid?" "Oh, how loathsome!" "Oh, take it away!—it's coming upon me! I shall scream! Don't, don't, *don't!*" The innocent cause of all this tumult was the dropping from a tree, upon the dress of one of the ladies, of what looked like a small dead twig, but, which, on falling, at once came to life, making use of tremendous-looking side twigs for arms and legs, enabling this terrible-looking but perfectly harmless "Bixo" to move along awkwardly, like one learning to walk on stilts, constantly stumbling and falling. Once safely on the ground, we all had a good opportunity to investigate his points; and one cannot describe it better than by saying that if the poor fellow had only had sense or instinct sufficient to remain quietly where he fell on the lady's dress, he would have been brushed off for a veritable decayed twig, and not now be adorning an entomological collection. He is known as the *Bixo de Pao*, or stick insect, but is the *Spectrum femoratum* to the learned; and quite a spectre he proved in our midst.

Peace once more restored, we reluctantly left the enchanted island, and could only spend a short time at our friends' home, which was a lovely seaside cottage, overlooking the beach, with extensive garden front and back, the latter reclaimed from the swamp, and full of vegetables. They kept poultry, ducks, geese, goats, cows, cats and dogs, besides their driving-mules—the distance from



AT THE TOP OF THE SERRA.

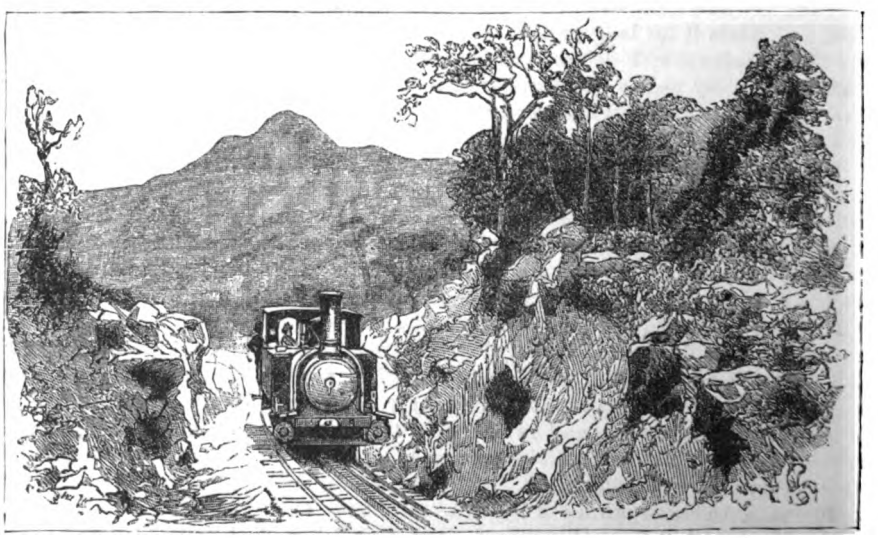
town and the indifferent nature of the meat and vegetables supplied from there constantly throwing the "Barra" dwellers on their own resources. A charming residence truly, but withal dull and monotonous, as, with the exception of a few congenial neighbors, there is here an absolute dearth of the resources of Northern civilization; society, theatres, visiting, literature, art and science, all being conspicuous by their absence.

One must be somewhat to the manner born to thoroughly appreciate Brazil and its attractions. It is not that people are originally or deliberately lazy from choice, in the tropics, but that the climate gradually engenders a free-and-easy mode of thought and action, which, by succeeding generations, becomes more and more accentuated, and finally degenerates into positive sloth and indolence, so exasperating to the newly arrived full-blooded Northerner. Fresh arrivals are too apt to make well-intentioned but unfortunate attempts toward reforming this hereditary state of affairs, and by their energetic radical efforts to improve the people succeed only in estranging the sympathies of those in authority, who might, in their own time and manner, assist them. "John Bullismo" or "Yankeeismo," however admirable in their respective spheres, where the dominant races are Anglo-Saxon and ambitious of progress, are sadly misplaced in the tranquil and somnolent South, where all nature invites to repose, and the Latin races are in the ascendency.

Santos is connected by rail with Rio *via* Sao Paulo, capital of the rich province of that name, the first section of which, to Sao Paulo up the Serra, being a most interesting and successful English enterprise. From Santos to the foot of the Serra, some fifteen miles, the railway winds through mangrove swamp; then, up the mountain, the Fell system line begins. Trains are drawn by wire rope, connected with four stationary engines at intervals. The grade is sometimes tremendous, equal in some parts to the Righi; the spans across wide chasms are terrifying, and great triumphs of modern engineering. At the Alto da Serra, some 3,000 feet above sea-level, the view down the mountain, along the coast, and out seaward, is superb. Sao Paulo is some thirty miles further on, situated on the tableland, the entrance to the richest coffee-growing district in the world. On this occasion we did not visit Sao Paulo, but hurried back to the *Calderon*, which had begun "tooting" for us, it being now late in the afternoon. How tired, how satisfied and how grateful we were to get back to our comfortable quarters on shipboard!

In the night we pass the port of Iguape, near which the so-called English colony of Cananéa was started, but which has never prospered. Excellent rice is produced in this neighborhood, and enough might readily be grown for the wants of the entire Empire. But their methods of preparation are primitive; internal and coastwise freights are costly; whereas Rangoon rice, one of the largest food staples of Brazil, is prepared and cleaned by most improved machinery at Rangoon, shipped by fast sailers—sometimes even by steamers—travels some 8,000 miles, and is then laid down in Rio much cheaper than the home article, even after paying a considerable import duty, from which the native rice is exempt.

Next morning, early, we are outside the bar of Paranaguá, where we are obliged to take a pilot, the channel being dangerous and shifting. The surrounding country is bolder and grander than that of Santos, more resembling that of Rio. The mountains are higher, with several distinct peaks towering away beyond and above the Serra do Mar. Safely anchored at last in the river, which rises in the neighboring mountains, we look for the city, and see only a few isolated houses, dotted here



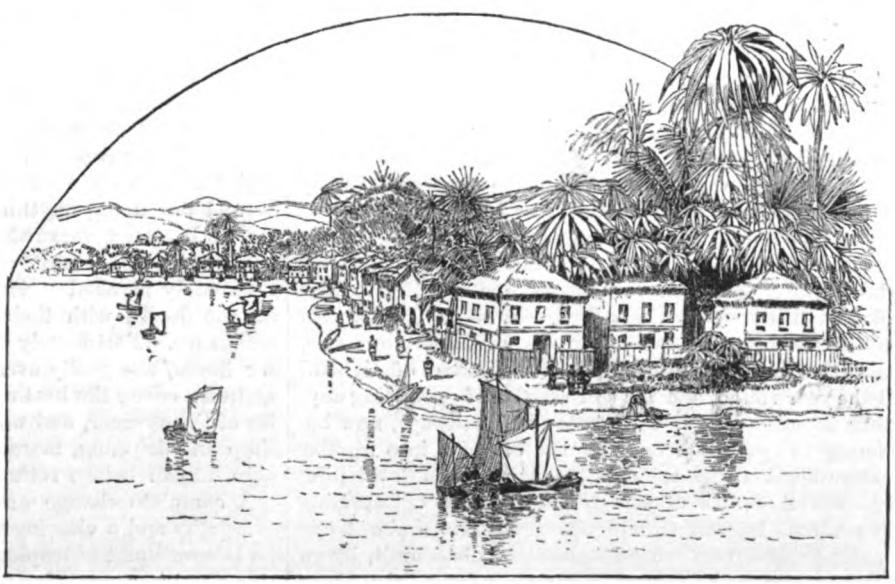
ON THE SERRA—TIJUCA MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE.

SANTA CATHARINA.

and there near the banks, but no perceptible wharves, quays or channels wherewith to approach the town.

As everything, however, comes to those who know how to wait, in Brazil as elsewhere, we breakfasted comfortably on board, and waited developments. Finally the agent came off, with a following of a few bumboats, selling fruit, enormous turtles and gaudy-plumaged birds—incongruous merchandise—and not many purchases were made.

The agent, a bright young Englishman, kindly put his boat at our disposal, and we, having neither acquaintances nor friends on shore, gratefully intrusted ourselves to his care. We soon solved the mystery of the entrance by turning sheer out of what appeared the main branch of the stream into what looked like an insignificant tributary, but which proved to be the only approach to the town. Wharf or landing-stage there was none; but with the aid of some planks and the willing hands of some casual tramps loafing aimlessly in the neighborhood, we managed to get ashore well enough. Still no town was in sight, and on questioning our new friend, he replied, pointing to a few desultory houses of mean appearance, "Why, this is the town, all around us!" and after a short walk we did come upon several *grass-grown* streets that looked as though they had never been inhabited. Still rather incredulous that this was the true Paranaguá, we kept steadily looking for the populace, but without finding any, save a few ragged children, white and colored. We were ushered into the most imposing-looking house of the place, and duly presented to the Marquez de G——, the largest merchant, capitalist and dignitary of the Province, who courteously made us acquainted with the Marqueza and his daughters. The *salon* into which we were shown was very large, square, with lofty ceiling, pierced at regular intervals with windows looking out upon balconies full of cane-bottomed chairs and sofas; neither carpets nor rugs to relieve a great Sahara of bare, unpolished floor. Walls and roof were plain, whitewashed, and on the former hung the portraits in oil of many generations of the family. At various points in the room two rows of chairs would spring out from the ends of a sofa, at right angles, toward the middle of the room, and to one of these sofas we were conducted—the place of honor—and the entire family opened fire upon us with innumerable questions. Whilst expressing pleasure in making our acquaintance, they were astonished at seeing foreigners in Paranaguá without having any pretext of business to account for their presence. "But then you foreigners are so eccentric"—this said with such conviction as though it explained so much. Our turn for questioning came, and we ascertained that the population of the town was about 5,000—more or less; that it depended for existence on the maté and the hide businesses, which would probably increase materially on the opening of the railway, still in process of construction, between this port and the capital, Coritiba, by a syndicate of French capitalists; that it would be quite a healthy place were it not for the dreaded "sezoes" (fever and ague); that the young ladies amused themselves almost altogether with music; that they, particularly, would be delighted when the railway was finished, to allow them to visit the capital frequently, which, situated some 100 miles away, up in the mountains, was a very healthy, gay place. Excellent black coffee was next handed round. One of the young ladies



PRAIA DE FÔRA, SANTA CATHARINA.

played us a selection from "Aïda" (of all operas, after "Guarany," the most admired in Brazil) with considerable execution and taste; after which we took leave, the ladies of the family all kissing my wife on both cheeks.

We lunched with our young English friend, who is married to a Brazilian lady who does not speak English; and their children—bonnie little Anglo-Brazilians—could only speak their mother's language, which struck us as rather unfortunate. The Herva Maté, or *Ilex Paraguayensis*, is grown extensively all over the Province of Parana, the dried leaves only being utilized. These are packed in ox-hide serons, secured on the backs of pack-mules, and troops of them thus find their way to the coast, occupying many days in the journey. Maté is drunk, by rich and poor alike, along the River Plate, the "gauchos" preferring it to tea or coffee, saying that they can subsist for many days without food, provided they can have plenty of maté. Chilians, Peruvians and Bolivians also use it to some extent. It is an infusion of the leaves, pounded almost to powder, and imbibed through a "bombilha," or silver tube, with perforated bulb, to keep the grounds out of one's mouth. The taste is an acquired one, but maté must possess valuable nerve-soothing properties, as physicians are constantly prescribing it in South America, as a beverage, to those suffering from nervous complaints, with well-authenticated good results.

By the afternoon we are off again, leaving our pilot at the bar, passing in the night the thriving ports of San Francisco do Sul and Itajahy. Near the latter, on the river of the same name, is located the oldest German colony in Brazil, that of Blumenau. Early next morning we find ourselves in smooth water, slowly steaming up the channel between the Island of Santa Catharina (or, to give its full title, "Nossa Senhora de Desterro"—literally "Our Lady of the Desert")—and the mainland, and a very lovely scene indeed it is. Why this fertile land should be under the protection of "Our Lady of the Desert" does not appear; perhaps because the first settlers were desirous of preventing strangers from sharing its bounties with them; or can it be that our good Lady of the Desert found this place a howling wilderness, and out of compassion for the devout settlers, made it to bloom as the rose? However it may be, 'tis a charming spot, the mountain scenery on both sides reminding one of Scotch lochs and their surroundings, whilst the tropical vegetation recalls to our mind the manifold beauties of the islands in the Caribbean Sea.

The town of Santa Catharina, and the capital of the province, is situated on the inner side of the island, facing the mainland, stretching irregularly along the coast, terminating to the north in its "Praia de Fôra," a dear little watering-place, where many handsome residences testify to both the taste and wealth of the inhabitants.

The commerce of the province is principally in the hands of a few German firms, established at the capital, who supply their compatriots, composing the various colonies of Blumenau, Doña Francisca and Joinville, with imported necessaries, and receive in exchange corn, rice, beans, bananas, mandioca, etc. The climate is delightful all the year round, and the soil capable of producing anything intertropical or temperate; and railways, now beginning to spring up, bringing the colonies into regular communication with the coast, must result in developing the natural wealth of the province. The enterprising Visconde de Barbarena, who owns coal-mines about one hundred miles from the coast, has lately had built, by an English company, a narrow-gauge railway, the Doña Christina, enjoying Brazilian Government guarantee, which connects his mines at St. Jeronymo with the new port of Ubasuba, and opens up this entire district to cultivation.

There should be ready markets all along the coast for the output of this mine, provided the native fuel proves as economical and good as Cardiff, and it can be mined and landed in consuming centres in competition with the English article. The manufacturing of fish-scales and shells into flowers is done admirably here, and has quite a local celebrity. The colored population appear in force on the arrival of steamers, and by their pertinacity generally succeed in working off some of their pretty flowers on the unsophisticated strangers at several times their store value.

Tropical Orchids are still plentiful this distance south, a fair collection of which we saw in a friend's garden. Amongst others, he had several beautiful varieties of Cattleyas, the Guttata, Leopoldii, etc., and a glorious specimen of *Lælia purpurata*, white and rose, all got from the neighborhood of Blumenau. Collectors from Europe periodically send out agents all over Brazil, and we ran against one of those emissaries here who had a room full of Orchids, all got in this province, and which he was packing to send home to England. Such wholesale depredations must shortly denude the Brazilian forests near the coast-line of one of their greatest attractions, and it might be a feasible plan that the Brazilian Government, awakened to their commercial value, should regulate or modify their export.

We drove round the town and suburbs in a friend's carriage, curtailing our stay on account of the threatening appearance of the weather.

In hiring a rowboat to take us on board the *Calderon*, we expressly stipulated with its owners that they should not hoist sail, as a storm was now undoubtedly coming on, and they solemnly agreed to row us all the way.

No sooner, however, had they fairly got us on board, than, with true Galician duplicity, they laid down their oars, and, despite our remonstrances, deliberately hoisted sail, with a living gale blowing. The thunderstorm, so long threatening, now struck the bay, and it began to rain in torrents, in sheets—ay, in solid masses—as it rains sometimes only in the tropics.

Drenched to the skin, holding on to the upper gunwale of the boat, the other being flush with the water, almost at an angle of 45 degrees, argument and invective were alike out of place, our sole object left in life being to hold on to our gunwale and kick off our boots and prepare for a swim! A sudden movement on any of our parts would have surely brought about a catastrophe; but the suddenness of the danger, the rapidity with which we were being carried through the now seething waters, and the instinct of self-preservation, fortunately prevented our doing anything.

Our boatmen, meanwhile, quite as much alarmed at the unexpected result of their laziness as their fares, alternately invoked "Nossa Senhora," and conjured up all the devils, with their "Aie! Co'os diabos," to their assistance. Fortunately this trip, which appeared to last for hours, was really over in a few minutes, and after a supreme effort, the boatmen managed to get in under the lee of the steamer, and we were assisted up the gangway, limp and dripping, more like drowned rats than reasonable human beings returning from a pleasure-trip.

A complete change of clothing; a good dinner, much sympathy and a clearing-up of the weather as sudden as its late outburst of tropical fury, rendered us happy once more, and in a condition to appreciate the beauties of the sail through the south channel toward the open sea. The

sun was setting in increased splendor over the distant purple mountains. All nature appeared in a joyous mood. Vegetation seemed to revive, glistening with the rain, the palms and bananas waving and dancing their delight. The waters of this strait, now as peaceful as any pond, surrounded on all sides by verdant mountains, completed a picture of majesty and peace difficult to describe, but peculiarly soothing to enjoy.

The transition from the lake-like waters of the channel to the comparative roughness of the ocean was sudden and disagreeable, particularly so as our steamer had now discharged the greater part of her cargo to enable her to cross the Rio Grande bar easily, and the propeller began to race.

Captain James did not like the looks of the weather, telling us that we were about to make the acquaintance of a "pampero" by meeting it full in the face; and a rough enough customer it proved.

All that night this terrible wind from the "pampas" of the south blew furiously, dead ahead. Our propeller pounded and raced, frequently being longer out of the water than in it, making a most deafening din at times, as though it were tearing the steamer to pieces, submerging again for a few seconds, only to rattle and roar with continued fury on its reappearance. Our only danger, if any, was in the possible snapping of the propeller's shaft, and even this we began to feel would be a mercy if it would only free us from the constant torture of the thumping, banging and grinding noise of the screw in midair. The North Atlantic in midwinter on a Cunarder or White Star boat is plain sailing to what we experienced in this little, barely ballasted steamer of but 1,000 tons, in the teeth of a "pampero." Sleep was impossible, and next morning we got up, fondly hoping that we might be off Rio Grande bar; but nothing was in sight but a stormy, green sea, lashed into white foam and fury by the violence of the wind, which continued unabated. At noon we got an observation, and discovered that we had made some forty miles since leaving Santa Catharina the evening before. This kind of weather continued until nightfall, when the wind gradually lessened. By next morning the storm had quite passed over, and about midday we found ourselves outside the bar of Rio Grande.

Here, we are in company of three other steamers, and quite a fleet of sailing-vessels, arrived from the River Plate, the northern ports of Brazil, and Europe, all waiting with enforced resignation for the signal from the bar-station to indicate when there might be sufficient water on the bar to permit of their crossing.

Quite close at hand we see the breakers tumbling ominously, where the waters of the Lagoa dos Patos come into collision with the ocean, and the dangerous banks of sand and the siftings of the lake are forced up into wall-like barriers, rendering navigation both difficult and dangerous. Several wrecks in our near vicinity do not tend to make the outlook more reassuring. Finding that there was no prospect of a release that day, we lowered a boat and paid a visit to our friend Captain Booth, of the steamer *Canova*, who had arrived from Montevideo shortly before us, driven up with almost miraculous speed by the same furious "pampero" that had so retarded us. Returning to our own steamer, we saw the "catraia," or large, flat-bottomed sailboat, taking soundings, but no signal on the tower of our depth of water, some 10 feet only.

The town of Rio Grande do Sul is invisible from our steamer, being ten miles up a winding channel, with sand-banks on both sides, on the inner southern entrance to the Lagoa dos Patos, which is about 180 miles long and 40 miles wide, flowing almost directly north to south. Upon the left bank of the lake, some thirty miles from Rio Grande, is situated the thriving town of Pelotas, communicating with another lake, Lagoa Mirim, stretching directly south. Near this point, on the River Jaguarao, a diligence runs nominally once a week, if weather permits and sufficient passengers offer, to the frontier of Uruguay, from whence one can travel by rail to Montevideo. The River Jaguarao is, however, tormented with a bar at its mouth, which intending passengers by stage must first cross; then the diligence service is erratic to a degree, the route is infested by brigands, the journey is rough in the extreme, the shaking-up inconceivable, the dust or mud is overwhelming, the chances of arriving at Montevideo in a week or a month are about equal, and the costliness of the trip is notorious; so that, all things considered, it is not surprising that the enterprise languishes.

At the north end of the lake is situated Porto Alegre, and our destination. But, meanwhile, we are besieging the bar of Rio Grande for admittance, quite uncertain as to how long we may still be detained.

After a "pampero," the indications are in our favor, and we retire to rest literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep," with all the pleasures of hope to buoy us up.

Next morning, a great commotion on board; the large and powerful custom-house steam-tug *Manoel Diabo* made her appearance in our midst, offering to take all passengers, mails and baggage ashore, as the soundings just taken made it appear doubtful whether ocean steamers would be able to cross during the day. Thankfully accepting this charitable offer of a paternal Government, we were soon ready to start. But here a difficulty arose; the *Manoel Diabo* was prepared to take us, bag and baggage, ashore, but she had no intention of coming alongside our steamer, or of any of our neighbors, remaining tantalizingly about equidistant from the three steamers, which were all compelled to lower their passengers into small rowboats—very objectionable to the ladies of our party, after our recent experience at Santa Catharina. But this was Hobson's choice, with no spare time for us to screw up our courage, or endeavor to persuade the "commandante" of the tug to come and fetch us. If we delayed, we might lose the opportunity of getting ashore that day, and be detained indefinitely outside. Down the gangway we went, escorted by the stalwart first officer; fell, rather than jumped, into the wabbling little boat, the which, crammed full of people, was quickly rowed alongside the autocratic tug, Here, alas! no gangway, stairs or steps of any sort. Boat-hooks grabbed hold of the tug, preventing us from being carried out of reach, and one and all of us—men and women, gentle and simple—were obliged to step on the gunwale of the boat, supported by sailors, the choppy, tumbling sea rendering it anything rather than a safe gymnastic feat; then, when the boat was flush with the tug's deck, the order was yelled out by savage-looking pirates on the tug, "Salta!" "salta!" ("Jump!" jump!")—and woe betide those who hesitated to obey this peremptory command.

Those safely bundled on board the tug greeted the precipitated arrivals of their successors with derisive cheers, more or less accentuated, according to the victim's measure of success in judging time and distance accurately, and of springing on board comparatively gracefully and without assistance, or of missing the top of the wave and being ignominiously pushed, dragged and hauled up the steep, wet side of the tug, and plunged or bundled on deck, more dead than alive. At last the

strange crowd of passengers was safely stowed on board, without any serious casualty, and, breathing more freely, we steamed through the dangerous channel and were soon in smooth water. With leisure to look around us, we now noticed what a motley spectacle we presented. The *Calderon's* contribution included some two hundred German immigrants, men, women and children, bound for the colony of S. Leopoldo, in all stages of poverty and dilapidation. The *Canova's* living freight was principally Italian; while the Brazilian steamer gave Argentines, Spaniards, Portuguese, Brazilians, Basques, Negroes, and even a few Turks, all in distinctive national costumes. Good-humored chaff abounded, and our unceremonious bundling on board the tug was looked upon by its victims rather as a good joke than anything at which to be vexed.

Nor do the South American peasant women suffer in comparison with their sisters from the South of Europe, either in looks, grace or picturesqueness of garb. Their dress is similar, but generally of better material, and more gracefully draped, and their physique gives one the impression of their being better fed. Black lace mantillas are worn by some, relieved by the tartan-like Alcobaca handkerchief headdress of the Peninsular women. There is no end to the display of cheap jewelry, the most remarkable of which are the antique-looking gold, brass or filigree silver pendent earrings. But what shall we say to describe the showy bodices, bedizened with kaleidoscopic ornaments, the gorgeous petticoats, and the green, pink and white tasseled boots, in all stages of discoloration and shabbiness? Perhaps we had better leave all this

PARANAGUÁ.

Landing from a steamer is always something of a "festa" to the Latin races, who come out, on such occasions, arrayed in their very best and brightest raiment.

The "Gaucho" from the "pampas" of the Banda Oriental, attired gracefully in wide sombrero, gay-colored poncho, flaming woolen shirt, silk belt with tassels, and trousers stuffed into huge untanned topboots, lost nothing of his reckless, devil-may-care appearance by elbowing the more prosaic and law-abiding peasants from the North of Spain and Portugal—the long-suffering, industrious and thick-headed Gallegos, who come to South America, with their sole patrimony of a hair-trunk, full of onions, clothed in their classical "chapeos de Braga," with great turned-up brims and nodding "pompons," for all the world like the Toreador in "Carmen"; their short jackets like Eton boys', their gorgeous waistcoats and their startling checked pantaloons.

to the imagination of the reader, and get on with our story.

What a Babel of tongues around us, every one eagerly pouring out their impressions, their trials, their hopes and fears to their neighbors, all delighted that their journey should be so near an end, and this New World before them.

(To be continued.)

In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness, and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet: it should direct the stroke and temper the force.

PRETTY MISS NANCY.— ORIGINAL SKETCH BY FRITZ REISS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED).

THE newcomer was a reporter on one of the great dailies of New York. Young Ampstead had first made his acquaintance several weeks before, and had met him a number of times since. The reporter seated himself in the chair behind which the physician had recently stood, passed a cigar to Ampstead, lighted one himself, took out a book and pencil, and said, cheerfully:

"Well, 'J. A.,' tell us all about it."

"All about what?"

"Barcase—the advertisements—the whole business."

"For publication, do you mean?"

"Certainly."

"There isn't much to tell."

"I suppose not. Any clew?"

"I think so; one or two."

"Following 'em up, of course?"

"Yes."

"Expect to find him dead or alive?"

"Alive, I hope."

"Skipped, did he?"

"Did what?"

"Skipped. Ran away, you know?"

"Oh, no; I feel sure he did not run away."

"Suicide?"

"No; not the slightest possibility of suicide."

"Well, tell me something definite. We want to print the very latest regarding the matter in our morning paper."

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"All right. Better luck next time. Success to you. Good-night." And the reporter hurried away.

John Ampstead rose wearily and put aside his books. It was getting late; he had done nothing yet; study had suddenly grown distasteful to him; he was nervous; he wanted to think.

Besides, the visit of the physician had lowered his spirits in some way. He doubted, now, some things which he had so firmly believed before; he half believed some things, now, which he had bravely and resolutely doubted.

He took the three policies of insurance on the life of Seth Barcase from a drawer in the desk, and, opening the safe, he put them away. His face was very grave as he did it.

"I—I suppose they are worth twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, to-night," he said to himself, which was a very despairing thing to say, even if morning and sunshine, after a good night's rest, would have the power of turning dreary belief to hopeful doubt again. It is believing for a little time, again and again, short though the time may be, the despairing side of doubt, that leads the mind away from the silver lining which shines, always, behind every dark cloud across the sky of life.

John Ampstead felt that he must walk. He could not find it in his power to sleep, not now nor for hours to come. He took his cane. He got his hat and gloves. He put out the gas. Then he suddenly felt an impulse for which he could not account, then nor thereafter, and, acting upon it, he slipped a revolver into his pocket. Bluff & Bragg had always felt it prudent to have loaded weapons in their desks, but John Ampstead had never made it a habit to carry one.

He walked down-stairs. He was decidedly and undoubtedly "blue." The future looked scarcely less dark and mysterious than the night did.

"Suppose he is dead," he said, grimly, to himself, as he stood in the street for a moment or two before deciding which way his walk should extend; "suppose he is?"

He did not finish his sentence then, nor answer his question—if it was one.

He walked rapidly away. He walked here and there, thoughtlessly and aimlessly, but all the time getting further and further from the business portions of the city, further and further toward suburban newness.

He had walked for hours. It was one or two o'clock in the morning. He was in a portion of the city where he had never been before. He was thoroughly tired out. He slackened his speed. He looked up at the stars, wondering what direction his boarding-house was in, how far away it was, and whether he had allowed himself to get lost in the maze of the suburban outgrowth of the great city.

Not that he was frightened. Not that he was worried at not knowing his way. He was only tired. But not so tired that he tried at once to retrace his steps; not so tired that he would not talk to himself.

"I wish I could have given the reporter an interview," he muttered, regretfully; "it might have been made worth something to me. I am sorry I said nothing to him. I am sorry I said I had nothing to say."

Mr. John Ampstead might have had slightly different and decidedly new ideas of an interview and an interviewer, and have markedly modified his conception of "saying nothing," if he could have known that the following was already in type, and would be on the streets for sale—one of the "items to holler," as the newsboys say—in the earliest edition of an enterprising newspaper.

"THE BARCASE MYSTERY.—A representative of this paper called upon 'J. A.,' better known as Mr. John Ampstead, at the office of Bluff & Bragg, last evening. Although somewhat inclined to be reticent, Mr. Ampstead furnished the reporter with the fullest and most recent information regarding this remarkable case. The friends of Mr. Barcase repel with indignation the idea that his absence is voluntary. The rumor that he is in hiding from his creditors is utterly false. Indeed, it is thought that all financial matters in which he is concerned have been fully settled, although Mr. Ampstead delicately refrained from making any definite statement on that head. The theory of suicide is scouted as as wildly absurd and impossible of being true. So far from that somewhat prevalent idea being correct, it is asserted that the friends of the missing man have excellent reasons for feeling sure that he is alive. Several clews have been found, and are all being followed with sleepless and tireless energy. It is obvious that a statement of the exact nature of the clews which the police and detectives are tracing out might be a warning to criminals and a means of defeating the ends of justice. Therefore, although no request was made, we think we are doing as Mr. Ampstead would wish in keeping silence."

Mr. John Ampstead did not know of this. He would have felt better if he had. The reporter had, as is not unusual, builded better than he knew. He had never met the bank cashier, of whom it might almost be said that "none knew him but to"—*hate him!* He had never heard of that unpleasant and offensive individual. He did not know what John Ampstead would wish written, nor what he would be glad to read when it once was written. But this night-worker in the service of that stupendous organ of fiction, the daily newspaper, had done as well for John Ampstead as John Ampstead could have done for himself.

The surprise in store for the young law-student when he should come to read the morning paper was a very pleasant one.

And now, Ampstead's mind runs back to the place in the logic of events at which it had stood when he came down from the office of Bluff & Bragg. He took up the thought he had had then, and now he finished his expression of it.

"Suppose he is dead?' he said to himself; "suppose he is dead? He is alive in a legal sense until he is *proven* dead. He is not likely to be proven dead very soon, because—because—— Well, I don't think he's likely to be proven dead! If I knew him to be dead, it would be my duty to destroy that package, or see that it was destroyed. If I do not know that he is dead, I have a right to the package—whenever the conditions imposed have been complied with, and I fancy I'll find a legal way of getting it."

From all of which it will be seen that he was far toward having the characteristics of a good lawyer. Judge the man by this one effort of logical presentation, and you will see that he may be admitted to the circle of the duly qualified when he has made a little more progress. And now, if the young woman, "the coming young woman——"

Wait a little, John Ampstead—only a little!

You don't know where you are! You have never been within miles of here before! You couldn't find your way here again!

It is three o'clock! The distant, drowsy bells are telling the time with a hundred iron tongues! And you—you are almost at the point where your road crosses that of your "coming young woman."

She is waiting for you, just around the corner of the block!

Chapter XXV.

John Ampstead turned the corner. Before him, a half-dozen rods away, standing apart from the others, as though aristocratic and exclusive, stood a large house. There were no lights in its windows. There was nothing to indicate that there was any one awake within. But in front of it, and some distance away from it, because of its standing well back from the street, there was a carriage waiting. And with the carriage there were two men.

One of the men sat, with his face in the shadow, upon the step at the side of the carriage. The other, a young and remarkably handsome fellow, was walking up and down on the sidewalk and manifesting the greatest nervousness and impatience.

"Will she never come?" he said, passionately, and none the more pleasantly that he had asked the same question a score of times already since the distant clocks struck the hour of midnight.

The man on the carriage-step made an answer that was half way between a curse and a growl. It may that it was more easily understood when he first made it to the other's selfsame question, three hours before.

As if in answer to the question of the younger man, another carriage, a carriage rapidly driven, came around the corner on the opposite side of the block from that where John Ampstead had just appeared. It drew up in front of the large house, and not ten feet from the vehicle which had been waiting so long.

A young lady got out of the carriage. She paid the driver from a purse which was evidently well filled. She turned and ran lightly up the walk to the house, while the hired carriage in which she had come was driven rapidly away. The driver was evidently in a very great hurry.

She rang the bell. No answer.

She rang again, a longer and prolonged peal. No answer.

She rang a third time, a long-continued and desperate ring. And still no answer.

The stouter man of the two with the waiting carriage, the man who had been sitting upon the step, had mounted to the driver's seat as the young lady went up the walk toward the house. The hat he wore was well drawn down over his face, and his collar was turned up although the night was rather warm than otherwise.

The younger man had followed slowly up the walk after the lady.

And John Ampstead, not seen yet by any of the actors in this comedy—or tragedy—of the night-time, had stepped behind a tree, some fifty feet away from the gate, and was watching the performance with great interest. On the whole, he was rather glad he had a pistol in his pocket. He had constituted himself the protector of the young lady whose face he had not yet seen, and the punisher of the men who were waiting for her, if they meant to do her harm.

The young lady turned from the door after her third vigorous but vain attempt to get some one to admit her. The young man who had followed her stood at the very top of the steps, not a half-dozen feet from her. They looked squarely into each other's eyes as she turned her head. She shrank back from him, as she might have drawn away from some hideous beast, and threw up her hands appealingly. John Ampstead, watching closely, thought that she would either faint or go into violent hysterics. She did neither. She kept her senses. She uttered no cry. She rang the bell again. She kept her eyes upon the man.

The young man laughed, a hoarse, mirthless laugh.

"It's of no use," he said; "no use whatever. The house is empty. There is no one to hear the bell."

"The house is not empty. My mother is here. I had a telegram from her."

"Say from me, rather. Your mother isn't within a thousand miles. You're trapped at last, Miss Caroline Eustace."

She looked eagerly up the street at the scattered houses; she looked anxiously down the street at the houses more scattered still. She drew back still further from her persecutor; drew back until she was almost crouching against the door; drew back, while he in turn drew nearer to her.

"You may look and look," he said, tauntingly, "but there's no help for you anywhere; the people in these houses are all sound asleep; they wouldn't hear you if you were to call never so loud. It is my turn to put on airs and play the part of the scornful; it is for you to sue and beg and plead. You may as well resign yourself to the inevitable. There is no help for you."

No help! If the young man had known of John Ampstead's near presence he might have spoken with less of certainty. John was debating seriously with himself what he should do. He could see the young lady's face now, vaguely and uncertainly, to be sure, because of the darkness of the night, but plainly enough to see that she was beautiful, very beautiful. Her figure was slender and lithe, but strong and shapely, withal; her hair was dark; her features were small and regular; her teeth were like pearls; her eyes were brown, deep, large, melting—and in them just now was the pathetic look of a young creature of the woods, wounded and at bay. No help! The young man was likely to find himself mistaken.

No help! The fact was that John Ampstead was trying to decide just what to do to help this lovely woman who was in danger. He grudged each moment of her suffering and her tormentor's triumph. He had determined that there should be rescue and gladness for her—disgrace and punishment for the villain who would injure her. He had not stopped to ask himself *if* he could do something for her. He had simply asked himself *how?* and *when?* He was handling the revolver he had taken, and handling it in a way that was full of danger for those against whom his anger was rising so high. And these were the questions that were running through his mind: Was it certain that he could kill the man at a single shot? Was he sure he wouldn't hurt the woman? Was it best to kill the driver first? Had he done anything yet, or said anything, which made *his* life forfeit?

Had the young man forfeited his life, in a legal sense? Would the law look with commendation, or even with leniency, on the deed he had at heart? No help! And the life of the man who had boastingly said it was hanging in the balance. The well-armed man, capable of putting five pistol-balls out of six in a circle six inches in diameter at the distance of the width of a street, with a decided advantage over a man he would like to try his skill upon, and with a clear *moral* right to do it—is an exceedingly dangerous sort of a man to arouse. And there are numerous cases in our American criminal annals of men who have been seriously hurt under just such conditions! Only—

There is a difference between a moral right and a legal one. If John Ampstead hadn't been a law-student, and a pretty well posted one, too, it is quite as likely as otherwise that "No help!" would have been about the last thing the wickedly inclined young man would ever have said.

The young woman threw herself upon her knees before the one who had spoken with such heartlessness.

"Have you no pity, no manhood?" she moaned, brokenly.

"None," he answered; "none! I have only my overmastering love for you!"

"Love?" she said, scornfully; "love? Do you call it love?"

The man laughed his brutal laugh again.

"I called it that until your scorn had driven me all but mad," he said, passionately, "and your indifference had made me regardless of what I did or what consequences followed. I called it love in the past. It was love that I offered to you. Now you may call it what you please. You may dignify it by the old-time name, or you may not; please yourself; it makes no difference to me. You may call it hate if you wish; I shall not care for that. The truth simply is, that whatever you may call it, you cannot escape it. This is the hour of my triumph."

"But I refused you and your love, long ago."

"I know you did, fool that you were! But you are mine—mine beyond any power to part us—mine beyond any power to save you! I offered you marriage in the past; I offered it more than once; you refused it with sharp words and cruel looks. No matter, I offer you marriage again. Miss Caroline Eustace, will you marry me?"

"Never!"

"I love you, and——"

"You lie. You mock every thought of love."

"And I want you for my wife. There is an authorized official not a half-dozen blocks away who will perform the ceremony for us if you will only consent."

"I will never—never—never do it."

"Think twice. Have a care. You are going with me when I leave here, willingly or unwillingly, as it may please you to decide. When one has paid so dearly for a woman's love as I have done, he is not going to let any little thing stand in the way of his wishes."

"Dearly," with a concentrated scorn which must almost have made her listener, wicked as he was, flush with shame; "dearly! I should think you had paid dearly. Murder——"

"I beg your pardon."

"Murder——"

"You are mistaken. There has been no indictment found against me. The case was considered in the court, where I had given bail, to-day, or rather yesterday, since it is almost morning now. I am a free man."

"But you took a man's life, you coward, and that man——"

"Keep still! I did take his life; but I did it in self defense. I swear to you that——"

"Perjurer, liar, murderer, coward——"

"Enough. I will bandy words with you no longer. I will tame you, you vixen, if I die for it. I will break your will or your heart; I will conquer you or kill you. Once for all, you must go with me; once for all, will you go quietly, or must I use force?"

She made him no answer in words. She looked straight into his evil eyes, looking up from her kneeling posture, and read there his fierce determination to show no mercy and to feel no pity. She looked up and down the silent street of the sleepy suburban neighborhood. No sign of help anywhere; no sign of life anywhere, except the horses and driver at the gate, and they her enemy's help. She looked up at the sky. Was the eye of God shut in slumber too? Had He utterly forgotten her?

She sprang to her feet; she made a dash which she intended should carry her by the man she so hated and feared and give her a chance to escape if her speed could only be as great as his. But his arm was around her in a moment, and had drawn her close to himself. A shriek of terror rose to her lips; but her assailant wound her own shawl round and round her head, stifling the cry upon her lips and preventing a repetition of the attempt.

Then he raised her lightly in his strong arms, and ran swiftly down the walk with her.

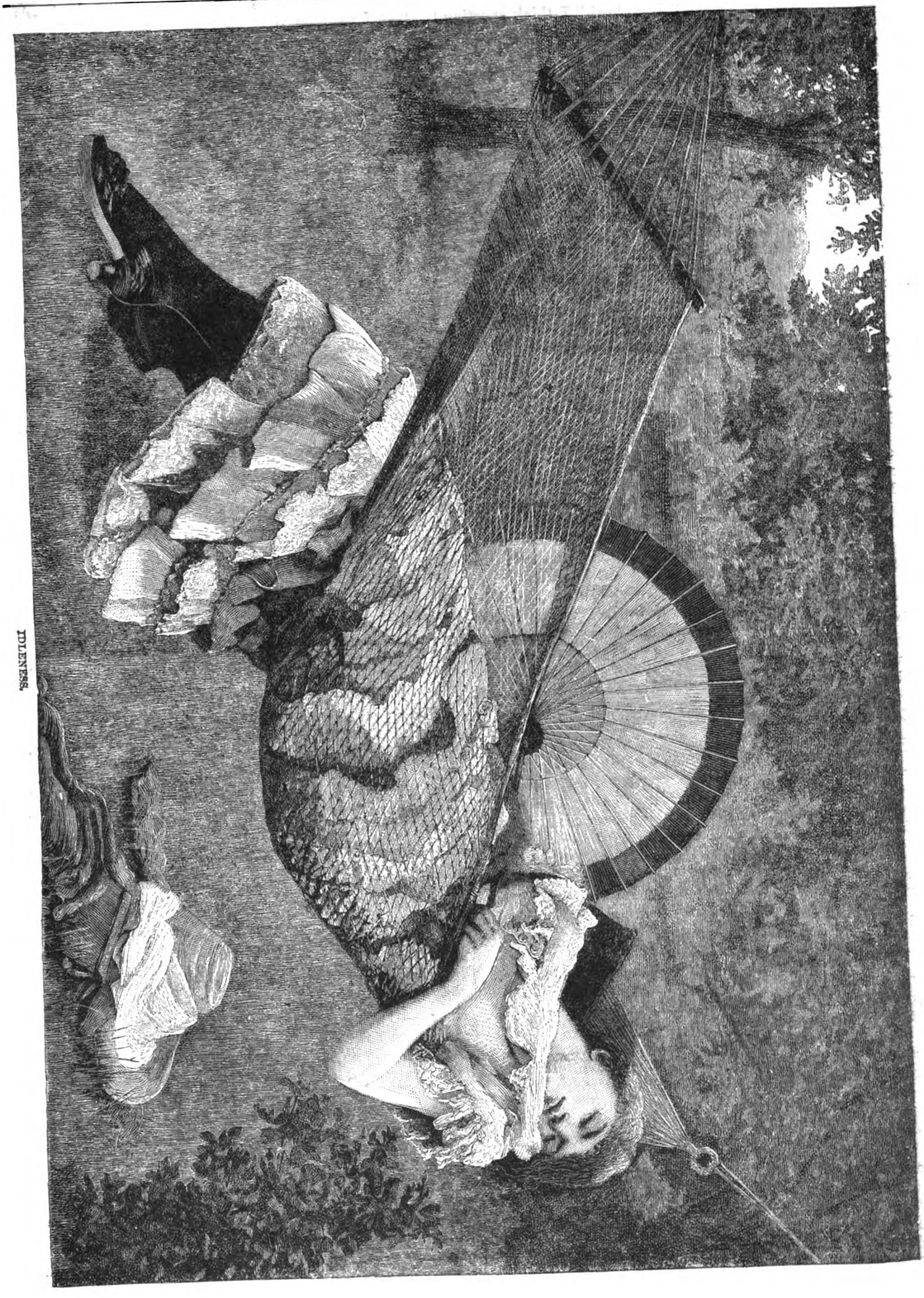
And then, to the great astonishment of the two would-be abductors, Mr. John Ampstead appeared on the scene.

The man on the driver's seat had all he could do, for a little time, to quiet his horses, for they were greatly excited by the sight of John Ampstead rushing toward them, brandishing his cane, and by the sound of his voice as he shouted to the young man to stop. From the standpoint of the evil-minded ones, it was well that the driver prevented a runaway. It would have been an exceedingly awkward thing for the young man to have been left behind by his companion in crime to try and explain why he was in possession of a certain stolen young lady. The driver didn't let his horses get away—he quieted and controlled them. But, for a short time, he had no chance to do anything else.

And, meantime, John Ampstead and the other young man were running an exciting race, though a short one, for the carriage. A good deal depended on who won—the life of the young man among other things, perhaps, for John had determined, in one of those instants of inspiration which sometimes come to a man in times of great excitement or danger, that if he got there first he would try to get along without using a worse weapon than his cane, while if he failed, he meant to use his revolver.

The young lady, while all this was happening, was in entire ignorence of there being a chance for escape. The shawl about her head not only shut in her own cries, but shut out those of the man who was coming to her rescue. She had not fainted, and she was fighting as well as the circumstances would allow, though without the least hope of escape. Her terror and fear must have been appalling to contemplate. The only thing which could have given her a clew to the sudden turn which fate's tide had taken in her favor would have been the remarkable burst of speed which her abductor was making. But, to a young lady to whom the experience of being run away with was entirely novel, it is not likely that counted for much in the way of suggestive information.

The race, considered abstractly as a race, would have to



IDLENESS.

be counted as a draw—a "dead heat," I think sporting men call it. I regret that I must say this, in the interest of exact and impartial truth, for I should like to write that John Ampstead won. The fact is, the two men reached the carriage at exactly the same time.

And then, John Ampstead had the advantage of being unencumbered with a load of any sort of plunder, while the other young man had before him the task of getting into a carriage-door—if he could—with a very vigorous and remarkably active woman in his arms.

But the driver had gotten his horses under pretty fair control by this time, and was reaching for a pistol, so that the two sides had the advantages and disadvantages pretty well balanced. It would have puzzled a mathematician to have stated the "probabilities" of the animated problem at a glance.

The problem was not long in working itself out.

John Ampstead struck the young man a sounding blow over the head with his cane, just as he was springing for the carriage, and the rascal fell into the vehicle in a very disordered-looking heap, knocked senseless at least, and —John shuddered as he said it to himself, even then— and perhaps killed.

Then the driver shot at John Ampstead, and, because of the restlessness of his horses, or for some other reason, missed. John Ampstead caught the young woman from her captor as he pitched headformost into the carriage. He set the trembling and thoroughly frightened creature upon her feet, though he was forgetful enough of the proprieties to keep one arm, his left, around her. He cast away his broken cane—he got out his pistol.

The driver, seeing that Ampstead had a pistol, let his horses have their desired way, and off they dashed down the street, the senseless man enough in the carriage to go with it, but enough out on the steps to make it doubtful whether he would ride far or not. Ampstead stood looking after them, wondering whether he had better shoot at the exceedingly guilty young man, whom he didn't know, or the sufficiently guilty old man whom he did. But the young lady, who had been so brave and sensible up to that time, evidently thinking that the whole affair was over, fainted dead away, just then, and prevented Ampstead's getting a shot at all. The carriage rattled away down the street, the noise of the wheels and the hoof-beats growing fainter and fainter, until they faded into silence.

And John Ampstead looked down into the white, senseless face so near his in hopeless bewilderment.

The "coming young woman" had come! What could he do with her?"

The situation was remarkable—unique.

Not a window opened in the vicinity; not a policeman appeared. No one stirred anywhere in sight. Despite the fact that there had been almost a tragedy, or worse, the slumbering citizens slept on.

John Ampstead hadn't any of the usual means for restoring fainting persons. He thought to himself that he might rub the young lady's hands, and perhaps help her in that way, but they looked so white and delicate, and unused to harsh treatment, that he shrank from making the attempt.

Doubtless the fresh air revived her. At any rate, she opened her eyes, after a little, and looked dazedly about her. Then the horror of her danger came crowding back upon her memory, and she shut her eyes, and covered her face with her hands, while a shudder seemed to shake her from head to foot.

In a minute or two she looked up again, her brown eyes still full of fright and pain.

"I—I suppose you saved me?" she asked, earnestly. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"I did save you, but it wasn't much to do. I had every advantage. Let us say nothing about that."

"But you ran the risk of your life, didn't you? The driver shot at you, didn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose I ran some risk, but not enough to be worth mentioning. The driver shot at one of us, I don't know which one. I think he may have meant you fully as much as he meant me."

"It was brave, very brave."

"Not very. Any one would do what I have done. It only took a quick eye and a strong arm. And now, let me escort you to some place where you can be safe and comfortable."

"I don't know where to go," she said, hesitatingly; "for, though I have friends in the city, they are none of them expecting me, and I am not on particularly intimate terms with any of them."

"But this house?" pointing to the still dark and silent mansion at whose door she had vainly rung; "is there no one here on whom you have claims? Is there no shelter here for you?"

"It seems not, though this is my home."

"Your home?"

"Yes. My mother bought this house three years ago, and we lived here for a year, and then—— But I am telling you a great many uninteresting things about myself."

And she blushed very prettily.

"Go on, pray. What you are saying is not uninteresting, I assure you; and besides, I may be able to be of more assistance to you if I know a little more about you than the somewhat romantic way in which we met."

The young lady looked him in the face for a moment, and then laughed a hearty, silvery laugh.

"'We met by chance?'" she quoted.

"But not in a very usual way," he said, with a smile.

"No, indeed. And now I will tell you more of myself."

"Very well. But suppose we walk while we talk. As you have no friends on whom you care to trespass, I will turn you over to the good offices of some friends of my own. I know a lady in this city who has as motherly a heart as you could wish to find. I feel well enough acquainted with *her*, though I have been chiefly connected with her husband, to ask the favor of a temporary home for you under their roof. She will be charmed at the story of our adventure. Being a person of quick appreciation, she cannot help liking you, and——"

"I shall be ever so glad and thankful. You are so very, very kind. And only to think that if you hadn't come——"

"Let us not think of that. I did come."

"I know you did; but you might as likely have been miles away, and there wasn't any other help anywhere near. I cannot help thinking of what a scoundrel you saved me from, and"—with a very saucy smile flashed up at him from her brown eyes—"and you mustn't be so impolite as to interrupt me when I want to talk about it."

And John Ampstead looked down at her face, hoping to get another such a smile as that which she had just given him, but there was only the delicate white eyelids to reward his gaze.

"What a bright, sensible, piquant, brave, plucky, thoroughbred and truly American little woman she is!" he said to himself. But aloud he said only: "Pardon me—I promise to be good and polite; or do you make

the words synonymous? But you interrupted me first. I was saying, you remember——"

"But I don't remember," she said.

Ampstead laughed and bit his lips.

"I was saying that my friend couldn't help liking you."

"Thank you," very demurely.

"And that I was sure you would love Mrs. Bluff."

"Mrs. Bluff?"

The brown eyes looked straight into his again, but there was no smile in them now. There was pain, surprise, regret; these, and a steely glitter that looked dangerous.

"Yes, Mrs. Bluff."

"Is she any relative of the great lawyer?"

"She is the wife of a lawyer named Bluff."

"Of the firm of Bluff & Bragg?"

"Certainly."

She drew her hand out of its resting-place on Ampstead's arm.

"We must go somewhere else then," she said, sharply and quickly, putting her hand wearily to her head. "Let me think. Which of my acquaintances shall I go to? I cannot go to the home of either of those fearful men—Bluff or Bragg!"

"Fearful men? What do you mean? What have they ever done to merit your anger or your disapproval?"

"Why, sir, they are in league with thieves and murderers. They defend men who rob and burn and kill; they work for men who kill their own parents."

"True, they do these things; but innocent men are sometimes accused, and must be defended. Men commit crimes, sometimes, under circumstances which are of such a character as to go far toward excusing them, and they must have their cases wisely and eloquently presented. In this way the necessity for so-called criminal lawyers arises, and, as all wise workers wish success, it happens that guilty men are aided to escape by the experience and wisdom of those who are employed by them. Bluff & Bragg are good *lawyers*, using the word "good" in the sense of quick, acute and successful; but I pledge you my honor that they are *good men*, in the best and highest sense of the term."

The young lady came a step nearer to Ampstead, hesitated doubtingly, and then laid her hand confidingly on his arm again.

"I think you talk like a lawyer yourself," she said; "are you one?"

"No," very regretfully and dejectedly; then, with a haste which seemed very strange, he added, emphatically: "I shall study hard night and day though, and be admitted to the Bar just as soon as ever I can. I assure you I will."

"You are a law student then?"

"Yes."

"And where do you study?"

"In the office of Bluff & Bragg."

"Oh!" in a tone which combined surprise, satisfaction and apology—"oh! it must be all right then. I shall be delighted to have you take me to Mrs. Bluff's."

They had been walking all this time, and walking rather fast. Ampstead had not noticed the direction of their walk or the turns they had made, but he awoke, just now, to the fact that they were in a portion of the city where he was acquainted, and that it would not take them long to walk to the Bluff residence.

"Let us not hurry," he said, slackening his speed quite remarkably; "I must not tire you entirely out." He spoke in a tone of great consideration. I hope he felt what his tone expressed. It is so easy to go slow selfishly instead of kindly, and John Ampstead was too human even to have been intended for the hero of a romance of perfection.

The young lady accommodated her step to the changed speed. She looked at him a moment; he was looking another way. She looked down again. She said nothing.

"And now," he said, rapidly, as though words were necessary in order to push aside the memory of something which had been said before, "let me hear some thing more of yourself, and of how you happen to be in this friendless condition."

"There isn't much to tell. Three years ago my mother bought the house where I rang the bell to-night. We lived there for a little more than a year; then a friend of mother's was going to Europe on account of her health, and urged mother to go with her. She went. I went to a boarding-house in the city here, my mother not wishing to take me abroad on account of some of my studies—music and art, for instance—in which I was taking great interest and making excellent progress. You see it was necessary for us to think of economy too, for we haven't so very much besides the house and furniture, and of my perfecting myself in my studies, in order to be able to teach, for I shall have to earn my own way most likely."

And at that John Ampstead smiled to himself in a most disreputably happy manner.

"A month ago the gentleman in whose family I had been boarding moved to Buffalo. I had become very intimate with his daughter, and was invited to make her a visit of a couple of months. I consented to do so, and went West wiih them. Then I got the lying telegram which brought me home. The train was late. I suppose the man who has troubled me with his attentions for the past year had some other plan for my capture, perhaps, but finding out that I would be late, resolved to abduct me from the steps of my own home. That is about all."

"And this is the home of Mr. Bluff," said Ampstead, walking up the steps of the mansion opposite which he had paused just as she finished her story.

There were some well-bred expressions of surprise on the part of the unseasonably aroused Bluffs. There were a few quiet sentences of explanation from John Ampstead, then he bade his new-found friend adieu, holding her hand at parting just a little longer than was really necessary. John Ampstead did a deal of thinking on his way to his boarding-place, in that early morning walk after he had left Miss Caroline Eustace with Mrs. Bluff. How little she had told him; how little he knew of her, and between him and that little would rise up her sweet face and her wonderful brown eyes.

It was a very grave and thoughtful John Ampstead who let himself in with the latch-key at such a scandalous late hour. And he said something very resolutely and a little despairingly to himself as he went up the dark stairs to his room: "I will if I can, God help me! If I fail, I shall never have the right to read that package John Braynor left me." He said nothing regarding the "coming woman."

But Miss Caroline Eustace, sleeping in a bed which was as large and warm—to compare great things with small—as the motherly heart of Mrs. Bluff, dreamed that her new-found friend was running away with her, and that she made a vigorous pretense of fighting against the

fate that made her so very happy. Then she awoke to remember that she didn't know his name—yet; and to blush hotly in the darkness, though it was only a dream.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. BLUFF and Miss Caroline Eustace sat in the parlor of the Bluff residence that afternoon. (I suppose *that afternoon* is the proper way to speak, when we remember that the remarkable legal labors which Mr. John Ampstead had inaugurated the evening before—or something else—had kept him out of his room until morning.) Mrs. Bluff was too matter-of-fact and sensible to be a remarkably fashionable woman; Miss Caroline Eustace was a comparative stranger; but the ladies were evidently dressed in expectation of receiving a call.

It was wonderful how much a night had done for Miss Eustace, though one could see that she was still enduring a considerable amount of nervous suffering, and would find it easy to believe that she ought to have rest and quiet for several days. Her baggage had been brought from the depot. She was dressed in some wonderfully becoming garb whose naturalness and simplicity were the results of much pains and time. Mrs. Bluff had insisted that she should remain with her for a time, a week at least, and the two ladies were already mutually appreciative friends.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A servant brought in a card. Mrs. Bluff read it, and then handed it to her guest, who read it in her turn: "John Ampstead."

Miss Eustace looked disappointed. She rose and moved toward a door which would allow her to leave the room without seeing the caller.

"I—I had hoped——" she said, and then paused in pretty and blushing confusion as she met the astonished look of her hostess. "Is—is his name John Ampstead?" she asked. "I had forgotten that I had ever heard his name."

The young man came in. He was greeted warmly by both ladies. Then Mrs. Bluff took advantage of the home-woman's ever-ready and often-used excuse.

"I know that Miss Eustace will have much to tell you of the aid she needs after her cruel fright, and after that will be glad to entertain you. I have discovered that she sings and plays divinely. As for me, duty never relaxes its hold on the unfortunate woman who is at the mercy of hired servants; I must positively be excused for a time. You will spend the afternoon with us, Mr. Ampstead, will you not? It isn't every day that one can call upon a young lady whose life he saved the night before, and you will take dinner with us this evening, of course?"

And John Ampstead, whose acquaintance with Mrs. Bluff had been rather slight and formal, despite what he had said of her the night before, and who had not only never eaten in her house before, but had never been asked to, said that he would, "of course."

Then Mrs. Bluff pulled out a dainty little watch. She looked at it as though astonished. She frowned a little.

"You really must excuse me; I must not let my reputation suffer; I am noted as a housekeeper."

Which latter statement would have been news to those best acquainted with her; and which, as she had a French cook to whom Bluff paid an almost fabulous salary, and a numerous retinue of other excellent servants, was probably a barefaced bit of blameless fiction.

Mrs. Bluff's friends did call her an inveterate matchmaker, though. It would have been neither pleasant nor fair for her to have said so. John Ampstead remembered having heard it whispered once that such was the fact, and he was happy in his superior knowledge; Miss Eustace was sublimely unconscious of the possibilities of the little deceptions of fashionable life.

"You are looking well to-day," said John Ampstead. It was true. Was it awkward?

"Thank you, I am feeling quite well, except a little tired. I think I have quite recovered from my fright."

"I am glad. Did you sleep well?"

She remembered her dream, and she looked at him half fearfully, much as though she feared he might read her thoughts.

"Very well," she said.

"I want to straighten out all this matter for you if I can. And if you feel that you can bear to speak of it now, perhaps it had better be attended to to-day. You spoke of a telegram. What did you get?—When?"

"This. Of course it must be a forgery."

She handed the message to Ampstead. He read it:

"NEW YORK *September* —, 1880.

"MISS CARRIE EUSTACE, Buffalo, N. Y.—I have arrived home. Am very sick. The physician says I may not live a week. Come at once to our own house. MRS. EUSTACE."

He handed it back.

"I think it is a forgery," he said, "and a clumsy one. Rather, we *know* it is a forgery, since your mother has not returned to America. But it should not have trapped you. Let us examine it. Would your mother have sent as long a message as that?"

"I think not."

"Which would she have called you in a formal and half-public communication, 'Carrie' or 'Caroline'? How would she write in addressing a message or a letter to you?"

"Caroline, undoubtedly."

"And the one who wrote this telegram wanted to call you 'Carrie'?" This half jealously.

"Evidently!" This with a ring of anger and of fear in it.

"Would your mother say that she had arrived home, and then specify the house with so much care?"

"No; for she would go there on her return as a matter of course."

"Would your mother have set a time-limit to her life in a telegram, and that limit a week—long enough to have written and had the news broken to you gently, short enough to almost prostrate you with alarm?"

"I think she would not?"

"Would she sign her name without a first name or an initial?"

"No."

"Would any one have done it unless ignorant of what the name or initial is?"

"No, I think not."

"Then the forgery is clumsy. That will help us."

"Help us?—How?—What do you mean?"

"This: That no operator ever sent that message without its having impressed him as being out of the ordinary sort of telegrams. We shall be able to find who presented this, I think, even in the great City of New York."

"But why is that necessary?"

"Because of two reasons: There were two of your assailants. There are two witnesses. You were rescued; I rescued you; there are two witnesses on our side. Don't you see that the man who was desperate enough to attempt your abduction will be desperate enough to make a strong defense, and that he has as many to give evidence in his behalf as we in yours. And second, no young lady likes her name mixed up, in print and in conversation, with an affair like the one last night. We

ITALIAN FISHER-GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELE SÉNET.

can punish the man severely for sending the message. We need not give very much attention to his assault upon you."

"But the driver may not be a bad man, he may simply be a weak man—in need of a bad man's money?"

"Not he. It may be that if your train had been on time, so that your abduction had to take place at the depot itself, that a man of the sort you describe would have been the one to dash forward and proffer his services as soon as your presence was signaled to him and it was seen that you desired a carriage. But, when it was decided to take you by force from the steps of your own home, a very different sort of man was selected. I recognized the driver. He is a thoroughly dangerous man. I would not believe him on oath. I think him as bad and depraved a person as exists unhung. He is a man by the name of Martin Glugg."

"Indeed?" The name meant nothing to her—nothing then. She had never heard of Martin Glugg before.

"In that case," said Miss Eustace, "I think it would be wise not to make a complaint at all. It will do no good, and simply make our names notorious. I would prefer to let the matter be kept quiet."

"You are wise," said John Ampstead, "in the decision you have made. You understand the sort of man with whom you have to deal. You can be watchful. Your friends can be watchful. Let us know—Bluff & Bragg and myself and a few others—who the man was, and——"

"His name is Mortimer Dellerton," said Miss Eustace; "he murdered his father because the old man heard of the attentions which were being forced upon me, and objected to his son having anything to do with me—though I don't know why he objected unless he knew his son so well as to make him desire to save any woman so unfortunate as to be cursed with his admiration. He killed his father. And Bluff & Bragg—the *lawyers*, not the *men*—saved him from the fate upon the gallows which he so richly deserved."

"They shall do no more for him, I promise you that; and they shall help keep an eye upon him too."

"Thank you, ever and ever so much."

"And now," said John Ampstead, "having settled that it is best and prudent not to crowd this enemy of yours, but rather to watch him, and I think it *is* best, what shall we do next?"

She looked up shyly at him.

"Since we are to be friends," she said, softly, "and since we have settled all about poor me, is it not fair that you should tell me something of yourself?"

"There's so very little to tell. I am a very commonplace individual, I assure you. Nothing remarkable ever happened to me, and I cannot be egotist enough to pretend that it is otherwise."

John Ampstead was a truthful man—so far as he knew—or meant to be!

"I am very anxious to hear about them," she replied, with much animation; "I always did like commonplace people, which is only another name for modest and sensible ones. Please tell me about your life."

"I will, since you wish it. But you mustn't complain if you find the recital prosy and tiresome; remember you will have brought the infliction upon yourself. First of all, then, I was born——"

"Yes, sir."

"In a sober and sleepy old New England town, where it is doubtful if anything worth my mentioning ever happened—anything else, I mean. My childhood was as calm and quiet and uneventful as anything you could imagine. I went to school when school was in session; I helped my father when vacation-time came. I grew and thrived; those were good old days. Later, I found that I loved books more and more. The gentleman for whom I was named, a bachelor by the name of John Braynor, was gratified at my thirst for knowledge, and assisted me with money and with personal instruction. I went to college; his money paid my expenses. I graduated with honor; he was pleased. I decided that I would be a lawyer; again it was his money which made smooth the path in life which I had elected to follow."

"You must love him very much? It is so natural for us to love those who serve us."

John shot a quick glance at her, but her eyes were bent toward some work which she held in her hands.

"I think so—I mean I hope so—do you think it is?"

"Oh, I am sure of it," she cried, looking up at him. But something in his face sent her timid glance down to her work again.

Really the two young people were getting on most excellently well together. Mutual danger, a mutual secret, and a community of interests; they were already better acquainted than a dozen years of fashionable friendship could have made them. They were already far down that enticingly bright road whose end is deathless orange-blossoms—or undying regrets.

John Ampstead paused gravely for a moment or two. Then he spoke again:

"I did reverence and love him very much," he said, with much earnestness, "and his money is very dear to me."

"Ah! he is dead, then?" with a delicate cadence of sympathetic pain.

"Yes, he is dead. And it is so recent that I find the tears coming into my eyes a hundred times a day. He was a most noble man."

"I am very sorry for you," she said, kindly.

"Thank you. Your sympathy is very grateful."

"And now, I suppose, you have your own way to mak in the world?"

"Oh, no. John Braynor left me almost the whole of his ample fortune."

"Oh!" was all that Miss Caroline Eustace said, but a shadow dragged itself slowly along the sunshine of her smile. It was as though she were thinking what she had said a little time before, "I am very sorry for"—somebody. Even in democratic America men are so likely to build golden walls—walls so slight and frail that smiles steal through them and sighs stir the air beyond, but so high and strong that hearts which essay to pass them must break. God help us!

John Ampstead had said he was no egotist; had he been he would have been very happy, just then—as I believe the true egotist usually is. As it was, he did not know the encyclopedic meaning which may sometimes be packed into as short a word as "Oh!"

John Ampstead continued his story

"There was one queer thing connected with the Braynor inheritance," he said; "a thing so strange that it may be I shall have to recall my hasty assertion that all my life has been merely commonplace. There was a sealed package left for me, but left in trust with another man until certain conditions were complied with."

"And you don't know what is in it?"

"I do not."

"But you have an idea?"

"Not the slightest."

"How very, very romantic. I should die of curiosity."

"Possibly. I find it hard to wait; it has grown harder since—since not very long ago."

"Has it? I should think you would comply with those conditions at once. I should think you could not wait—would not wait—until you had read whatever there may be in that package—read it from beginning to end."

"It doesn't rest with me alone to satisfy the conditions."

"No? Then I should think your friends would do all they could—all you would ask of them. I cannot think how any one who knew you would find it possible to do, or to leave undone, that which done or undone would thwart or delay you."

She had clasped her hands together in her eagerness, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement.

"Thank you," said John Ampstead; "I—I hope you will always think so."

"Always think so! Of course I shall. Do you doubt me? But what are the conditions?"

"The first one is, I must be a duly qualified and regularly admitted lawyer."

"Well, you are a law-student now. You have only to work hard to comply with that condition. I should think you would hurry. Why don't you hurry?"

"I shall hurry," said John Ampstead.

"And the second condition, what is that?"

"That I be a married man, a happily married man."

"Oh!" said Miss Caroline Eustace, and it was a very different sort of "Oh!" from what the other had been. She looked out at the window with great seeming indifference, and attempted a yawn—which attempt it is only candid and honest to say was very much of a failure.

"I—I presume the young lady to whom you are engaged will not find it in her heart to keep you from so remarkable a thing as that package must be," ventured Miss Eustace, a bit bitterly.

"I am not engaged to any young lady."

"No? With so much depending on matrimony I should suppose you would be. But no doubt you can be when you wish?"

"Do you really think so, Miss Eustace? I—I certainly hope so."

"I haven't any doubt of it. She doubtless knows you very well."

"That's the trouble. She doesn't know me at all. I never saw a woman I could care for at all——"

"You never did? Not with Mr. Braynor's mysterious package mocking your single-blessedness?"

"Never, never! Not until——"

"Dinner is ready," said Mrs. Bluff, entering the room.

French cooks may need watching, after all, and perhaps Mrs. Bluff was a model housekeeper. It seems that her friends over-estimated her in a certain other direction——

Unless the tactics of the trout-fisher, who lets the fish he has hooked have a run with the line, are worthy of imitation when the game is more important.

Chapter XXVII.

There are shallows and eddies in the stream of life, into which existences drift, and, waiting there, see the rush and turmoil of the outer current pass them by. Sometimes the waiting is enforced, and the quiet nook beyond the flowing of the world's river is a prison to the idle one who wastes away his life there. At other times the rest is almost like heaven, and the idleness is blessed.

The home of the Bluffs was such a happy haven for little Carrie Eustace. She came there from danger, and she found safety; she came there from foes, and she found friends; she came from Mortimer Dellerton, and she found John Ampstead; she came from hate, and found love. It was the happiest and best change which had ever come to her life. The hand of Providence must have held the pen which wrote the message which brought her to New York, though the not less guilty forger never guessed it. God's fingers helped tick out the strange telegram which brought her in such haste, though the weary operator did not dream it.

John Ampstead had taken the fugitive to the home of Mr. Bluff to ask for a night's shelter for her. Mrs. Bluff had insisted that her stay should be longer, a week at least. And then, when the week was done, she was not willing to let the guest go. And so it happened that the shelter of the Bluff homestead seemed likely to be her shelter too, until her mother returned from Europe, or something else happened.

John Ampstead was greatly pleased at the turn affairs had taken. He watched gladly, though possibly a little jealously, the affection which grew up between the mother-hearted but childless Mrs. Bluff, and the sweet and gentle child woman, Carrie Eustace.

John was a frequent visitor at the Bluff residence—a very frequent visitor. And on one of his earliest calls he spoke of the regard of Mrs. Bluff and Miss Eustace for each other, and of what he had predicted.

"You remember what I said, do you not?" he asked her while they were speaking of the matter during one of Mrs. Bluff's housekeeperly absences.

"I remember. You said you were sure I would love Mrs. Bluff. You were right. I do."

"Did I say that? Perhaps I did. That was not what I meant, though."

"Indeed? I supposed it was."

John Ampstead was not only a frequent visitor at the home which numbered Miss Carrie Eustace among its many attractions; but he was a very hard worker too. Early and late he labored at his law-books, burning the gas far into the night when other men had gone to rest, and early in the morning, too, before they began to wakefully remember that time was bringing another day to them.

Nor did John Ampstead forget Seth Barcase. His detective reported to him when he had searched the whole road from New York to Pleanton with painstaking thoroughness. He had found nothing. He was completely baffled. He did not know which way to turn.

"I have talked with the conductor, the trainmen, and several passengers who were on the train that day, and who have been traced out and followed. They can tell me nothing—absolutely nothing."

"And what else?"

"I have stopped at every station; I have conversed with every station-agent; I have visited every hotel in every city and town and village between here and the home of Seth Barcase; I have conversed with every hotel-keeper and with every hotel-clerk. They can tell me nothing—nothing."

"What can we do next?"

"I do not know."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can suggest nothing."

John Ampstead put his detective, and others whom he employed, at work in New York city. They found nothing. He had them follow up, with the most painstaking care and thoroughness, every slight clew which they found from time to time, or which they thought they found. Far and near, high and low, in light and in darkness, the search went on. Bravely, manfully, untiringly, the search went on. Hopefully at first,

doubtingly later, despairingly toward the last, the search went on.

In every place which he knew or could think of, save one, the hired searchers of John Ampstead worked. The one place to which they did not go, the one place to which he would not send them; the one place of which he never spoke, was the ——— Hospital. The one clew which he never mentioned was the story the physician had told him.

For John Ampstead was searching for a living man, and he feared to go and look upon the clothing which the man had worn who had died nameless and unknown in the ——— Hospital, and whose body had gone to the service of science. He feared to think of the picture which the words of the physician had brought before his mind. He did not dare to go and learn the simple truth. But he knew, down deep in his heart, that he almost believed Seth Barcase was dead, and he knew that he almost believed he could take up the thread of evidence at any time and prove him dead. And still he denied his belief in acts and words, and he tried to deny it in his thoughts. Still his hired detectives hunted; still he paid out the money which came to him as income from the Braynor estate—paid it out as freely as the clouds of Summer pour out water—in his efforts to find a man whose life he almost felt had gone out for ever; still he kept three handsome documents locked in his special compartment of the safe in the office of Bluff & Bragg, though he feared that the task of showing in a single day, when that day should come, that they were worth twenty-five thousand dollars to him, would be too short and easy to busy him a day. Still he would not give up; still he would not say, "I know!" Still he said, "I do not know, and I will not know. I will read the document which John Braynor meant that I should read, unless——"

And there he always stopped. To himself, even, he would say no more. But the face which seemed to come before him whenever he came to that sudden pause was not the face of the missing Seth Barcase, it was the face of one who sometimes seemed almost as far away and as difficult to find fully as the lawyer who was gone—it was the face of sweet little Carrie Eustace.

September died away. October came, tarried, was gone. November blustered its brief life out, and went into the past with a closing, spiteful dash of wintry rage. Drear December dashed down its snows, drifted them back and forth in street and court and alley, and tossed them into fantastic heaps along the many miles of road between New York and Pleanton. But the month drifted away itself, more noiselessly than its snows had drifted, and took the dying year with it, and the New Year came, and men learned to write 1881 in place of 1880.

And still Seth Barcase was missing. And still his loyal and loving wife believed he lived, and John Ampstead hoped that he believed so too. (He had given himself a year in which to find him now!)

And still John Ampstead studied law.

And still was Carrie Eustace's love unwon, or if won, humble John Ampstead was not sure.

Up the Spring slope of the newer, better, happier year—if such it was to be, and none but God knew—up from the valley of Winter, through January, through February, through March, through April. It was the middle of May, in the year of grace, 1881. It was long past a half-year since the old lawyer disappeared. It was long past a half-year since all persons in the world, except two, of all those who mourned his absence, had said, "He is dead; that is the end."

And to-night, as John Ampstead put away his books, at the great law office of Bluff & Bragg, with a sort of conscious pride and pleased finality, he thought of his friend Seth Barcase as men usually think of the dead—tenderly and sadly and lovingly.

"In a month, if I have my way," he said to himself. Then, while a shadow crept along his lips and slew the smile which had lain there, he added: "I may be ready to-morrow. She may—may——" And he said no more.

He was thinking that on the morrow he *might be* quite ready to go to the ——— Hospital and look at the clothes which would settle once for all the question as to whether Seth Barcase had died there or not.

He put away his books with unusual care. He laid the papers upon the desks and tables into more accurately arranged piles than was common. He stood for a minute or two, with his hand upon the back of a chair, looking about the room as though taking a sort of mute farewell of it. Then he seemed to remember something, suddenly, and he raised his hand from the chair-back with a shudder; it was there that the hand of the physician from the ——— Hospital had rested. He could not blame the man. He had come in answer to John Ampstead's own advertisements—his invitations, as it were—and had done only his straightforward duty and told only the simple truth. But John was sorry that he had put his hand there; even to his unsuperstitious manhood it seemed like an evil omen.

"This ends the first stage in my life," he said, as he went slowly down the stairs; "what next? I wish I could see six hours into the future. A year of happiness and freedom in Europe, with love and laughter at my side always, and then a life of honored work and usefulness, and the best of homes; that is one picture. The other is to creep up these stairs again to-morrow morning, broken-hearted, old before my time, to try to find forgetfulness in drudgery there—until God will let me die. Which will it be?"

John Ampstead went home to his boarding-house. Home? It had never seemed so unlike home. His furniture was getting shabby; the room in which he had read and toiled, and hoped and planned, seemed narrow and mean. He could not bear it.

He went down to tea. He could eat nothing. The food seemed to choke him. He did not linger long.

He went up to his room again.

He had been to see Miss Caroline Eustace a great many times. Let us say a hundred, to keep within reasonable bounds. He had never found it difficult to please himself in the matter of clothes before, and had never worriedly wondered whether his necktie harmonized with everything else. To-night he was going to see Miss Caroline Eustace. But to-night he dressed himself with as much careful attention to details as would have seemed natural if he had been going to be hanged—or married. And his countenance seemed to indicate that he had all the unpleasant and distrustful thoughts which are supposed to accompany those serious events, and one would have believed that the bright side in each was temporarily out of his mental field of vision. (Each *has* a bright side!)

He was ready, at last. He went down-stairs. He went out into the street.

He hired an empty carriage which chanced to be passing. He had never felt in so great a hurry before. He gave the direction to the driver in a tone of voice which may have led that individual into error regarding the character of his passenger; Mr. Bluff was a great lawyer; criminals were his usual clients; did they call upon him

at his house in the evening? But hesitating and low-voiced John Ampstead had shown himself brave and prompt in the past; it was strange that he felt this sudden shyness regarding Carrie Eustace, wasn't it? Was it, or was it not?

The driver put him down in front of Bluff's house in an almost incredibly short time, and got an extra payment for his pains, which almost took away his breath.

Then—Mr. John Ampstead walked rapidly away up the street; around a block or two; down another street; back again; merely to "collect himself."

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

And—Mr. John Ampstead rang Bluff's bell, the most thoroughly "uncollected" individual you ever saw. Was Miss Eustace in? She was. He was almost sorry. To-morrow night would have found him better prepared to say well what he had to say. Ah, John Ampstead, you have not yet learned that love speaks a language that was old when English was undreamed-of! You may misuse your mother-tongue to-night, as you never did before, or let Chaos take charge of your senses. No matter. If your heart has touched hers, you will win. If not, Chesterfield on your right hand and Demosthenes on your left would avail you nothing. It is not your clothes, nor your face, nor your words, nor your grace, Sir Lover, which are to be laid in the balance and weighed by woman's hand: it is *you!* Go bravely in, John Braynor Ampstead; you deserve to win, at least!

John Ampstead went in, though exceedingly ill at ease and strangely self-distrustful.

He had a pleasant greeting—a warm welcome. Miss Eustace saw that something troubled him. She tried her best to drive the clouds away. She sang for him, sang old love-songs whose pathos and power brought the tears to his eyes, and ballads of bravery and valor which stirred his very soul. She played for him; thunderous marches, heavy with the boom of cannon and shrill with cries and groans; dreamy waltzes; airy gems which it did not need the power of words to interpret, since only love had ever sang that way since time began.

He watched her flying fingers. He seemed to drink in the charm of her beauty. He caught and treasured every sunny smile and pleasant glance.

But the cloud on his brow only deepened. He feared and doubted, and, fearing and doubting, he surely risked his peace with her near by. A man would be happier blind, perhaps, when beauty is going away from his sight

for ever; better deaf, possibly, when the music which his soul has loved is dying into eternal silence. To the lover who must fail, early failure is a (comparative) blessing.

The shadow grew darker about his eyes.

But he could neither bring himself to speak nor to go.

The sadder and more silent he, the gayer she became. There may have been unshed tears beneath the sunshine in her eyes; there may have been groans under the laughter which rippled over her red lips; there may have been pain in her heart.

God knows.

But she fought for this man's happiness, matching her levity and mirth against his silence, and her smile against his sorrow-written face; fought as well as she could; fought bravely in her woman's way—the best way she knew.

Silence fell between them at last. She was weary. Could she go on for ever thus, through this seeming endless evening. She had done as well as she could. And he was more absent and *distrait* than ever. If he would only give her another chance; if he would only let her joke him and banter him; it might be that then she could make him smile. She could go no further than that; she had no right to try to be a true comforter and sympathetic adviser—for she felt that she was more than sister or friend, long ago; and, until he asked it, she must be infinitely less than anything else to him.

Silence. Silence so deep that you would have felt the pain which was in both their hearts between whom it had fallen. She rose and came a little nearer to him.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was thinking of the time when I saved you from the hands of Mortimer Dellerton," he answered.

The memory of his words of modesty came into her mind like a torrent. To win a smile from those sad eyes, she would even mock at him. She would say to him, this night, what he had said to her then.

"It wasn't much to do. You had every advantage, didn't you?"

She was quoting his own words, almost exactly, as they had been burned in on her soul by the horror of that fearful night. There was mirth in her tones, laughter in her eyes. But there was that behind the mirth and laughter which a brave man might gladly die to have won the right to hear and see in voice and glance, though he knew it not!

"I ran the risk of my life, didn't I? The driver shot at me, didn't he?"

The words were sharp and sullen. He was quoting her words, unconscious of that fact.

"Oh, I suppose you ran some risk, but not enough to be worth mentioning. The driver shot at one of us, I don't know which one. I think he may have meant me full as much as he meant you."

"It was brave——"

"Not very. Any one would do what you did. It only took a quick eye and a strong arm. And now——"

John Ampstead did not laugh, he did not smile. The efforts of Miss Eustace in those directions were failures; but he had suddenly grasped the idea that she was quoting what he had once said, and he grasped at hope again with it. He did not smile; but the shadow fell away from his face, all at once, and the deepest and holiest passion of which the human heart is capable shone in its place.

He sprang to his feet. He took a step or two toward her.

"Do you remember the conditions of the Braynor inheritance?" he asked.

"I—I think I do."

"One condition is satisfied, Miss Eustace; I was admitted to the Bar to-day."

"I congratulate you," she said, very softly. "I am very, very glad."

"And now——"

"Well?"

He moved still nearer to her, so near that his outstretched hand would have touched her.

"Oh, Miss Eustace; Carrie, dear Carrie——"

She gave him one saucy glance over her shoulder, a glance that told his happy heart what his answer was to be, as she glided away from him across the room, toward the window.

"Should I be called 'Carrie' in a formal and half-public communication?" she said. "Should you use that word in addressing me?"

He reached her side. He put his arms about her.

"I am going to call you that always," he said, firmly.

"You willful, inconsistent man——"

"And I am very anxious to read the package John Braynor left me. Will you let me do it?"

"I—I think so, John, if it will make you happy."

"And when?"

"In a year."

"A year! Why not say an eternity?"

"At Christmas, then."

"Why not say at doomsday and done with it?"

"Suppose I say—say—the last of June?"

"It's a very long time to wait, darling, but——"

"But you might have asked me long ago; of course you might."

Two lives which have escaped the dangers of doubt and misunderstanding can afford to be frank and happy. Let them laugh and jest, who might have wept always.

"I suppose so; but I feared you would say 'No.' I presume you will think it absurd if I speak of love at first sight. It was true, though, in my case. I have wanted to ask for your love ever since Mortimer Dellerton ran down the walk from your home with you. I knew your true soul instinctively, and——"

"And I yours. It would have been a strange thing to do, John; but I half believe I should have said 'Yes" any time after you broke your cane over that rascal's head."

They stood by the window, looking away at the bright stars above the housetops, the stars which seem eternal to us, though true love shall outlast them.

His arm is about her. Her head is upon his shoulder. There is more for each in the other's eyes than in the whole star-strewn sky.

Let us leave them there, kind reader; it is growing late, though it will be long before he can leave the love that he has won. But *we*, at this hour of the night, should hasten home. *(To be continued.)*

NOT QUITE SUCH AN OLD DOG.—"Yes, this is a very old dog," said a spinster to a man who took an active part in the canine harvest, "and we should hate very much to have him caught in the street and locked up. I am very much attached to him, for I used to carry him in my arms when he was a little puppy." "Do you say, miss, that he is a very old dog, and that you carried him——" "Oh," she broke in, recollecting that she had compromised herself, "I mean that he—he used to be old when I was a little—I mean that mother used—Oh, go away from here, or I'll set the dog on you!"

EVENING.

Oft have I seen, set in the glowing west
One fair, bold star of mild, eternal beam
Fast anchored in the sunset's purple stream,
A shining splendor lapped in perfect rest.
And when behind the hill the burning crest
Has waned and darkened, till all light was gone,
Fairer and fairer still that lone star shone,
Like a new sun in pallid glory drest.
High in the drifting clouds I saw it gleam
Like a deserted prophet, near God's throne,
Who cries, "Of all thy prophets I alone,
Remain to serve Thee!" And I dreamed a dream
That thus our Milton stood amid the night,
Faithful, alone, Hope's bright and shining light.

A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

HIS PART.

It was in church that I saw her first, and I was attracted to her at once. She looked so lovely, devout, and gentle, that my heart went out to her as it had never gone out to woman before.

The sermon was very dull and prosy, but I was sorry when it was finished, so greatly did I enjoy gazing at that pure, beautiful face. Of course I determined to make her acquaintance, and, pointing her out to my uncle as she walked away by the side of a tall lady in rusty black, I asked who she was.

"Her name is Dorothy Vane," he answered. "She is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Halyard. I suppose you want to know her?" laughing.

I said I did, and asked if he could introduce me. He said he could; that Mrs. Halyard was an old friend, and that he would take me to call upon her the following evening.

That was the beginning. I very soon became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Halyard's, and Dorothy Vane and I spent several hours of every day in rambling over the fields, exploring the mountain-nooks, and gathering flowers, ferns and leaves.

My uncle said he was glad I was able to find amusement—he had feared my visit would prove dull.

There was nothing like a little flirtation, he averred, to kill time. It was evident that he did not believe in the sincerity of my attachment.

Dorothy is an orphan, and she and a twin-sister are wholly dependent upon an aunt who lives in Colchester.

My darling dresses in the plainest manner, and has no ornaments, no pretty ribbons, no feather nor flowers on her simple straw hat.

I take a great deal of pleasure in thinking of how I will load her with rich gifts when she is my wife. I have money enough for both of us. I am glad she is poor. A man likes his wife to be dependent upon him. Dorothy always talked to me a great deal of her sister.

"You ought to see Isabel!" she would say. "Every one admires Isabel."

She was unconscious, in her innocence and modesty, of how greatly I admired herself. She was lovely beyond comparison, with her great, dusky eyes, like purple pansies, her pale, pure complexion, and rippling dark hair.

But the day before she was to leave Mrs. Halyard's, I told her all I felt, and asked her to be my wife.

She seemed surprised. When I began to speak she looked at me, in a frightened, bewildered way, that showed that she had not expected such an avowal from me. And when I caught her in my arms and drew her close to my heart, she hid her face on my breast, and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, Dorothy?" I asked.

"Because I am so happy," she answered. "Do you really, *really* love me, Arnold? It doesn't seem scarcely possible."

"I love you with all my heart!" I answered, fondly.

"It seems so very strange," she said. "If it had been Isabel, I would not have been surprised; but——"

I interrupted her with a kiss.

"There is nothing strange about it," I said; "and I am sure Isabel cannot be one-half so lovable as yourself."

"She is so gay, so bright, so fascinating," Dorothy said; "while I——"

Again I interrupted her.

"You are simply perfect," I said; "and you mustn't say anything against my future wife. I most positively forbid it."

She laughed, the tears still standing in her violet eyes.

She went home the following day; and, after running up to the city to attend to some business, I followed her to Colchester. There is only one hotel in the place, and in that I took up my quarters. Wishing to surprise Dorothy, I had not written her of my coming, so I had to inquire my way to her home, which was about half a mile from the village.

I thought it a very pretty place, with its vine-covered cottage, old-fashioned garden, and heavily-laden fruit-trees, but the dilapidated fences, the sad need of paint on the out-buildings, and the weed-grown paths, told me plainly as words could have done that my darling's aunt was poor.

As I stood a moment at the little gate, I saw some one sitting under the shade of a big apple-tree not far away, and my heart gave a great bound as I recognized the graceful figure as that of Dorothy. She was so intent on a book she held, that she did not hear my approach, and, stealing softly up behind her, I threw my arms around her and kissed her again and again, on cheeks, lips and dimpled chin, despite her desperate struggles.

When, at last, I laughingly released her, she turned upon me like a young fury.

"How dare you!" she cried, in a voice of concentrated rage and loathing. "How *dare* you insult me so!"

"Why, Dor——" I began, in amazement, and then stopped; for, as her great dark eyes flashed upon me, I saw that they were black as midnight, and knew at once the mistake I had made. This was Isabel—Dorothy's second self, in appearance, at least.

But my Dorothy could never have spoken so haughtily, could never have looked so like a beautiful fury, as did her sister at this moment.

I hastened to explain, apologized and begged her pardon, and we were soon laughing together over the occurrence like old friends, though it was long before the flush entirely faded from Isabel's cheeks.

Dorothy was busy with some household affairs, and could not come out to welcome me, her sister said. I could scarcely conceal my impatience, and wondered greatly that Isabel did not go in and relieve her sister. I thought she ought to understand my anxiety to see Dorothy, from whom I had been separated more than a week.

But I know now that Isabel takes no part in the duties of her aunt's household. She is only a beautiful ornament. It is on Dorothy that the whole machinery of the small establishment rests. It is Dorothy who burns her pretty face over the kitchen-stove in the preparation of the meals; Dorothy who waits on the querulous invalid

SWISS GIRL, OF THE CANTON OF BERNE.— BY BRENDAMOUR.

aunt, and directs the work of the garden. My darling's hands are roughened with toil; there is often a look of care on her smooth, white brow. I caught her darning a rent in an old carpet one day, and several times, when I have gone to the cottage early in the morning, I have found her sweeping and dusting the house, while Isabel, dressed in white, with flowers in her hair and at her throat and waist, has, on the rustic seat beneath the old apple-tree, waited my coming.

I asked her once why she did not assist Dorothy.

"I don't know how," she answered, and she glanced admiringly at her beautiful white hands and tapering fingers; "and I don't like dish-washing and sweeping. I am very different from Dorothy."

"What will you do when Dorothy is gone?" I asked.

An expression of such anguish came upon her face that I was sorry I had asked the question. I had not suspected until then that her love for her sister was so deep, or that the thought of Dorothy's marriage was so painful to her.

"You—you will not——"

She then paused, struggling with her emotion.

"I am trying to persuade her to marry me in October," I said.

She sat before me in utter silence a moment, a look of despair in her beautiful face, then rose and went

A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.—"WHAT WAS MY AMAZEMENT, AS I THREW OPEN THE DOOR, TO SEE ISABEL STANDING BEFORE THE BUREAU-GLASS, DRESSED IN MY WEDDING-CLOTHES!"—SEE PAGE 719.

into the house. When I followed her a little later, I found her at the piano, playing a plaintive melody, her tears dropping fast on the yellow keys, the moonlight shimmering on her dusky hair.

I went close to her and laid my hand on her shoulder.

"You foolish child!" I said, thinking to laugh away the gloom which oppressed her.

To my surprise, she rose from her seat and staggered blindly across the room.

"Are you ill, Isabel?" I asked, springing to her assistance.

She fell into my arms with a long, gasping sigh.

"I cannot bear it, Arnold—I cannot bear it," she whispered, hoarsely.

"I will bring her back to see you often, and you shall come to Eaglewood to stay with us whenever you like," I said, soothingly. "It is not as if she was going away from you for ever, Isabel."

She tore herself from my arms, and left the room just as Dorothy entered by another door. She had been upstairs putting her aunt to bed.

"All alone?" she asked.

"No, Isabel was here—she has just gone," I answered.

I said nothing of Isabel's sorrow. I did not want to trouble or grieve my darling.

I have often heard of the strange sympathy existing between twins. Long ago some one told me of a story of a girl who had died in consequence of a separation from a twin-brother. This story has occurred to me frequently since that night, when I found Isabel weeping at the piano. Yet, I cannot give Dorothy up.

I see that I have done Isabel great injustice. I have never liked her. I have thought her cold, selfish and bad-tempered. That she is really attached to Dorothy I am now convinced, and I shall try to love her for that reason. In face, form and voice she is Dorothy's counterpart.

Only by the difference in the color of the eyes can I distinguish one sister from another when I see them together. But in character and disposition, they are utterly and entirely different.

Dorothy need not have feared the effect of her sister's fascinations upon me. I prefer my shy wood-violet to the gorgeous passion-flower.

I have persuaded Dorothy to set our wedding-day for the 10th of October. She says she does not know how her aunt and Isabel will get along without her.

The thought seems to trouble her greatly. She says that they could not have spared her to go to Mrs. Halyard's had her health not demanded a change of air.

I shall be the happiest man in existence when the right shall be given me to take her away from this toilsome, monotonous life. At Eagleswood she will have nothing to do but amuse herself. How she will admire the grand old place! I am having it put in thorough order for her reception. It is to be refurnished throughout.

"It seems to me that it ought to be Isabel who is to have all these good things," my darling said, only yesterday, when I was planning with her a trip to Europe next Spring.

"You are far more deserving of them than Isabel," I whispered, as I drew her to me, and she rested her dark head on my breast.

"But life here is so hard for Isabel. She feels poverty more keenly than I do."

"Let her find a knight able to give her a gilded cage," I said.

"There's no one here whom she would marry."

"There's Squire Darley," I said, trying to look in the violet eyes, hidden by the long lashes. "Ah, you think she would not be second choice! You see I know all about it! Isabel has told me!"

"She should not have done so," said Dorothy, blushing.

I did not tell her that Isabel had said that she had confidently expected her sister to marry the squire until I had appeared upon the scene, or that she had tried for some reason to give me the impression that Dorothy's love for me was neither deep nor sincere, for I have no demon of distrust or jealousy in my heart. My faith in my betrothed is perfect.

The wedding is to be a very quiet one. It will take place in the parlor of the cottage, and will be followed by a simple breakfast. Then my wife and I will start for our new home.

No one will be invited to the ceremony except my uncle, Mrs. Halyard and the minister's wife. I shall stay here until the 5th of October, and shall then go to "Eagleswood," to give some final directions about the repairs, returning to Colchester the morning of my wedding-day.

ISABEL'S PART.

It is the 10th of October, the day set for Dorothy's marriage. But now—— Have I time to write it down? Yes, it is only nine o'clock, and the train bringing the bridegroom will not be here until eleven. I feel that unless I keep my hands and brain busy I shall go mad before that hour arrives.

My love for Arnold Brandon seems like a fire which burns into my veins. From the hour when he kissed me in the garden, thinking I was Dorothy, I have loved him with a passion of which she could never even dream.

How cruel is Fate! Would that I instead of Dorothy had gone to Aunt Halyard's. This dreary, monotonous life, this loathsome poverty which stifles in its birth every pleasant desire—how I have longed to escape from them!

I am better suited to him than Dorothy. In Eagleswood, that grand place which Arnold has described to me so often, she would live like a nun in a cloister, while I would fill it with guests—would make Arnold's life a brilliant, envied one. *Would*, did I say? Let me write it *will!*

I have done all I could to win him! I have sung to him by the hour the wildest, most heart-breaking ballads. I have tried to excite his pity, his jealousy, and his sympathy. In vain! He has thought only of Dorothy, looked upon me only in the light of a sister. Even the tears I have shed in the agony of my sorrow over my unrequited love, have appeared to him only as signs of my affection for the sister he was to take from me.

But of my despair a desperate plan was born—a plan which is to succeed.

When Dorothy came into my room this morning I told her I was ill; that I could not be present at her marriage; that I, too, loved Arnold, and the pain of seeing him wed another would be greater than I could bear.

"Spare me any questions," I said; "and never tell my secret to Arnold."

She was shocked and surprised, as I knew she would be, and of course said that, much as she would like me to be present at her marriage, she would not urge it under the circumstances, and that she would convince Aunt Margaret that I was really too ill to be present.

Then she cried over me a little.

"Oh, Isabel!" she said, "I wish you had not told me this! But you cannot love him any more dearly than I do!"

Then she went away, and I heard her go into Aunt Margaret's room; heard the low murmur of her voice, and aunt's fretful whine in response. Then Dorothy went into her own room, and a moment after aunt rapped at my door.

"It won't do for you to stay up here during the ceremony, Isabel!" she said. "You must come down, no matter how ill you are!"

"I cannot," I answered. "It is of no use to ask it."

She expostulated a little while, but I did not speak again, and finally she went away, muttering something about my being "always just so stubborn!"

To think of being left here with her! to wash dishes, sweep, dust, and go to bed at nine o'clock every night in the year, while Dorothy——

No, no! I felt that it must not be.

At eight o'clock I slipped from my room unseen, and ran down-stairs and out to the barn.

"Adam," I said to the boy who was standing in the stable-door, "harness Whitefoot at once. We have terrible news, and Miss Dorothy is going to Dartville. Tell no one, for we must not alarm my aunt. Only hurry, for Heaven's sake!"

I was shaking with nervous excitement, and could scarcely falter out the words. He gazed at me a moment in amazement, then darted into the stable.

I hurried back into the house again, and rushed into Dorothy's room with a violence that made her spring from her chair in terror.

"Quick! quick!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Get on your hat and cloak, Dorothy! There has been a dreadful accident to the train! Arnold is dying, and has sent for you!"

I thought at first she was going to faint, she turned so white. She stood staring at me with wide, dilated eyes.

I put on her hat and cloak with my own hands, and hurried her down-stairs and out to the stable, where Adam had already put Whitefoot into the shafts.

"He is lying at a hotel in Dartville," I explained. "The accident took place near there, the telegram said. Take the river road, and make haste for Heaven's sake! Would that I had the right to go also!"

She did not answer me. She was staring straight before her, a look of unutterable anguish on her white face. Perhaps I might have repented even then and confessed my falsehood, had not Adam sprung into the vehicle and urged Whitefoot madly down the road.

It is too late for repentance now. I must go through with what I have undertaken. But I wonder at my courage! Yet I am safe. Why should I fear? Whitefoot is not a rapid traveler, and it will be after ten before they reach Dartville and discover there has been no accident. It will be nearly one o'clock before they return. By that time I shall be Arnold Brandon's wife, and far away from the home which has grown so hateful to me.

I went into Dorothy's room and dressed myself in her wedding clothes. And now I am waiting for the bridegroom. He will not see me until just before the ceremony. I will not raise my eyes to his face, and he will not dream that it is not Dorothy who is by his side. When we are far away from here, and he discovers the deception I have practiced upon him, I will tell him all, and trust to his kindness and generosity to forgive me. If I know anything of him he will suffer anything rather than have a scandal. He will make the best of things. And when he knows how wildly I love him, how valueless my life without him would be, and that it was love alone that induced me to personate my sister to-day, he will surely forgive me and take me to his heart. If he does not—but I will not contemplate such a possibility! At least, our marriage will be legal. I shall be his wife, whether I win his love or hatred.

And Dorothy will soon recover from the blow. She will doubtless marry Squire Darley. She is not capable of the intense love which fills *my* breast. She will be as well satisfied with Walter Darley as she would have been with Arnold Brandon.

Aunt Margaret came in just now. I bent closer over my dress, which I was pretending to adjust.

"How well you look, Dorothy," she said. "Arnold will be proud of you. Oh, dear, I don't know how we are to get along without you! Isabel could be spared much better. How provoking that she insists on keeping her room! I have been knocking, but she will not answer me."

"Let her alone," I said; "she is really ill."

Really ill! Yes, it is no longer a pretense. But I shall have strength to go through the ceremony. Once I am Arnold's wife, I can dare all!

My aunt glanced at the desk, and asked me what I was writing.

"My last will and testament," I answered, lightly.

"It is like Isabel to jest on a day of such solemnity," she said, "but I did not expect it of *you*, Dorothy."

Hark! I hear the coming of the train. It brings my aunt Halyard, Arnold's uncle and *Arnold*.

DOROTHY'S PART.

My poor sister! She must have been mad. That desperate plot was the product of no sane mind. Believing this, I have forgiven her, forgiven her freely, and I pity her from the depths of my heart.

I did not for an instant doubt her statement that she had received a telegram announcing an accident on the railway, and I fully expected to find Arnold dead or dying when I reached Dartville. But the landlord of the one hotel said that his only guest was an old woman who was peddling a fancy soap, and that he had heard of no railroad accident whatever.

I was not convinced, however, and hurried to the railway-station. a short distance off. There I was again assured that there had been no accident.

As I turned toward the hotel again, bewildered and weary, it flashed upon me that this was my wedding-day, and that Arnold was to be in Colchester at eleven o'clock. It was already after ten, and the train which would bring him was due in Dartville at half-past.

I told Adam to rest Whitefoot until noon, and then start for home; that I would return by rail.

How nervous I was as the train came panting and screaming up to the little station. I trembled so that I could scarcely stand; but when I entered the car the first face on which my eyes rested was that of my lover. Then I felt that all my troubles were at an end.

Had I been a ghost, Arnold could not have been more surprised to see me. And he was angry and amazed at the story of my journey.

"From whom did Isabel receive the telegram?" he asked. "The matter must be investigated."

I said I had not had time to ask her any questions.

"Such practical jokes are extremely unpleasant," he said. "I shall make it my business to find out who imposed upon Isabel in this manner. Just suppose you had missed taking this train, Dorothy? It couldn't have been much of a wedding without a bride."

"And your being here with the bridegroom is a most unheard-of proceeding," said Aunt Halyard, who has a

great regard for the proprieties. "Keep your face covered, for mercy's sake."

Arnold's uncle treated the affair as a good joke.

"If people express surprise we can let them suppose this is Isabel," he said.

When we reached Colchester we found a carriage waiting for us, which Arnold had engaged by telegraph, and we were soon at the cottage.

A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.—"IT WAS IN CHURCH THAT I SAW HER FIRST, AND I WAS ATTRACTED TO HER AT ONCE."

Aunt Margaret thought I was Isabel. She met us at the door.

"So you changed your mind," she said, "and concluded to give up playing the invalid. Why did you go to the station to meet them? It was not proper. And why have you on Dorothy's dress?"

I left Arnold to explain, and hurried up-stairs to my own room. What was my amazement as I threw open the door, to see Isabel standing before the bureau glass, dressed in my wedding clothes, even to the vail on her head, and the slippers on her feet!

"Isabel!" I cried, in horror.

She turned. For a moment she stared at me in a dumb, terror-stricken way, her eyes burning like coals of fire. Then, with a wild shriek, she threw up her arms and fell senseless at my feet.

The first thing I did was to lock the door. Then I chafed her hands, and poured water on her face.

"Don't betray me," were the first words she said, as she recovered consciousness.

I did not understand her. I thought she had put my wedding-dress on out of pure vanity, wishing to see its effect on her beauty.

"How did you get back so soon?" she asked.

I told her, and then begged her to remove my dress that I might put it on at once, for the minister was waiting in the parlor, and all were wondering at the delay.

She lay on the sofa, and watched me as I dressed myself in the garments she had taken off. I was too nervous and hurried to ask her any questions.

Her death-like pallor, and the strange look in her great black eyes frightened me as I bent to kiss her before going down-stairs, and as my lips touched her cheek, she pushed me away with a cry of pain.

"Leave me," she said. "Go. He will be yours now for time and eternity."

Arnold was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. I took his arm, and we went down into the parlor. It did not take long for the minister to pronounce us man and wife, and then I hurried back to Isabel.

I found her delirious. She was laughing and talking like one gone suddenly mad. Of course I did not leave her. The fact was, I did not dare to have her nursed by any one but myself, so terrible were the confessions she made. It seemed to me that my blood ran cold in my veins as I listened to her, and learned how nearly she had succeeded in ruining the life of the man she professed to love. I am her only sister, and yet she would have robbed me of my lover! But she was mad. Let me never forget that.

For days we did not think she would recover. But at length she began to grow better, and at the end of six weeks was again in possession of her senses.

She begged me then to leave her. She said my presence reminded her of a past she wished to forget, and that she would rather be alone. So I went away to Eagleswood, where Arnold was impatiently awaiting me, and I am fairly in love with my beautiful new home.

THE CROUCHING VENUS.

And, as I look at my lover-husband, and meet the fond glance of his tender eyes, a great wave of thankfulness sweeps over me that my sister's mad, desperate stratagem failed so signally.

THE RESCUE OF THE "TRINITY'S" CREW.

By Lieutenant W. Winder, U. S. S. "Omaha."

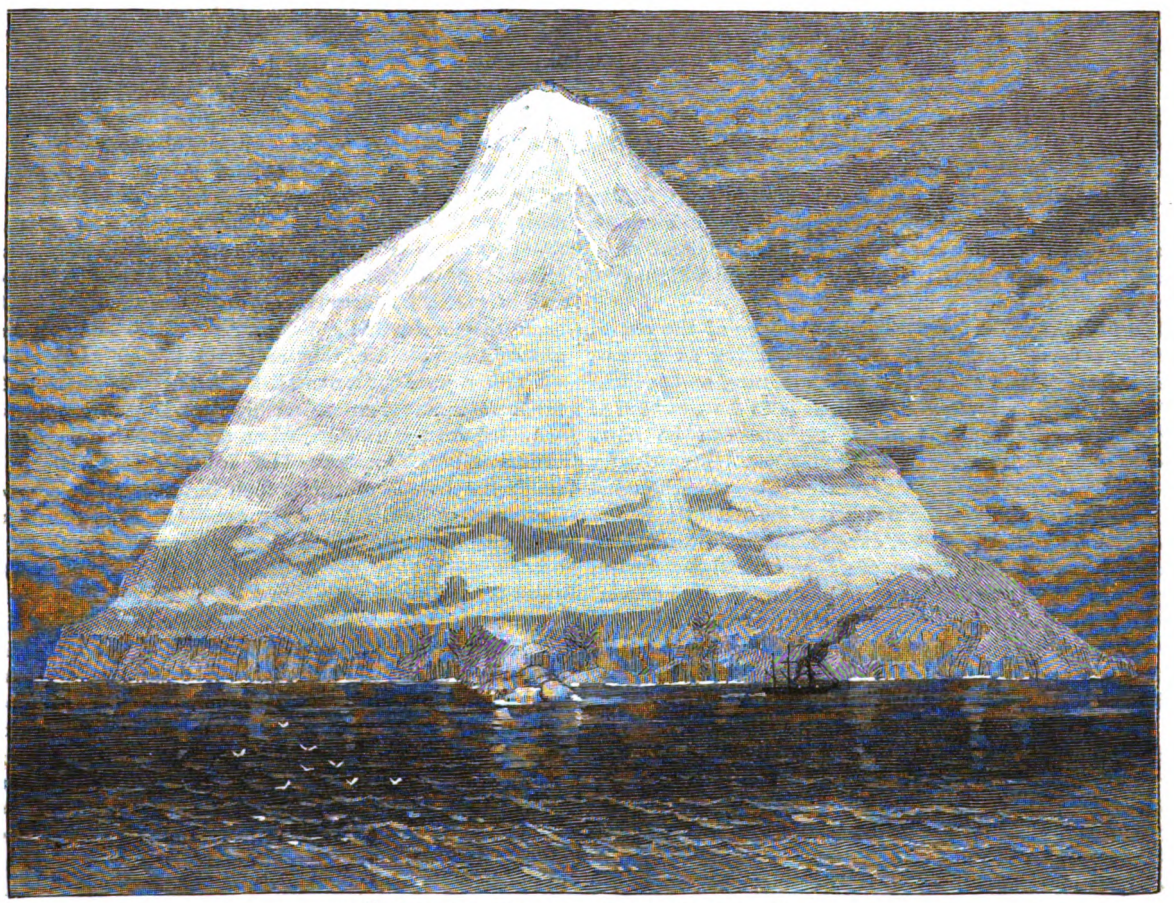
On the 1st of June, 1880, the bark *Trinity* left New London for a far-off and dangerous region in the South Indian Ocean, in quest of sea-elephant. Touching at the Cape de Verdes, the vessel recruited her force from among the natives and proceeded on, after which nothing more was heard of her, and, save by her owners and a few others personally interested in her fate, she was probably forgotten.

On the 8th of November, 1881, or more than a year afterward, the admiral commanding the United States naval forces in the South Atlantic received telegraphic instructions to dispatch the sloop-of-war *Marion*, then lying in Montevideo, in search of the *Trinity's* crew, supposed to have been cast away at Heard's Island, situated, according to the telegram, in latitude 55° South, and in longitude 73° East.

No one on board of the *Marion* knew of the existence of such an island, nor was the place marked on any of the maps or charts at hand. It was therefore at first supposed that an error had been made in transmitting the telegram; but, on carefully searching, an obscure paragraph was found in Bowditch, in which Heard's Island was referred to as "a late discovery," and its position as here given fully established the correctness of the dispatch. Moreover, it was presently learned that certain whalers, then in port, had cruised near this island, and some information was gathered from them concerning not only the place itself, but its adjacent seas.

To judge from these accounts, the prospect before the *Marion* was far from cheerful. In order to reach this unheard-of rock, a little matter of 7,000 miles would have to be traversed. Much of this distance lay in a stormy and almost unsurveyed sea, where incessant fogs, never-ending gales, possibly unknown rocks, and certainly ice and cold, were to be looked for; but where the sun's face is rarely seen for more than a few moments at a time, and where no passing sail would ever break the monotony or dispel the loneliness of the voyage.

Then, owing to the suddenness of these orders, it was impossible to notify friends in the United States in time to have mail matter sent to Cape Town, at which place it was proposed to touch for stores and necessary charts. Consequently, the anchor once a-weigh, several months would surely pass ere tidings of the loved ones at home could reach the *Marion;* and this, too, was the more annoying as her people had almost daily been expecting orders to return, her cruise of three years having nearly expired. Indeed, old Crosdell, the signal-quartermaster, had been hard at work making the "homeward bound pennant" in readiness for the joyful news. However, although in a certain sense grievously disappointed, it may be said truly that the officers and crew of the *Marion*, happy at the opportunity of hastening to the relief of distressed fellow-seamen, accepted the situation cheerfully, and with the utmost diligence pushed forward their preparations for departure.



HEARD'S ISLAND, AND THE VOLCANO MOUNT WILLIAM.

On the 14th of November the *Marion* steamed out of the harbor of Montevideo, and after an uneventful, but by no means disagreeable, voyage, reached Cape Town on the 13th of the following month.

So long a time had passed since the supposed loss of the *Trinity* that but little hope was felt aboard the *Marion*, when, on reaching Cape Town, no news of any kind concerning the missing vessel was waiting. Indeed, there was no certainty that the *Trinity* had ever reached Heard's Island at all. Being old and scarcely seaworthy, she might well have foundered anywhere between the Cape de Verdes and her destination. Not at the time realizing the utter improbability of rescue from Heard's Island by passing vessels, the *Marion's* people reasoned that, were the *Trinity* indeed wrecked there, something should long since have been heard of her. It was therefore greatly feared that all hands had perished —probably far out at sea—and many an old croaker shook his head and growled dismally at being, as he believed, sent on a mere wild-goose chase.

However, there was nothing for it but to go, and after spending ten days at Cape Town, the *Marion* pushed forth on her lonely voyage.

After nineteen days of tossing about, the ship, driven by strong but favorable winds, sighted McDonald's Island,* and a few hours afterward Heard's Island itself loomed up from amidst the fogs and clouds which ever hang about it.

It is probable that there exist on the face of the earth, other spots as dreary and utterly forbidding as Heard's Island, but it is certain that they are rare, and seldom visited by civilized man. Indeed, it is to be doubted if anything in the extreme Arctic regions can be more gloomy than this utterly forsaken rock. Perpetually covered with snow or ice, a covering which, for the most part, reaches quite to the water's edge, Heard's Island resembles a gigantic iceberg, except that here and there along its surf-beaten shores are streaks and patches of inky lava-dust, or bare and blackened rocks, surrounded by a dark and angry sea, for ever lashed into fury by never-ending gales, and shrouded by fogs and threatening storm-clouds which hang upon it like a pall—this island seems indeed a more fitting resort for demons and lost spirits than for mortal men. Yet, on this desolate rock, the crew of the ill-fated *Trinity* were condemned to linger fifteen months in hunger, wretchedness and despair.

Still, in spite of its lugubrious aspect, Heard's Island at times takes on an impressive, nay, a sublime grandeur. At such moments its ever-seething mantle of cloud and fog becomes rent asunder by some more violent gust, and then, for one instant, high up in the heavens its majestic summit, shining and glistening in the sun's rays, stands boldly out; or mayhap some lesser rift in the storm-cloud permits a spot of brilliant sunshine to fall upon its white and frozen side, then slowly the boiling mass of blackish vapor returns to place, and all is dark and drear again. Here and there adown the mountain side creeps with slow but steady march, some mighty glacier to meet the ocean. From time to time great masses, undermined by the raging surf below, break off and flow to sea, leaving behind them towering and precipitous walls of greenish, glistening ice.

In so cheerless a spot it might well be supposed that no vegetation of any sort could live. It is true that no tree or shrub could exist here, nor is there to be found the least trace of grass. The very shore seemed devoid of the usual kelps and mosses. Yet there is a plant, a withered sort of cabbage, which is sufficiently hardy to survive, when protected by the more sheltered crevices, the rugged climate of the place, and to draw a meagre sustenance from the charcoal-like lava-dust which constitutes the only soil on Heard's Island.

This wretched herb, rank and nauseating as it is, was probably the means of saving the lives of the *Trinity's* crew during their protracted stay on the island.

Heard's Island, which is some thirty miles in length, by perhaps twenty in width, is formed by one single mountain whose peak,* rising abruptly from the sea, reaches the altitude of 7,000 feet. Of course the island is of volcanic origin, and its formation is supposed to have been extremely recent. Far out of the ordinary track of vessels, its only visitors are, as in the case of the *Trinity*, sea-elephant hunters, who have occasionally touched there to capture these unwieldy beasts for their oil.

The sea-elephant resembles somewhat the walrus of northern latitudes, except that it is much larger, is without the enormous tusks, and is provided with a long snout or proboscis, from which it derives its name. Its body, moreover, is in shape more like that of the common seal. At certain seasons of the year (during the Summer months) these creatures crawl, or, as the hunters term it, "haul" up on the beaches at Heard's Island, and, once out of water, fall easy victims to the spears and clubs of their assailants. Flight being for these clumsy brutes out of the question, they endeavor to defend themselves by rising straight up and falling with crushing force upon their adversaries. A blow on the snout, however, soon brings them down, when a rapidly delivered spear-thrust ends the matter. The bull-elephants are said to reach the length of thirty feet, but so great a size is no doubt exceptional, the average being from thirteen to fifteen. Formerly these animals congregated in vast numbers on the island, but of late they have almost entirely disappeared, having been killed or driven off, perhaps, to some still more remote and lonely region.

The group comprising Heard's and McDonald's Islands was discovered about twenty-five years ago, and almost simultaneously, by two men whose names the islands bear; but it was only quite recently that an attempt was made to survey the locality, when a chart of the place was made by H. M. S. *Challenger*. This chart, of which the *Marion* was provided with a copy, is no doubt in a general way excellent, but it is probable that, like nearly all original surveys, more especially when conducted under extreme difficulties, it contains many errors. It was, therefore, with the greatest caution, and it must be owned with no little misgiving, that the *Marion* was headed toward land. Had she grounded the consequences would obviously have been disastrous. No earthly assistance could have arrived until long after her provisions, no matter how carefully husbanded, must have failed, and the resources of the island, while sufficient to eke out the bare existence of thirty men, would have proven totally inadequate to the support of nearly three hundred.

Just before dark, as the ship was slowly feeling her way along the coast, which all hands were eagerly scanning for signs of the castaways, something was descried on shore which proved to be a group of men, one of whom was waving vigorously some object by way of attracting attention. The *Marion* answered at once by hoisting a signal, and continued on her way toward Spit

* Situated about twenty-five miles from Heard's Island.

* Mount William. It is now known to be an active volcano.

Bay, where it was proposed to anchor until daylight. The satisfaction on board the *Marion* on finding that her voyage had not been in vain was indeed great, and preparations were at once made for receiving their prospective guests on the morrow.

As the ship continued on, the group on shore, augmented, from time to time, by wildly gesticulating figures, followed along the beach until, having rounded the spit, the *Marion* dropped her anchors and made all snug for riding out the night in her hazardous berth. Meanwhile, darkness having come on, the people on shore had lighted a fire, which blazed and flickered all night. Poor souls, not having made out the *Marion's* answering signal, they feared they had not been seen, and were in a state of terror lest the ship should depart without them. Their suspense, however, was quickly dispelled when, soon after daylight, boats from the *Marion* were lowered and seen to be rapidly approaching the shore. As the boats neared the beach the *Trinity's* men rushed forward with the wildest joy, in some cases plunging waist-deep in the surf to meet them. The rescuing party had scarcely landed when several of the wrecked bark's crew hurried into a wretched hut, and one of the *Marion's* officers, curious to know the cause of this sudden move, followed them. Here, spread out on a dirty tarpauling, and generously mixed with grimy lava-dust, were a few crumbs of ship's bread, saved with jealous care during the long months of their imprisonment. It was to seize upon and devour this hoarded food that the half-starved men rushed pell-mell into the hut; and how quickly it disappeared.

The work of transferring the castaways to the *Marion* was soon over, and on reaching the ship they were permitted to bathe—a much needed operation, by-the-way—and were, of course, provided with proper clothing, of which they stood in great want. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that full justice was done the generous meal which they found awaiting them.

There was one thing, however, which they considered extremely hard and tyrannical, but to which, nevertheless, they were obliged, with no little grumbling, to submit. Their goods and chattels (many of them saved with great care, and in these men's eyes of immense value) were, by the captain's order, subjected to a rigid examination by the surgeon, who was directed to condemn and cause to be thrown overboard such articles as might endanger the health of the ship. Now most of the clothing was simply filthy, never having been properly scrubbed during the stay on the island; not only this, but all of it was so worn and tattered that the vilest beggar that ever robbed an ash-barrel would have scorned the best piece in the lot. Yet the *Trinity's* men, unable to fully comprehend all at once the sudden and enormous change in their circumstances, regarded these wretched rags as treasures not to be easily parted with, and many a wistful glance was cast upon them as one by one they went over the side and floated away.

The master of the *Trinity*, Captain Williams, was quartered in the wardroom, while Mr. Keeny, genial first mate, took his chance with the midshipmen, and many a first-rate yarn he regaled them with during the long voyage back to civilization. The rest of the *Trinity's* crew were berthed forward.

From Captain Williams and his crew the following particulars were learned:

After leaving the Cape de Verdes nothing worthy of note happened until reaching Kerguelen, or, as it is sometimes called, "Desolation," a large island lying some 300 miles to the northward of Heard's Island. Kerguelen, while fairly earning its name of Desolation, is still a very decent sort of place as compared with its southern neighbor. It is much larger, has a few harbors that offer at least tolerable shelter, and is not quite devoid of vegetation. Here, during the Summer months, the snow and ice are confined to the peaks, and I believe there are no glaciers. A few rabbits, left here some years ago, having no enemies to thin their numbers, have increased to such an extent as to literally swarm over the island. There are also a few flocks of wild fresh water ducks, of the teal species, to be found in the marshes. They are probably indigenous, as it is difficult to imagine their ever having taken a flight of several thousand miles in order to reach this island. If this be true, they no doubt form a distinct variety, and should be of interest to the naturalist. There are, moreover, some remarkable specimens of petrified trees in certain parts of the island, and quantities of coal exist here which is said to be of good quality.

On reaching Desolation the *Trinity* landed stores for her return voyage, and proceeded to Heard's Island, which in due time she reached safely. Landing five men at a cove, known by courtesy as Corinthian "Harbor," the vessel continued on to Spit Bay, twenty miles distant, which was to be her headquarters.

She had scarcely anchored when the wind increased to a violent gale, and, in spite of all efforts to check her, the vessel began dragging toward the shore. The following afternoon, as she was still dragging hopelessly, it was concluded to beach her on a "soft spot" and run the chances. Her cables were therefore cut, and she was headed toward a comparatively smooth place and run up. The surf was tremendous, and it was found impossible to land a boat. One of the crew volunteered to swim ashore with a line, and after struggling for many minutes with the waves, he finally accomplished the task. With the aid of this line, the boat was several times successfully hauled backward and forward between the ship and the shore. In this way a few provisions and other necessary articles were landed, but the boat soon became stove and could no longer be used. Barrels and boxes were now thrown into the sea in the hope that they might float on shore, and in this way many articles were secured. Darkness coming on and the men being benumbed with cold and wet, it was decided to seek shelter until morning in some huts left there by previous expeditions. Before leaving the ship, Captain Williams with his own hands threw over such remaining articles as were accessible, and then, jumping into the sea, swam ashore and joined his companions in the hut, where all hands made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit for the night. Unfortunately, during the darkness the wind hauled square around, and blowing with renewed violence, drove the *Trinity* and everything not properly secured to sea, and nothing more was ever seen of them.

The next morning the unhappy castaways found themselves with barely three months' provisions, and only such clothing as they stood in. By good luck a little canvas was saved, and this served them in good stead when patching and mending became necessary. A few books were also found among the effects landed.

Their one hope now seemed to rest on the possibility that another elephant-hunter—the *Pilot's Bride*—then cruising at Kerguelen, might pick them up; but as weeks and months passed without signs of her, this hope, little by little, vanished. Meanwhile their position was becoming alarming. Their miserable stock of provisions was rapidly melting away in spite of the utmost care, and they found themselves reduced to eating

SIGNALING THE "MARION."

sea-elephant, penguins and the few cabbages which they could gather. So strong and disgusting were these vile herbs that these men, who could make a hearty meal on the horribly fishy penguins, were obliged to boil them four or five times before they could endure their taste. There being no wood of any sort on the island, save the few boards which formed the huts, the *Trinity's* crew were forced to use sea-elephant's blubber for fuel. The black, oily smoke from this fat permeated their food and their clothing. Water was obtained only by melting snow. Salt was made by evaporating sea-water, but this salt was extremely bitter and caustic. Some of the men had saved a little tobacco; this, however, was soon exhausted, and the meagre ration of coffee was, while it lasted, often used as a substitute. Pork was served out to each of the party once a week, and in pieces a little less than two inches long by about one inch in width, and the same in thickness. The bread had all been soaked in salt water while landing, but this was carefully dried, and issued, a few crumbs daily to each man. The one barrel of partially damaged sugar was eked out to the utmost limit. Little else was saved.

There were times when even the scanty resources of the island failed, and many a night after a toilsome, but unsuccessful, hunt, the entire party went supperless to bed. Every morning the men were divided up into parties of four or five, and started off to hunt. It was rare that more than one of these parties returned with anything. One day, Mr. Keeny plodded miles along the beach looking for "something to eat." His search was rewarded only with a boot-heel; not an edible, surely, but still a most valuable find, as it contained several brass nails.

Sometimes the weather was so severe that it was impossible to stray from the immediate vicinity of the huts without great danger. On one such occasion, when hard-pressed for food, two of the men ventured away across the glaciers, but never returned. When the storm abated somewhat a search was made, and their bodies were found near together and frozen quite stiff. Curiously enough, these were the only deaths that occurred among the *Trinity's* people during their stay on the island, nor were there any noteworthy cases of ill-health.

The utter monotony of their existence may easily be imagined. Time went heavy indeed with them. Mr. Keeny told the *Marion's* officers that he had read two novels and a Greek history each four times over, and had at last taken to reading the dictionary.

The ingenuity displayed by some of the men in mending their clothing was truly extraordinary. One of them had armored the soles of his shoes with the blade of a common handsaw, which, with immense toil, he had cut into the proper shape, pierced with holes and screwed on. Others used barrel-hoops for the same purpose. On certain other articles of clothing, it was, indeed, difficult to see anything but patches.

After some months, the men left at Corinthian Harbor becoming alarmed at the continued absence of their companions, determined to make the attempt to reach Spit Bay. Owing to the fact that the glaciers between them and that place were impassable, it was necessary to proceed, if at all, by water. Having no boat, they tore down a hut and constructed a miserable skiff from its material. In this flimsy affair one of the party undertook the perilous voyage of more than twenty miles to Spit Bay.

Incredible as it may appear, this almost hopeless attempt proved successful; the man, after battling with the waves for nearly twenty hours, reaching his friends in safety.

But alas! he found them no better off than those whom he had left. Still more wonderful to relate, another man

KILLING A SEA-ELEPHANT.

took the boat the next day and actually succeeded in rowing it back to Corinthian Harbor.

In Summer the penguins and shags came to the island to breed, and, thanks to their eggs (by no means plentiful, however) together with the cabbages already mentioned, the scurvy was kept at bay. Captain Williams nevertheless greatly dreaded another Winter on the island.

One day, when hope had about departed from the little band, a man who was returning from a hunting expedition was seen by his companions to stop suddenly, shade his eyes, and look seaward with intense earnestness. Then he began waving his cap wildly, and gesticulating in such a manner that his friends fully believed he had taken leave of his senses. From their position they could not at first see the cause of his excitement, but presently the reason was apparent. It was the *Marion*. Now, it happened that a United States man-of-war was precisely the last thing in the world that the *Trinity's* people expected to see, and more especially it never occurred to them that she was there on their account. Consequently they were much exercised lest she might be simply passing the island without suspecting their presence. In order, then, to attract attention, a blanket was hastily attached to a pole and waved most energetically. It was this which was seen by the *Marion's* crew. Having no glass, Captain Williams was unable to determine whether or not his signal had been observed. The only course left them, then, was to follow the ship along the beach, waving their signal as they went, and to trust that by some good chance they might be observed ere the vessel passed out of sight.

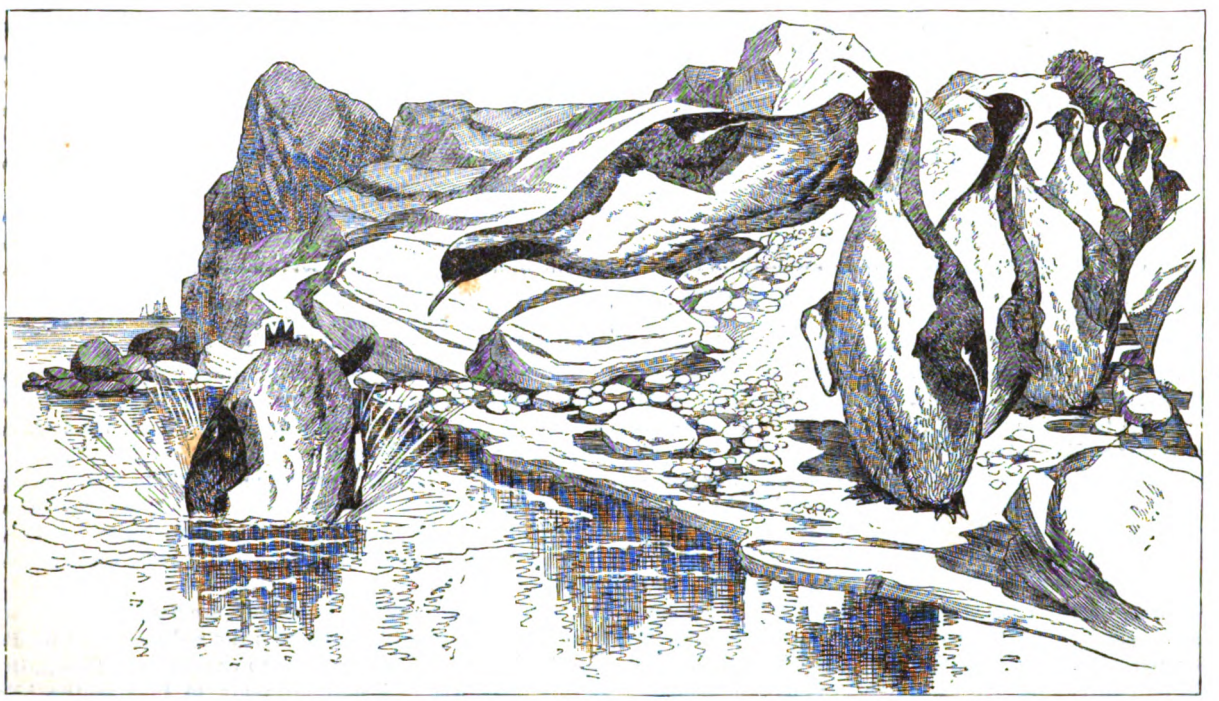
They were a little encouraged on seeing the *Marion* round the Spit and drop her anchor. Blubber was quickly collected, and at dark a blazing fire was started. All night they remained anxiously watching. Meanwhile a rickety raft was constructed, on which Captain Williams himself proposed to embark should the ship show signs of departure. Fortunately he was deterred from this desperate undertaking by the lowering of the *Marion's* boats at dawn. The attempt would probably have cost him his life.

After taking on board the people in Spit Bay, the *Marion* steamed in the teeth of a stiff gale to Corinthian Harbor to pick up the remainder of the *Trinity's* crew. So poor a lookout was kept by this party that the ship not only anchored in broad daylight within pistol-shot of their camp, but actually landed a boat under their very noses without being observed. Not until startled to their feet by vigorous raps at the door of their hut did these castaways suspect that deliverance was at hand.

Having embarked the last of the *Trinity's* crew the *Marion* started at once on her return voyage, her people but too glad to get a wide offing from the dangerous shores of Heard's Island.

Touching at Kerguelen, where she remained one day only, the ship continued on, and, to the intense relief of all on board, soon left behind her for ever the forlorn and stormy southern seas, and, under the genial influence of the trades, rapidly plowed her way toward civilization. On her arrival at Cape Town, from which place she had been absent just forty-nine days, her captain and officers received the warmest congratulations on the success of their voyage, and during their stay enjoyed the hearty hospitality for which Cape Town is so justly celebrated. After remaining in port a little more than a month, the *Marion* set sail for Montevideo, which place she reached after an uneventful passage of forty-two days. Her voyage summed up very nearly sixteen thousand miles.

With the arrival of the *Marion* at Cape Town, the story of the *Trinity's* crew properly ends. A few elected to remain with the friends who had sailed so many miles to rescue them, and to this end regularly enlisted in the United States naval service. Others, with the aid of the consul, returned at once to their homes; while the remainder preferred shipping in the various merchant vessels then in port, and presently the castaways were scattered to the four parts of the earth.



A SCHOOL OF PENGUINS TAKING THE WATER.

"OUR BIG SALMON."

By Harold Vallings.

It was no ordinary salmon; not one of us can speak of it even now but with bated breath and a tendency to retell this story. Several of our friends think it time to go the moment that grand fish thrusts its nose into the conversation. Lord Duffer even departed in a huff yesterday afternoon because we persisted in a final gossip upon the subject; but he is devoid of all sense of either romance or sport, without which incongruous ingredients our salmon cannot be dished up for conversational purposes; or perhaps—as I pause the others accept the hypothesis with many-voiced acclamations—he was in love with Ethel himself! She who ought to know best denies this, but her good nature in sheltering rejected lovers from ridicule is proverbial in the family.

* * * * * *

It is perhaps the most perfect hour of the year—viz., six o'clock on a July evening, and especially perfect because we are just going to have tea, an event which attains exceptional importance, owing to the fact that luncheon at the stifling hour of one was a farce. We have been out since early morning, a state of things which has obtained even since our arrival in Wales ten days ago, and are grouped in picturesque attitudes, such as girls naturally adopt when in momentary expectation of the return of the gentlemen, round the head of a rocky pool some miles up the river.

This spot has, after an exhaustive examination of the entire neighborhood, been pronounced by the family the *beau-idéal* of romantic perfection. The murmur of the fall soothes our ears; Captain Croft calls such music a "ceaseless din," but men of his stamp have no business outside London; in fact, his adverse verdict alone would be enough to decide us in having afternoon tea here. It is pleasant to lie on the rocks staring down into the glittering blackness of the deep pool, while the presence of a heavy salmon which lives at its lower end and occasionally startles us with a loud splash is fraught with ceaseless excitement.

Dick and Captain Croft have often tried him with everything, from a "Jock Scott" to a "Silver Doctor" without getting the ghost of an offer from his majesty. They will soon return, surly, after the bootless fatigue of long wading, and, if we know anything of a fisherman's nature, try him yet again.

Meantime, we light a fire of dry sticks and arrange everything in a way calculated to cheer the eyes of disappointed anglers.

We are disgusted to see Captain Croft returning first, and more still to see Ethel with him, for Dick has long been her slave, and we did hope to find that he and Ethel would be together and that something would occur to prevent his threatened departure to-morrow morning. If this afternoon turns out blank we give up hope, for Dick is due in India in October, and will not get another chance with Ethel.

This morning Captain Croft killed two sewin, and Ethel was the only one of us civil enough to congratulate him. Dick appeared at lunch with an empty creel, bronzed and tired, but as usual, cheerful. This cheerfulness of his, added to a curious habit—very curious, even unique, considering his sex—of thinking of every one else before himself, has helped to make us worship Dick as an elder brother.

"I wish *some* of you *would* be a shade less sisterly," I heard him mutter the other night when Ethel said with a guileless smile, "We all look upon you quite as a brother, you know, Dick."

Captain Croft and Ethel, whom we receive with dignified stiffness, throw out strong hints upon the subject of tea, but we request them not to be greedy, which is uncivil, and declare that the kettle is not yet boiling, which is untrue. Possibly we rather astonish Captain Croft with our rudeness, but we are sore about Dick, and our enemy has often enough disavowed all surprise at the vagaries of our sex.

While the angler, finding us too difficult for conversation, turns over the leaves of his fly-book meditatively, Ethel reclines among the sea of brake-fern which envelops our camp. I observe her from behind a book, and reflect for the thousandth time that the multitude of her conquests is not to be wondered at. Who can withstand such blue eyes and soft, curly hair, and the dimples which come and go as she speaks? Again, her voice is like the warble of a nightingale, and—but sister Ethel is a theme which, from its exceeding attractiveness, I must label "dangerous."

As Dick comes in sight, clambering over the rocks with his long rod over his shoulder, I fancy I detect an added light in her eyes, but she only remarks casually, "Now you girls have got your hero back again, perhaps you will give us some tea."

"Fish?" says Dick; "not a fin. Might as well throw a fly on dry ground as on this gin-clear water."

He sits down, and we recover our spirits and temper a little. But he is not himself, for being really anxious about him and Ethel, I observe him closely and note the elaboration of effort in his mirth.

"I wish he were not so humble-minded. Probably he will not even ask her," so run my thoughts.

After our painstaking preparations tea is not to be dismissed in a moment. Our contemplative enjoyment of it, however, is broken in upon by a loud shout from fourteen year-old Bella:

"Look! the salmon!" and she points to the curving eddies which mark the spot where the big fish has risen.

"By gum!" says Dick, jumping up in haste; "it's a regular sockdolager! Take my rod, Croft, and try for it, now!"

"No, no; it's your turn. I had the last."

But good-natured Dick thrusts the rod into his friend's hand and drags off his own hat to examine the flies in it.

Our loud-tongued entreaties are to him as the idle wind; but a gentle, low-voiced request from Ethel veers him round in a moment. He takes the rod, and glides cautiously down to the water's edge, crouched behind rocks, and with beating hearts we watch every movement of Dick's fingers.

"I shall show him a big dark fly first;"—his words scarcely reach us through the noise of the fall—"I should never land such a 'whopper' on a small hook."

He seems an age affixing that fly and then wetting it. As he lengthens his line out a yard or more each cast, and the black wings and silver body float nearer and nearer to the spot where the great fish rose, our excitement reaches almost to bursting point, and little Bella has to be held down by force.

There, it must have been right over his nose that time! I almost wonder that Dick has the courage to go on working his fly. But no ripple breaks the surface. His majesty gazes unmoved upon the black and silver. Two or three more throws and Dick reels up his line.

"Try him with a small 'Jock Scott' now," Captain Croft, caught by the prevailing excitement, speaks in a solemn whisper.

"All right. Throw me one over."

Again the wetting process has to be gone through, and again seems more endless than before.

At last the brilliant-hued "Jock Scott" is almost over the big fish. Dick balances himself carefully for the next cast. The rod curves back, swings forward, and the fly, delivered straight and freely, drops gently on to the water a couple of yards above the salmon. Scarcely has the line sunk an inch below the surface before there is a heaving boil and swirl of waters as the great fish bounds to the surface. There is not one of us girls who would not at this juncture have thrown the rod down with a shriek.

In a moment Jack has struck. His rod is a hoop; his line flashes through the water; the whirring reel makes music in our ears.

"Down to the bottom of the pool, and drive him back if he makes for the rapid."

We obey Dick like children, except Ethel, who stands beside him and views the struggle, so to say, from the grand stand.

The first rush is straight toward the dangerous rapid, but a strenuous splashing from us drives the fish back in time.

"By Jove! that was a near shave though!" and Dick wipes his forehead hastily.

Both Dick and Captain Croft afterward declared that they had never seen a fish show such sport as this one did.

One grand rush after another seems to leave him as fresh as ever. He is across the pool, down the pool, under the white water at the top, and almost under Dick's feet—all in a moment. Again and again he hurls himself into the air, and his great silvery side almost dazzles our eyes with its glitter.

Little Bella positively cries with excitement, and one or two of us would fain do likewise.

I have that strange feeling anglers have often described to me, which makes the burning reality of the moment blot out past and future. The fate of the universe seems to hang on this one fish; if he is once landed I feel that the struggle of life will be over.

For thirty-eight minutes does that fish keep us palpitating round that pool, then he begins to tire. His rushes are shorter and shorter. Dick is getting him in hand.

One last effort for freedom, however, he makes, in spite of a shower of stones from us, and the strain put upon him by sixteen feet of greenheart, that gallant fish struggles into the head of the rapid.

Dick comes running down the bank, losing line even then, for the current of the narrows is furious.

Through the neck at the bottom of the pool flashes the salmon like lightning. The sight of boulders and broken water renews his courage. Dick's course down stream is arrested by a big rock; his line is run out to the last yard. This prince of fishes will escape after all! Dick looks upon the swirling water and sets his teeth. There is a last chance, but a risky one.

"Don't, Dick; you would be drowned to a certainty," we shout in chorus. Ethel implores him with tears in her eyes not to risk it. He looks gratefully at her, but shakes his head. It flashes across me that if the expression of her face at this moment does not give him heart to ask her a certain interesting question on the way home, why, he doesn't deserve her.

Nothing short of cart ropes would stop Dick now his blood is up; he steps into the hurrying water and is taken off his legs in a moment and washed against a rock; now he regains his footing and staggers on a yard or two, now loses it once more.

"No fish in the world is worth such dangerous work as this. What a reckless chap it is!" cries Captain Croft, anxiously.

While making a short *détour* round the rocks we lose sight of the angler for a moment; then, rushing breathlessly down to the water again, find him lying upon the bank, much shaken, bruised and exhausted, but holding on to his rod doggedly.

"The fish is sulking in the lower pool," he explains, emptying the water from his pockets. "When I've had a rest you must come and rouse him up with stones."

The respite is brief. That game fish is soon careering round the second pool, but the effort is a final one. Very soon he is lying in shallow water, almost passive.

We have no gaff with us, and Captain Croft's big landing net would not even hint at inclosing such a leviathan as this.

Dick leads the great fish steadily shoreward until it is almost aground; then Captain Croft, warily circling around it, scoops it up in both arms, and, behold, the great salmon is glittering among the ling and heather! A loud cheer arises from the whole party, and little Bella, in a paroxysm of triumph, kneels beside the silver monster and kisses its slippery side!

"Thirty pounds, at least!" we cry.

"No, twenty-five, perhaps," say the gentlemen. "And a grand fish, in perfect condition."

The excitement of the sport has completely driven all thoughts of Dick's coming departure from my mind, but they now return with force.

"He *shall* have a chance," I declare to myself, and ponder a little while the others are steeped in fish-worship.

"Dick," I exclaim, authoritatively, "you must go home at once, instead of loitering about here, dripping like a Newfoundland dog. Ethel and I will walk back with you."

Catching Dick's eye, I see that he understands me.

"Come along," he says.

Ethel takes my arm on the side remote from Dick. She is remarkably silent, and shows a tendency to blush about nothing, fearing possibly that her anxiety about Dick's dangerous escapade just now may have betrayed her. Dick, feeling that he is now, as he would himself phrase it, "in for it," maintains a no less impenetrable dumbness. Never have two such leaden companies fallen to my lot before or since.

It is a relief that the beauty of the winding moorland path, stretching away behind us, compels me to stop and take out my sketch-book.

"I'll stay with you," says Ethel, nervously.

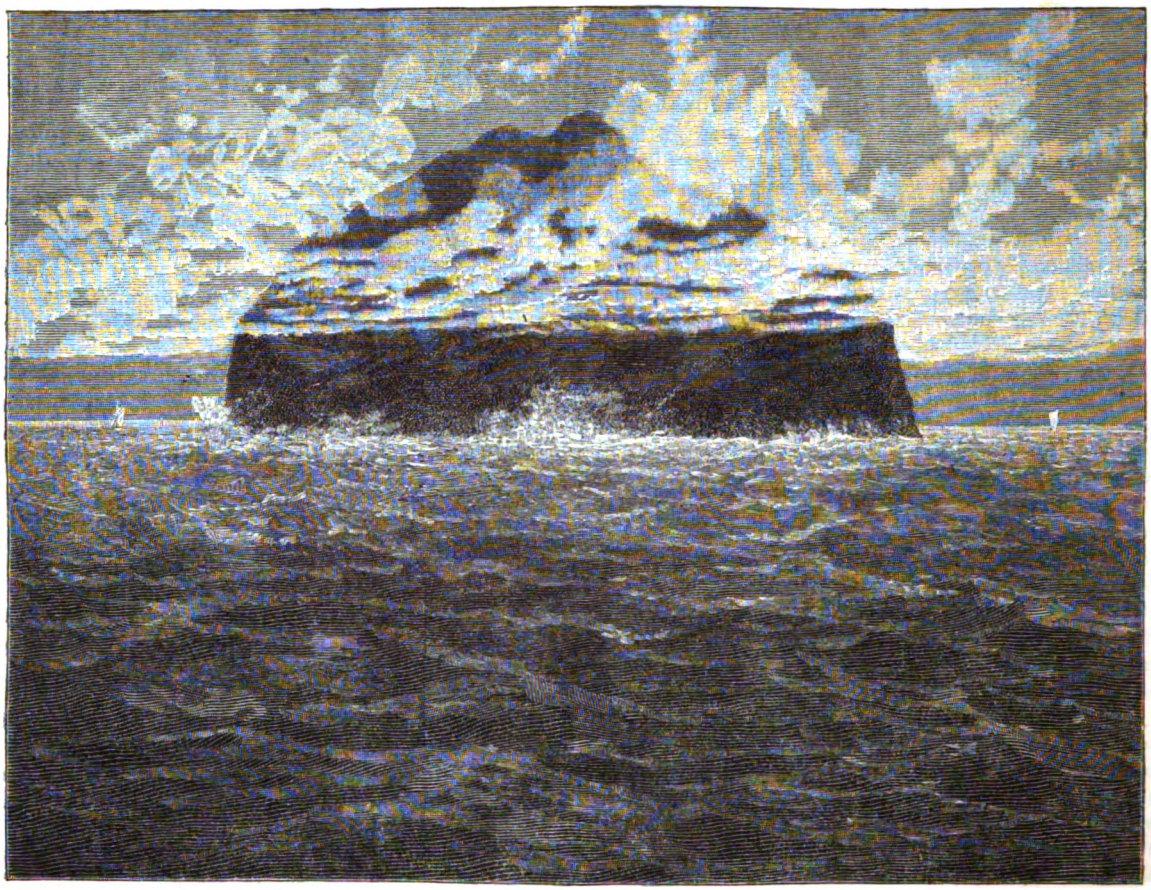
"What, and leave poor old Dick to jog home alone?"

"Eh?" says Dick, looking at me with comical terror. "Don't let me drag her with me if she wants to stay."

"Nonsense; go away, Ethel. I can't have you fidgeting about me while I am drawing."

Their assiduous good nature in preparing my water-color box and block for action knows no bounds; neither fulsome hints nor cross requests will induce them to depart. At length, when I am busy with my first wash, and refuse with sulky steadfastness to answer any more questions, or to offer any further pretext for their moving hand or foot on my behalf, they stroll shyly off together, Ethel's eyes on the ground, Dick's on the distant horizon.

Craning round upon my camp-stool, I watch them down the long slope of brake-fern and heather, straining



THE RESCUE OF THE "TRINITY'S" CREW.— M'DONALD'S ISLAND.— SEE PAGE 725.

my eyes as Ethel and Dick grow indistinct after crossing the stream, and finally disappear, to leave me none the wiser for all my gazing.

Anxiety prevents my sitting still for ten minutes together. My sketch is a curiosity—a phenomenal specimen of the kind of daub producible by the convulsive dashes of a hand totally unassisted by a mind, which is too agitated to do its duty.

My eyes yearn to pierce the small knoll behind which the twain have disappeared. Are those two heads any nearer to each other than when I saw them last?

For years we have looked upon Dick as a brother; tomorrow night when he has departed many tears will be shed which he will know nothing of. His going to India, too, is a mere freak, a decision reversible, I really believe, by a single word from Ethel. Again, Dick is his own master, unhampered by that lack of gold which quenches the hopes of so many young fellows. Well, I have done my best, and, now they have had a clear hour with their fate in their own hands, I may as well collect my paraphernalia and follow them.

As I pace homeward and gaze over the swelling hills, the sun setting "beyond their utmost purple rim" saddens me. Solitude and the gloom of eventide, melancholy as a long-drawn sigh of nature, settle upon my soul; by the time I have reached the last bridge to be crossed, the castles I have built concerning Dick and Ethel have crumbled one by one.

Suddenly I stumble upon them among the rocks, and my hopes rush to the surface once more; the glow of happiness upon the two faces admits of but one explanation.

"You old brick," begins Dick, clasping my two hands with a fervor which I trust he will never repeat. "If it had not been for you I should never have done it!"

"And, Lucy," adds Ethel, in a thrilling voice, with her arms round my neck, "you're a dear old thing; if it hadn't been for the salmon and Dick's going in after it, he would never have——"

"Done this," interpolates Dick, kissing her again and again, with a cool indifference to my presence which bathes her face in crimson. "But we haven't the courage to go in without you," he adds, when he has quite done his whispers in her ear.

"You'll have to, though, Master Dick," I reply, dashing onward and into the midst of the astonished group in the inn parlor.

"It's twenty pounds ten ounces," shouts Bella, by way of greeting.

"Come outside, girls," I exclaim, breathlessly, "and I'll show you something worth a hundred salmon."

As we emerge from the door the soft twilight shows us the prettiest picture we have ever looked upon; and the happiness which underlies the shyness of the one face, and the sparkle and triumph of the other, wake an answering chord in our hearts as we murmur, "Welcome, brother!"

A FIGHT BETWEEN SEA-MONSTERS.

By Edmund Collins.

Some years ago I was curlew and plover shooting along those barren uplands that extend for some miles beyond the cliffs around the greater portion of the Newfoundland coast. It was about the middle of August, and a terrific gale had blown for several days, throwing

numbers of fishing-boats on shore, and driving fishes into the deep water, leagues from land.

But on this afternoon the storm had abated, and deck-boats and schooners, some with white sails, others with dun tan or bright russet, began to appear, and cast anchor here and there upon the fishing "grounds." I was very tired, and I lay down upon the top of the cliff to rest.

The bight below and beyond me, sheltered by the towering mountain walls, was as smooth as a pond of oil; but away where there was no shelter I saw white caps, and the fishing-dories were violently rocked and tossed.

The water was a cold steel-blue, and as I looked out upon it I thought how interesting it would be if I could see down into its mysterious deeps; for doubtless now millions of fishes of every kind, which had fled during the storm from the disturbed waves and gone to those great ocean hollows where the sea was still and nearly a mile deep, were hastening back to seek food in the sheltered waters of the coast.

In the offing several hungry whales were looking for cod and herring, and the columns of spray which they spurted out at each breath, on coming to the surface, looked like a number of geysers.

Here and there a dark fin resembling a black plow-share appeared above water, and was withdrawn again without noise or splash; from this I knew that sharks were lurking around, likewise endeavoring to get a meal.

I had not lain there long when it grew dead calm, and I began to gather bluebells and daisies to make into a bouquet for a fisher-girl, with violet eyes and yellow hair, who lived in the cove just around the cape, and who had promised to make for me that evening apple-berry jam and plover pie.

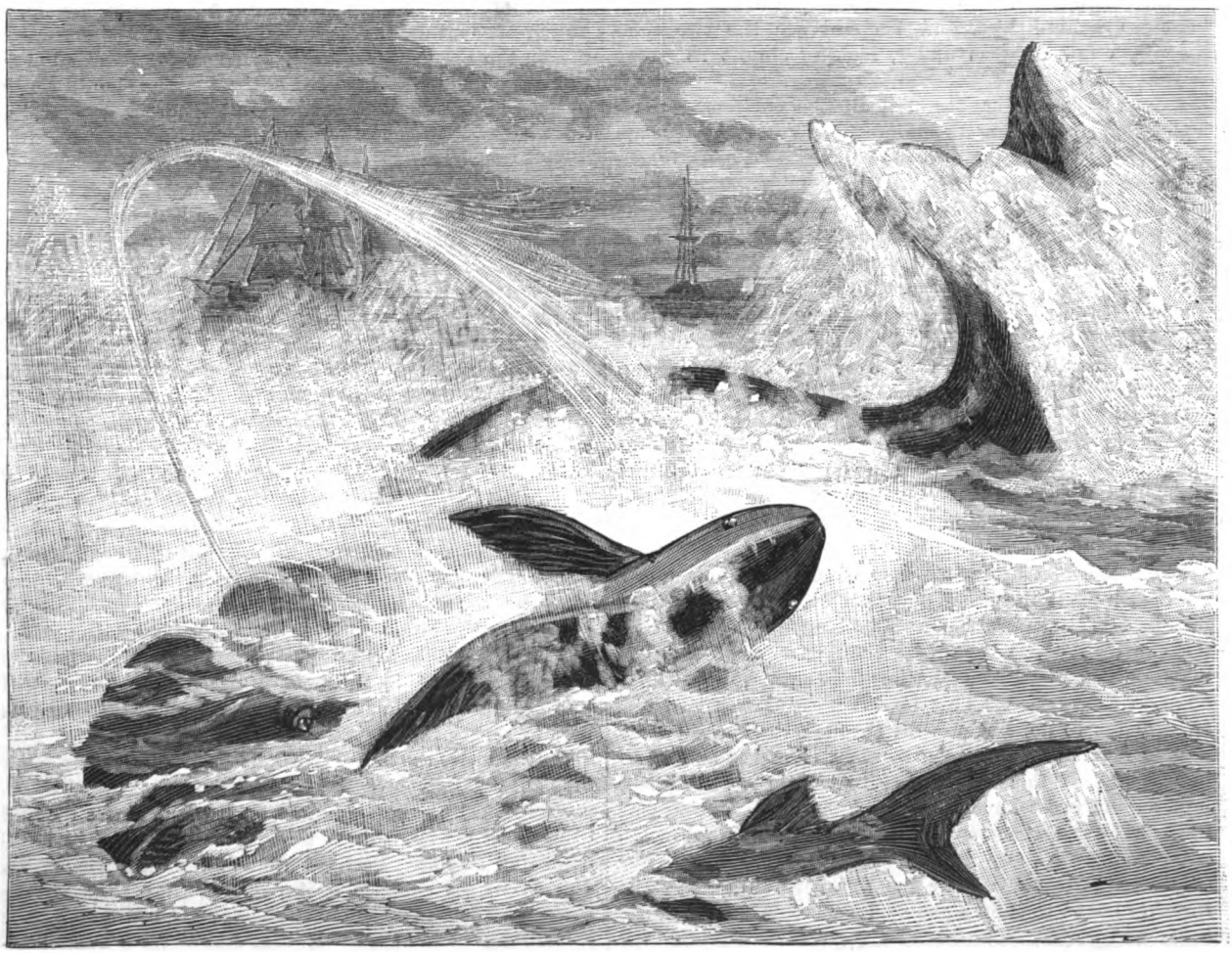
Turning my eyes casually toward the bight, I observed that millions of cod and herring had begun to "breach" —that is, to rise to the surface and splash with fin and tail. I judged as I looked upon the breaches that the multitudes of fishes therein must have been so great that a smallboat would find difficulty in sailing through them, that heavily leaded hooks thrown overboard would not go to the bottom.

Then, a short distance outside, a whale arose, spouted, and dived directly toward the breaching fishes!

What a feast was in store for this hungry monster, who had roamed and roamed the boisterous sea during the last week in vain search for food!

In a moment he was at the surface again, in the very midst of the cod and herring, his great jaws so wide agape that a man might stand upright upon the huge beast's tongue and not touch the roof of its mouth with his head. Then the jaws closed, and the monster, rearing his tail ten or twelve feet above the water, lunged into the cold blue sea again. The sudden apparition frightened the smaller fishes from the surface, but in a few seconds the breaching commenced again further in the bight.

I was at a loss to know where "the sea beast" would again show himself, but I was not kept long in ignorance.



A FIGHT BETWEEN SEA-MONSTERS.

Right in the midst of the new breach he came up, jaws agape as before, unsated and insatiable.

It was just now, however, that the scene took a startling turn. Another creature, about fourteen feet long, arose and attacked the whale. I could not believe my eyes; but there was a strange-looking creature, with keen, remorseless, spear-like fins, supple and quick in motion, voracious and daring, engaged in a fight with the whale.

The quarrel was doubtless over the food, for the newcomer, like the whale, had suffered all the privations of the blustry weather. The attacking fish, which was a thresher or fox-shark, would bound almost out of the sea, and bring his great tail with terrific force across the body of the whale. The whale would endeavor to retaliate by turning round and trying to bring his tail upon the thresher, but the latter was too nimble, and would evade the gigantic lash.

I was soon convinced that more than two were concerned in the fight, but I could not determine what the other participant was. While the battle went on above water, the sea was so beaten about as to remind you of the foam caldron under Niagara Falls.

The breathing of the whale, from the beast's terrible exertions, had grown rapid, and each respiration, which could be heard for more than a mile, was half like a moan and somewhat resembling a whistle. The futile blows of the enormous tail on the water, as well as the more precise and rapid and vindictive stroke of the thresher, filled the air with a multitudinous noise, for every cliff was busy with its echoes. Then the whale would lunge down into the sea, but the avenger would be close behind him, and I could see the two combatants, a few fathoms under, looking almost as green as emerald.

How I did wonder, through all the excitement with which I was watching the contest, how it came to pass that above water these two monsters were a dirty black, but that under water they were green.

I can now explain it in this way: When you sail over the ocean, where the sea is two miles deep, the water is the darkest myrtle; but when you come to the banks, where the sea is shallow, the water is a warm-toned pea-green. These great creatures you might take to represent rocks in the sea, a few fathoms down. Hence the water above them, like that over the ocean plateau, would appear a light-green.

Several times I saw the third large object under the water, and apparently attacking the whale violently, but it never came to the top. While the thresher belabored the whale above water, I could see the long, green object moving rapidly about and charging, as I thought, upward at the whale.

The fisherman afterward assured me that this was a sword-fish; but the story that this fish and the thresher join in battle against the whale being questioned, I do not care to commit myself to their view. Yet, had the mysterious monster been another fox-shark, he must have come to the surface. This he did not so much as make an attempt to do, but was all through the contest from two to four fathoms below, turning, charging and lurking about. If this hidden assailant were a sword-fish, how terrific must have been the force of these charges! Ships have sometimes come to port with the sword of the creature driven sheer through their oaken planks. For about a quarter of a hour the affray lasted, when the thresher began to show signs of flagging. Several fishing-boats had rowed in and lay on their oars watching the close of the fight. Feebler and feebler came the thud of the thresher's body across the great ungainly victim; but more rapid grew the breathing of the whale.

At last it was over. The shark let himself drop gently down toward the bottom, beyond my sight; the unknown monster swam off, still three or four fathoms under, and I soon lost sight of his long, green body. As for the whale, the poor beast had scarcely life enough left in him to swim off. I see him now, only a few feet below, awkward and crestfallen, making his slow, painful way out toward the deep sea, and rising every few seconds to blow his exhausted breath.

A CASE WITH A QUESTION.

By Robert C. Meyers.

Twenty years and more ago a wealthy lady, whom we may call Mrs. Clark, died suddenly in Philadelphia. There would be little to chronicle beyond the bare fact of her death, save that an incident which occurred later on made a puzzle of the event.

Some time previous to her own demise the lady had lost her husband, a man nearly seventy years of age, while she could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three at that time. The will of the husband bequeathed the great mass of wealth to the wife, with the proviso that if she married again the money should be hers no longer, but should come under the control of a number of specified gentlemen, who should apply it toward the beautifying of Fairmount Park. The one other bequest was that of ten thousand dollars to the testator's only surviving relative, a son of a deceased cousin, a young student of medicine. But, the will went on to say, in the event of the death of the wife, who should to the last remain a widow, the entire fortune should revert to the young cousin already named, his heirs and assigns for ever.

This was the will, and a provision in it seemed to account for a possible fraud in the carrying of it out. . . It was well known that the dead man had been jealous; that he scarcely allowed his young wife out of his sight, compelling her to live a life of seclusion, and, if servants' stories are to be credited, making her hourly regret the sacrifice she had made of happiness and beauty. For she was a beautiful woman—strikingly beautiful. She had been a poor girl without family or friends, and came to Philadelphia from another city to act in the capacity of saleswoman in a fashionable shop of haberdashery. To this shop the old gentleman once went in company with his cousin, the medical student, to purchase a pair of gloves. At the glove-counter the young lady presided. The student of medicine had been to that counter before that day; had, in fact, reduced himself to a condition of comparative poverty by a suddenly acquired predilection for kid coverings for his hands. The older man noticed him eying the young lady as they stood at the counter, and he jested about it as the two left the shop, while the youngster owned to the soft impeachment, and vowed that if he were able to support a wife he would ask the lady to marry him.

Did he know the lady? Yes. Had he ever let her think that she was anything to him? He had not dared to express his feeling, knowing how impossible it was for him to support a wife. Then the old man would like to be presented to her. Perhaps seeing the fulfillment of his dreams in his cousin's desire of acquaintanceship, the student went back to the shop with Mr. Clark and presented him to the lady. He was happy for a week after that, and daily expected to be called by the old man to

receive a check that should give him the right to take a wife unto himself without the fear of impending penury. But the old man never called him to become a recipient of his bounty. Instead, he had him to run over to Liverpool to look after a claim he had there, and which, for lack of attention, was threatened with loss. This took all of one Summer. In the Autumn, when the young man returned to America and went to his cousin's house, he was met by the young lady of the glove-counter. She was now the old man's wife.

Poor young fellow! He had been imposed upon; he could never forgive the wrong, yet he had never said a word of love when she had been free to hear him; he had only vaguely guessed that he had been of importance to her heart's happiness. No, he could not say *she* had wronged him, though he might feel contempt for her for what she had done. Yet he learned that she had some time ago lost her situation; was friendless and alone when his cousin had presented himself in the light of a protecting husband.

The contempt for her lightened by degrees, as he realized her straits. It vanished and gave place to another quality when he saw the manner in which she was treated by her husband; a system of jealous torture that must have made absolute beggary with freedom seem almost a boon to the one set in this splendid imprisonment. There were no visitors allowed by the old man. He was always with his wife when she ventured to stir abroad, watching her, accusing her. No visitors? Well, only the young student, who came once in a while, though his treatment by his cousin might be thought to have been sufficient to keep him away. But he could not resist the fascination of going and gazing upon the misery of her he had loved—loved toward the last so hopefully! Yet he had been nothing to her. Nothing! Once, when her husband had humiliated her more than ever in the young man's presence by open accusation of marrying him to relieve her of want, the poor thing, with face all aflame, looked up and caught the eyes of the younger man so full of commiseration. Relieved from want! Her own eyes shot a glance into those so full of pity. He saw then that had he spoken in time, it would not have been in vain. He saw that she was growing desperate; that she knew what she had been to him After that he staid away from the house. But his suffering was very great now, and very pitiable. He heard of the drawing-up of the will, and he guessed at the taunts thrown at the wife during the inception of that will—taunts that accentuated as the time went on—as though she cared for the money after her bitter experience!

The student was graduated and became a full-fledged M. D. He labored diligently to banish from his mind the pain the wrong done him had brought in his train—a wrong he dared not speak of for the sake of her he cared for yet, do what he might to tear her from his thought! He was appointed resident physician in a charitable institution. In whatever hours he could spare from his specified duties he applied himself to the study of anatomy; not designing to become a recognized authority in that intricate branch of his science, but that he must always have a difficult work before him to engage his thought. Yet, when was thought so deeply engaged but a subtle thought could not find entrance and living room? Still he persisted in his work to conquer himself. . . . When he had not been to the house in many a month, he one day received a command to proceed there. His cousin was ill, and with some of the peremptoriness of old times, had sent for him. He dared not refuse to go; that would add a new pain to the suffering wife, for her husband would treat her all the worse, remembering what the young student had told him the day the old man had been introduced to the beautiful saleswoman; while now he must be made to think that there had been but a young man's passing fancy which had been quickly gotten over. So the doctor went.

He was shocked at the change in the wife; she was faded, nervous, conquered—love was no longer hers to entertain. He was as shocked by the condition of the old man, who was dying. He had but a moment's conversation with the lady, when, without ever having looked at him or offered her hand, she withdrew from the room, and he did not see her again during his two days' stay in the house.

His patient claimed his attention, and he had all he could do to make him realize his precarious state, which, to the last, the old man resented; heaping abuses upon the doctor's head, never mentioning his wife, until it seemed that he had transferred his wrath from the one to the other. And why? Did he think what might have been had he been trustworthy and fair? His violence became so dangerous to his own weak frame that at the end of the two days the doctor was forced to deny responsibility, and so gave up the case, after instructing the old butler to call in his stead a certain prominent physician, whom he himself would see and tell all that had been prescribed.

For a month the old man lingered, and then one day, in the midst of a fiercer paroxysm than usual, died.

Could there be other than a sense of peace for the young doctor at the death? He had tried—alas! how vainly!—to forget the woman he loved when his love would have been dishonorable in his avowing it. Now, there was no need to hide the truth—he loved her! Loved her, and his love was an honor! At the funeral of his cousin he did not see the widow, who remained aloof from all eyes. In accordance with the old man's wish, the will was read in the presence of the assembly; it might be as a parting shaft. The wonder is why there should be any mention of the young doctor in the will. But who can tell how there had eaten into the old man's mind the thought of all the meanness of his action—and he had been so much trusted by the poor young cousin. It is certain he never dreamed of the marriage of the two now, for his bitterest pain must ever have been that the saleswoman had married him for his money and did not care for him, and that, loving money as she did, she would never relinquish it when once in her possession. Love! He flouted all love, knowing that he had tried to buy it, and only bought obedience instead. But he had not understood love!

In a month after the husband's death the young M.D. had been many times to the house. The widow would have refused his coming, but she saw no righteous cause for such refusal. He was the only friend she had—the only one who understood her. But she would never marry him. Her experience had been cruel in the extreme. She could not think herself fit to be the wife of any good man while that experience shamed her in her own eyes. No, she would just live and die. Her death would confer the only substantial benefit of which she was capable. The money should, thus, go to the man she would have married had he only asked her in time. Maybe, for surely the money had tempted her, and that it had was now her misery and distress. No, she would live and die alone, as her husband, knowing for what she had married him, had thought she would do.

But these virtuous resolutions were combated by the

doctor, who now made no secret of his feeling for her. Then she began to respect the opinion of outsiders. He must not come so often to the house, for already even the butler who had been in the employ of his late master for many years was looking black.

"Then discharge such an impudent fellow," said the doctor.

The lady would not be influenced by the man who loved her, yet the butler was discharged.

For another month there was incessant siege laid to her heart, and while she denied him she could not keep down a little color from her cheeks, nor a grateful smile from her sad lips, when he approached her. All the same, the more she denied him the more she felt that his presence was pleasant to her. If she loved him as she persuaded herself that she did, she must not wrong him; and she would wrong him if she kept back from him the fortune that should be his if she died a widow. And so, worn out and harassed, she told him one day after a stormy interview. He brightened as he heard.

"Do you think the money would keep me from you?" he demanded.

"It kept me from you once," she said.

"I had not spoken to you then."

"Would I have listened had you spoken? The money was much to me. You see I excuse nothing I have done."

"Do you still love the money?"

"Oh, friend, to be so cruel!"

"Do you love me more?"

But she would not answer him in words, only denying him the right he claimed, only determined that her love should not make him a poor man. Thus she was the cause of the wrong that followed, if there was the wrong which that after-incident, already alluded to, seemed to say that there was.

For once, after a week's absence from her, he came to her white and shaken, a strong purpose in his eyes.

"I have come to say good-by," he said.

She echoed his words.

"Yes," he went on, "to-morrow I go to New York. Next week I sail for Europe."

"When will you return?"

"Never, I hope."

He suddenly threw himself before her.

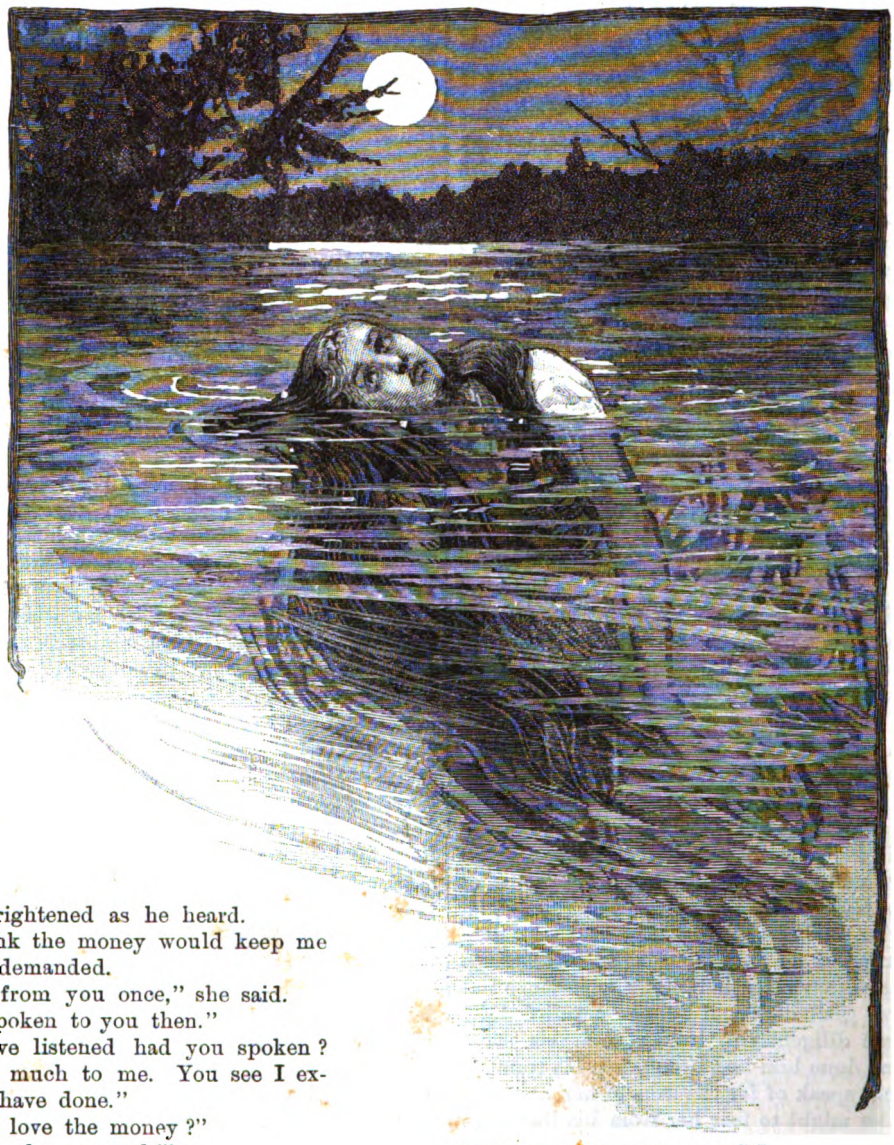
"Will you listen to me?"

"Not if you are going to speak as you have spoken before."

"I am not. I am going to tell you what has caused this sudden resolve of mine. I have seen your double," and he laughed oddly, looking at her with intensity.

"My double?"

"On a dissecting-table at Blockley. She was a poor, unknown, friendless woman, who was brought to the ward yesterday. She had had a troublesome tooth extracted in a dispensary in the city, and, suffering from nervous prostration, had taken an overdose of laudanum. She died an hour ago. The post-mortem examination to-morrow will determine fully the cause of her death. See, I am laughing. This dead woman, whose height is about yours, whose face would be marvelously like yours with a little attention to artistic details, has made me do what you could not do—has made me run away from you, for you are as dead to my great want of you as she is to life."



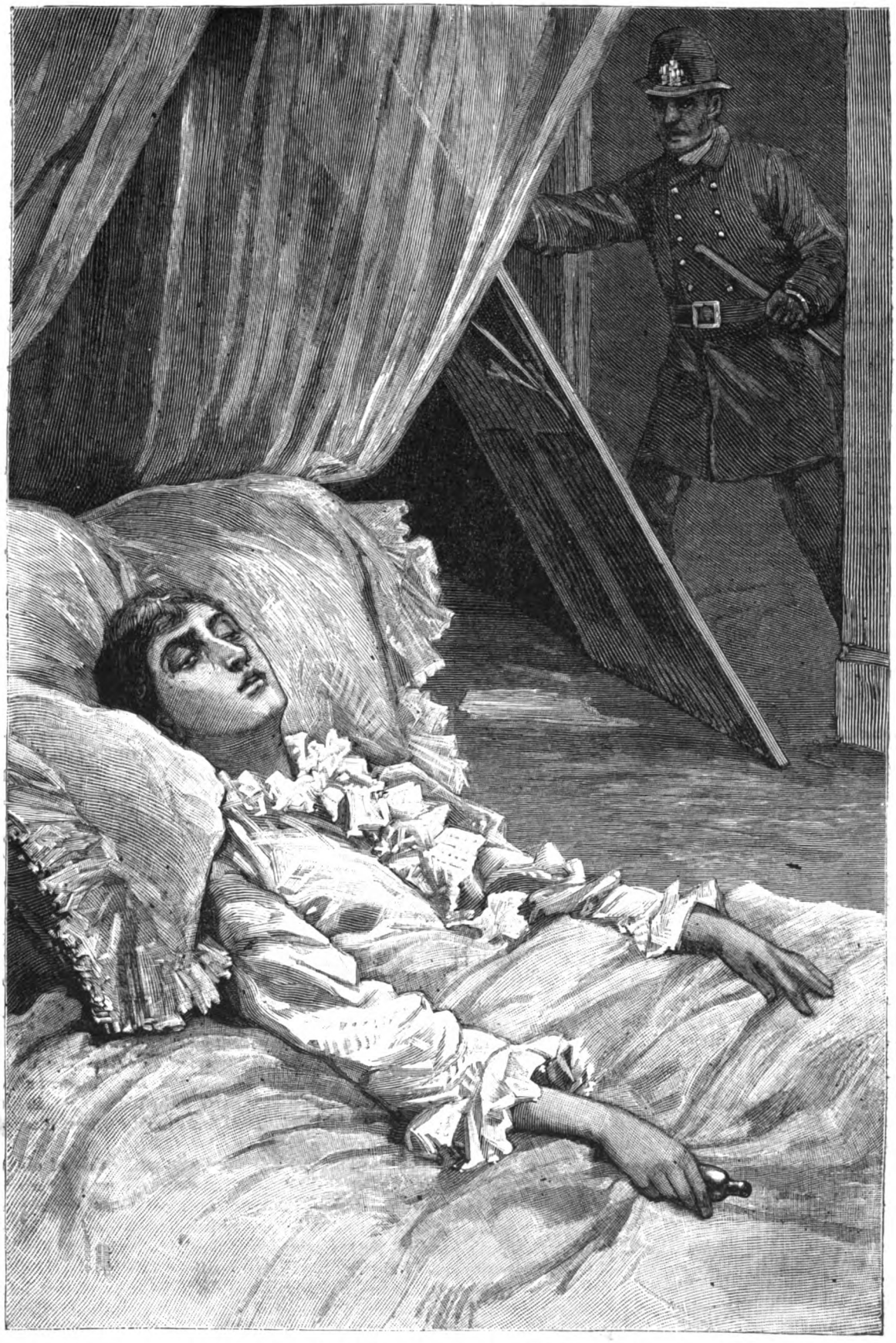
DROWNED.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 747.

His eyes were upon her, hers upon him. The laugh seemed to have frozen into his face as he regarded her. She arose to her feet, clutching at the back of a chair, her face a problem of bewilderment and understanding.

"I cannot, I dare not defraud you," she murmured. "But for me you would be wealthy, doubtless. If I resist you you still will be, for you know that you will outlive me. I am delicate—I *will not* see you a poor man. I dare not listen to you—I dare not."

"You dare not say that you do not love me!"

She turned from him.



A CASE WITH A QUESTION.—"THE POLICEMAN PLACED HIS SHOULDER TO THE PANEL AND BURST IT OPEN. THERE, IN THE BED, CAREFULLY ROBED FOR THE NIGHT, LAY MRS. CLARK, QUITE DEAD."

"Why do you torture me?" she moaned, wringing her hands.

He had availed nothing. He moved toward the door.

"Stop!" she cried, with a strong voice. "Stop! do not leave me yet. Wait! I am in pain. Your story has unsettled me. I—*I am to go to a dentist's to-day to have a tooth extracted, as that poor woman had! Her danger may not be hers alone.* I mean—oh, I know not what I mean—I am past reasoning, past argument."

The door leading to the hall was suddenly closed, and only a murmur of suppressed voices was heard inside the room; a sob or two, and then the door was flung open, and Mrs. Clark hurried to her dressing-room and donned her bonnet and vail. She was "white as a sheet," a servant said, and her eyes glittered again. The doctor waited impatiently in the hall till she came down to him.

"You will be less nervous if I go with you?" he asked, coldly, loudly.

"Yes," she answered, distinctly, and pulled the vail closely about her face; "yes."

They went to the dentist, who extracted the troublesome tooth under the doctor's supervision. The dentist afterward said that there was an apparent coolness between the two while they were in his office, and that, although the tooth was a very strong one, the lady bore the operation with remarkable fortitude.

The doctor did not return to the house with her. She appeared to be much disturbed all the rest of the day, walking agitatedly up and down her apartment.

There were three servants, all women, employed in the house. Two of them were given permission to go out for the afternoon and evening. The remaining servant frequently went sympathetically to Mrs. Clark, who refused any advances, in a harsh, nervous tone, holding a bottle in her hand, once dropping it upon the thick carpet, the servant picking it up for her, while there was a perceptible odor of opium in the room—as the girl deposed at the inquest. Up to six o'clock, dusk, the lady walked her room. Then she was quiet. At seven her bell rang sharply. The servant answering it was given money to go to the circus, then in town, where she would most likely find the two other maids. The girl would have refused to leave her mistress, but the lady insisted that she should go, saying she was sorry she had been harsh, but that the pain, which had now left her, had been unbearable for a time, and that now she wanted to be alone; but the girl must be sure to see that the windows were securely fastened, and not to forget to take the latch-key with her that she might admit herself and her companions on her return. The maid secured the bolts and bars of the house, lingered a while, in case she should be told not to go after all; even went to Mrs. Clark and asked her if she were not afraid to be left alone.

"Go!" the lady said, and so irritably that the girl had her own timidity allayed. She tried the front door after she had closed it, went to the curbstone and looked up to the front of the house, and saw the light in her mistress's chamber brightly burning. She went to the circus, met the two other girls, and the three came home together about eleven o'clock.

The light was still brightly burning in Mrs. Clark's chamber. Thus finding their mistress still up, they were alarmed at the lateness of the hour of their return, and, as noiselessly as possible, admitted themselves into the house and went through to the kitchen, where were the back-stairs leading to their sleeping-rooms.

"Why didn't you lock the kitchen-door?" said one of the girls to her who had left the house last.

"I did," was the reply.

"Why, it is unbolted!" cried the other.

"Is it possible? I could have sworn I locked it! Mrs. Clark was very particular in telling me to lock up. Don't say anything about it!"

So they went to bed and slept undisturbed till morning. They were up at the usual hour, prepared for breakfast and rang the bell, without effect. Rang a second time, but Mrs. Clark did not come down. She never came down to breakfast. The girls went to her room, only to find the door locked. The girl who had picked up the bottle for her mistress mentioned the tooth-extraction and the odor of opium.

They ran to the institution where the doctor had been resident, only to find that he had suddenly resigned and gone to New York the night before. He had luckily left his New York address, where he might be found for a week before he sailed for Europe.

The girls returned to the house, and once more endeavored to arouse their mistress. Now, thoroughly alarmed, they hailed a policeman. He looked through the keyhole of the chamber-door.

"The key has been removed," he said.

It may be in place here to state that the key of that door was never found.

The policeman placed his shoulder to the panel and burst it open. There, in the bed, carefully robed for the night, the gas still brightly burning, lay Mrs. Clark, quite dead, and for the first time it was seen that she had been "made up"; artificial means being used to enhance the fairness of a prematurely faded face; faded, perhaps, through the sad experience of her married life, and art being called into requisition in order to hide from the world the effects of her suffering upon her beauty. There was a spot of blood on the lower lip; this had evidently come from the hemorrhage due to the extraction of the tooth. It was found that a bottle beside the body—the same bottle the maid had handled—had contained laudanum, from the effects of which the unfortunate lady had died; a drug presumably taken to allay nervousness, or the pain caused by the extraction of the tooth. Was no one of those servants, who knew so well the inner working of the house, sufficiently calm and reasonable to tell how the lady had determined that her husband's cousin should possess the fortune which her death alone would give him?—the story he had told her of an unknown woman's death, an unknown woman who had resembled her—and who had sent him away for ever after a fruitless effort to have the woman he loved accept him for a husband?

The dentist who had extracted the tooth deposed that he had kept the tooth and found no cavity in it; this, also, pointed to the hypothesis of suicide. The doctor, still in New York, was telegraphed for. He came, very calm, though very pale and ill-looking. He insisted upon the post-mortem examination being of the most thorough nature.

The body of the lady was laid beside that of old Mr. Clark. The doctor remained in the house for a week, questioning the girls upon the most minute points, and eliciting very little more than is here set down. He examined papers, sealed boxes, gave directions. Would he go to Europe now, his cousin's solicitor asked him, in the face of all that had occurred?—the solicitor, knowing a little of the love-story, asking it reproachfully.

"In the face of all that has occurred, the more speedily would I go," the doctor said, and the solicitor was abashed.

Nearly all the fortune consisted of stocks, two or three

dwelling-houses making up the rest. The doctor ordered everything to be converted into cash, drafts to the amount to be sent to him in Europe, where he would reside for the remainder of his life, as had been his determination before he had inherited the money.

At the end of this week he sailed for Europe—on a vessel that made him but seven days later in getting off than originally intended. As he hurried down to the pier to board the ship, he met a friend, a young M. D. from Philadelphia.

"I have been to a college here," said this friend, "on the oddest of errands—looking up a cadaver. Do you remember the beautiful woman-subject we had in Blockley?—the one you were strangely upset about when you saw her?—she who had a tooth extracted and died from laudanum? She disappeared off the dissecting-table the very day you saw her, before we had a chance to make the autopsy. No trace of the body can be found, and I——"

"Why did you come to New York to look for it? Because I saw in the dead woman a fancied resemblance to a friend, do you think I stole the body and am running over to Europe with it?"

"Pretty good, doctor. The fact is, I heard there was a case sent on here from Philadelphia. Thought it possibly the one mentioned, and—— In a hurry? Good-by! Safe voyage!" and the doctor was on his way.

Now as to that later incident adverted to. Five years after the death of Mrs. Clark, a lady, who remembered her as a saleswoman in Philadelphia, chanced to be in Rome, and one day, as she stood inside a crumbling church filled with pictorial masterpieces, a beautiful woman, leaning on the arm of a heavily bearded gentleman, brushed past her. She vowed that the lady was she who had tended the glove-counter—she who had married wealthy old Mr. Clark. She was more mature, but handsomer than ever, with her beautiful eyes, filled with wifely security, bent upon the man at her side. The lady who encountered her was so sure she was right in the recognition, that she forgot the story of the death, and stepped forward to speak to the handsome creature; for she had often chatted with her over the counter as she purchased gloves, and had ever sympathized with her. But the other placed her remaining hand on the gentleman's arm.

"Come, doctor, we shall miss our train," she said.

Doctor? Was this he who had inherited old Mr. Clark's fortune? The memory of all that was publicly known flashed upon the lady. When she recovered from her astonishment the two were gone, and no one has seen them since to recognize them as she did.

Did the doctor take the "subject" from Blockley? and for what purpose? Did Mrs. Clark die as was supposed, or was there the substitution of a body resembling her own while she was alone in the house that night? And did she secretly and in full health leave the place before her servant's return, going out by that back door that one of them found unfastened?

ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA.

THE "Letters Apostolic" of Pope Leo XIII. which have recently been published, confirming the decision of the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella as to the identity of the bodies of St. James the Greater and of his two disciples, SS. Athanasius and Theodore, are, while binding upon the faithful, acceptable to the world at large as a curious and interesting ecclesiastical document. Since the English retired in 1589, having done for the famous shrine what they had previously accomplished for their own scarcely less venerated pilgrimage of Durham, Santiago de Compostella has suffered comparative neglect. While the invaders were hammering at the gates, eager to scatter the holy bones to the wind, the body of the saint, like that of St. Cuthbert, was hastily buried—where, was uncertain. The body of St. Cuthbert has never been found, at least so say those who have the best right to know. A tradition alone remains. A tradition existed at Compostella, but it was insufficient to sustain international devotion. The pilgrimages gradually became fewer, and the town began to decay. Once more, however, the eyes of Catholic Christendom have been directed by its chief bishop to the little Galician city, and with all the authority of his office he calls upon the faithful to rejoice in the discovery of the long-lost body of the Apostle of Spain.

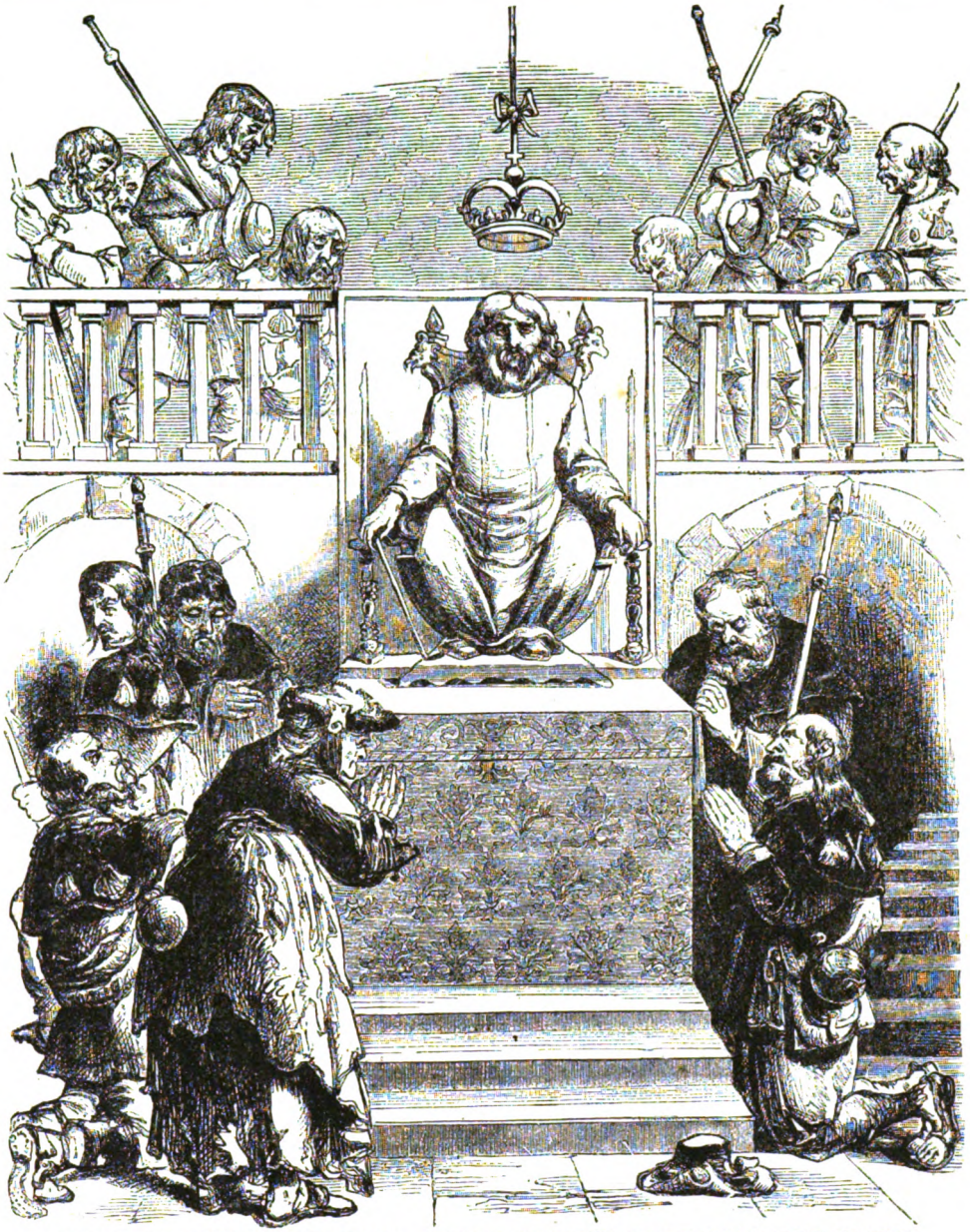
The "Letters Apostolic," after a few simple and dignified introductory sentences, plunge at once into the traditional history of the journey of Athanasius and Theodore to Spain with the body of the martyred apostle. We learn that at last "they came to the shores of Galicia, where, as a pious and ancient tradition tells us, after the ascension of Our Lord into heaven, St. James, by God's command, exercised his apostolic ministry. Here, when they reached the Spanish town which was known as Iria Flavia, they determined to remain on a little farm, and they buried the mortal remains of the apostle, in a coffin made after the Roman fashion, in a vault cut in the rock, and above they built a small chapel. . . . When Athanasius and Theodore in due time died, the Christians . . . buried them both in the same tomb, one on each side of the Apostle. The Christians being soon after persecuted and put to death wherever the Roman emperors held sway, the holy crypt remained for a time concealed. But when, on the restoration of peace, the tradition of the translation of the body of St. James, who was specially venerated among Spaniards, became more known to them, they began to come in crowds to his tomb, with the same devotion and piety with which at Rome and elsewhere the tombs of the princes of the apostles and the burying-places of the holy martyrs were visited. But in the course of time, when first the barbarians and then the Arabs, under Mirza, invaded Spain, and in their frequent incursions especially desolated the regions lying close to the sea, the holy coffin of the tomb, after the destruction and throwing-down of the chapel, for a long time lay hid under the heap of ruins." The "Letters" then relate the miraculous discovery of the holy relics in the reign of Alphonsus the Chaste, when Theodomius was Bishop of Iria Flavia, by means of "a most brilliant star," "as though taken from its place in the sky," which "appeared above the crypt," and, by its "brightness, made known the place where the sacred remains had been buried," the rebuilding of the old chapel by King Alphonsus, and the renaming of Iria Flavia as Compostella on account of the vision of the star. We are also told that "besides this heavenly sign, numerous miracles rendered the Apostle's tomb illustrious, so that many came to pray by the holy relics, not from the neigboring cities only, but from the most distant places. On this account Alphonsus III., following the example of his predecessor, undertook to build a more spacious church—at the same time leaving the ancient tomb untouched—and, having speedily completed it, decorated it at his own cost."

Then follows an account of the miraculous presevation of the shrine from the "wicked Emir Almanazor," who

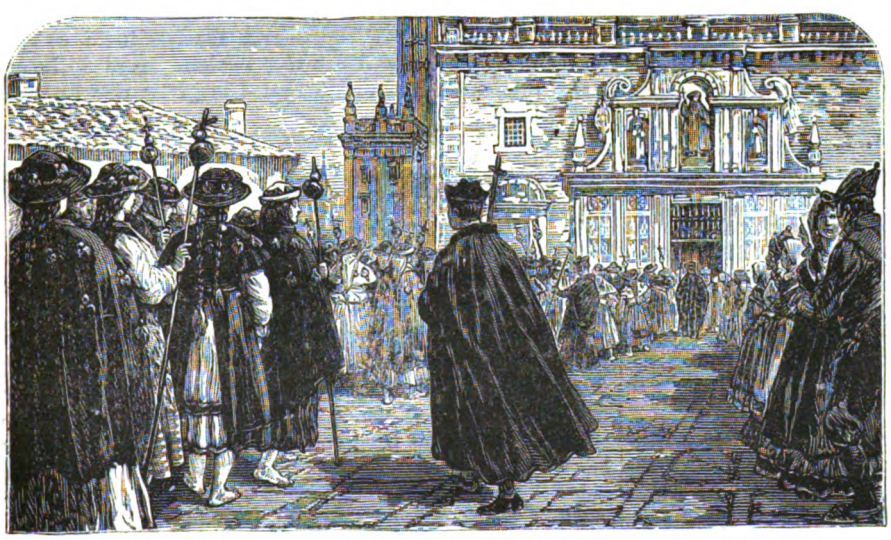
PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO OF COMPOSTELLA.

"ordered his chiefs to march straight on Compostella, attack the town, and destroy by fire the church and everything in it. But God, although the fire had taken great hold, and had spread, extinguished it at the entrance of the sanctuary and struck Almanazor and his troops with a loathsome disease which compelled them to retire from Compostella, and which ended in the sudden death of almost all, including Almanazor himself. Ashes still lay scattered around the vault—traces of the enemy's ferocity and tokens of Heaven's protection."

The "Letters" then go on to relate the building of a larger church on the site of the older one; its receiving the title and privileges of a basilica under the Bishop Didacus Gelmirez, who protected the tomb by the erection of a high wall; and the abstraction by the bishop of a portion of the saint's head, "as a recent examination has shown. It is what is known as the 'apophisis mastoidea.' It is still covered with blood, having been struck by the sword when the head was severed from the body." This relic was sent by Gelmirez to St. Atto, Bishop of Pistoja, and is still venerated in the church of that town. After describing the great renown the shrine attained, the Pope proceeds to describe the events following upon the invasion of the English, "who had abandoned the Catholic faith for heresy," and who "landed an army in the



ALTAR OF ST. JAMES AT COMPOSTELLA.—FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



PILGRIMS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF COMPOSTELLA.

seaboard province of Galicia, wrecked the churches, with heretical fury cast into the flames all images of saints, relics, and the most sacred objects, and then proceeded to Compostella, in order, as they said, to put an end to that pernicious superstition.

At that time the pious Archbishop John of St. Clement ruled over the Church of Compostella. He took counsel with his chapter as to the means of placing in safety the relics of the saints, and undertook that duty himself with regard to the body of St. James. But, as the enemy was already at the very gates of the town, he buried the three bodies hastily and in secret; but taking the precaution to make the new sarcophagus with the materials of the ancient Roman one, so that some testimony might be left to posterity of the authenticity of the relics. At the close of the war, and when its perils had ceased, the inhabitants of Compostella and the pilgrims who constantly visited the spot, held to the conviction that the holy relics were still in their old resting-place. That opinion has been adhered to ever since, so that in our days the faithful have held that the sacred remains were preserved in the apse of the principal chapel, and have come there to venerate them more closely; and the clergy of the basilica have finished the daily devotions by singing an anthem there.

"Now, when our venerable brother, Michael Paya y Rico, Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Compostella, undertook some years ago the restoration of the basilica, he resolved to carry out a long-cherished object of his, which was to search for the spot where lay the remains of St. James and of his two disciples Athanasius and Theodore. In order to effect this important undertaking, he selected some most learned ecclesiastical dignitaries, and intrusted them with the direction of the work. But the result happened differently from what all expected, for the whole of the crypt and its surroundings under the high altar were explored without anything being found. At last, at the spot where the clergy and faithful were wont to pray most fervently—*i.e.*, in the centre of the apse, behind the high altar and in front of another altar—the workmen, after taking up the stone slabs and excavating to a depth of two cubits, discovered a coffin, the lid of which was ornamented with a cross. This coffin was made of stones and bricks taken from the ancient crypt and tomb. When, in the presence of witnesses, the lid was raised, bones were found which belonged to three male skeletons." Then follows an account of the inquiry at Compostella, the judgment of the cardinal-archbishop in favor of the identity of the relics, and the application to the Pope to confirm his decision. A commission of cardinals and prelates belonging to the Congregation of Sacred Rites was formed, and resulted in the dispatch of "Augustin Caprara, Promoter of Holy Faith," to Compostella. There he "examined the witnesses on oath, cleared up certain contradictions which appeared to exist in some of the depositions, and sought the advice of experts in archæology, history, and anatomy at Madrid and Compostella; he inspected the ruins of the ancient tomb, and compared them with the materials of the sarcophagus containing the relics; he also examined the spot under the apse where these were found. Finally, after having consulted medical experts with regard to every part of the hallowed bones, he returned to Rome and completed his task by drawing up a very accurate report." The result of this report was that the Commission, "Being of opinion that all the facts laid before them were true, and so thoroughly proved that no one could deny them, and that therefore there existed in this matter the full certainty required in such things by the Holy Canons and the Constitutions of the Supreme Pontiffs," decided in favor of the judgment of the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella, and Leo XIII. thus confirms his decision: "Now, therefore, desirous of confirming all that has been established by the aforesaid Decree by a more solemn document of Apostolic Authority, and by a special Act of our approval. . . . We . . . with certain knowledge and by our own act, in virtue of our Apostolic Authority, and all doubts and questions ended, approve and confirm the decision of our Venerable Brother the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella, on the identity of the sacred bodies of the Apostle St. James the Greater and of his holy Disciples Athanasius and Theodore, and We decree that decision to have force and weight for ever. Furthermore, We will and ordain that no one, under pain of the excommunication *latæ sententiæ*, absolution from which we reserve to ourselves and our successors, shall detach, remove, or take away even the smallest portion of the holy relics which have been replaced, under seal, in their ancient resting-place." The Pope then grants a plenary indulgence, applicable by way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory, to all the faithful upon the conditions of confession, communion, and prayer for the good of the Church, in a church dedicated to St. James, or other church designated by the ordinary. To the "noble Spanish nation," who, "by the marvelous assistance of St. James, has preserved the Catholic faith in its integrity and inviolate," he grants "the great privilege held from our predecessor, Alexander III. (namely, the faculty of gaining a plenary jubilee in the years in which the feast of St. James, the 25th of July, shall fall on a Sunday) for this coming year" (1885), "when on the 25th of July will be celebrated the solemn festival of the Invention and Elevation of the body of the Holy Apostle, under the same conditions and with the same privileges as are contained in the Constitution of that same Sovereign Pontiff dated the 25th of July, 1179." The "Letters Apostolic," which are dated November 1st, 1884, conclude as follows: "Let no man, therefore, attempt to lessen, or by foolish audacity contravene this document of our approbation, ratification, reservation, concession, relaxation, commission, and will. But if any one dare to attempt this, let him know that he will incur the indignation of Almighty God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul." Thus in an age of unfaith speaks "Leo Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God," in the same strain as did his predecessor Alexander III. in an age of faith. Many will think his words a survival of pretensions that have no place in the world of to-day. Many will, no doubt, receive them as did those to whom Pope Alexander spoke. More will perhaps rejoice in the event that has given rise to their publication.

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.

THE New Englander who has never crossed the Mississippi has an imperfect idea of our Western States. They have institutions peculiarly their own, to which no pen can do justice by way of description.

One of these is known as the "blizzard." It is a blinding snowstorm, accompanied by a terrific gale from the northwest, which occurs only after a period of unusually mild weather, and which lasts anywhere from one to three days. I was born and reared in Maine, and know something of what rough weather is, but a blizzard eclipses anything I have ever known. Shall I tell my readers about this particular blizzard of October, 1880?

A party of four ladies and nine gentlemen, mostly

from Worcester, Massachusetts, were traveling in the excursion car "City of Worcester" through Iowa and Nebraska, seeking pleasure and profit from a two-months' hunting trip.

We had hunted all kinds of small game in Iowa, and felt that we were now ready to try our rifles on something larger. So we planned a great deer-hunt, to last three weeks, in a region where game was said to be abundant. Swan Lake and the Calamus and Big Cedar Rivers in Nebraska were declared to be the paradise of hunters who sought either deer, elk, antelope or wolves.

We left the ladies and one of the men of our party with the car at Neligh, Nebraska, and on Thursday morning, October 7th, started for the hunt.

There were eight hunters, armed to the teeth, mostly mounted on Indian or broncho ponies, and accompanied by three mule-teams, carrying everything needed for a month of camp-life beyond the bounds of civilization.

We could make only about twenty-five miles a day, heavily laden as were our teams, for we must drive across prairies where there were no roads, and ford rivers which had no bridges.

But while the wagons moved slowly on, the ponies were kept at work galloping over the prairies and along the streams, and every day our table was supplied with prairie-chicken, duck, plover and snipe, furnishing such repasts as would make the most forlorn dyspeptic smack his lips in delight.

After some days of such travel under the sunniest of skies, we pitched our tents one night among the sand-hills between Swan Lake and the Calamus River.

These sand-hills are, many of them, so high and so precipitous, that in New England they would be termed mountains. They are, indeed, great mountain ranges, varying in width from two to forty miles, and extending for long distances between the rivers and the valleys.

Like all mountain ranges, they are occasionally broken by "passes," through one of which we sought to make our way.

We were headed for the Calamus River, and had reached a point not more than ten miles distant from it, as our guide believed, when night overtook us. As we began pitching our tents, one of the party came in and reported a herd of antelope not far distant, but we expected soon to be where such sights would be common, and we made no attempt to follow them.

Next morning, after examining the country, our guide reported that it was impossible for our mule-teams to get through the pass, and that we must go back, and, through another valley, try to reach the Big Cedar.

We followed our trail backward for a day's journey, in a drenching rain, and camped that night in a valley which it was believed would lead us to the Cedar—perhaps thirty miles distant.

Next morning we moved on, and possibly might have reached the river before night, had not some of the party stopped to hunt deer among the sand-hills, towering up on either hand. This unfortunate delay compelled us to camp that night in a broad valley, at a point which our guide thought about six miles from the river we sought. The day had been beautiful, and the evening was so mild that the writer and a companion lay out on the prairies till nine o'clock, watching for wolves, whose howls were heard around the camp every night. We pitched our tents carelessly, intending to take an early start next morning.

But alas! for our expectations! During the night the temperature fell with astonishing rapidity, a strong wind set in from the northwest, and at four o'clock in the morning snow began to fall. We *should* have broken camp immediately and gone to the nearest valley—so we learned afterward—but none of us could judge well of weather indications in Nebraska, and our guide did not apprehend anything serious, for the "oldest inhabitant" could not recollect a blizzard in October, and it was now only the 14th of the month. The guide thought, and the drivers believed, that the storm would cease at 12 P.M., and we, of course, trusted to their judgment. But, instead of this, the snow fell more and more rapidly, and the northwest gale increased in fury.

Before three o'clock we became satisfied that we must expect a long and terrible storm, and we began to prepare for it.

We had two light canvas tents, in each of which slept four men, with just blankets enough to keep them comfortable in ordinary weather. But now we must care for the guide, the porter and two drivers, who had commonly slept in the wagons, and who were but slimly provided with clothing. So into our tents we took them.

The tents themselves had been but lightly pinned to the ground, and the gaspipe frame of the larger one was not calculated for such a strain as it was now being subjected to.

It seemed probable every moment that the larger tent would be blown down. We put stronger pins into the foot-ropes, took poles from the wagons and ropes from the horses, and lashed and braced it in every conceivable way. We banked the snow around it, and piled our provision-boxes inside as a protection against the wind, but in spite of all we could do the gale made great rents in the canvas, through which the snow constantly sifted.

Before dark at least one foot of snow had fallen, but it had been the sport of the wind all day, so that in some places the drifts were six feet deep, while in others were great reaches of sand entirely bare.

The night shut in upon us, gloomy and awful. By the closest packing it was just possible for the seven men in our tent to lie down, and, covered with all the clothing we could muster, we tried to sleep. But it was a vain attempt for most of us, for the cold was terrible, and we lay in momentary expectation that the tent would be blown down; in which case it seemed certain that we should perish. We worried through the night as best we could till about four o'clock, when we determined to rise, as it would be far easier standing.

The first man who rose looked back on a bank of snow, which had drifted into the tent till the would-be sleepers were nearly buried from sight.

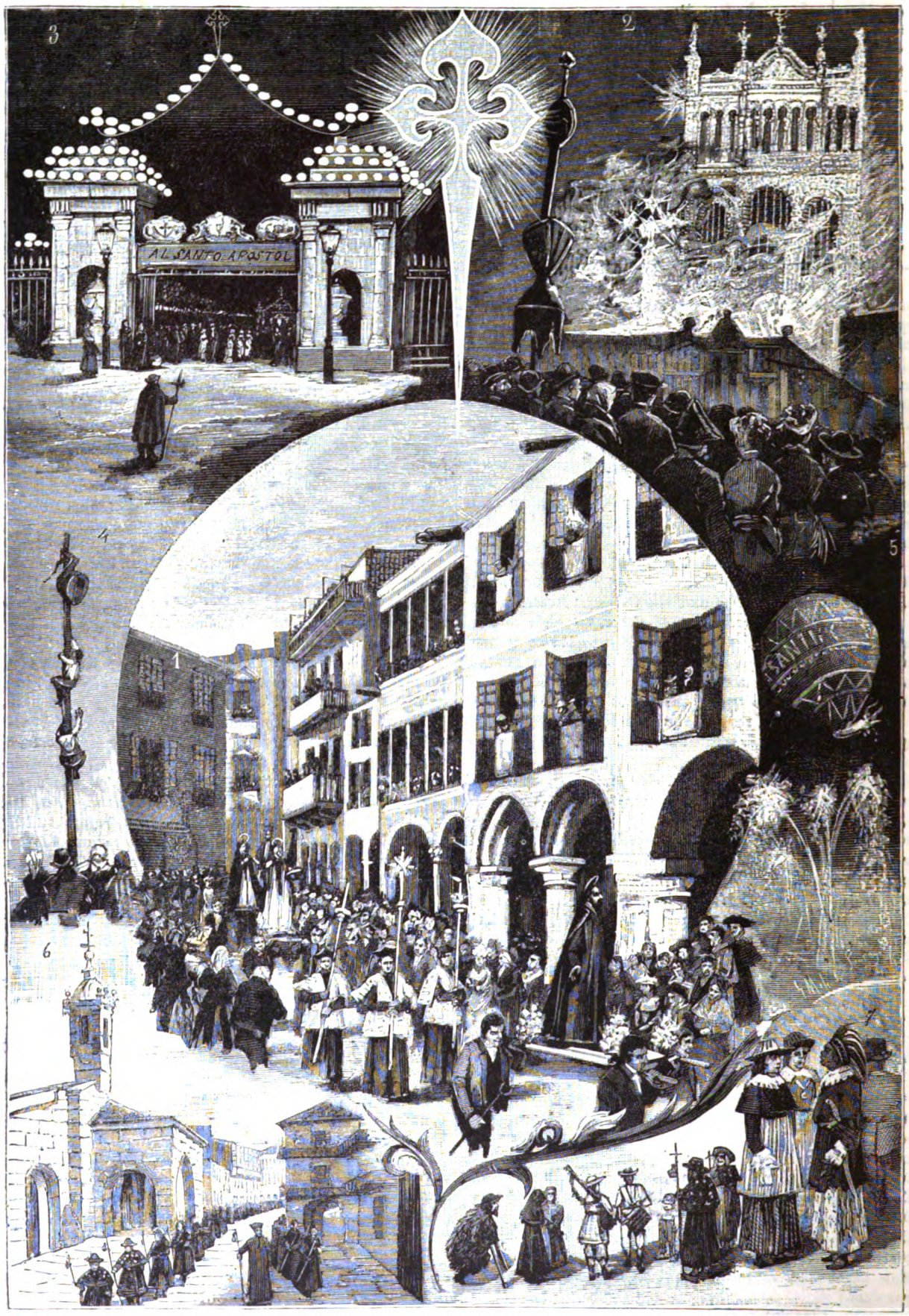
As daylight drew on we found that the storm was increasing in fury—the snow was falling faster and the wind was blowing harder.

The drivers now came in, declaring that the stock would soon perish unless we could do something to protect them, for until now the mules and bronchos had been fastened with lariats out on the prairie, and exposed to all the fury of the storm—two of them without even the protection of a blanket.

We mustered all hands, and, after great exertions, succeeded in drawing the wagons into a line near the tents. We tied the horses behind them, and, by spreading the light canvas wagon-coverings over the sides, tried to shelter the poor shivering brutes from the wind.

We dared not attempt to exercise them, for the drivers said they would travel *with* the storm readily, but that we could not get them back.

We had one small sheet-iron stove, which had been set up when we first pitched our tents beneath a light canvas "fly," but it was now buried under four feet of snow.



1. Religious Procession. 2. Pyrotechnics at Main Entrance to Cathedral. 3. The Alameda Gate Illuminated. 4. The Pole or Cucaña. 5. Balloon. 6. Procession of Boys and Girls. 7. The Giants.

ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA.— PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO.— SEE PAGE 739.

This we finally dug out, and setting it just inside the larger tent, we managed to start a little fire. But our store of wood was limited to an armful, and there was no more within we knew not how many miles, for on the prairies and among the sand-hills there are no trees.

The other tent's company had no fire at all, though they were rather better provided with clothing than we. We piled our guns and ammunition, with some portion of our bedding, in the centre of the tent, and covered all with rubber blankets.

Then, in a space about six feet by four, seven men stood through the long hours of that dreary day, each in turn bracing the tent with his shoulders, lest it might yet be blown down.

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"AFTER A WHILE THE FOREMOST RIDERS BROUGHT THEIR GLASSES TO BEAR, AND PRONOUNCED THEM HAYSTACKS WITHOUT A DOUBT."

We could not exercise, for no man could live long outside, so we stood huddled together and stamping our feet to keep from freezing. To keep from freezing was the maximum of our hopes—being comfortable was out of the question. The writer wore two pairs of heavy woolen socks inside of boots reaching to the hips, three pairs of pantaloons, two heavy suits of flannel, and four coats, yet there was no moment during nearly forty-eight hours in which he did not suffer from the cold. Others had a similar experience. Several of the men had their heads tied up with under-flannels to keep from suffering even inside the tent.

All day long the storm raged with ever-increasing fury. I know of no language that can adequately describe it.

As night drew on ours was a serious company, not to say a sad one. It was a question whether we should not yet leave our bones in that valley. Surely, if the storm continued much longer we must perish, for we could not hope to reach a settlement through the drifted snows, even if our horses could be kept alive, as did not seem probable.

The poor creatures were a pitiful sight to behold. At times they were so completely covered with sleet and ice that all resemblance to a living creature had disappeared, and it was easy to imagine that what we saw before us was a mound of ice of the most unearthly shape. Besides, we could not half feed them, for we had planned for no such delay as this, and our store of grain was nearly exhausted. We had tried to protect them behind the wagons, but the snow had drifted in around them till now their feet were nearly as high as the wagon-tops, and they really had but little shelter from the wind.

They were huddled closely together, and it required hard blows from the heavy driving-whips to induce them to move a step. The writer saw one of the broncho ponies kick one of the mules, planting both feet squarely into the mule's ribs, and yet the poor mule was so benumbed with cold that he scarcely noticed it. The drivers said they could not survive much longer.

We knew we could not all sleep that night, so we piled our baggage against one end of the tent, making a place where five men could half sit and half recline, while the other two kept alive the fire that we might not all freeze to death together.

In this way we passed the night, each taking his turn and standing, while the others rested but could not sleep. It seemed as if morning would never come. But it came at last, and revealed the unspeakably welcome fact that the snow had ceased to fall. It was Sunday morning; so it proved, though we had so lost our reckoning that no one appeared to be certain what day it was.

The cold was so intense that nearly every freezable thing was already frozen solid. But we managed to heat some water, and so had hot coffee and crackers for breakfast. That breakfast was eaten in silence. Every man was busy with his own thoughts. We knew not where we were, and it was evident that the guide knew no more about it than we did; for by this time he had come to think we might not be in the valley, which he had supposed, and so not near the Big Cedar at all.

We only knew that we were about ninety miles from our car, and probably thirty miles from the nearest cattle-ranch, though how to reach either we did not know.

Compasses were of no value, and we could only follow the general course which seemed to the majority most likely to bring us to some settlement. But should we move at all was now the question. Some declared it dangerous to attempt it, since if we took our tents down, we could never pitch them again, and argued that our only hope lay in remaining for some time longer where we were, using our wagons for fuel and our horses for food. Others declared their purpose to move at all hazards and without delay, and, eschewing words, went on preparing to start. A majority vote had usually determined our course, but now it was a question of life or death, and each man must act for himself. A proposition was made to divide the company, as many going on as chose, and the rest delaying; but this would not do, for if we separated, we should all perish. We resolved to keep together at all hazards. Finally we determined to move.

We threw away every article that could possibly be dispensed with, and began our march—a march for life. It was difficult traveling through the drifted snow; it was bitter cold, and the wind was still blowing from the northwest at a hurricane rate. But we feared the snow might begin to fall again, and we pushed on, breaking through the drifts with our ponies, that the mule teams might more rapidly advance.

Several times during the day we saw deer not far away, but no man dared to leave the teams in an effort to get them, and it would not do for the teams to stop. Frequently during the afternoon our glasses were brought to bear on what we hoped might be haystacks covered with snow; but as often as our hopes were raised in this way, we were disappointed on approaching to find nothing but another range of the dreaded sand-hills.

So all day long we pushed on, never stopping to feed a horse—never stopping for anything—but urging our animals to their utmost speed. Should we find a place of shelter before dark, or must we spend another night on the prairies?

About five o'clock we once more saw what resembled haystacks. They were perhaps five miles distant, and we pushed for them with all possible speed. After a while the foremost riders brought their glasses to bear, and pronounced them haystacks without a doubt.

When this word came back along the weary line, it was like an inspiration from heaven. I never saw men so excited nor so joyous. Xenophon's soldiers shouted "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and cried for joy when they first caught sight of the sea in their memorable march; but they *could not* have been more delighted than were we. Grave, gray-bearded men, merchants and city fathers of Worcester, threw up their hats and shouted for joy!

Yes, these were haystacks! It meant a full meal once more for the horses. It meant a fire and some degree of comfort. We could stop here till next morning, and then reach some settlement. The very horses caught the inspiration of the moment; and the poor creatures, that a few moments before could scarcely be driven at a slow walk, now pushed on at a rapid pace.

As we came nearer we saw tracks of cattle in the snow. What a glad sight was this! Never did hunter feel more delighted at sight of the fresh tracks of his game than we at sight of the footprints of these cattle. This meant that human beings must be near at hand. It foretold some shelter, and perhaps sleep. Coming still nearer, we found a cattle-ranch, with about a hundred cattle herded between long lines of haystacks; and, approaching these, we found a stable built of sods and covered with prairie-grass, in which were living two ranchmen. They gave us cheerful welcome and they gave us shelter. We spread our blankets on soft hay, and lay down that night in the stable, some of us so near to the cattle as to be warmed by their bodies.

It was still bitter cold, and we did not sleep very much; but it had been colder, for at the door of the stable, as we entered, we saw two cattle that had been frozen to death within the last few days. But we were glad of even this shelter, and that sod stable will remain a bright picture in our memories for many a day. We now learned where we were—about sixty miles from our car—and thence, by easy stages, we made our way back to our friends, reaching Neligh after three days. To their eyes, we were like men risen from the dead. It was supposed we must have perished, for the papers were full of accounts of men and cattle that had succumbed to the cold nearer civilization than we were. Relief parties would have been sent out for us, but no one knew where to send.

On our way home we crossed the South Fork of the Elkhorn River on the ice, with all our horses and wagons. This on the 18th of October! Indeed, it was cold!

We passed one cattle-ranch from which one thousand five hundred cattle had stampeded during the storm, many of them, undoubtedly, to perish on the boundless prairies. We had shot no deer, or elk, or antelope, but we had escaped with our lives, and we were profoundly grateful; and to-day we are unanimous in the wish that we may never again be caught in a Nebraska blizzard.

On the western coast of England grows a sort of sea-grass (*Porphyra laciniata*) which is made into something like bread. In the main it is gathered by women; they then wash it, and pluck all other plants carefully from it. After this it is boiled for some two hours; then the mass is cut in pieces with knives and kneaded into loaves. Oatmeal is then strewed over it to give it greater cohesion and a more inviting appearance, and then it is baked. It keeps in Summer for four days and in Winter for eight. Many women on the coast of Devonshire earn their living by selling this bread, and most of it is sent to Swansea, where it is much liked by the poorer classes.

There is no doubt that memory, although it may be cultivated, is originally a gift of nature; so, also, application must be regarded as a natural endowment; for there are some men, however well disposed, who can never bring themselves to grapple closely with anything.

DROWNED.

By Joaquin Miller.

A fig for her story of shame and of pride!
She strayed in the night, and her feet fell astray;
The great Mississippi was glad that day,
And that is the reason the poor girl died
The great Mississippi was glad, I say,
And splendid with strength in his fierce, full pride—
And that is the reason the poor girl died.

And that is the reason, from first to last,
Down under the dark, still cypresses there
The Father of Waters he held her fast,
He kissed her face, he fondled her hair;
No more, no more, an unloved outcast,
He clasped her close to his great, strong breast,
Brave lover that loved her last and best.

Around and around in her watery world,
Down under the boughs where the bank hung steep,
And the cypress trees kneeled gnarly and curled,
Where woods hung dark as the waters were deep,
Where strong, swift waters were swept and swirled,
Where the whirlpool sobbed and sucked in its breath,
As some great monster that is choking to death—

Where sweeping and swirling around and around
That whirlpool eddied so dark and deep
That even a populous world might have drowned,
So surging, so vast, and so swift its sweep—
She rode on the wave. And the trees that weep,
The solemn gray cypresses leaning o'er,
Their roots ran blood as they leaned from the shore!

She surely was drowned! But she should have been still;
She should have been dead as the dead under ground;
She should have been still as the dead on the hill!
But ever and ever she eddied around,
Nearer and nearer, and she held me there
Till her eyes met mine in their cold, dead stare.

Then she looked, and she looked as to look me through;
And she came too close to my feet on the shore.
For her large eyes, larger than ever before,
They never grew weary as dead men's do.
And her hair! as long as the moss that swept
From the cypress trees as they leaned and wept.

Then the moon rose up, and she came to see,
Her long, white fingers slow pointing there;
Why shoulder to shoulder she stood with me
On the bank that night, and her shoulders bare,
Slow pointing and pointing that white face out,
As it swirled and it swirled and it swirled about.

Oh, ever and ever, around and around,
Those great sad eyes that refused to sleep!
Reproachful eyes that had ceased to weep!
And the great whirlpool with its gurgling sound!
The reproachful dead that was not yet dead!
The long, strong hair from that shapely head!

Her hair was so long!—so marvelous long!
As she rode and she rode on that whirlpool's breast;
And she rode so swift, and she rode so strong,
Never to rest as the dead should rest.
Oh, tell me true, could her hair in the wave
Have grown, as grow dead men's in the grave?

For, hist! I have heard that a virgin's hair
Will grow in the grave of a virgin true,
Will grow and grow in the coffin there,
Till head and foot it is filled with hair
All silken and soft—but what say you?
Yea, tell me truly can this be true?

For oh, her hair was so strangely long
That it bound her about like a vail of night,
With only her pitiful face in sight!
As she rode so swift, and she rode so strong,
That it wrapped her about, as a shroud had done,
A shroud, a coffin and a vail in one.

And oh, that ride on the whirling tide!
That whirling and whirling it is in my head.
For the eyes of my dead they were not yet dead,
Though surely the lady had long since died.
Then the mourning wood by the watery grave;
The moon's white face to the face in the wave.

That moon I shall hate! For she left her place
Unasked up in heaven to show me that face.
I shall hate for ever the sounding tide;
For oh, that swirling! it is in my head
As it swept and it swirled with my dead not dead,
And it gasped and it sobbed as a God that died.

LA SEVIERE'S GIFT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Laurence Germaine.

On the night between Christmas Eve and Christmas Morning, something more than twenty years ago, a wild storm was raging along the French coast. The fierce howling of the wind, the beating of the rain that swept by in angry gusts, the ceaseless lashing of the waves on the beach, struck terror even to the hearts of people safely housed.

What must have been the feelings of the doomed creatures aboard the stranded ship that lay on a reef a mile from shore? The heavy surf rolled over her with a boom like a death-knell, and she writhed and shivered in every blast. Life-saving appliances were not then what they are now, and nothing could be done to help the wretched victims of the tempest. The peasants of La Seviere paced the beach, silent from profound pity, or loudly lamenting the poverty of their resources.

The curé did not for a moment cease to pray for the repose of the hapless souls. Monsieur de Sevier, the chief man of the district, calculated over and over the chances that a few persons might be saved.

At last, in the gray dawn, the poor ship went to pieces with a crash which all the roar of the tempest could not drown.

Of all her human freight, but one creature reached the shore; and, strangely enough, it was the frailest one on board—a little child, strapped to a rude raft of three spars.

The storm had slightly lulled, and there was a faint pink flush in the east when the wild waves with sudden gentleness laid their precious burden on the beach.

The men reverently took off their caps, as in the presence of death; but Monsieur de Sevier poured a few drops of brandy between the tiny white lips, and presently the breath came fluttering back.

The child was a girl, about two years old, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and with a beautiful, clear, brunette skin.

She was richly dressed, and about her neck hung a slender gold chain, to which was attached an antique jewel of emeralds. There was no clew whatever to her identity, nor did any of the subsequently published accounts of the *Mermaid's* shipwreck serve to restore her to her friends.

Monsieur de Sevier took the child to his home and brought her up. He named her Aimée. "For," he said, gravely, "with her beauty and sweetness she was born to be loved."

But the curé used to fondly call her Dieudonnée—God-given.

"She is the best thing that ever came to La Seviere," he would declare. "She was a blessed Christmas gift, and I have an idea that through her will come great good to La Seviere."

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"WE THREW AWAY EVERY ARTICLE THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE DISPENSED WITH, AND BEGAN OUR MARCH—A MARCH FOR LIFE."— SEE PAGE 743.

She grew up a charming young woman, with delightful manners and a thorough mental training. Monsieur de Sevier educated her himself, not being able to afford the usual commonplace instruction of a boarding-school.

For Monsieur de Sevier was poor; poorer than any one but a Frenchman can be and yet live not only in decency, but in a certain sort of elegance. His wife was dead, but his faithful housekeeper, Mathilde, maintained the little house in neatness and comfort. She was paid in board and clothes; of the latter she never had more than one new article at a time. The same shawl she wore to Mass on the morning little Aimée was found, she was still wearing twenty years later.

It was wonderful to see the art with which the ravages of time and the pinches of necessity were concealed and ignored in that simple household. The fine, heavy table-linen was a mass of invisible darning; the thin, old silver spoons, not one of which Monsieur de Sevier would sell if he were starving, were as brilliant as yesterday's electro-plate. Sugar, tea, coffee, and meat were often lacking; but the vegetable soup was served in a gold-lined tureen Louis XIII. had given a De Sevier, and the frugal dessert of grapes and apples was eaten off china plates painted a hundred years ago with the De Sevier arms.

"The dear God knows I wish I could make some money for you, Monsieur de Sevier," said Mathilde one day, with the usual manner of a French servant, half respectful, half confidential.

"You are so clever at saving, you have no need of making it," said her master, with a gentle smile.

"Monsieur is too kind!" said the woman, gratefully.

"Why, my good Mathilde, I cannot half express my obligations to you. You ward off from me the pain of knowing the thousand shifts and petty economies to which we are reduced. I may have lost my rank and fortune; but, thanks to you, I shall never lose my dignity."

Mathilde went off with her apron at her eyes, while Monsieur de Sevier sat a long time ruminating on the departed glories of his ancestors.

The De Sevier fortunes had never flourished since the Revolution of 1793, at which epoch the head of the house had been guillotined, and his stately château burned; the roof, woodwork and furniture being completely destroyed, though the massive stone walls and staircases were left intact. The tapestries, pictures, silver, jewels and china had been carried away and secreted before the pillagers arrived, and they adorned the home where the succeeding De Seviers lived.

It was a very little house, situated at the extreme end of a long, narrow peninsula, reaching nearly a mile from the mainland out to sea.

In a storm this neck of land, excepting that portion immediately around the house, was often submerged by the waves.

It was not an ideal home, being too sunny in Summer and bleak to desolation in Winter; but at least, as Monsieur de Sevier used piously to say:

"Thank Heaven! we do not live where some vulgar, noisy neighbor can overlook our garden."

He would sit for hours wondering if any miracle would ever restore the ancient château.

"What joy it would be to see these precious heirlooms in their rightful place!" he often murmured, as he gazed upon his treasures. "But it is an idle dream. I have never seen them there, and I never shall."

AIMÉE'S STORY.

"MATHILDE, I'm going to the château," I say, imperiously, as I lean through the open window into the kitchen, where she is daintily compounding a cake.

She flavors it with rose-water of her own distilling before answering.

"Your father"—Monsieur de Sevier is always spoken of as my father—"disapproves of your going out alone," she remarks, dubiously.

"Yes, I remember," I say, lightly. "I don't want him to know it and be vexed. If he asks for me, say I'm asleep."

She smiles at the idea of her telling this outrageous falsehood.

"What a mischief you are, mademoiselle!" she says. "When I first saw you, I said, 'She is not French,' and I have said it every day these twenty years."

"Of course I'm not," I say, merrily. "I may be English—American—even German."

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"WE FOUND A STABLE BUILT OF SODS AND COVERED WITH PRAIRIE-GRASS, IN WHICH WERE LIVING TWO RANCHMEN."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaims Mathilde, devoutly.

"The true French girl is industrious and obedient," I say, taking up the cake-bowl, which, however, Mathilde has scraped so bare that I cannot get even a taste of the sweet, white batter.

When she has reverently deposited the pan in the oven, I startle her by reaching in, drawing her to the window, and flinging both arms around her neck.

"Oh, say that you love me, Mathilde, even if I'm not French!" I say, eagerly, pressing my round cheek against her withered one. Poor, hard-worked, ill-fed Mathilde looks ten years older than she is.

The tears come into her tired eyes as she murmurs, "You know I do, dearie."

"Oh, I don't *want* to be rough and romping!" I explain, earnestly; "but my heart beats so hard and my blood runs so fast, I can't help singing and dancing all the time!"

"It's only your spirits, my child," she says, tenderly. "You may go for your walk, of course." Then, briskly: "The saints be praised, you are too dark to tan or freckle!"

"Mathilde, why should you be glad of that?" I ask demurely, though I know well enough.

"Why, you have not any dowry, poor girl! to buy you a husband; all depends on your face!"

"Yes, I remember," I say, carelessly.

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"IN THIS WAY WE PASSED THE NIGHT, EACH TAKING HIS TURN AND STANDING, WHILE THE OTHERS RESTED BUT COULD NOT SLEEP."—SEE PAGE 742.

I have been well instructed in my duties, and fully intend to take the first suitor that offers.

"But there is no great hurry, is there?" I ask, somewhat anxiously. "No one has fallen in love with me yet."

"No such luck!" says Mathilde, gloomily. "The only hurry is that when you are provided for, Monsieur de Sevier will marry again. He has not yet fixed upon the lady; it will not be an affair of the heart. You understand that he wishes a son to whom he can leave the De Sevier name."

I laugh heartily at this.

"Fancy, marrying merely a name!" I say, in youthful scorn of motives I do not understand.

"A name is worth more than millions of money. It is something *you* haven't got!" says Mathilde, sharply. Then, softening: "The good God grant you may never feel the need of it!"

And then I run away through the warm October sunshine. I walk nearly an hour up a slight ascent; the corresponding declivity is on the further side of the château—an abrupt precipice of a hundred feet, overhanging a rocky ravine. The wall of the château is not twenty feet from the verge of this descent.

I reach the vast old ruin, and wander through it, clothing it in imagination with the beauties of ninety years before.

"The ponds were full of golden carp," I muse; "the gallant cavalier's hand was always ready to grasp his diamond-hilted sword; the belles had more lovers, richer gowns and sweeter faces than women have nowadays. Oh, that I had been a *grande dame* of the olden time!"

And I walk majestically across the mossy sward which carpets the spacious dining-hall, fancying I am trailing behind me a white satin dress, broidered with roses and forget-me-nots.

"A pretty wish for a girl who has never owned a yard of silk!" I laugh, as I step out on the narrow plateau above the ravine.

Only a moment do I stand enjoying the magnificent view of hill, valley and stream, for at a few paces distant I see a man lying asleep upon the grass.

I am about to retire, when, to my horror, I perceive that, in his slumber, he has unconsciously moved into a position of extreme danger. The upper part of his body lies on the very brink of the frightful precipice!

"How could he be so silly as to fall asleep here?" I say, impatiently, but then reflect that it is the coolest spot to be found for miles, and that doubtless the light wind lifting his curls is very refreshing to him.

"What in the world am I to do?" I ask myself, anxiously. "The least motion will send him over. I dare not startle him by calling. Oh, if Mathilde were only here!"

At last I decide on my course, and stealing to him gently, slip one arm beneath his head. Then, blushing all over, I draw him toward me till he is out of peril. In another moment I can slip away, and I promise myself not to stop running till I reach home, lest he should rise and follow.

Horror! With the rough, quick movement of an uneasy sleeper, he turns suddenly, and his great broad shoulder firmly pinions my poor little arm to the earth.

I barely repress a scream of pain. Angry tears rush into my eyes, but before they fall the man wakes and stares with astonished, deep-blue eyes at the scarlet face so near his own.

"My arm—you are hurting it!" I say, faintly.

He rises instantly, stammering out a few confused and hesitating sentences. After a moment I choke down my shame and vexation, and explain, simply:

"You were lying in a place of danger, and I was afraid to call, fearing you might roll over in the act of waking, so I tried to drag you away—with what result you know!"

"I know that you saved me from being beaten to a jelly on those rocks down there," he says, "and I cannot sufficiently blame myself for hurting you, even unwittingly."

And he goes on to thank me warmly.

I give him a frigid little bow and walk away. In a moment he has caught up his hat and sketch-book, and is following me.

"Do me one more favor," he pleads, earnestly. "Will not you direct me to the village of La Seviere, and to the house of Monsieur de Sevier?"

"Oh, are you going there?" I cry, unaccountably glad to hear it. "Why, he is my—my father!"

"Permit me to introduce myself," the young man says. "I am Sir Guy Garthwaite, of Garth, England. Since my ancestors entertained yours when they were driven from home by the Revolution, the two families have been firmly united."

So I allow him to accompany me, though I relapse into shyness. We make a pretty picture, I fancy, the stalwart young Englishman and I, as we go lightly down the hill together.

He is exceedingly well-dressed, in a rough, careless way; he is tall and rather fair, with alertness and strength in every motion.

I am of an almost gypsy-like darkness, and my plain gray costume is only set off by a scarlet wing in my hat. After a while I venture to say, timidly:

"My father would not like me to be walking with you." He looks puzzled; then embarrassed.

"Perhaps I should not ask you to disregard the custom of your country," he says, slowly. "But don't you think, since Fate threw us together in such a strange fashion, that you and I need not be bound by that absurd restriction?"

"I do not dislike walking with you," I say, frankly; "only I should not like to lessen my chances of marrying well. No man would think so highly of me were it known that I had spoken alone with you."

"But surely," begins Sir Guy, with earnestness," if a man loved you——"

"Oh, hush! hush! What are you saying?" I cry, reddening at the mere mention of the word love, which in a French girl's mind has a totally different significance from marriage.

I am rather silent till we reach home, and am only reassured by finding that Monsieur de Sevier is neither angry nor shocked at my breach of propriety, so glad is he to welcome a scion of the Garthwaites.

Sir Guy sleeps in the little village inn, but he spends most of his time with us, the evenings playing piquet in our little bare parlor shining with neatness, the days in long strolls with my guardian and me, sometimes—oh, wonder of wonders!—with me alone. Even Mathilde offers no objection to this surprising intimacy.

I do not know when I begin to regard the conventional marriage with a wealthy old man, to which I have always looked forward with complacency, as something monstrous and horrible.

Sir Guy has not been with us a month before I realize that if I am never anything to him, at least I can never be the wife of any other man.

"Mathilde is right to say I am not French," I tell myself, as I contrast my own fiery nature with that of the one or two girls of my limited acquaintance—quiet and unmoved as statues.

I am not like that. I am keen to suffer and to enjoy, and now that the unhoped-for delight of loving is mine, I joyfully quaff of the strangely sweet cup.

One cold November night, when Sir Guy has been with us six long, happy weeks, we go out upon the rocks, a few rods from the house, to see the white waves dashing in under the brilliant moonlight.

"Surely you can see just as well from the windows," Monsieur de Sevier demurs, looking up from the game of cards which is absorbing himself and the curé—the same curé who saw me drift upon the beach so long ago, only grown jollier and older.

But Sir Guy insists upon my having an outdoor view, and I go out into the night with him. We say almost nothing. I would not dare put into words, even to myself, my girlish hopes and fears.

A long time we watch the waves, less longing and restless than our own hearts. At last, as I stand on a round stone, Sir Guy a little below me, I slip and lose my balance altogether.

But I do not fall. His arms are thrown tightly round me, and I am held firmly against his breast. I can feel the strong beating of his heart. An instant later, a long, passionate kiss is pressed upon my lips.

I wonder if ever any other girl was so happy! I feel as if pain and sorrow were for ever put away from me by that magic touch. When he releases me we walk silently toward the house.

In the porch we pause.

"I will not come in," Guy says, in his deep, rich voice—he is no longer Sir Guy to me—"but to-morrow I will see your father, and then——"

A long, close hand-clasp finishes his sentence. I watch him stride away through the dazzling moonlight, and then go in where the three loveless old creatures are sitting by our only fire.

My heart is full of pity for them all the evening, till I drop into the dreamless sleep of youth.

In the morning I escape from the house, and betake myself up the hill to the château. It is there, where we first met, that I would like to have Guy follow me to-day. I am too happy to feel the chill of the late Autumn air; every breath seems to me like a draught of wine. The sun is shining, and Guy is coming!

Yes! at last I hear his footsteps! Will he speak first, or will he take me in his arms and kiss me? I turn away, that he may not read too quickly my flushed and joyous face.

It seems to me that he is walking very slowly, and when he reaches me he is in no great hurry to speak. My heart sinks with a sense of trouble.

"I have been talking with Monsieur de Sevier, Aimée," he says at last, very gravely. "I asked his permission to make you an offer of marriage. He did not withhold his consent, but he gave me some information which forces me to alter my intention."

A deadly chill runs over me, and the landscape at my feet turns gray.

"I supposed that you were Monsieur de Sevier's own child," he explains, heavily and sadly. "I find that you are of unknown extraction, and while your beauty and character are such as would grace a throne, still they may have sprung——"

"From thieves!—murderers! The offscouring of the earth!" I say, hotly.

I am bitterly stung, and tremble from head to foot with indignation.

"Do not misjudge me, Aimée!" Guy says, quickly. "Do not dream that I myself would ever dream of finding an objection to you in your unknown birth. My darling, you must know that I love you too madly to care two straws about anything else. But a solemn vow stands between us."

I listen, thankful that it is not from any pride of his own that he will not marry me.

"My elder brother, Frank, married a girl from the lower classes," he goes on. "They are both dead now, but before he died the poor fellow suffered tortures at her hands. She had a low, petty nature, and an innumerable swarm of relatives more hopelessly vulgar and illiterate than herself, and, although there was no open scandal, yet these people made life unspeakably wretched for us all, including Frank, whose love waned with the honeymoon. The two ill-mated, chafing creatures died together in a railway accident. My mother did not long survive the shock of her eldest son's violent death. Before she died she asked me to promise never to incur the trouble that had crushed poor Frank—never in any way to marry beneath me."

A heavy sigh escapes him, and he pauses a moment.

"She ought not to have asked me to fetter myself so, and I shrank from making the required promise; but to see her lying there, moaning that she could not die without it, was too much for me, and I gave it."

Again he is silent.

"How can I tell you, Aimée, what I feel at this moment! How can I disregard a sacred pledge made to the sainted dead! Yet, how can I give up you, my love, my own darling!"

"Hush, Sir Guy!" I say, with quiet dignity. "My birth may be inferior, but my breeding and my pride are at least equal to yours! I cannot suffer you to address me so!"

He looks hurt and sad, utterly unlike himself.

"Is this your last word, Aimée?" he says, gloomily. "We are parting, you know! I shall start for home today. I have already staid too long!"

"Yes," I say, in a voice sharp with pain, "you *have* staid too long! Good-by, Sir Guy, we shall have entirely forgotten each other—well, let us say by Christmas time."

I turn abruptly and walk away. In a moment he overtakes me, catches my hands tightly in his own, and cries, brokenly:

"Aimée! my precious one! what shall we do?"

I lift my eyes. Great tears slip over my cheeks. He bends his head and we kiss silently. Then I free my hands and run home.

Mathilde knows all, and tries to comfort me in vain. All day and night I sob and weep without ceasing. But when morning comes I lament no more; I am wild with the delirium of fever, and so remain for a week.

Youth conquers, and at last Mathilde's dainty dishes begin to tempt me. Gradually I grow strong again, and a sunny noon in mid-December finds me leaning on Monsieur de Sevier's arm, on my way to the curé's house.

Alone with him, I unbosom myself of all my troubles, and ask his guidance for the future.

"How can I take up my broken life again?" I ask, sadly. "And oh! it must be such a disappointment to Monsieur de Sevier. He has always wished me to marry well, and now I can never marry at all—neither Sir Guy nor any one else!"

"He loves you too well, Dieudonnée, to ask you to marry a man for whom you have no affection," the curé reminds me, gently.

"Oh, I know it well!" I say. "He is good, and so is Mathilde, and you, too, father. And Guy and I have done no wrong, yet we must suffer—all of us!"

"I do not suffer, my child," the good old man says, looking contentedly round his little room—plain, but warm and sufficiently furnished.

"Oh, father, you know you do!" I remonstrate, eagerly. "You suffer for others all the time! You long to send wine to the sick, food to the hungry, fuel to all the wretched huts where the peasants shiver through the long Winter."

The curé closes his eyes and prays for a mitigation of the evils of poverty while I enumerate them. Then he says, anxiously:

"You say that Monsieur de Sevier, too, has his own troubles?"

"He has recently lost more than one source of his tiny income. He looks forward in anguish to one of two things—either to die of slow starvation, or to sell some of the priceless De Sevier treasures."

"God forbid!" murmurs the curé. "And what ails Mathilde?"

"She is overworked and burdened with care. She deprives herself of even the necessities of life for our sake. No one but herself and God knows what daily sacrifices she makes. I would gladly go out and work for my own living, but Monsieur de Sevier is too proud to allow it."

The curé is silent a long time, full of perplexed thought.

"Even to the most patient it sometimes seems a cruel thing that there should be so much woe in the world," he says, wearily. And then we discuss the declining fortunes of our friends for some time, devising plan after plan for their alleviation, each to be discarded as impracticable.

Finally, with a visible effort, the curé flings away his cares, and says, brightly:

"My child, you and I are wrong to forget for a moment that the good God watches over us, and will bring us out of our trouble in His own time."

"It is so hard to believe that, father," I sigh.

"If we do not believe it we are the most miserable of creatures," he declares, firmly. "Put your trust in God, Dieudonnée. The holiest time of the year is close at hand——"

"Yes; and that makes it so much worse," I murmur. "Picture to yourself what it is to be hungry, cold, repining; to lose one's lover and long for death—all just at the blessed Christmas time!"

He pats my head tenderly.

"Dear child, God's first great Christmas gift to this world foretold an unfailing stream of mercies. He will never cease making Christmas gifts to us."

"He has never made a donation of much value to any one in La Seviere," I say, with so much bitterness as to shock the gentle old man.

"Hush, Dieudonnée!" he says, sternly. "You forget that wondrous blessing the ocean laid at the feet of three poor lonely people twenty years ago. You have been the delight of our eyes ever since. Who knows but another gift as wonderful may be in store for us this season—something that will wipe away all tears from our eyes!"

I shake my head despondently, and when Monsieur de Sevier calls for me, we walk slowly homeward.

Our circumstances do not improve as Christmas approaches. I mourn the cruel fate that parts me from Guy. The anxious lines deepen in Monsieur de Sevier's

face, and brave old Mathilde is beginning to falter under her weary tasks.

On Christmas Eve a furious storm is raging, and we are, as usual, shut off from the mainland. We give each other our simple, home-made presents, and then sit around the fire, silent and thoughtful, listening to the tempest.

The house is shaken to its foundation many times, and our faces grow white with fear.

Mathilde cannot be moved from the belief that the end of the world is at hand. Monsieur de Sevier smiles kindly at me, as he says:

"Aimée, there has not been such a storm as this since the one that brought you to us. I shall not mind this gale to-night if it brings as much good as that other one.'

"Thank you, sir," I murmur.

"Good Heaven! They told me in the town that Mathilde was there, attending midnight Mass!" he says, miserably. "What is to be done? My boat cannot posbly carry more than three. I was very nearly swamped a dozen times coming over."

Each of us instantly claims the right of martyrdom for the other two. At last I end it by almost pushing Mathilde and Monsieur de Sevier into the boat.

"Go, dear friends!" I say, firmly. "You need each other more than either of you needs me. I have not been a pensioner on your bounty and kindness so long to finish by accepting the sacrifice of your lives. You see, Sir Guy, that though I may lack noble birth, I am not destitute of honor!"

Then they push off, and I am left alone in the solitary, quaking house—perhaps to meet my death.

A terrible hour passes. At first I walk swiftly about,

WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER?

"We are more likely to lose our lives," grumbles Mathilde, and a second later her words are confirmed by a tremendous shock from wind and wave, so violent that we are thrown from our chairs and the lamp is extinguished. When it is relighted, we see that a portion of the wall has been knocked in.

"There is no earthly help for it," says Monsieur de Sevier, trembling. "The old house must go, and we with it."

As he speaks there is a loud knock at the door. We hurriedly open it.

A small boat is pressing close against the threshold, over which the water creeps insidiously.

A man is holding on by the door-jamb. It is Guy!

I am so excited I feel no surprise whatever. We exchange a single glance, and then his eyes travel over the room.

screaming whenever a fiercer gust than usual strikes the old house. At last I grow calmer and wait patiently, saying, again and again, "Thy will be done!"

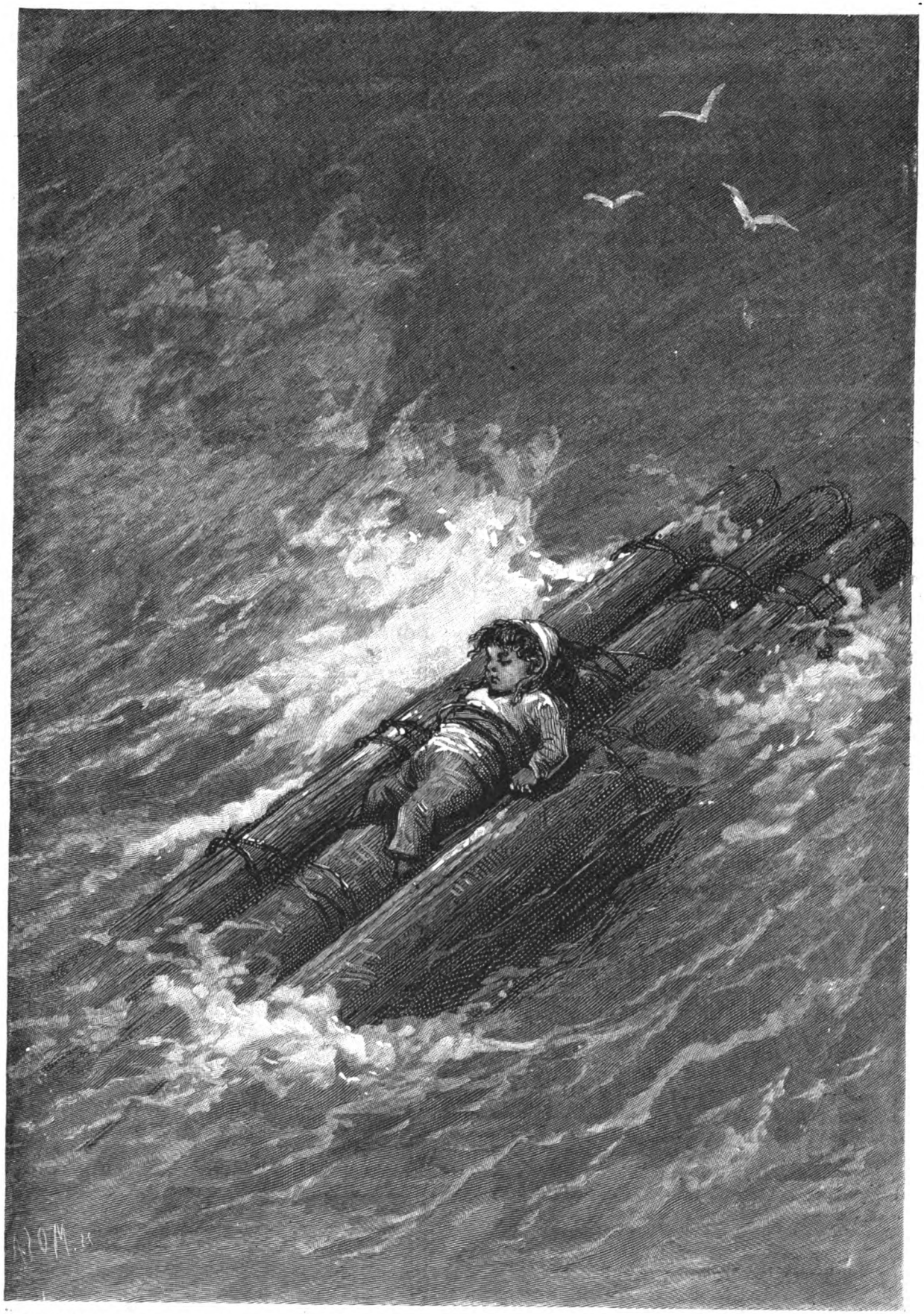
Hark! What is that shock against the door? Is the house falling at last?

Ah, no! It is Guy come back for me! He hastily secures the boat, springs into the house and takes me in his arms. We forget our peril and everything else but that we are together.

It is a long time before we speak. Then I say, "Oh, Guy! I will never again repine that we cannot be married. There is enough sweetness in just living!"

"My darling!"

"The curé prophesied that some wonderful good would come to me on Christmas Day, and you see it has come true. To see you, and still to breathe Heaven's air a living creature—I could not ask more!"



LA SEVIERE'S GIFT.—"OF ALL HER HUMAN FREIGHT, BUT ONE CREATURE EVER REACHED THE SHORE, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS THE FRAILEST ONE ON BOARD—A LITTLE CHILD, STRAPPED TO A RUDE RAFT OF THREE SPARS."

"I longed to see you, too, dear; that is why I came How thankful I was that I did so when they said in La Seviere that this house would fall, and you were in it!"

"You were brave to row out here to us, Guy!"

"And you sent the others out of danger without a thought of yourself, my noble girl. You look so sweet, Aimée, with your soft crimson dress, and your dear, pale cheeks," he said.

"Are we safe now, Guy?"

"Yes; the wind is lulling, and the house will stand. The sea will run less heavily in an hour or so, and we had better not risk going back just now."

So we sit together in sweet isolation till the night is far spent. There is still the old barrier between us, but each of us has an instinct that something will sweep it away, and we are blissfully happy.

In the dark gray dawn we get into the boat and Guy rows swiftly through the angry sea. The sky turns to rose and opal as we go, and I can see a group of people watching us from the beach; the sun rises and casts a golden glow upon all the rejoicing faces. When Guy lifts me out of the boat, three people fairly tear me out of his arms, covering me with kisses and tears, and words of yearning love.

"It is the very hour and place we saw her first, twenty years ago," cried Mathilde, sobbing wildly.

"Aimée," says Monsieur de Sevier, in a voice of strong emotion, "here is a gentleman from Spain, who came to La Seviere last night; he wished to see me, but could not get out to the house because of the storm. Do not be alarmed. This, sir, is the little girl who was washed ashore from the *Mermaid*. She will permit you to examine the little trinket she wears on her neck."

With nervous haste I drew off the little emerald amulet that shared my perilous journey when I was a baby, and hand it to the stranger, a tall, majestic man, whose gray hair makes his olive face look dark indeed. His piercing eyes scan the gem, then fasten themselves on mine.

"This talisman," he says, "was taken by one of my ancestors fighting in the Crusades from the body of a Turkish infidel he had slain. When I last saw it, it was the property of my younger brother, Juan."

I stand erect before him, though I tremble like a leaf.

"My brother had been betrothed since infancy to a noble lady. I knew that he did not wish to marry her, but I could not endure that one of our ancient lineage should be false to the vow his parents had plighted for him, and I tried to force him to keep it. The result of this interference was that one day I received a letter from Juan, in which he stated that he had married a beautiful girl, poor, but well-born, and in every way worthy of our house, and was about to sail with her on the *Mermaid*." I fairly gasp for breath.

"Of course I forgave him, and waited with great anxiety for news of the ship, which had sailed through the tempestuous Winter weather. My grief was intense when I learned the doom of the ill-fated *Mermaid*, and that no creature, living or dead, ever came to shore except a little child. Supposing my brother to be but just married, it could never occur to me to connect the child with him; last week, however, in repairing part of my castle, a secret closet was discovered, containing a tiny casket of malachite, full of letters. These letters conclusively proved not only that Juan was married three years before his departure in the *Mermaid*, but that the loving pair had been blest with a little girl one year after their union."

I am weeping with joy, and so I think are others in the little circle.

"I came here at once, dreading to find my niece dead, or brought up to herd with peasants. I find her beautiful, good and as carefully nurtured as a princess. You have already two fathers in these good men," he continues, with dignity and grace, indicating the curé and Monsieur de Sevier. "Will you accept me as still another?"

And then he kisses my forehead—"poor Juan's forehead over again," he calls it.

"You—we are noble?" I ask, tremulously.

"I am Don Esteran de Silva. No blood in Europe is older and purer than mine," he says, smiling.

I look at Guy—the light of heaven is on his face.

"And rich, too? Have I money of my own?"

"Mademoiselle!" cries Mathilde, shocked.

Smiling still, he names a magnificent sum.

"Oh, we can restore the château!" I cry, catching Monsieur de Sevier's hands with wild delight. "What joy it will be! How fortunate the storm has spared the house and its treasures!"

"God be praised! And you shall be married amid the revived splendors!" says Monsieur de Sevier.

"And Mathilde, you shall have a new shawl and a silk dress. And you shall govern the servants and be a fine lady all the rest of your days!' I go on, breathlessly. Then to the curé: "And, father, you shall have more money for the poor than you ever dreamed of having."

"Did I not tell you Christmas Day would right all our troubles?" he says, with a happy laugh.

"And what have you for me?" asks Don Esteran, kindly.

"Nothing, sir—only love and gratitude," I say, shyly.

"That is a great deal for a lonely man," he returns, quite satisfied.

And we all walk toward the little church, the happiest six people in France.

Was there ever such a glorious morning, such a merry Christmas, such abundant proof of God's goodness before?

When we reach the church porch Guy detains me a moment while the others pass in. We laugh gleefully, too happy to speak, press a light kiss on each other's lips, and hurry into the church, where sweet young voices are singing—

"Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Christus natus hodie!"

If some persons were to bestow the one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing Fortune without enjoying her, and purchasing Wisdom without possessing her.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, had a rare collection of roses in his grounds at Washington. His gardener, who is an experimentalist, raised thousands of plants from the seeds, but a single plant only showed indications which made him select it, although a poor tiny thing. A florist purchased this plant for seventy-five cents, and in two years he has got enough to sell this Spring for $5,000. The plants he sells in lots ranging from 500 to 1,000, are only an inch high, and the price is $50 a hundred. The new rose is termed "Beauty of America," and two other varieties have been introduced within two years—the "Sunset" and the "Bennett."

WHIRLPOOLS AND WHIRLWINDS.

By William Ackroyd.

To hasten the solution of sugar when taking tea, we stir up the contents of the cup with a spoon. The crank-like movement of the hand gives to the fluid a circular motion, and we produce a small whirlpool within the cup. In this paper, we propose to deal with such whirlpools, be they small or great; and we shall afterward extend our observations to the similar atmospheric phenomena of whirlwinds.

In order to see very plainly that a whirlpool is a body of fluid whirling round, let us take a glass tumbler instead of the tea-cup, and use water instead of tea. Put in little bits of coke, which by reason of their lightness will float on the surface, and then stir up again. The particles of coke career round and round the tumbler until the liquid comes to rest. If we watch any particular grain, it follows a course indicated by the arrows in Fig. 1. Observe that the particle when at *a* is moving toward the north side of the glass, and when at *b* it is going toward the south. The same fact we may state by saying that in a whirlpool the portions of fluid on opposite sides of the centre *c* are moving in contrary directions.

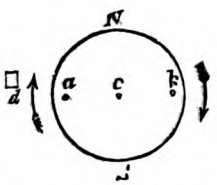


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOVEMENTS OF BITS OF COKE IN A TUMBLER OF WATER.

If we imagine for a moment that our glass has swollen out to thousands of times its present size, and that one of the tiniest pieces of coke is a ship, or boat, in which we are borne round by the current, then our compass-readings would fully bear out what we have been now considering; for whilst at one time we should be going northward, a little while after our course would be due southward. What we have here pictured in our minds exists in reality among the Loffoden Islands, off the northwest coast of Norway. The Maelström is a whirlpool a mile and a half across; the noise of its roar is heard for a great distance, and the small vessels that are so unfortunate as to get within its reach are sucked in and destroyed by the turbulent waters (Fig. 2).

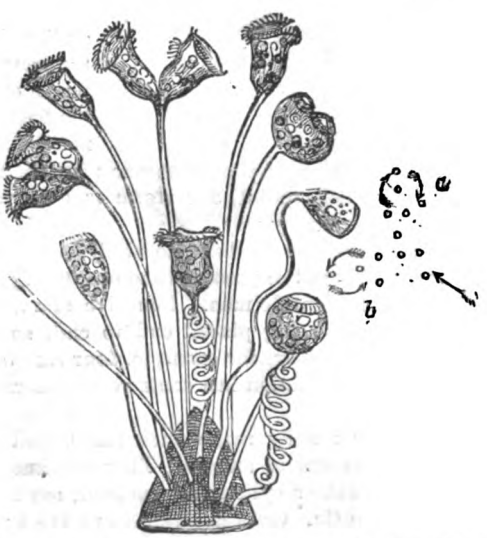


FIG. 3.—THE VORTICELLA OR BELL-ANIMALCULE, PRODUCING WHIRLPOOLS.

The reader may, likewise, have heard of the classical whirlpool of Charybdis, in the Straits of Messina; for, although far less dangerous than the Maelström, it was feared exceedingly by the ancient mariners, who in their open ships were in great danger when once within its range. Appealing rather to their imaginations than to facts for the cause, they attributed it to the monster Charybdis, who was said to suck down the water thrice every day, and to throw it up thrice again. The true cause is not far to seek, for both in the case of the Maelström, and in that of Charybdis, it is found in the contention of opposing currents of water.

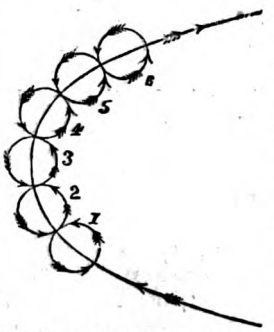


FIG. 5.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOTION OF A PEG-TOP.

Let us now take our flight to nature's opposite extreme; for we may there with a little trouble find whirlpools that are only *one thousandth part of an inch* across!

Attached to some fresh-water plants there is found a very small animal, called by naturalists *Vorticella*, or the *bell-animalcule*. To make out its form one requires a good microscope, and it is then found to be like a bell, with a long, flexible and contractile handle. Around the rim of the bell it sends out very minute thread-like processes, which it lashes vigorously backward and forward, producing by these movements the minute whirlpools we have just mentioned.

Fig. 3 gives some idea of this phenomenon. The observer sees small particles rushing toward the top of the vorticella; they are bent out of their course, and spin rapidly round; on one side in the direction of the hands of a watch, as at *a*; and on the other side in the opposite direction, as at *b*.

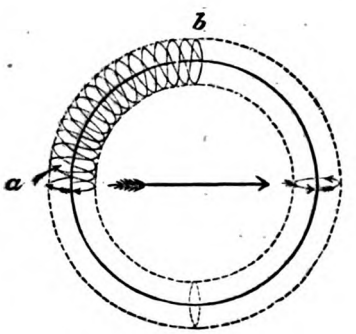


FIG. 6.—VORTEX-RING.

The tea-cup whirlpool is three thousand times wider than one of these, and the Maelström sixty-three million times; yet these vorticella eddies are as perfect as either, the small food-particles which the animalcule is eager to get dashing round and round with as much uniformity as the bits of coke in our tumbler experiment. Nature's operations on the small scale are truly as marvelous as those on the large.

We may now pass to the consideration of whirlwinds—phenomena identical with those of whirlpools, but much more striking because of the greater mobility of air.

The main features of a whirlwind may be readily seen. We are out for a walk, and find ourselves on a dry and dusty road. A sudden gust of wind raises a dust-cloud near us. We plainly see the dust whirling round like the bits of coke in our tumbler experiment; but they are also borne along—they have, in short, a progressive

movement. This, no doubt, has often been the reader's experience. The whirlwind characteristics, which he now recognizes, are seen more strikingly still in the dust-whirlwinds of India, which have been minutely described by Dr. Baddeley. With a very short warning, the storm bursts upon the observer. Everything is soon enveloped in darkness, and an enormous quantity of dust is sent up into the atmosphere. This is at times broken up into distinct columns, which rotate on their axes, and at the same time move over the ground. Fig. 4 represents such a column of dust—often to be seen in India and Africa—whirling round in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch.

The peculiarities of the motion will be thoroughly grasped by a moment's study of a peg-top. The top when hurled from the hand whirls round with great speed, and at the same time it has a motion of progression or translation, for it changes its place on the ground. Its movements may thus be graphically represented. If it starts at 1, it successively gains the positions 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 (Fig. 5), all the time spinning round with great speed. So likewise with the dust-whirlwind; whilst it rapidly rotates, it also gets over the ground.

FIG. 2.—THE MAELSTRÖM.

In the Mississippi Valley, whirlwinds are very destructive; all along their paths the trees are felled as if an army of woodcutters had been at work for many weeks. Maury remarks on this particular point: "I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the roots came." The same author further observes that the track of these tornadoes is seldom more than a few hundred yards broad. When we consider that in other parts of the world there are storms of a similar nature, which are as many hundred miles broad, their ravages on land and sea must be simply appalling. A storm of this kind, proceeding from the sea to the land, carries with it an irresistible storm-wave. Such a misfortune befell Lower Bengal in November, 1876. The islands at the mouth of the Megna were flooded to a depth varying between ten and forty-five feet, houses, trees and human beings being swept away. In the districts of Chittagong, Noakholly and Backergunj about 100,000 persons were drowned.

By the long-continued researches of many observers, it has been made out that the progressive motion of these dreadful whirlwinds or "cyclones" is a very leisurely one, being at the rate of two to thirty miles per hour, whilst the speed of rotation may attain to 100 miles per hour. The diagram we have already given to illustrate peg-top motion (Fig. 5) will likewise answer our purpose for cyclones, for they are essentially large bodies of air with the peg-top's rotation and progression on a greatly magnified scale.

We have already explained that particles on opposite sides of the centre of a rotating system are moving in contrary directions; the following peculiarity of cyclones will, therefore, be readily understood. When the centre of a cyclone travels over any particular place, there is a short lull, and the wind, which previously was tearing along in one direction, shortly blows in the directly opposite one. Suppose for a moment that Fig. 1 represents a cyclone whirling round in the direction of the arrows, and at the same time moving toward *d*, where an observer is stationed. As the centre approaches *d*, the first thing noticed is the due northerly direction of the hurricane; but when the centre has passed this point, the storm is observed to blow just in the contrary way.

The next phenomenon we have to study is a very interesting one, and is at the present time occupying much of the attention of scientific men. Conceive of a number of small whirlwinds being placed end to end, so as to form a ring of them—say, for example, four like *a b* in Fig. 6. Such a combination has some very curious properties.

The reader may readily make such rings, and trace their motion, by means of smoke. They are known as "vortex-rings." Take a cylindrical canister, say a clean lobster or mackerel tin. Get the tinker to punch a round hole just in the middle, and one-third of an inch in diameter. Now over the other end, which of course is quite

open, tie a sheet of writing-paper. It must be tight, and as much like the face of a drum as possible. If smoldering brown paper be now placed within the tin, through the round aperture, it soon fills with smoke, and to produce rings it is only necessary to tap the paper end gently, when smoke-rings will issue with a speed proportionate to the strength of the tap (Fig. 7).

If the reader is desirous of making smoke-rings on a large scale—as, for example, to show to an audience—let him procure a tea-chest. A round hole must be cut into the side opposite the open end, and over the latter a piece of canvas should be neatly nailed. Smoke is now required, and perhaps the readiest method of making it is the following : Into one of the sides bore a couple of holes, just large enough to admit the insertion of two small glass retorts. Into one place hydrochloric acid, and into the other a solution of ammonia. Now heat the retorts with a spirit-lamp, or some other heat-source. The box becomes full of smoke of ammonic chloride—the chemical substance which results from the mixture ; and if the convas be struck with the hand, large and beautiful rings issue from the round aperture.

We now possess a scientific instrument with which we can produce a certain phenomenon at pleasure—always a great step in the progress of discovery. Raleigh, as well as modern smokers, may have seen smoke-rings now and again issue from the bowl of his pipe, or originate from a puff sent out of his mouth ; but such accidental phenomena take one by surprise, and we scarcely know whence they come, and much less how they are produced. The very important step of making a piece of apparatus that would produce the phenomenon when wanted was first taken by Professor Tait. His apparatus is essentially that just described and figured (Fig. 8).

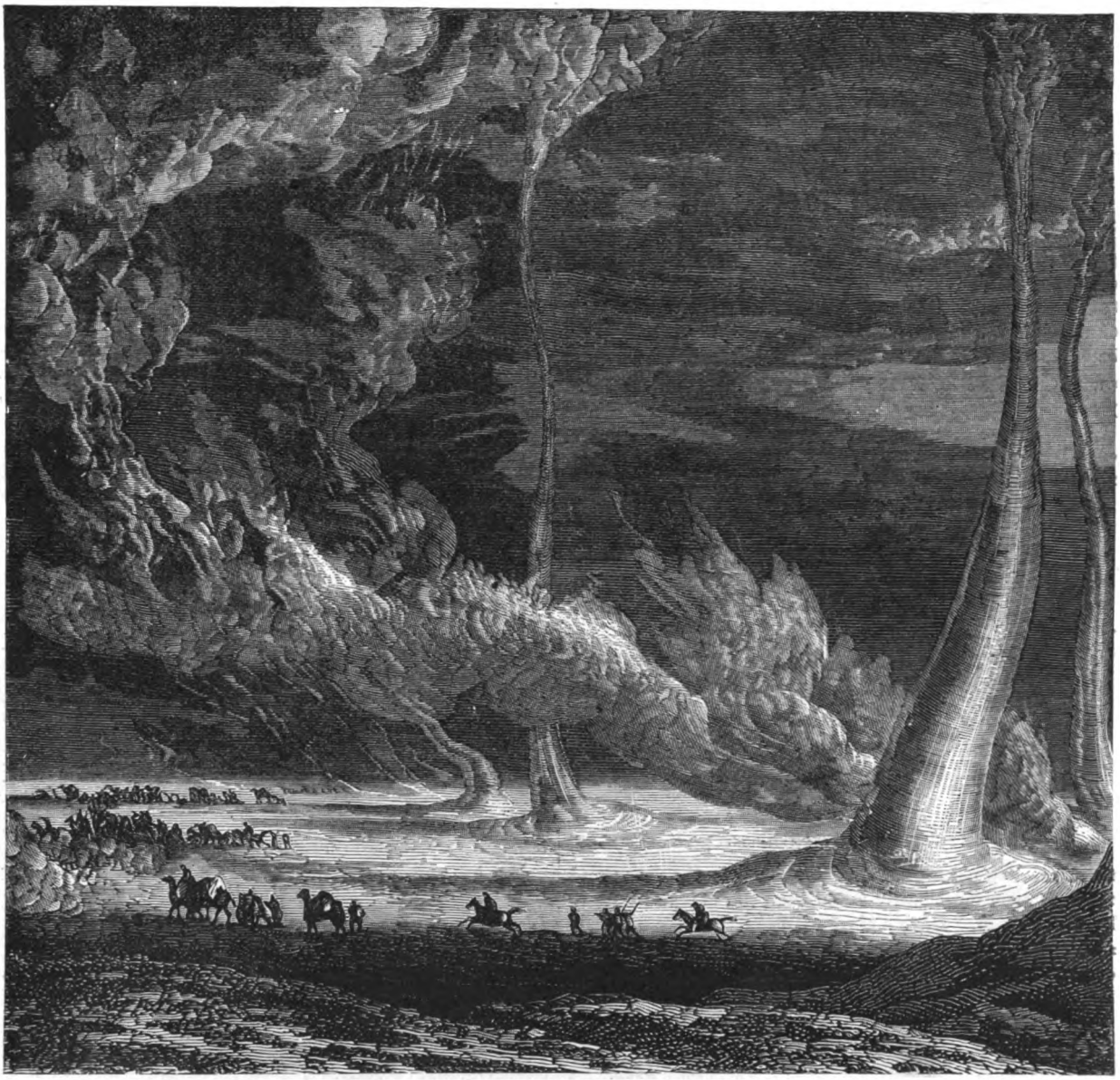


FIG. 4.—DUST WHIRLWIND OF INDIA AND AFRICA.

Having made the apparatus we have described, the reader would do well now to experiment on the nature of these smoke-rings.

The first thing noticeable is the motion of the smoke-particles which constitute the ring. Fig. 6 would make this plain ; but to be more explicit still, imagine that one of these rings is cut in two—it would present the appearance given in Fig. 9.

Two sections of the ring would be exposed to view, as at *a* and *b*. Now, supposing the ring is moving in the

direction of the great arrow, then the smoke-particles at *b* would be seen to move in the direction of the hands of a watch, and those at *a*, the contrary way.

Try now the effect of making one smoke-ring collide against another. Often they will be shattered, but under favorable conditions they will act like rings of some

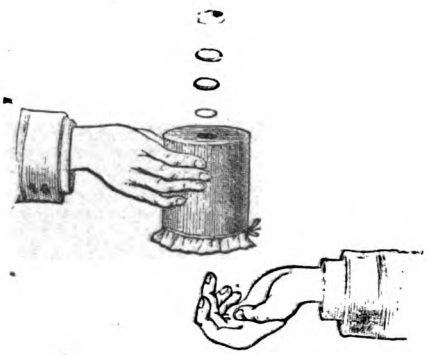


FIG. 7.—SMALL VORTEX-BOX.

elastic material, bouncing and vibrating like india-rubber rings. When all the smoke is exhausted, turn the mouth of the box toward your face; a strong puff of air will be felt after each tap, showing with what energy even small compound whirlwinds force themselves along their paths.

After what we have said on the points of correspondence between whirlpools and whirlwinds, the reader will not be surprised—he may even expect—to be told that

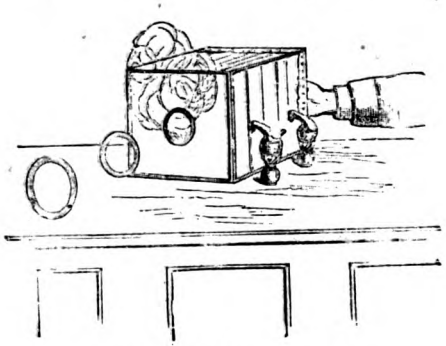


FIG. 8.—TAIT'S VORTEX-BOX.

there are compound whirlpools. Such is the case; and they are even more easily made than the smoke-rings we have described. Have a glass of clean water before you, and dip the handle of your pen into some milk. The drop of milk that forms at the end of it must now be brought over the water and allowed to very nearly graze its surface. When it falls, a beautiful white ring is produced in the water, which will at once travel toward the bottom. Long before the bottom is reached, however, this first-formed ring gives rise to three or four others, which in their turn produce more rings, so that there is soon quite a system of them moving in one direction. Much of what we know respecting this beautiful phenomenon is due to the researches of Mr. Deacon (Fig. 10).

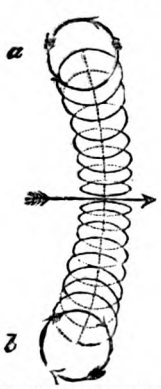


FIG. 9.—IMAGINARY SECTION OF A VORTEX-RING.

Thus far, then, we have seen that the whirling motion of liquids like water, and of gases like air, are the exact counterparts of each other; for whirlpools are of the same nature as whirlwinds. We have likewise seen that their ring-like combinations, such as the smoke-ring on the one hand and the milk-ring on the other, are perfectly similar. The scientific man therefore places these phenomena under one head—that of *vortex motion.*

We shall now conclude by pointing out the modern theoretical bearing of the facts the reader has become acquainted with. We may see the Maelström by taking a trip to the Loffoden Islands; but the vorticella eddy was invisible until special means were invented for magnifying small objects. Now, just as vortices exist that cannot be seen by the naked eye, so may vortices exist that the finest microscope is powerless to reveal. On this assumption, and bearing likewise in mind the peculiar properties of vortex-rings, there are philosophers who have gone so far as to suppose that the ultimate parts of matter which chemists call atoms are but infinitesimally small vortex-rings of very peculiar fluid. Such is Thomson's theory of *vortex-atoms*—destined, it is thought, to play a great part in the science of the future.

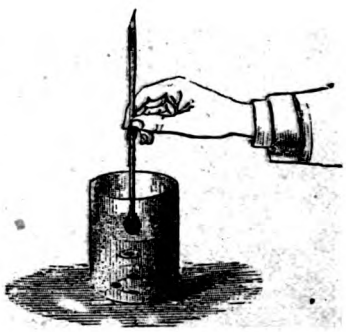


FIG. 10.—LIQUID VORTEX-RINGS.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MR. ROBERT RIDGWAY, through his studies of a novel specimen from Cozumel, Yucatan, has felt it needful to revise the group of *Dendroicæ*, known as "golden warblers." The group is a most interesting, and, at the same time, very perplexing one. In most forms the characters are easily recognizable, and may be called specific; but some forms are far more vague and of specific rank only. After an examination of more than one hundred males in the National Museum, Mr. Ridgway decides upon the following arrangement: 1. *Dendroica æstiva* (Continental); 2. *D. petechia* (Jamaica and Hayti), with varieties, *petechia, gundlachi, ruficapella, melanoptera, nufivertex*, and *aureola;* 3. *D. capitalis* (Barbadoes); 4. *D. rufo-pileata* (Island of Old Providence, Caribbean Sea); 5. *D. rufigula* (Martinique); 6. *D. vieilloti* (Darien region), with varieties *vieilloti* and *panamarusis;* 7. *D. Bryanti* (Belize to Northern Yucatan), with varieties *bryanti* and *castaniceps.*

THE great tunnel, 21,400 feet in length, by which the mains of the new water system are brought into the City of Washington, through the rocky highlands in its northwestern part, has afforded the mineralogists an opportunity to study the rocks of the District of Columbia, never before equaled. The professors of Howard University, underneath which the tunnel passes, are keeping careful watch of the operation, and already report many minerals hitherto unrecorded in that locality or present in a new phase. These include examples of epidote; apatite, in masses; black tourmaline, penetrating calcite; menaccanite, in thin plates, interlaminated with quartz and prochlorite; sphene, which Professor F. W. Clarke has analyzed anew from wedge-shaped crystals embedded in prochlorite; stilbite, laumontite, and others.

IN a late lecture on "Unwelcome Plants," Professor Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania University, treated, in an interesting manner, of the changes in the flora of a country by the transportation from abroad of new seeds, and said: "One naturally asks, Why do these immigrant plants occupy our soil to the exclusion of our native flora? This question might in part be answered by asking what soil they occupy? Mostly the cleared lands. Why is this? First, because having removed most of the vegetation in removing the first or in preparing the ground for each subsequent soil, a full chance is given for any new plant to find root. Now, if the seeds of the most suitable plant be present in sufficient quantity, it is evident that plant will become the most prominent in the new flora. Thriving itself, it will drive all others away. As a matter of fact, these successful seeds generally are those of foreign plants. They are successful because they have, during long periods in the past, been accustomed to the open grounds, while our own new plants lived in the shade, and were put under a disadvantage in the direct glare of the sun."

THE mother-of-pearl which is employed in industry, and especially in French industry, is furnished by various kinds of shells, the most esteemed, variegated and beautiful of which are those of the pearl oysters; one known under the name of pintadine (*Meleagrina margaritifera*) is found in China, India, the Red Sea, the Comora Islands, Northeastern Australia, the Gulf of Mexico, and especially in Tuamotu and Gambier Archipelagoes; the other, more commonly called the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina radiata*), comes from India, the China Seas, Antilles, the Red Sea, and Northern Australia. The shell of the former is harder, more tinted, more transparent, and reaches greater dimensions than the latter. Some have been found which have measured 30 centimeters in diameter, and weigh more than 10 kilograms, while the *Meleagrina radiata* rarely exceeds 10 centimeters at the most, and never weighs as much as 150 grams. Both varieties supply pearls, those of one kind being at one time more favored, at another time those of the other. This depends on fashion; but, on the whole, those found in the great pintadine are more beautiful, and the color more transparent than those of its congener. The greatest source of supply is the Tuamotu Archipelago, whose inhabitants depend almost wholly on diving for their livelihood. The demand has been so great, however, that the lagoons have been overfished, and the shells are becoming rare. Regulation of the fishing has proved ineffective, and now the French Government has sent a scientific man to investigate the possibility of cultivating the pearl oysters just as edible oysters are cultivated. The agent reports that it seems entirely feasible, and the zoologists of the world, as well as the traders, will watch the experiments to that end with interest.

THE WAY INCANDESCENT LAMPS ARE MADE AND THE AIR EXHAUSTED.—"The way that incandescent lamps are made is very simple," an electrician said recently. "There are different ways of preparing the filaments, which are shaped, carbonized, and treated at a white heat. They are then placed in platinum holders, which are embedded in glass, and next go into the hands of the glassblower. The glass bulbs have round openings at the bottoms and little tubes at the tops. The little tubes all connect with a big tube. This is called a fork, and resembles a cluster of blackberries. Two or three dozen bulbs may be on a fork. The glassblower places filaments in each bulb at the bottom, and welds the glass about the platinum holders to the edges of the opening. Then the air is drawn from the bulbs. The open end of the big tube is attached to an air-pump, which has forty pounds of mercury at its top. As the mercury drops it carries all the air with it, and vacuums are created in the bulbs. The operator then takes a Bunsen burner, and directs its flame against the little tubes close to the bulbs. This closes the bulbs, which are then removed from the big tube. The glassblower finishes them off. The exhausting of the air from so many lamps at once makes the cost small. The bulbs can be made by any ordinary glassblower, but it requires a man of intelligence to make the filaments."

CAPTAIN C. E. DUTTON, the eminent student of volcanic phenomena, says that the generalization so frequently made that all volcanoes are near the sea, is overstrained. How far from the sea, he asks, may a volcano stand and still be said to be near it? If we say ten miles, then very few land volcanoes are near the sea. If we say 250 miles, then the statement holds good, but is shorn of a large part of its meaning. The reader must judge for himself whether a point 120 miles or more from the sea is "near" it; and the volcanoes of North and South America are, on an average, about that distance from the ocean. Even in this qualified sense the statement ceases to be true the moment we recur to those volcanoes which were active in middle and late tertiary time, for many of them in our own country were 500 to 1,000 miles away from any body of water, and those of Central France and Germany were almost as far from the ocean as the configuration of Europe would permit.

MR. J. G. SWAN, the Smithsonian agent on the northwest coast, has sent to Washington some specimens of the giant kelp (*Nereocystis*) prepared for a new use—namely, the holding and preservation of dogfish oil, which is an article of food and of trading among the natives around Queen Charlotte's Sound. "Their method of preparation," he writes, "is to first peel off the outer cuticle of the kelp, then place it over a slow fire, and, as it dries, the salt exudes and forms a crust. This is rubbed off and the kelp-stem blown up full of wind, and again hung up to dry for a brief period. It is then again rubbed and blown full of air. This process is repeated until the kelp is of a leathery consistency, and is equal to an india-rubber tube." It is of this kelp that the Cape Flattery Indians ingeniously make their halibut and whaling-lines and buoys; it is also cooked for eating, and put to various other utilities.

AS A result of the studies of observers of the more recent eclipses, especially that of 1883, and other investigations of the sun, astronomers are arriving at a fairly settled notion in respect to the corona. This is, that it is composed of finely divided matter originating in the sun and expelled by the disturbances of the sun's mass, and which maintains its position through the antagonistic forces of gravitation and electric compulsion. One great fact brought forward in support of the correctness of this view, is, that the greatest coronal extension is usually found in the belt of the greatest activity of the photoshere, as shown by the changes of the sunspots.

SINCE 1813 pieces of native iron have been brought from Greenland, and have in nearly every case, says *Science*, been ascribed to meteoric origin. Steenstrup, in his third voyage to Greenland (1876—1880), however, found the iron native in a basaltic rock at Asuk, in grains, some of which were as much as eighteen millimeters in diameter. It is also found on the western and northwestern sides of Disko Island, and in other places. This settles beyond a doubt the origin of the Greenland native iron, and the ore may be of great commercial importance in the future.

LATE studies of hypnotism (where it is found that a *hot* compress applied to the head suddenly awakens the subject, while a *cold* compress deepens the lethargic state) go to make it more and more probable "that the cataleptic state, which is rare, and may be considered a sort of climax of trance, is accompanied by an intense hyperæmia of the brain."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"HARRY, did you ask Hicks for that money?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "Nothing. He just kicked me into the road. That's all he said."

AN old Grecian philosopher advised all men to know themselves. That is advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—They had been quarreling: "I won't do it," remarked Gimlet, angrily. "I will see you in tophet first." "Well," replied Auger, "it won't be your fault if you don't."

"IS IT a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we never should delight in falsehood."

AT the Court of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favor of the Queen, when she said, "Raleigh, when will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty leaves off bestowing favors," he replied.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, discharged for using the rod too freely, applied for employment in a dressmaker's establishment. "Have you had any experience in sewing?" asked the dressmaker. "No," was the reply, "but I have a thorough knowledge of basting."

"ARE you superstitious, Mr. Badger?" asked Miss de Silva. "Not in the least," replied that gentleman. "Would you prefer a dinner-party of six to one of thirteen?" "Yes, decidedly." "Ah, I knew you were superstitious. Why would you, Mr. Badger?" "Get more to eat."

DOCTOR: "Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case." *Husband:* "There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice; but she thought you would be offended."

AN ill-tempered man, in rebuking his son for misconduct, said: "When I was your age my father would not let me go out at night." "A *pretty* father *you* had!" sneered the son. This maddened the irritable old man, and he vociferated: "I had a great deal better father than *you* have, you young rascal!"

"MY dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?" "Hem! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

"HAVE you finished your story, Mr. Serjeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes Peacock, Q.C., somewhat superciliously, as the serjeant sat down in court, after an elaborate speech to the judges. "I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the serjeant was noted; "and now, Mr. Peacock, you can unfold your tale."

AT a musical *soirée* a lady, after executing an interminable piano solo, faints dead away. A gentleman, with great promptitude, seizes a glass of water and administers a few drops to the lady, who revives. Then, with a compassionate cry, "Now for the other sufferer!" he pours the remainder of the water into the piano.

SOME one had his fortune told by an astrologer. After having, by means of ambiguous words, told the man the events of his past, present and future life, the fortune-teller asked for his customary fee. "How!" said the inquisitive fellow; "you who pretend to know what is hidden, were you not aware that I had not a cent in my pocket?"

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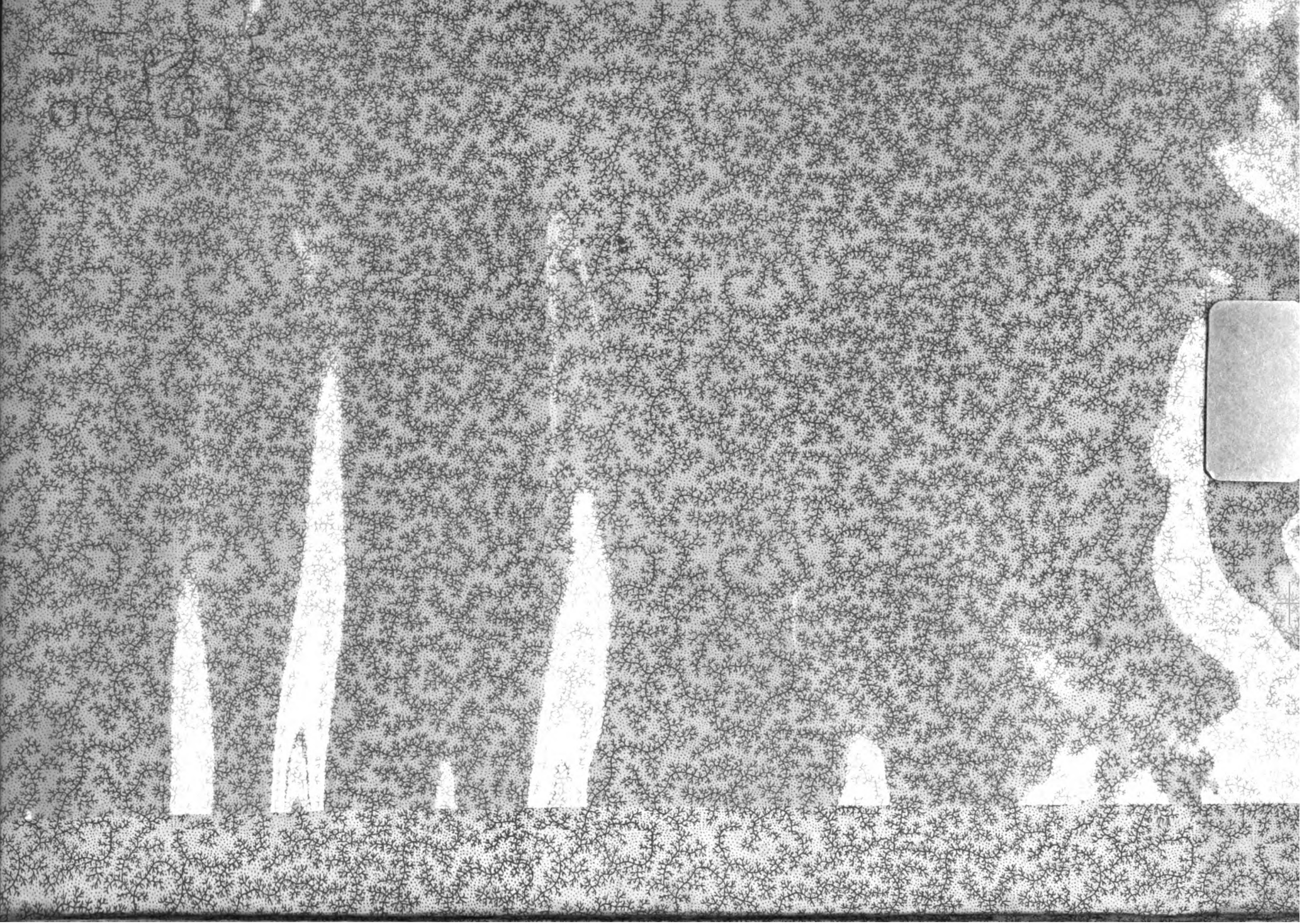
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